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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Æschylos, The Persians of, <i>William Cranston Lawton</i>	228	Looking toward Salamis, <i>William Cranston Lawton</i>	70
Afternoon Tea, An, <i>Harriet Lewis Bradley</i>	388	Lowell's Letters, A Few of, <i>W. J. Stillman</i>	744
Allen, Mr. Jolley, <i>W. Henry Winslow</i>	597	Marriage of Ibraim Pasha, The, <i>Horatio F. Brown</i>	617
Alone on Chocorua at Night, <i>Frank Bolles</i>	758	McClellan, General, <i>Eben Greenough Scott</i>	1
America, The Dutch Influence in	698	Memory, Romance of, <i>S. R. Elliott</i>	346
America, The English Occupancy of North, <i>Alexander Brown</i>	465	Mississippi and the Negro Question, <i>Andrew C. McLaughlin</i>	828
American at Home in Europe, An, <i>William Henry Bishop</i>	314, 808	Morning at Sermione, A, <i>Ellen Olney Kirk</i>	776
American Idealist, The, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	85	Nature, Analyses of	841
Analyses of Nature	841	Naulahka, The, and The Wrecker	546
Arabian Horses, <i>H. C. Merwin</i>	58	Negro Question, Mississippi and the, <i>Andrew C. McLaughlin</i>	828
Art, The Revival of, <i>W. J. Stillman</i>	248	New England Boyhood, A, <i>Edward Everett Hale</i>	148, 338, 495, 608, 765
Benediction, The	220	Passing of the Birds, The, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	190
Betterment of our Highways, The, <i>Nathaniel Southgate Shaler</i>	505	Persians of Æschylos, The, <i>William Cranston Lawton</i>	228
Birds. See <i>Cliff-Dwellers in the Cañon; Passing of the Birds, The.</i>		Political Assessments in the Coming Campaign, <i>Theodore Roosevelt</i>	103
Boyhood, A New England, <i>Edward Everett Hale</i>	148, 338, 495, 608, 765	Politics. See <i>Political Assessments in the Coming Campaign; English Occupancy of North America, The; Two Programmes of 1892, The; Mississippi and the Negro Question, The.</i>	
Breton Folk-Songs, Some, <i>Theodore Bacon</i>	677	Primer and Literature, The, <i>Horace E. Scudder</i>	382
Catherine, <i>Mary J. Jacques</i>	331	Programmes of 1892, The Two	688
Cavour as a Journalist	557	Prometheus Unbound of Shelley, The, <i>Vida D. Scudder</i>	106, 261, 391
Chicago, <i>Edward G. Mason</i>	33	Renan. See <i>Two French Personalities.</i>	
Chocorua, Alone on, at Night, <i>Frank Bolles</i>	758	Revival of Art, The, <i>W. J. Stillman</i>	248
Cliff-Dwellers in the Cañon, <i>Olive Thorne Miller</i>	306	Roads. See <i>Betterment of our Highways, The.</i>	
Close of Von Holst's Work, The	838	Rocco and Sidora. A Calabrian Story, <i>Elisabeth Cavazza</i>	476
College for Women, The, <i>Mary A. Jordan</i>	540	Romance of Memory, <i>S. R. Elliott</i>	346
Curzon's Persia	550	Salamis, Looking toward, <i>William Cranston Lawton</i>	70
Don Orsino, <i>F. Marion Crawford</i>	40, 196, 358, 516, 651, 721	Sarcey. See <i>Two French Personalities.</i>	
Dutch Influence in America, The	698	Serao's, Matilde, <i>Il Paese di Cuccagna</i>	276
Education. See <i>Primer and Literature, The; College for Women, The; Sociology in the Higher Education of Women.</i>		Sermione, A Morning at, <i>Ellen Olney Kirk</i>	776
English Occupancy of North America, The, <i>Alexander Brown</i>	465	Shelley, The Prometheus Unbound of, <i>Vida D. Scudder</i>	106, 261, 391
Europe, An American at Home in, <i>William Henry Bishop</i>	314, 808	Sociology in the Higher Education of Women, <i>Samuel W. Dike</i>	668
Few of Lowell's Letters, A, <i>W. J. Stillman</i>	744	Some Breton Folk-Songs, <i>Theodore Bacon</i>	677
Florentine Episode, A. In Two Parts, <i>Ellen Olney Kirk</i>	92, 173	Spiehlagen, Friedrich	402
Folk-Songs, Some Breton, <i>Theodore Bacon</i>	677	Story of a Child, The, <i>Margaret Deland</i>	289, 446, 577
Furness's The Tempest	272	Tales of Three Villages	130
Garden, In a Japanese, <i>Lafcadio Hearn</i>	14	Talleyrand	115
Half-Century of Conflict, A	414	Tea, An Afternoon, <i>Harriet Lewis Bradley</i>	388
Harris, Townsend, First American Minister in Japan, <i>William Elliot Griffis</i>	161	Tilden, Mr., <i>James C. Carter</i>	433
Highways, The Betterment of our, <i>Nathaniel Southgate Shaler</i>	505	Two French Personalities	126
Horses, Arabian, <i>H. C. Merwin</i>	58	Two Programmes of 1892, The	688
Humor, Wit and, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	801	Two Virginians	407
Ibraim Pasha, The Marriage of, <i>Horatio F. Brown</i>	617	Whittier, John Greenleaf, <i>George Edward Woodberry</i>	642
Idealist, The American, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	85	Wit and Humor, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	801
Japan, Townsend Harris, First American Minister in, <i>William Elliot Griffis</i>	161	Withrow Water Right, The, <i>Margaret Collier Graham</i>	623, 785
Japanese Garden, In a, <i>Lafcadio Hearn</i>	14	Wrecker, The Naulahka and The	546
Jolley Allen, Mr., <i>W. Henry Winslow</i>	597		

POETRY.

Ariel, <i>Edmund Clarence Stedman</i>	145	Lost Colors, <i>The, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i>	357
Arria, <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	515	Night after Night, <i>Stuart Sterne</i>	330
At Night, <i>Lilla Cabot Perry</i>	765	Quatrains of August: I. August; II.	
Calumniator, <i>The, Charlotte Fiske Bates</i>	91	Corn; III. Dormant Bulbs, <i>Charles</i>	
December, <i>John Vance Cheney</i>	800	<i>Washington Coleman</i>	228
English Missal, <i>An, Lizette Woodworth</i>		Taillefer the Trouvère, <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	464
<i>Reese</i>	641	Unguarded Gates, <i>Thomas Bailey Al-</i>	
Four Quatrains, <i>Charles Washington Cole-</i>		<i>drich</i>	57
<i>man, Charlotte Fiske Bates, John B.</i>		Whittier (Dying), <i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i>	650
<i>Tabb, Edith M. Thomas</i>	677	Whittier, <i>John Greenleaf, In Memory of,</i>	
Holmes, <i>To Oliver Wendell, John Green-</i>		<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	648
<i>leaf Whittier</i>	401		

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Anger — "with a Difference"	287	My First Disillusionment	144
Aspects of Nature in England and in Amer-		New Zealand Dredging-Station, <i>At a</i>	285
<i>ica</i>	573	Other Truth about the Dakotas, <i>The</i>	139
Beauty for Ashes	858	Passing of the Butterflies, <i>The</i>	283
Club for Little Hercules, <i>A</i>	427	Past and Present of Hotels, <i>The</i>	424
Correction, <i>A</i>	287	Question of Common Sense, <i>A</i>	860
Curbstone Theatricals	430	Reform, <i>The Iniquity of</i>	429
Dogs as Intimate Friends	431	Renan	854
First Americans in Europe, <i>The</i>	140	Rogues' Gallery, <i>The</i>	720
Food in Literature	856	Snails and Carnations	284
Hens and their Laureate	142	Story for Botanists, <i>A</i>	719
King's Portfolio, <i>A</i>	571	Victor Hugo, <i>Souvenirs of</i>	428
Memory, <i>A</i>	717	Visit to the "Laureate of Hens," <i>A</i>	572
Musa, <i>Mihi Causas Memora</i>	715	What's in a Name?	576
Muse s'Amuse, <i>La</i>	714	Who will be Poet Laureate?	855
Musketaquid	570		

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Abbott, Charles C.: <i>Recent Rambles; or,</i>		Mitford, Mary Russell: <i>Our Village</i>	130
<i>In Touch with Nature</i>	842	Parkman, Francis: <i>A Half-Century of</i>	
Burnett, Frances Hodgson: <i>A Fair Bar-</i>	130	<i>Conflict</i>	414
Campbell, Douglas: <i>The Puritan in Hol-</i>		Renan, Ernest: <i>Feuilles Détachées</i>	129
<i>land, England, and America</i>	699	Rowland, Kate Mason: <i>Life of George</i>	
Cavour, Conte di: <i>Gli Scritti del</i>	557	<i>Mason</i>	408
Curzon, George N., M. P.: <i>Persia and the</i>		Sarcey, Francisque: <i>Souvenirs d'Age Mûr</i>	127
<i>Persian Question</i>	550	Serao, Matilde: <i>Il Paese di Cuccagna</i>	276
Furness, Horace Howard: <i>A New Vari-</i>		Spielhagen, Friedrich: <i>Finder und Er-</i>	
<i>orum Edition of Shakespeare. Vol. IX.</i>		<i>finder</i>	402
<i>The Tempest</i>	273	Spielhagen, Friedrich: <i>Gedichte</i>	407
Gaskell, Mrs.: <i>Cranford</i>	130	Stevenson, Robert Louis, and Osborne,	
Henry, William Wirt: <i>Patrick Henry</i>	408	<i>Lloyd: The Wrecker</i>	546
Holst, H. von: <i>The Constitutional and</i>		Talleyrand, Prince de: <i>Memoirs of the</i>	115
<i>Political History of the United States,</i>		Thoreau, Henry David: <i>Autumn, from</i>	
<i>Vol. V.</i>	838	<i>the Journal of</i>	843
Kipling, Rudyard, and Balestier, Wolcott:		Torrey, Bradford: <i>The Foot-Path Way</i>	842
<i>The Naulahka</i>	546	Williams, Martha McCulloch: <i>Field-Far-</i>	
<i>ings</i>		<i>ings</i>	841
Comment on New Books			

133, 279, 419, 562, 704, 844

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GENERAL MCCLELLAN.

TIME was when the name of George B. McClellan called forth unbounded eulogy from one side which was met by unbounded animadversion from the other. That time is past, and we have reached the standpoint where his strength and weakness as a soldier and military leader may be considered with the judicial temperament that weighs both sides of a question calmly. Thirty years ago, no one could look at General McClellan without viewing him through the distortion of political clouds and mist. For or against, it was the same; no one could see him in a true light. But the years have rolled away, and with them the clouds, so that even a nation of politicians like ourselves, when it comes to estimate personal or public character of the past, will be unaffected by the politics of thirty years ago. It was his good fortune to gain the love and admiration of his armies to an extent never attained by any other general whom the Americans have produced, save one. It was his misfortune to incur the distrust and opposition of his government to a degree experienced by no other commander. Here is evidence at once of strength and of weakness. Wherein did this strength and weakness lie? What were their causes?

The ensuing consideration of McClellan's character as a military leader is confined to the Peninsular campaign. In that remarkable movement, he had to contend with difficulties, in front and in rear, which brought out his character in

startling relief; and consequently it is the campaign which affords us the best opportunity of knowing him. Moreover, the limits of a magazine article allow no further discursion.

Let it be premised, however, that his first campaign as a commander was in West Virginia. It was a brief one. On May 26, 1861, McClellan made his proclamation to the Union men of that locality, and also issued his address to his troops. On the 22d of July he received the dispatch calling him to Washington to take command of the armies of the United States. In this short time he had acquired complete possession of the country west of the mountains and north of the Kanawha, holding also the lower portion of the Kanawha valley. Only the first step of this campaign had been taken when he was called to the commandership-in-chief. His whole plan involved an advance to Wytheville, and the severance of the railway between Memphis, Tennessee, and Lynchburg, Virginia, where it united with the eastern railway system. Had this been accomplished at so timely a stage of the game, the evacuation of Richmond might have been one of the early events of the war instead of being one of the very latest.

A retrospect of this campaign discloses, first, a clear conception of the work to be performed, great personal energy, fertility of resources, readiness in meeting unexpected contingencies, and the power of evolving an organization out of chaos; in a word, McClellan

exhibited his capacity for organization from the start. Secondly, his plan of campaign, his strategical conception, was sound. Thirdly, the execution of this plan, so far as he had progressed in it, had been prompt and vigorous. Though his opponents had the advantage of familiarity with a country peculiarly adapted for defense, he did not hesitate to take the initiative. In this campaign appear the wonderful power he possessed of attaching men to him, and the enthusiastic devotion of the troops to his person, and their implicit trust in him. There appears, also, the characteristic which afterwards brought so much obloquy upon him, — the determination to have everything in readiness before moving. "I have ever," he says, "regarded our true policy as being that of fully preparing ourselves, and then striking for the most decisive results."

Upon his arrival at Washington, McClellan found the government with a dozen plans, but none of them adopted. It was, besides, bewildered and in a state of panic. Utter confusion and lack of preparation pervaded the Western armies. A disordered and dispirited mob, still bespattered with the mud of Bull Run, cowered upon the hills south of the Potomac, into which river it could easily have been driven, had the Confederates had more than a handful of cavalry and field batteries. It is even asserted by the critics that the enemy, just as he was, could have carried Arlington Heights and have placed the city at the mercy of his guns, or have crossed the river at Great Falls and have entered the capital by the north bank, and that he committed his greatest error of the war in not doing so. No general defensive line of fortifications covered Washington, which was crowded with drunken stragglers, and fugitives were sneaking back to their homes in the far North. Mr. Stanton, the day after McClellan's arrival, wrote to ex-President Buchanan: "The dreadful disaster

of Sunday can scarcely be mentioned. The imbecility of this administration culminated in that catastrophe. . . . The capture of Washington seems now to be inevitable. During the whole of Monday and Tuesday it might have been taken without any resistance. Even now I doubt whether any serious opposition to the entrance of the Confederate forces could be offered. . . . General McClellan reached here last evening, but if he had the ability of Cæsar, Alexander, or Napoleon, what can he accomplish?" He was soon to see.

There is no need of entering into the details by which the wreck was cleared, but on the 4th of August McClellan was able to write home: "I have Washington perfectly quiet now. You would not know that there was a regiment here. I have restored order very completely." In eight days he had cleared the decks and righted the ship; but this is not the place to dwell upon the details of organization. If there is any one thing creditable to our army since the day it took shape under the muzzles of Gage's guns at Boston, it is the organization of the Army of the Potomac. The creation of an army — its organization, the institution of discipline, the transformation of an inert mass into an active, living, efficient being — is not striking to the eye which delights only in the deeds of the new immortal. But the most sentimental of creatures must be alive to the prosaic fact that the first and indispensable step necessary to a warring host is the creation of a host that can war. The capacity for organization, therefore, has always been considered one of the highest order, and he who displays it ranks among the foremost of the great captains. Frederick reorganizing his broken army after Kolin redeems Frederick at Kolin. An army, like Lord Chatham's confidence, is a plant of slow growth. All the critics are unanimous in giving McClellan great praise for his organization of the

Army of the Potomac. In eight months it was in marching order. It was not fully developed, it is true, but its capacity was more than merely defensive. It could and did take the field against a victorious foe, and did wage war effectively in the jungles of the Chickahominy at a distance from its depot, the capital; compelling its enemy to fight on the field of its own choosing. Sherman, Buell, McDowell, half the generals whose names are now inseparably connected with the war, were on the ground; why could not they accomplish the task of restoring order and organizing an army? They did not do so, but McClellan did, and well might he say, "Let those who criticise me for the delay in creating an army and its material point out an instance when so much has been done with the same means in so short a time." When spring opened, the capital was fortified and garrisoned, and the Army of the Potomac took the field. Before following it and taking leave of McClellan as an organizer of armies, let us observe him in the character of a strategist.

McClellan's general plan of the war is to be found in the Memorandum of August 20, 1861, submitted to the President; and his forecast of Lee's strategical operations, with what should be the counteraction of the Army of the Potomac, is set forth in his letter of September 8 to Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War. The Memorandum covered the whole country, even as to operations having California for their base. The letter embraced that portion of the theatre of war which is in the vicinity of Washington and Baltimore. Even when in a subordinate position McClellan asserted: "I always looked beyond the Army of the Potomac. I was never satisfied in my own mind with a barren victory, but looked to combined and decisive operations." This is the keynote of his strategical conceptions.

These conceptions, so far as the Army of the Potomac only is concerned, are to

be found in his letter of February 3, 1862, to Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War; and as his career thenceforth was confined to this army, it is proper to dwell somewhat upon them as there set forth. Two bases of operation, he says, seemed to present themselves for the army's advance: first, that of Washington, which involves a direct attack upon the intrenched positions of the enemy at Centreville, Manassas, etc., or a movement to turn one or both flanks of those positions, or a combination of the two plans; second, that of the lower Chesapeake Bay, which affords the shortest possible land route to Richmond, and strikes directly at the heart of the enemy's power in the east.

After a discussion of the probable operations from the base first mentioned, and virtually rejecting this plan, afterwards known as "the President's plan," McClellan turns his attention to the second scheme of operations, which, as the one adopted by him, is the one that interests us. Let it be observed in advance, however, that the source of all our woes was the ceaseless interference of the government in the operations of plan number two, and its constant endeavor to substitute for it plan number one. In truth, the government never recovered from the panic of Bull Run, and the spectacle of the Confederate flag flying within sight of the capital. It would not see that a threatened Richmond meant a secure Washington, and, deaf to expostulation, insisted upon large armies being maintained inactive upon the line that led from the Northern to the Southern capital. Even the direful loss of bloody battles on this line, and ocular demonstration, twice afforded, of Washington freed from the presence of the enemy by distant operations against the hostile communications, could not rid the government of its infatuation upon this score. It never got over its first scare.

The line suggested by McClellan as

the best one upon which the advance to Richmond could be made was that from Urbana, on the lower Rappahannock. "This point was easily reached by vessels of heavy draught; it was neither occupied nor observed by the enemy; it was but one march from West Point, the key of that region, where a railroad from Richmond terminated at tide water, and thence to the Southern capital there were but two marches. A rapid movement from this base might cut off Magruder in the Peninsula, and enable us to occupy Richmond before it could be strongly reinforced. Should we fail in that, we could, with the coöperation of the navy, *cross the James and throw ourselves in the rear of Richmond, thus forcing the enemy to come out and attack us; for his position would be untenable with us on the southern bank of the river.*"

Such was McClellan's plan of advance on Richmond, — a plan which has been demonstrated at last to be the true one; for the establishment of the army upon the south bank of the James was the recourse to which his latest successor was finally driven, and the one which terminated in the downfall of Richmond. The day came when, after a succession of incredibly bloody and useless battles, General Grant abandoned "the President's line" forever, and adopted that of McClellan. This line was demonstrated to be, also, the line of real safety for Washington as well as the true line for the reduction of Richmond; for, whenever it was occupied, the tranquillity of the capital was undisturbed, except in the one instance of Early's quixotic and futile diversion, a movement which served to prove the point. This was clearly indicated by McClellan in his letter to Mr. Stanton: "A movement in force on that line obliges the enemy to abandon his intrenched position at Manassas in order to hasten to cover Richmond and Norfolk. He *must* do this; for, should he permit us to occupy Richmond, his

destruction can be averted only by entirely defeating us in a battle in which he must be the assailant. This movement, if successful, gives us the capital, the communications, the supplies of the rebels; Norfolk would fall; all the waters of the Chesapeake would be ours; all Virginia would be in our power, and the enemy forced to abandon Tennessee and North Carolina. The alternative presented to the enemy would be to beat us in a position selected by ourselves, disperse, or pass beneath [the yoke of] the Caudine Forks."

If the line from Urbana (now diminished in importance by the retirement of the enemy from his northernmost positions, but still retaining its superiority in relation to the Peninsula) should not commend itself to the government, McClellan's next choice was that by way of the Peninsula, with Fort Monroe for the base. The government rejected the Urbana line, but gave him his choice between that of Manassas and that of the Peninsula. Needless to say, he chose the latter. It would require from 110,000 to 140,000 men; but of course this estimate contemplated effectives, and did not include those merely auxiliary to an attacking column; it presupposed, too, that this number should be maintained by a constant stream of recruits making good the deficiency caused by disease, loss in battle, and the ordinary casualties of an army. One hundred and fifty-five thousand men for daily duty was what McClellan considered the proper strength of this column, a number since demonstrated by events to be little enough; but the promise of 110,000 to 140,000 effectives was what he had to content himself with at the last, and these he never got *en bloc*.

By the beginning of April, 1862, the Army of the Potomac was concentrated at Fort Monroe, 121,500 men, or less than 90,000 effectives, all told. The stars which hitherto had been so gracious to McClellan now fought in their

courses against him. It needs no argument to prove that a general sent into the field without the confidence of his government departs for his post destitute of the most sustaining force necessary to the efficient performance of his duty, and that to withhold such moral support from him is the greatest injury that can be inflicted upon him and the army which takes its tone from him. Will it be believed that on the 8th of March, when the troops were getting ready for embarkation, the President sent for McClellan early in the morning, and, after some fault-finding in respect to matters at Harper's Ferry, went on to say that it had been represented that his plan of campaign had been conceived with the traitorous intent of removing the defenders of Washington, so that the capital and the government, left defenseless, might be handed over to the enemy! McClellan resented this accusation (for such it was), and the President, with great agitation, apologized, and disclaimed for himself any such idea; and from the fact that he did not demand McClellan's resignation on the spot, or have him cashiered at the earliest possible moment, it is to be presumed that the disclaimer was good for what it expressed. This interview, however, was enough to satisfy the commander that, so far from having the confidence of his government, he would be followed by its positive distrust, and that its good wishes in his behalf were out of the question.

Three days after this scene, on the 11th of March, McClellan learned through the newspapers that he had been displaced from the command of the armies of the United States, and that he was restricted to that of the Department of the Potomac. Henceforth unity of action on the part of all the armies was impossible, and a single grand plan of operations was discarded for a bunch of petty plans. Two good generals, said Napoleon, speaking of a divided command, are worse than one

poor one; but in this instance the command was parceled out among almost as many leaders as there were columns. The Department of the Potomac included at that time all that part of Virginia east of the Alleghanies and north of the James River, with the exception of Fort Monroe and the country for sixty miles around it, which was styled the Department of Virginia, and was under the exclusive command of General Wool. The District of Columbia, and the States of Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, likewise belonged to the Department of the Potomac. During the latter part of March the Department of Virginia was added to McClellan's command; but the day after his arrival on the Peninsula this order was countermanded, and he was actually not in command of his immediate base of operations. Nor was he in command of Washington, for that post was taken from him, also; so that when he started on his march up the Peninsula this commander was really without the power of enforcing an order either at his base or his depot; his authority was limited to the troops immediately under him. He would have to fight his way to his own department.

McClellan expected to take with him 146,000 men present for duty, this force to be increased by 10,000 from the troops at Fort Monroe, so that he would have altogether 156,000 men; but a few hours before he sailed he received a letter from the President, which informed him that he had felt constrained to send Blenker's division to Fremont. McClellan was thus deprived of 10,000 of the men he already had. On the 2d of April he arrived at Fort Monroe, and was greeted the next day by a telegraphic order withdrawing the Department of Virginia from his command, and forbidding him to remove any of General Wool's troops without that general's sanction: there went 10,000 more out of the 156,000. Three days after-

wards, while his right and left wings were under fire at Yorktown, he received another shot from the rear in the shape of a dispatch from the adjutant-general, informing him that, by direction of the President, the whole of McDowell's corps had been detached from his forces, and the Department of the Rapahannock erected at the cost of his own : there went from 30,000 to 40,000 men at one swoop. In addition to these losses, nine regiments of much-needed cavalry, or 10,000 men, were held back from him ; and, to cap the climax, after all these reductions, and as if to invoke the aid of disease, loss in battle, and desertion in weakening him, on the fatal 3d of April, *dies iræ*, the government had issued its order discontinuing the recruiting of volunteers ; this cut off his recruits. Even at this late day, the remorseless action of the government is so appalling that one can scarcely exert self-control enough to suggest the parallel between this shearing of McClellan and that of the general in the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.

McClellan was now cut down to less than 80,000 fighting men ; yet with these he was expected, over roads whose badness is indescribable, to operate against an intrenched army ; to break his way, without the aid of the navy, through the fortifications of Yorktown, which Keyes averred were " of the strongest ever opposed to an invading force in any country ; " to fight every foot of his advance ; and, this done, to defeat the whole Army of Virginia, reinforced to the last man, and then to take the fortified capital of the enemy : and all this knowing that, in consequence of the stoppage of recruiting, whenever a man fell his loss could not be made good. He has been taunted with his incessant cry for more troops, and it is true that his iteration was pushed to a point where it became damnable ; but the retrospection of thirty years still places the blame where he placed it, upon the government. The

administration that has invited the confidence of its people by putting a great undertaking in a man's hands is bound to maintain this confidence before the world until he himself destroys it. To place him in a position of confidence, when it has no confidence, is to deceive the people and wrong him ; and this the administration did. In vain do its apologists set forth that Franklin's division of 13,000 men was sent from McDowell to McClellan in April, that another 13,000 were dispatched from the same corps in June, and that Dix in the mean time had lent him 10,000 more. It was not so nominated in the bond, for when McClellan left Washington all these troops were his, and made his in order to effect the accomplishment of plans which had been devised by him and accepted by the government as the best for the country. By what standard of good faith and by what standard of official duty can the abstraction of these forces, and the peddling of them back again at the will of the abductors, be defended ? It is one thing to send forth an army strong at the start, and another to dispatch it weak, and afterwards to forward dribblets. Apart from the derangement of accepted plans resulting from the latter course, it makes a general irresolute, for he knows not what to rely upon, and it provokes unseemly importunity on his part, as this very case clearly testifies ; it places him in a false position, and subjects him and his army to the ills that follow inevitably from false positions. Worse than all, it is not keeping faith. The government was never able to give an explanation of its conduct that was satisfactory to the country, nor to exculpate itself from the blame of neglecting to carry out the precautionary plans for securing the Valley from invasion ; it failed, too, to justify the stoppage of recruiting on the eve of opening the year's campaigns, when men were eagerly offering themselves, and its neglect to employ the navy, after

leaving McClellan under the delusion that he was to enjoy its coöperation. On the other hand, McClellan's importunity, when it had ceased to be availing, overstepped the limits prescribed by self-respect and his official character, and weakened the moral force of his position by provoking accusations of querulousness, half-heartedness, disposition to shirk responsibility, and indisposition to act. Action, action, was what the country was looking to him for, and it refused to be comforted with either promises or complaints. McClellan was a greatly injured man, it is true, but neither in his personal character nor in his character of military leader did he rise superior to a situation in which Washington, Marlborough, and Wellington had set him clear examples. He sulked in his tent when the enemy had delivered himself into his hand, and when he should have been smiting that enemy hip and thigh. The country began to echo the lament of Madame de Créqui: "This is not the son that I had in my head!"

The strategical and tactical conditions of the Peninsula require notice. The adoption of this route to Richmond was unfortunate. The cardinal principle in strategical operations is, to operate upon the enemy's communications without exposing one's own. This principle could not be applied on that line. An advance from Urbana would certainly have threatened the communications of the Confederates in the Peninsula, and would have compelled these forces to retire. The true line, of course, was the one which McClellan had pointed out in his Memorandum, the line of the James River, with a base of operations on the south bank; but he could not avail himself of this one, for in response to the feeling all over the land, which deepened daily, against the inactivity of the army, the President had issued an order specifying the 18th of March as the day on which active operations were to begin; and on that day, and for weeks afterwards, the

James was closed by the Merrimac. With the Manassas line in the air exposing both flanks of an advancing column, and with no fortified base supporting, forbidden to advance from Urbana, McClellan had nothing left but Hobson's choice. The Peninsula offered security, but security was all that it did offer. This line was what military men call an exterior one; that is, it did not operate upon the enemy's communications directly, but acted from without and upon his front. An army acting in the latter manner has to push and pound its way against the whole available force of the enemy, and does so in the hope of breaking through this front and effecting a lodgment within the hostile line, in which case the advancing line would be instantly changed from an exterior to an interior one.

If a stern chase is a long chase, in nautical parlance, so is the pursuit of an enemy by a column acting on an exterior line. Strategy gives place to brute force, and the grandest successes of distant and bloodless movements are cast aside for the precarious and unfruitful results which must be won at the very point of the bayonet. A glance at the history of this campaign clearly illustrates these remarks, and leads to the inference that it would have been better to wait until the effect of Burnside's operations became apparent, or until the Monitor had tried successful conclusions with the Merrimac. But the country was in no humor for any more waiting, and its impatience was diverted by a siege at Yorktown, in which irredeemable time was lost, and by a barren victory over a Confederate rear guard at Williamsburg. What the effect of adopting the line of the James would have been in 1862 is demonstrated by what actually occurred in 1864. The Confederate army was forced to come out and attack us on a field of our own choosing, a field which was the scene of its surrender.

If the strategical conception of this campaign be closely observed, it will be found radically defective in another respect. One great and fundamental maxim in the art of war is to concentrate all disposable forces, and to act with the whole of them against a part only of those of the enemy. Had McClellan remained in command of the armies of the United States, there is good reason to suppose that this would have been observed. Had the Department of the Potomac, even, been preserved in its integrity, he would have carried out this principle, for his plan unmistakably required it. But the breaking up of this department into three small ones, and the retention of the Department of Virginia, rendered application of the rule hopeless. Whereupon the spectacle was presented of five different armies operating upon five different lines against Richmond. Could anything be more inviting to an eager enemy? Stonewall Jackson rose to the occasion, and made short work of clearing the Valley. He did more: he prevented the junction of McDowell with McClellan. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ!*

On the 12th of May the Merrimac was destroyed, and the James was open. Two courses at once presented themselves to the army: to abandon the line of York River, cross the lower Chickahominy, gain the James, and adopt that river as its line of supply; or to use the railroad from West Point to Richmond as such a line, in which case the army would have to cross the Chickahominy above White Oak Swamp instead of below. McClellan's choice was the former of these lines, but he was not to determine where his army was to be led. The Aulic Council at Washington, composed of the President, the Secretary of War, Stanton, and the congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, attended to that part of the business itself, and the general was informed that McDowell had been ordered to march

on Richmond by the overland route and effect a junction with him; for which purpose he was to keep his right wing extended to the north of that city. This settled the question; for, as such an attitude would be impossible with the base on the James River, he had to take to the swamp, "the like of which," said Secretary Stanton, "we did not imagine existed this side of the Isthmus of Darien until we got into it."

In order to effect this junction with McDowell, three corps remained on the north bank of the Chickahominy, while, in order to threaten Richmond, two corps crossed to the south bank. The army, therefore, lay across the Chickahominy, was severed by it; and this position, at all times inconvenient and risky, was perilous in the extreme until communication between the sundered portions had been established by the construction of many bridges. The right wing was thrust out towards the northwest, like a great outstretched tentacle. Its weakness lay in its being so long drawn out, and in its further extremity being *en l'air* and exposed to the assault of the enemy whenever he chose to exert a crushing force. He could move, too, around this flank and take the right wing in rear. Nevertheless, the ground was well chosen, as events proved, and when the enemy did attack he found this flank resting on Beaver Dam Creek, covered with earthworks, and so securely placed that, do what he might with greatly superior forces, he failed to dislodge it by direct attack.

On the 24th of May the army was fairly upon the Chickahominy and in occupation of both banks, when, as if to intensify the imminence of peril, McClellan received a dispatch from the President, saying that, in consequence of General Banks's critical position, he had been compelled to suspend McDowell's junction with the Army of the Potomac. The cause of this was the irruption of Stonewall Jackson into the Valley, and

his overthrow of two of the dispersed columns. There being no intrenched camp at Manassas, he had matters all his own way. It will be observed that this order did not revoke the one which directed McDowell to effect the junction, but merely suspended it. Had the later order revoked the former one, McClellan would have been at liberty to pursue his original intention of moving on to the James River. As it was, he remained fast in the swamp, and with insecure dispositions, which his antagonist, General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the most astute and vigorous of American commanders, would not fail to comprehend and take advantage of. McClellan had not long to wait to be convinced of this fact; for on the 31st, in full confidence of driving him into the swamp and destroying him, while the Federal right wing remained helpless spectators on the north bank, Johnston precipitated upon McClellan's isolated two corps the whole available force of his army. The attack was a complete failure.

Another month dragged along, with the *ignis fatuus*, McDowell's corps, still as far off as ever. McClellan had resolved to advance upon Richmond, on the south bank, and *on the 25th of June this movement was actually begun*, when the torpidity of the army was rudely broken by the long-threatened catastrophe. Lee, who had succeeded Johnston, crossed the Chickahominy in force, and fell upon the exposed flank of the right wing at Mechanicsville. This attack was poorly executed. Stonewall Jackson did not even appear on the field, and the Confederates from Richmond were dreadfully cut up. One would suppose that the depletion of the enemy's lines would have moved McClellan to urge forward his advance, already begun upon the 25th, but Jackson's presence on the Federal flank and his impending junction with the Richmond column were sufficient to compel the withdrawal of the Federals, who fell back six miles to Gaines' Mill,

at the heads of the bridges, where was fought one of the most obstinate and bloody battles in the annals of any people. Again Stonewall Jackson was tardy; he seemed also confused; and the Union troops crossed the Chickahominy during the night, destroying the bridges behind them. The Confederates were completely baffled, but they had one consolation,—they had rid the north bank of their foe, and it was evident that he was moving from his position on the south bank. Where was he going? It did not take them long to find out, and, recrossing the Chickahominy, they strained every nerve to head off McClellan from the James, towards which his columns were now unmistakably directed. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were to do the heading off; Stonewall Jackson was to pursue. This general overtook the Federal rear guard at White Oak Crossing, but it was safe on the further bank of the stream. Again Jackson had been too late, and it was now apparent even to his corporals that Jackson hanging on the heels of a skillful and concentrated foe was a different man from Jackson chasing the dispersed and raw generals of northern Virginia. Chary of encountering the Federal columns he became at Gaines' Mill, and chary he remained throughout the whole operation. Not so Longstreet, who attacked violently at Glendale, but who nevertheless failed to arrest the movement towards Malvern Hill, where, in a grand action which did little credit to Lee's judgment or generalship, the Federals repulsed him with frightful loss, and retired to the James at Harrison's Landing. General Lee committed the unmilitary fault of despising his enemy, and suffered for it.

The connection between character and the results of character is manifested by no captain more than by McClellan, and it must be apparent to all that what he lacked was decision of character, and

what he had in fatal plenitude was the predominance of one idea or plan to the exclusion of present opportunity. It took him a long time to come to a decision; when he did so, it possessed him entirely and unduly. Therein lay his great weakness. There are three elements with which every commander-in-chief has to do: his government, which represents the country, and which also controls his supplies; his army, which executes his plans; and his enemy, whom he is to destroy. The Napoleonic maxim that moral force in war is three fourths of the game must not be restricted to strategy and tactics, but is to be taken for what it is upon its face, a maxim of ethics applicable to war. The first duty of McClellan, then, was to put himself right with the administration; or, if that could not be done, to retire in favor of one whose acceptability would call forth its unstinted support. It must have been evident to McClellan, on January 12, 1862, that already he was the quarry of a cabal in the highest quarters, against whose enmity he had nothing to oppose but the unsubstantial popularity of the hour. Yet this popularity was founded more upon what was expected of him than upon what he had done. It rested upon the unknown future, which was the very subject in question; but he bore himself as one above the blows of fortune. Let us not be hard upon him. It was natural for him to treat this cabal with contempt, for it was one of those exasperating combinations which torment the existence of every rising general, and which are relegated to limbo by the first military success.

When, however, on the eve of departure with his army to the seat of war, the President virtually questioned his fidelity, McClellan should have looked the situation squarely in the face, and have met it by asking on the spot to be relieved of his command. He could have done so with honor, for the re-

sponsibility of the act would be upon the President; and it would have been the best thing for the country, for his retirement, under such circumstances, would be a substantial appeal to it, and who can doubt the effect upon the people! Had this appeal fallen flat, he would have but to bide his time until the set of incompetents who afterwards took their tricks at the wheel had run their courses, when he would have been recalled with enthusiasm, as was yet to be done before the coming leaves had fallen. Had this appeal been effective, he would have been reinstated in short order in complete mastery of his army, and with full power to carry out his plans, and there would have been an end forever to the Aulic Council which wrought such untold evil upon the republic. But McClellan was a man with the over-sensitiveness and the extreme consciousness of duty which are such frequent characteristics of men of breeding. He was the victim of this very sensitiveness and susceptibility to the calls of duty. He could not, on the moment, see his way out, and he went on in obedience to what he verily believed to be the call of God and of the people to save the country. Then followed the inevitable. The government which lacked confidence in him and feared his popularity showed to the world this lack of confidence, and made no concealment of its reluctance to support him, and, having raised him up, cast him down twice. Had McClellan possessed the decisive character of a Washington or a Marlborough, he would never have put it into the power of politicians, by his first error, to accomplish his downfall.

So much for his indecision of character, which, it is needless to say, manifested itself in minor matters, and particularly after taking the field. The great defect of his mental constitution was the domination of one idea, which depended upon the future for its realization, and which excluded all others that were

excited by the immediate and urgent present. Never did a general have more opportunities to attain his end than McClellan had after his arrival upon the Chickahominy, and never did a general so persistently let them slip through his fingers. This was due to the fact that his establishment upon the James was such an all-controlling motive that he sacrificed everything else to it. Several of the writers assert that this design was an afterthought, and that he had no intention of casting off the Pamunkey as a line until he was cut off. Our reading of the Memorandum, official documents, and his private correspondence leads to a contrary conclusion: that this design had been constantly uppermost in his mind; that he regarded the James as his immediate goal, and looked upon the Chickahominy as a vexatious episode. However it be, the conclusion is inevitable, that the opportunities of the Chickahominy were rejected for the promises of the James.

As a tactician, McClellan was not quick to comprehend the situation, lacked fertility of resources, shrank from taking the initiative, and had not the art of drawing victory from defeat, or even of profiting by victory. Thus, the battle of Fair Oaks demonstrated that the massed force of the Confederates, led by so able a general as Johnston, was unavailing to dislodge two of the Federal corps, reinforced by a third, from the south bank of the Chickahominy, and it has been asked, Why, with the knowledge of this fact, was McClellan's pursuit not more vigorous and protracted, when the tables were turned, or why did he not concentrate his whole force instantly upon that bank, and enter Richmond on the heels of the distressed Confederates? It is no answer that the badness of the roads prevented a Federal pursuit, for it did not prevent a Confederate retreat; nor is it an answer that the exhausted Federals would encounter the enemy's fresh reserves, for McClellan's own fresh re-

serves, overwhelming in number and flushed with victory, would certainly be more than a match for Johnston's feeble reserves, depressed by defeat. There is little comprehension of the situation or vigor of execution here.

Again, and in respect to the operations on the north bank. General Lee made his attack upon the Federal right flank at Mechanicsville, on the 26th of June. To do so, he had to denude Richmond of the great mass of its defensive troops, and Stonewall Jackson's corps was miles away northward. Four hostile corps were thus absent from McClellan's front on the south bank. He certainly was aware of this, and must assuredly have inferred that what were left could make no effectual resistance. The battle of Mechanicsville had demonstrated the security of the Federal position there, and that, had McClellan strengthened Porter sufficiently, the junction between Lee and Jackson would have been prevented, with the possibility of the former being driven into the Chickahominy, and the latter thrown back to the northwest. General Webb was present at an interview after the battle, when, on the ground, Fitz John Porter suggested his being reinforced, in which case he asserted his capability of holding the Confederate army in his front while McClellan should take Richmond. In other words, he urged McClellan to continue his advance, already begun, on the south bank.

The next day, the conditions so clear to Porter's mind were repeated with greater emphasis. The mere statement of Lee's movement shows that it was a false one. Now, it is a military principle that when your enemy is making a false movement you should not strike him until he has completed it; but then you must do so. On the afternoon of the 27th, at Gaines' Mill, Lee had completed his false movement, and its falsity was apparent, for he now had McClellan's whole army between him and Richmond:

he was in the toils, and so fast in the gripe of the Tartar, Porter, that he could not have got away to the relief of Richmond, or even to secure his own safety, for retreat before Porter would have been disaster. Why did not McClellan seize the golden opportunity, and, bursting through Magruder's thin lines, enter the capital? Those who heard the cry at the bridge head that evening, "McClellan's in Richmond!" and listened to the storm of cheers which broke from the lips of Porter's worn-out fighters at the news that what they had been fighting for had really been accomplished, have been asking the question ever since. Magruder said that this could have been done; Porter had urged its execution the night before, and that McClellan had it in contemplation is shown by his dispatch of the 23d of June to Fitz John Porter. This dispatch is as follows: "The troops on this side [that is, on the south bank] will be held ready either to support you directly, or to attack the enemy in their front. If the force attacking you is large, the general would prefer the latter course, counting upon your skill and the admirable troops under your command to hold their own against superior numbers long enough for him to make the decisive movement which will determine the fate of Richmond."

One thing is certain: the Confederates were open to counter-attack. There were two places where this could be made, — on the north bank and on the south. There was, too, a choice between two modes of operation: either by an overwhelming concentration at Gaines' Mill, followed by a furious assault, or by an advance on Richmond from the position on the south bank. Neither was done, and either could have been done. After the battle of Savage's Station, General Sumner retired with the greatest reluctance, so convinced was he that, properly reinforced, he could push the advantage of the day to the rout of the enemy. At Glendale, the unsupported Longstreet

could have been destroyed, and it is ever to be deplored that McClellan abandoned Malvern Hill. The country would have forgiven everything could it have beheld its camps pitched on that victorious field; the *morale* of the troops would have been heightened by occupying the scene of their triumph; the effect upon the enemy would have been correspondingly depressing, and the word "retreat" would not have impaired the moral effect of a glorious victory nor have detracted from its renown.

It would be unjust to close a notice of McClellan without recalling those personal qualities which lent such weight to his official character. He was exceedingly pure and honest, and in a volunteer army, drawn almost to a man from the reputable classes of society, this went for a great deal. The men respected him; they believed in his truthfulness, and his fidelity to the cause was never questioned by *them*. It must be borne in mind that the armies of those days were popular armies, and that they represented the body of the people as truly as Congress itself does. The testimony which an army of this kind bears to its commander is conclusive, and the testimony which the Army of the Potomac offered was its unstinted affection and confidence. His soldiers took great pride in him, and a common expression among them was, "He's a thoroughbred." He was an excellent disciplinarian, and possessed the faculty of speedily making soldiers out of raw material. No army was ever in better tone than was the Army of the Potomac when McClellan was its chief. He was, too, a lovable man, and a notable care-taker of his men, he himself seeing to it that they received the few comforts their lot permitted. He went much among them, and, on their part, they never grew tired of seeing and cheering him. No one who saw McClellan riding down the ranks of the Pennsylvanians, on the morning of Malvern Hill, can ever

forget the spectacle ; it was very pathetic. The tired and smitten remnant of a division which had entered the fight a few days before, thirteen thousand strong, was lying on the ground, asleep or resting, when, at the approach of McClellan, it rose to its feet as one man. Cheers mingled with sobs and blessings broke from the men's lips. They clung around his horse like bees, and implored him not to let the day go by without sending them to the front once more. It was evident that he was greatly touched, and his bearing was full of sympathy, withal courtly.

A study of the Peninsular campaign, from its preliminaries to its completion, leads to the following conclusions as to the strength and weakness of McClellan as a military leader. His personal character, as has been seen, was beyond reproach and inspired respect in the hearts of his troops, and his sympathetic yet soldierly manners won him their love and confidence. In his purely military character, he stands among the greatest organizers of armies known to military history, and, judging from the plans submitted to the government, he was in the main a sound strategist. Such were the elements of his strength. It was as a politician and tactician that he exhibited weakness. It has already been shown that, of the three parties with which a commander-in-chief has to do, his government is the foremost. The members of a government are from civil life and from active life, and for them there is no success without action ; their days have been passed before the world, and nothing is more offensive to them than the prudent reticence and secrecy of a commander. Ignorant of the art of war, they cannot see why an army cannot take the field in winter as well as in summer, as is illustrated by the President's General War Order, No. 1, which directed that the 22d of February, 1862, should be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States ; and by his Special War Order, No. 1,

commanding the Army of the Potomac to seize and occupy a point on the railroad southwestward of Manassas, and to move upon the same day, — a day when the gun-wheels were so firmly frozen in the mud that it would have required pick-axes to dig them out, and the men in bivouac would have perished. McClellan was not lacking in self-control so much as he was in the tact requisite to deal with such men. There was, however, some reason in the cry for action of these men and of the people, of whom they stood in mortal dread, for he might at least have made an early attempt to reduce or turn Norfolk, which was in a milder climate, and thus open the James and obviate an advance by the Peninsula. In trusting to his popularity McClellan betrayed a want of knowledge of human nature ; for when men are tired with waiting, they become, like children, unreasonable and unjust. Of his constant cry for reinforcements mention has been made already. Its monotony alone would have augmented vexation, but when coupled with promises, while unfulfilled ones strewed his path, the people began to waver, and the exasperation of the Committee on the Conduct of the War grew apace. When Marlborough fell under the displeasure of the politicians, he retorted by forcing the lines of the Mehaigne, whereupon every man of them had to rise in his place in Parliament and dutifully eat his leek. Perhaps McClellan thought he would turn the tables upon his politicians by a similar action. But he was no Marlborough ; he did not have the political capacity for a commander-in-chief.

As a tactician, he had an unerring eye for favorable positions whereon to fight, and he took things coolly. His great fault was the one already indicated, that of allowing the single strategical idea which filled his mind to prevail over present tactical conditions. A check or even a fancied derangement of his plans unsettled him. As illustrative of this grave defect, observe that his advance upon

Richmond, already begun, was changed into a retreat to the James by Lee's attack at Mechanicsville, and this in spite of Fitz John Porter's solicitation that he turn not back from the plough unto which he had put his hand, now that the conditions were infinitely more favorable than when the order to advance was given. His action was tantamount to making the depletion of his enemy a reason for not attacking him; or, to illustrate it by a homely example, the moment that he became aware that his adversary had been discarding trumps, he threw up the game. At Yorktown, it is said that a reconnoitring party pushed its way through the enemy's works, but that no assaulting columns were in readiness. If so, he never should have undertaken a siege. It is apparent that he was not quick to take advantage of circumstance, and that he was wanting in the bulldog tenacity which the meekest of commanders must display some time or another. He shrank

from taking the initiative, and wasted time in tentatives. He was a hard hitter when on the defensive, but he left too much to his corps commanders, with the exception of Porter. The pursuit by the Confederates, which culminated in the colossal blunder of the attack on Malvern Hill, ought not to enhance the reputation of General Lee or his subordinates, Longstreet excepted. On the other hand, several men on our side gained great glory from this retreat, but no one approaches Fitz John Porter in this respect.

The promise that McClellan gave as a general in West Virginia did not hold good on the Peninsula, any more than the promise of great things by Stonewall Jackson in the Valley was made good by him on the same field. Salutary results might be drawn from a comparison of the deeds of McClellan and of Grant on this line: it would not inure to the disadvantage of McClellan, and yet, for all this, he was not a great captain.

Eben Greenough Scott.

IN A JAPANESE GARDEN.

I.

My little two-story house by the Ōhashigawa, although dainty as a bird-cage, proved much too small for comfort, at the approach of the hot season; the rooms being scarcely higher than steamship cabins, and so narrow that an ordinary mosquito-net could not be suspended in them. I was very sorry to lose the beautiful lake view, but I found it necessary to remove to the northern quarter of the city, into a very quiet street behind the mouldering castle. My new home is a *katchiū-yashiki*, the ancient residence of some *samurai* of high rank. It is shut off from the street, or rather roadway, skirting the castle moat by a long, high wall coped with tiles.

One ascends to the gateway, which is almost as large as that of a temple court, by a low, broad flight of stone steps; and projecting from the wall, to the right of the gate, is a lookout window, heavily barred, like a big wooden cage. Thence, in feudal days, armed retainers kept keen watch on all who passed by, — invisible watch, for the bars are set so closely that a face behind them cannot be seen from the roadway. Inside the gate the approach to the dwelling is also walled in on both sides, so that the visitor, unless privileged, could see before him only the house entrance, always closed with white *shōji*. Like all *samurai* homes, the residence itself is but one story high, but there are fourteen rooms within, and these are lofty, spacious, and beautiful.

There is, alas, no lake view nor any charming prospect. Part of the O-Shiroyama, with the castle on its summit, half concealed by a park of pines, may be seen above the coping of the front wall, but only a part; and scarcely a hundred yards behind the house rise densely wooded heights, cutting off not only the horizon, but a large slice of the sky as well. For this immurement, however, there exists fair compensation in the shape of a very pretty garden, or rather a series of garden spaces, which surround the dwelling on three sides. Broad verandas overlook these, and from a certain veranda angle I can enjoy the sight of two gardens at once. Screens of bamboos and woven rushes, with wide gateless openings in their midst, mark the boundaries of the three divisions of the pleasure-grounds. But these structures are not intended to serve as true fences; they are ornamental, and only indicate where one style of landscape gardening ends and another begins.

II.

Now a few words upon Japanese gardens in general.

After having learned — merely by seeing, for the practical knowledge of the art requires years of study and experience, besides a natural, instinctive sense of beauty — something about the Japanese manner of arranging flowers, one can thereafter consider European ideas of floral decoration only as vulgarities. This observation is not the result of any hasty enthusiasm, but a conviction settled by long residence in the interior. I have come to understand the unspeakable loveliness of a solitary spray of blossoms arranged as only a Japanese expert knows how to arrange it, — not by simply poking the spray into a vase, but by perhaps

one whole hour's labor of trimming and posing and daintiest manipulation, — and therefore I cannot think now of what we Occidentals call "a bouquet" as anything but a vulgar murdering of flowers, an outrage upon the color-sense, a brutality, an abomination. Somewhat in the same way, and for similar reasons, after having learned what an old Japanese garden is, I can remember our costliest gardens at home only as ignorant displays of what wealth can accomplish in the creation of incongruities that violate nature.

Now, a Japanese garden is not a flower garden; neither is it made for the purpose of cultivating plants. In nine cases out of ten there is nothing in it resembling a flower bed. Some gardens may contain scarcely a sprig of green; some have nothing green at all, and consist entirely of rocks and pebbles and sand, although these are exceptional.¹ As a rule, a Japanese garden is a landscape garden, yet its existence does not depend upon any fixed allowance of space. It may cover one acre or many acres. It may also be only ten feet square. It may, in extreme cases, be much less; for a certain kind of Japanese garden can be contrived small enough to put in a *tokonoma*. Such a garden, in a vessel no larger than a fruit-dish, is called *ko-niwa* or *toko-niwa*, and may occasionally be seen in the *tokonoma* of humble little dwellings so closely squeezed between other structures as to possess no ground in which to cultivate an outdoor garden. (I say "an outdoor garden," because there are indoor gardens in some large Japanese houses.) The *toko-niwa* is usually made in some curious bowl, or shallow carved box, or quaintly shaped vessel impossible to describe by any English word. Therein are created minuscule hills with minuscule houses upon

¹ Such as the garden attached to the abbot's palace at Tokuwamonji, cited by Mr. Conder, which was made to commemorate the legend of stones which bowed themselves in assent to the doctrine of Buddha. At Togo-ike, in Tot-

tori-ken, I saw a very large garden consisting almost entirely of stones and sand. The impression which the designer had intended to convey was that of approaching the sea over a verge of dunes, and the illusion was beautiful.

them, and microscopic ponds and rivulets spanned by tiny humped bridges; and queer wee plants do duty for trees, and curiously formed pebbles stand for rocks, and there are tiny *toro*, perhaps a tiny *torii* as well, — in short, a charming and living model of a Japanese landscape.

Another fact of prime importance to remember is that, in order to comprehend the beauty of a Japanese garden, it is necessary to understand — or at least to learn to understand — the beauty of stones. Not of stones quarried by the hand of man, but of stones shaped by nature only. Until you can feel, and keenly feel, that stones have character, that stones have tones and values, the whole artistic meaning of a Japanese garden cannot be revealed to you. In the foreigner, however æsthetic he may be, this feeling needs to be cultivated by study. It is inborn in the Japanese; the soul of the race comprehends Nature infinitely better than we do, at least in her visible forms. But although, being an Occidental, the true sense of the beauty of stones can be reached by you only through long familiarity with the Japanese use and choice of them, the characters of the lesson to be acquired exist everywhere about you, if your life be in the interior. You cannot walk through a street without observing tasks and problems in the æsthetics of stones for you to master. At the approaches to temples, by the side of roads, before holy groves, and in all parks and pleasure-grounds, as well as in all cemeteries, you will notice large, irregular, flat slabs of natural rock, mostly from the river beds and water-worn, sculptured with ideographs, but unhewn. These have been set up as votive tablets, as commemorative monuments, as tombstones, and are much more costly than the ordinary cut-stone columns and *haka* chiseled with the figures of divinities in relief. Again, you will see before most of the shrines,

even in the grounds of nearly all large homesteads, great irregular blocks of granite or other hard rock, worn by the action of torrents, and converted into water-basins (*chodzubachi*) by cutting a circular hollow in the top. Such are but common examples of the utilization of stones even in the poorest villages; and if you have any natural artistic sentiment, you cannot fail to discover, sooner or later, how much more beautiful are these natural forms than any shapes from the hand of the stone-cutter. It is probable, too, that you will become so habituated at last to the sight of inscriptions cut upon rock surface, especially if you travel much through the country, that you will often find yourself involuntarily looking for texts or other chiselings where there are none, and could not possibly be, as if ideographs belonged by natural law to rock formation. And stones will begin, perhaps, to assume for you a certain individual or physiognomical aspect, — to suggest moods and sensations, as they do to the Japanese. Indeed, Japan is particularly a land of suggestive shapes in stone, as high volcanic lands are apt to be; and such shapes doubtless addressed themselves to the imagination of the race at a time long prior to the date of that archaic text which tells of demons in Izumo “who made rocks, and the roots of trees, and leaves, and the foam of the green waters to speak.”

As might be expected in a country where the suggestiveness of natural forms is thus recognized, there are in Japan many curious beliefs and superstitions concerning stones. In almost every province there are famous stones supposed to be sacred or haunted, or to possess miraculous powers, such as the Women's Stone at the temple of Hachiman at Kamakura, and the *Sesshō-seki*, or Death Stone of Nasu, and the Wealth-giving Stone at Enoshima, to which pilgrims pay reverence. There are even legends of stones having manifested sensibility,

like the tradition of the Nodding Stones which bowed down before the monk Daita when he preached unto them the word of Buddha; or the ancient story from the Kojiki, that the Emperor Ō-Jin, being angustly intoxicated, "smote with his august staff a great stone in the middle of the Ohosaka road, *whereupon the stone ran away*"!¹

Now, stones are valued for their beauty; and large stones, selected for their shape, may have an æsthetic worth of hundreds of dollars. And large stones form the skeleton, or framework, in the design of old Japanese gardens. Not only is every stone chosen with a view to its particular expressiveness of form, but every stone in the garden or about the premises has its separate and individual name, indicating its purpose or its decorative duty. But I can tell you only a little, a very little, of the folk lore of a Japanese garden; and if you want to know more about stones and their names, and about the philosophy of gardens, read the unique essay of Mr. Conder on the Art of Landscape Gardening in Japan, and his beautiful book on the Japanese Art of Floral Decoration; and also the brief but charming chapter on Gardens, in Morse's Japanese Homes.²

III.

No effort to create an impossible or purely ideal landscape is made in the Japanese garden. Its artistic purpose is to copy faithfully the attractions of a veritable landscape, and to convey the real impression that a real landscape communicates. It is therefore at once a picture and a poem; perhaps even more a poem than a picture. For as nature's scenery, in its varying aspects, affects us with sensations of joy or of solemnity,

¹ The Kojiki, translated by Professor B. H. Chamberlain, page 254.

² The observations of Dr. Rein on Japanese gardens are not to be recommended, in respect either to accuracy or to comprehension of the subject. Rein spent only two years in Japan, the larger part of which time he devoted to

of grimness or of sweetness, of force or of peace, so must the true reflection of it in the labor of the landscape gardener create not merely an impression of beauty, but a mood in the soul. The grand old landscape gardeners, those Buddhist monks who first introduced the art into Japan, and subsequently developed it into an almost occult science, carried their theory yet further than this. They held it possible to express moral lessons in the design of a garden, and abstract ideas, such as chastity, faith, piety, content, calm, and connubial bliss. Therefore were gardens contrived according to the character of the owner, whether poet, warrior, philosopher, or priest. In those ancient gardens (the art, alas, is passing away under the withering influence of the utterly commonplace Western taste) there were expressed both a mood of nature and some rare Oriental conception of a mood of man.

I do not know what human sentiment the principal division of my garden was intended to reflect; and there is none to tell me. Those by whom it was made passed away long generations ago, in the eternal transmigration of souls. But as a poem of nature it requires no interpreter. It occupies the front portion of the grounds, facing south; and it also extends west to the verge of the northern division of the garden, from which it is partly separated by a curious screen-fence structure. There are large rocks in it, heavily mossed; and divers fantastic basins of stone for holding water; and stone lamps green with years; and a *shachihoko*, such as one sees at the peaked angles of castle roofs,—a great stone fish, an idealized porpoise, with its nose the study of the lacquer industry, the manufacture of silk and paper, and other practical matters. On these subjects his work is justly valued. But his chapters on Japanese manners and customs, art, religion, and literature show extremely little acquaintance with those topics, and teem with errors.

in the ground and its tail in the air.¹ There are miniature hills, with old trees upon them; and there are long slopes of green, shadowed by flowering shrubs, like river banks; and there are green knolls like islets. All these verdant elevations rise from spaces of pale yellow sand, smooth as a surface of silk, and miming the curves and meanderings of a river course. These sanded spaces are not to be trodden upon; they are much too beautiful for that. The least speck of dirt would mar their effect; and it requires the trained skill of an experienced native gardener — a delightful old man he is — to keep them in perfect form. But they are traversed in various directions by lines of flat unhewn rock slabs, placed at slightly irregular distances from one another, exactly like stepping-stones across a brook. The whole effect is that of the shores of a still stream in some lovely, lonesome, drowsy place.

There is nothing to break the illusion, so secluded the garden is. High walls and fences shut out streets and contiguous things; and the shrubs and the trees, heightening and thickening toward the boundaries, conceal from view even the roofs of the neighboring *katchiū-yashiki*. Softly beautiful are the tremulous shadows of leaves on the sunned sand, and the scent of flowers comes thinly sweet with every waft of tepid air, and there is a humming of bees.

IV.

By Buddhism all existences are divided into *hijō*, things without desire, such as stones and trees; and *ujō*, things having desire, such as men and animals. This division does not, so far as I know, find expression in the written philosophy of gardens; but it is a convenient one. The folk lore of my little domain relates

¹ This attitude of the *shachihoko* is somewhat *de rigueur*, whence the common expression *shachihoko dai*, signifying "to stand on one's head."

² The magnificent perch called *tai* (*Serranus marginalis*), which is very common along the Izumo coast, is not only justly prized as

both to the inanimate and the animate. In natural order, the *hijō* may be considered first, beginning with a singular shrub near the entrance of the *yashiki*, and close to the gate of the first garden.

Within the front gateway of almost every old samurai house, and usually near the entrance of the dwelling itself, there is to be seen a small tree with large and peculiar leaves. The name of this tree in Izumo is *tegashiwa*, and there is one beside my door. What the scientific name of it is I do not know; nor am I quite sure of the etymology of the Japanese name. However, there is a word *tegashi*, meaning a bond for the hands; and the shape of the leaves of the *tegashiwa* somewhat resembles the shape of a hand.

Now, in old days, when the samurai retainer was obliged to leave his home in order to accompany his daimyō to Yedo, it was customary, just before his departure, to set before him a baked *tai*² served up on a *tegashiwa* leaf. After this farewell repast, the leaf upon which the *tai* had been served was hung up above the door, as a charm to bring the departed knight safely back again. This pretty superstition about the leaves of the *tegashiwa* had its origin not only in their shape, but in their movement. Stirred by a wind, they seem to beckon, — not indeed after our Occidental manner, but in the way that a Japanese signs to his friend to come, by gently waving his hand up and down, with the palm towards the ground.

Another shrub to be found in most Japanese gardens is the *nanten*,³ about which a very curious belief exists. If you have an evil dream, a dream which bodes ill luck, you should whisper it to the most delicate of Japanese fish, but is also held to be an emblem of good fortune. It is a ceremonial gift at weddings and on congratulatory occasions. The Japanese call it also "the king of fishes."

³ *Nantena domestica*.

the nanten early in the morning, and then it will never come true.¹ There are two varieties of this graceful plant: one which bears red berries, and one which bears white. The latter is rare. Both kinds grow in my garden. The common variety is placed close to the veranda (perhaps for the convenience of dreamers); the other occupies a little flower bed in the middle of the garden, together with a small citron-tree. This most dainty citron-tree is called "Buddha's fingers,"² because of the wonderful shape of its fragrant blossoms. Near it stands a kind of laurel, with lanciform leaves glossy as bronze; it is called by the Japanese *yuzuru-ha*,³ and is almost as common in the gardens of old samurai homes as the tegashiwa itself. It is held to be a tree of good omen, because no one of its old leaves ever falls off before a new one, growing behind it, has well developed. For thus the yuzuru-ha symbolizes hope that the father will not pass away before his son has become a vigorous man, well able to succeed him as the head of the family. Therefore, on every New Year's Day the leaves of the yuzuru-ha, mingled with fronds of fern, are attached to the *shimenawa*, which is then suspended before every Izumo home.

V.

The trees, like the shrubs, have their curious poetry and legends. Like the stones, each tree has its special landscape

name, according to its position and purpose in the composition. Just as rocks and stones form the skeleton of the ground-plan of a garden, so pines form the framework of its foliage design. They give body to the whole. In this garden there are five pines, — not pines tormented into fantasticalities, but pines made wondrously picturesque by long and tireless care and judicious trimming. The object of the gardener has been to develop to the utmost possible degree their natural tendency to rugged line and massings of foliage, — that spiny sombre-green foliage which Japanese art is never weary of imitating in metal inlay or golden lacquer. The pine is a symbolic tree, in this land of symbolism. Ever green, it is at once the emblem of unflinching purpose and of vigorous old age; and its needle-shaped leaves are credited with the power of driving demons away.

There are two *sakuranoki*,⁴ Japanese cherry-trees, — those trees whose blossoms, as Professor Chamberlain so justly observes, are "beyond comparison more lovely than anything Europe has to show." Many varieties are cultivated and loved; those in my garden bear blossoms of the most ethereal pink, a flushed white. When, in spring, the trees flower, it is as though fleeciest masses of cloud faintly tinged by sunset had floated down from the highest sky to fold themselves about the

¹ The most lucky of all dreams, they say in Izumo, is a dream of Fuji, the Sacred Mountain. Next in order of good omen is dreaming of a falcon (*taka*). The third best subject for a dream is the egg-plant (*nasubi*). To dream of the sun or of the moon is very lucky; but it is still more so to dream of stars. For a young wife it is most fortunate to dream of *swallowing a star*: this signifies that she will become the mother of a beautiful child. To dream of a cow is of good omen; to dream of a horse is lucky, but it signifies traveling. To dream of rain or fire is good. Some dreams are held in Japan, as in the West, "to go by contraries." Therefore, to dream of having one's house burned up, or of funerals, or of

being dead, or of talking to the ghost of a dead person, is good. Some dreams which are good for women mean the reverse when dreamed by men; for example, it is good for a woman to dream that her nose bleeds, but for a man this is very bad. To dream of much money is a sign of loss to come. To dream of the *koi*, or of any fresh-water fish, is the most unlucky of all. This is curious, for in other parts of Japan the *koi* is a symbol of good fortune.

² *Tebushukan*: *Citrus sarkodactilis*.

³ *Yuzuru* signifies to resign in favor of another; *ha* signifies a leaf. The botanical name, as given in Hepburn's dictionary, is *Daphniphyllum macropodum*.

⁴ *Cerasus pseudo-cerasus* (Lindley).

branches. This comparison is no poetical exaggeration; neither is it original; it is an ancient Japanese description of the most marvelous floral exhibition which nature is capable of making. The reader who has never seen a cherry-tree blossoming in Japan cannot possibly imagine the delight of the spectacle. There are no green leaves; these come later: there is only one glorious burst of blossoms, veiling every twig and bough in their delicate mist; and the soil beneath each tree is covered deep out of sight by fallen petals as by a drift of pink snow.

But these are cultivated cherry-trees. There are others which put forth their leaves before their blossoms, such as the *yamazakura*, or mountain cherry.¹ This too, however, has its poetry of beauty and of symbolism. Sang the great Shintō writer and poet, Motowori:—

*Shikishima no
Yamato-gokoro wo
Hito towaba,
Asa-hi ni niou
Yamazakura bana.*²

Whether cultivated or uncultivated, the Japanese cherry-trees are emblems. Those planted in old samurai gardens were not cherished for their loveliness alone. Their spotless blossoms were regarded as symbolizing that delicacy of sentiment and blamelessness of life belonging to high courtesy and true knightliness. "As the cherry flower is first among flowers," says an old proverb, "so should the warrior be first among men."

Shadowing the western end of this garden, and projecting its smooth dark

limbs above the awning of the veranda, is a superb *umenoki*, Japanese plum-tree, very old, and originally planted here, no doubt, as in other gardens, for the sake of the sight of its blossoming. The flowering of the *umenoki*,³ in the earliest spring, is scarcely less astonishing than that of the cherry-tree, which does not bloom for a full month later; and the blossoming of both is celebrated by popular holidays. Nor are these, although the most famed, the only flowers thus loved. The wistaria, the convolvulus, the peony, each in its season, form displays of efflorescence lovely enough to draw whole populations out of the city into the country to see them. In Izumo, the blossoming of the peony is especially marvelous. The most famous place for this spectacle is the little island of Daikonsima, in the grand Naka-umi lagoon, about an hour's sail from Matsue. In May the whole island flames crimson with peonies; and even the boys and girls of the public schools are given a holiday, in order that they may enjoy the sight.

Though the plum flower is certainly a rival in beauty of the *sakura-no-hana*, the Japanese compare woman's beauty—physical beauty—to the cherry flower, never to the plum flower. But womanly virtue and sweetness, on the other hand, are compared to the *ume-no-hana*, never to the cherry blossom. It is a great mistake to affirm, as some writers have done, that the Japanese never think of comparing a woman to trees and flowers. For grace, a maiden is likened to the slender willow; ⁴ for youthful charm,

¹ About this mountain cherry there is a humorous saying which illustrates the Japanese love of puns. In order fully to appreciate it, the reader should know that Japanese nouns have no distinction of singular and plural. The word *ha*, as pronounced, may signify either "leaves" or "teeth;" and the word *hana*, either "flowers" or "nose." The *yamazakura* puts forth its *ha* (leaves) before its *hana* (flowers). Wherefore a man whose *ha* (teeth) project in advance of his *hana* (nose) is called a

yamazakura. Prognathism is not uncommon in Japan, especially among the lower classes.

² "If one should ask you concerning the heart of a true Japanese, point to the wild cherry flower glowing in the sun."

³ There are three noteworthy varieties,—one bearing red, one pink and white, and one pure white flowers.

⁴ The expression *yanagi-goshi*, "a willow-waist," is one of several in common use comparing slender beauty to the willow-tree.

to the cherry-tree in flower; for sweetness of heart, to the blossoming plum-tree. Nay, the old Japanese poets have compared woman to all beautiful things. They have even sought similes from flowers for her various poses, for her movements, as in the verse —

Tateba shakuyaku; ¹
Swareba botan;
Aruku sugatawa;
Himeyuri ² *no hana*.³

Why, even the names of the humblest country girls are often those of beautiful trees or flowers prefixed by the honorific *O*:⁴ *O-Matsu* (Pine), *O-Také* (Bamboo), *O-Umé* (Plum), *O-Hana* (Blossom), *O-Iné* (Ear-of-Young-Rice), not to speak of the professional flower-names of dancing-girls and of *jōrōs*. It has been argued with considerable force that the origin of certain tree-names borne by girls must be sought in the folk-conception of the tree as an emblem of longevity, or happiness, or good fortune, rather than in any popular idea of the beauty of the tree in itself. But however this may be, proverb, poem, song, and popular speech to-day yield ample proof that the Japanese comparisons of women to trees and flowers are in no wise inferior to our own in æsthetic sentiment.

VI.

That trees, at least Japanese trees, have souls cannot seem an unnatural

fancy to one who has seen the blossoming of the *umenoki* and the *sakuranoki*. This is a popular belief in Izumo and elsewhere. It is not in accord with Buddhist philosophy, and yet in a certain sense it strikes one as being much closer to cosmic truth than the old Western orthodox notion of trees as "things created for the use of man." Furthermore, there exist several odd superstitions about particular trees, not unlike certain West Indian beliefs, which have had a good influence in checking the destruction of valuable timber. Japan, like the tropical world, has its goblin trees. Of these, the *enoki* (*Celtis Willdenowiana*) and the *yanagi* (drooping willow) are deemed especially ghostly, and are rarely now to be found in old Japanese gardens. Both are believed to have the power of haunting. "*Enoki ga bakeru*," the Izumo saying is. You will find in a Japanese dictionary the word "*bakeru*" translated by such terms as "to be transformed," "to be metamorphosed," "to be changed," etc.; but the belief about these trees is very singular, and cannot be explained by any such rendering of the verb "*bakeru*." The tree itself does not change form or place, but a spectre called *Kino-o-bake* disengages itself from the tree and walks about in various guises.⁵ Most often the shape assumed by the phantom is that of a beautiful woman. The tree spectre seldom speaks, and seldom ven-

¹ *Peonia albiflora*. The name signifies the delicacy of beauty. The simile of the *botan* (the tree peony) can be fully appreciated only by one who is acquainted with the Japanese flower.

² Some say *keshiyuri* (poppy) instead of *himeyuri*. The latter is a graceful species of lily, *Lilium callosum*.

³ "Standing, she is a *shakuyaku*; seated, she is a *botan*; and the charm of her figure in walking is the charm of a *himeyuri*."

⁴ In the higher classes of Japanese society to-day, the honorific *O* is not, as a rule, used before the names of girls, and showy appellations are not given to daughters. Even among the poor respectable classes, names resembling those of *geishas*, etc., are in disfavor. But

those above cited are good, honest, every-day names.

⁵ Mr. Satow has found in Hirata a belief to which this seems to some extent akin, — the curious Shintō doctrine "according to which a divine being throws off portions of itself by a process of fissure, thus producing what are called *waki-mi-tama*, — parted spirits, with separate functions." The great god of Izumo, Oho-kuni-nushi-no-kami, is said by Hirata to have three such "parted spirits": his rough spirit (*ara-mi-tama*) that punishes, his gentle spirit (*nigi-mi-tama*) that pardons, and his benedictory or beneficent spirit (*saki-mi-tama*) that blesses. There is a Shintō story that the rough spirit of this god once met the gentle spirit without recognizing it.

tures to go very far away from its tree. If approached, it immediately shrinks back into the trunk or the foliage. It is said that if either an old *yanagi* or a young *enoki* be cut blood will flow from the gash. When such trees are very young, it is not believed that they have supernatural habits, but they become more dangerous the older they grow.

There is a rather pretty legend — recalling the old Greek dream of dryads — about a willow-tree which grew in the garden of a samurai of Kyōtō. Owing to its weird reputation, the tenant of the homestead desired to cut it down; but another samurai dissuaded him, saying: "Rather sell it to me, that I may plant it in my garden. That tree has a soul; it were cruel to destroy its life." Thus purchased and transplanted, the *yanagi* flourished well in its new home, and its spirit, out of gratitude, took the form of a beautiful woman, and became the wife of the samurai who had befriended it. A charming boy was the result of this union. A few years later, the daimyō to whom the ground belonged gave orders that the tree should be cut down. Then the wife wept bitterly, and for the first time revealed to her husband the whole story. "And now," she added, "I know that I must die; but our child will live, and you will always love him. This thought is my only solace." Vainly the astonished and terrified husband sought to retain her. Bidding him farewell forever, she vanished into the tree. Needless to say that the samurai did everything in his power to persuade the daimyō to forego his purpose. The prince wanted the tree for the reparation of a great Buddhist temple, the San-jiu-san-gen-dō.¹ The tree was felled, but, having fallen, it suddenly became so heavy that three hundred men could not move it. Then the child, taking a branch in his little hand, said, "Come," and the tree fol-

lowed him, gliding along the ground to the court of the temple.

Although said to be a *bakemono-ki*, the *enoki* sometimes receives highest religious honors; for the spirit of the god Kojin, to whom old dolls are dedicated, is supposed to dwell within certain very ancient *enoki* trees, and before these are placed shrines whereat people make prayers.

VII.

The second garden, on the north side, is my favorite. It contains no large growths. It is paved with blue pebbles, and its centre is occupied by a pondlet, — a miniature lake fringed with rare plants, and containing a tiny island, with tiny mountains and dwarf peach-trees and pines and azaleas, some of which are perhaps more than a century old, though scarcely more than a foot high. Nevertheless, this work, seen as it was intended to be seen, does not appear to the eye in miniature at all. From a certain angle of the guest-room looking out upon it, the appearance is that of a real lake shore with a real island beyond it, a stone's throw away. So cunning the art of the ancient gardener who contrived all this, and who has been sleeping for a hundred years under the cedars of Gesshoji, that the illusion can be detected only from the *zashiki* by the presence of an *ishidōrō*, or stone lamp, upon the island. The size of the *ishidōrō* betrays the false perspective, and I do not think it was placed there when the garden was made.

Here and there at the edge of the pond, and almost level with the water, are placed large flat stones, on which one may either stand or squat, to watch the lacustrine population or to tend the water-plants. There are beautiful water-lilies, whose bright green leaf-disks float oilily upon the surface (*Nuphar Japonica*), and many lotus plants of two kinds, those which bear pink and those which

Kwannon of the Thousand Hands, and is said to contain 33,333 of her images.

¹ Perhaps the most impressive of all the Buddhist temples in Kyōtō. It is dedicated to

bear pure white flowers. There are iris plants growing along the bank, whose blossoms are prismatic violet, and there are various ornamental grasses and ferns and mosses. But the pond is essentially a lotus pond; the lotus plants make its greatest charm. It is a delight to watch every phase of their marvelous growth, from the first unrolling of the leaf to the fall of the last flower. On rainy days, especially, the lotus plants are worth observing. Their great cup-shaped leaves, swaying high above the pond, catch the rain and hold it awhile; but always after the water in the leaf reaches a certain level the stem bends, and empties the leaf with a loud splash, and then straightens again. Rain-water upon a lotus leaf is a favorite subject with Japanese metal-workers, and metal-work only can reproduce the effect, for the motion and color of water moving upon the green oleaginous surface are exactly those of quicksilver.

VIII.

The third garden, which is very large, extends beyond the inclosure containing the lotus pond to the foot of the wooded hills which form the northern and north-eastern boundary of this old samurai quarter. Formerly all this broad level space was occupied by a bamboo grove; but it is now little more than a waste of grasses and wild flowers. In the north-east corner there is a magnificent well, from which ice-cold water is brought into the house through a most ingenious little aqueduct of bamboo pipes; and in the northwestern end, veiled by tall weeds, there stands a very small stone shrine of Inari, with two proportionately small stone foxes sitting before it. Shrine and images are chipped and broken, and thickly patched with dark green moss. But on the east side of the house one little square of soil belonging to this large division of the garden is still cultivated. It is devoted entirely to chrysanthemum plants, which are shielded

from heavy rain and strong sun by slanting frames of light wood fashioned like *shōji*, with panes of white paper, and supported like awnings upon thin posts of bamboo. I can venture to add nothing to what has already been written about these marvelous products of Japanese floriculture considered in themselves; but there is a little story relating to chrysanthemums which I may presume to tell.

There is one place in Japan where it is thought unlucky to cultivate chrysanthemums, for reasons which shall presently appear; and that place is in the pretty little city of Himeji, in the province of Harima. Himeji contains the ruins of a great castle of thirty turrets; and a daimyō used to dwell therein whose revenue was one hundred and fifty-six thousand *koku* of rice. Now, in the house of one of that daimyō's chief retainers there was a maid-servant, of good family, whose name was O-Kiku; and the name "Kiku" signifies a chrysanthemum flower. Many precious things were entrusted to her charge, and among others ten costly dishes of gold. One of these was suddenly missed, and could not be found; and the girl, being responsible therefor, and knowing not how otherwise to prove her innocence, drowned herself in a well. But ever thereafter her ghost, returning nightly, could be heard counting the dishes slowly, with sobs:—

Ichī-mai,
Ni-mai,
San-mai,
Yo-mai,
Go-mai,
Roku-mai,
Shichi-mai
Hachi-mai,
Ku-mai —

Then would be heard a despairing cry and a loud burst of weeping; and again the girl's voice counting the dishes plaintively: "One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — *nine*" —

Her spirit passed into the body of a

strange little insect, whose head faintly resembles that of a ghost with long disheveled hair; and it is called *O-Kiku-mushi*, or "the fly of O-Kiku;" and it is found, they say, nowhere save in Himeji. A famous play was written about O-Kiku, which is still acted in all the popular theatres, entitled *Banshu-O-Kiku-no-Sarayashiki*; or, *The Manor of the Dish of O-Kiku of Banshu*.

Some declare that Banshu is only the corruption of the name of an ancient quarter of Tōkyō (Yedo), where the story should have been laid. But the people of Himeji say that part of their city now called *Go-Ken-Yashiki* is identical with the site of the ancient manor. What is certainly true is that to cultivate chrysanthemum flowers in the part of Himeji called *Go-Ken-Yashiki* is deemed unlucky, because the name of O-Kiku signifies "Chrysanthemum." Therefore, nobody, I am told, ever cultivates chrysanthemums there.

IX.

Now of the *ujō*, or things having desire, which inhabit these gardens.

There are four species of frogs: three that dwell in the lotus pond, and one that lives in the trees. The tree frog is a very pretty little creature, exquisitely green; it has a shrill cry, almost like the note of a *semi*; and it is called *amagaeru*, or "the rain frog," because, like its kindred in other countries, its croaking is an omen of rain. The pond frogs are called *babagaeru*, *shinagaeru*, and *tono-san-gaeru*. Of these, the first-named variety is the largest and the ugliest: its color is very disagreeable, and its full name ("babagaeru" being a decent abbreviation) is quite as offensive as its hue. The *shinagaeru*, or "striped frog," is not handsome, except by comparison with the previously mentioned

creature. But the *tono-san-gaeru*, so called after a famed daimyō who left behind him a memory of great splendor, is beautiful: its color is a fine bronzed-red.

Besides these varieties of frogs there lives in the garden a huge uncouth goggle-eyed thing which, although called here *hikigaeru*, I take to be a toad. "*Hikigaeru*" is the term ordinarily used for a bullfrog. This creature enters the house almost daily, to be fed, and seems to have no fear even of strangers. My people consider it a luck-bringing visitor; and it is credited with the power of drawing all the mosquitoes out of a room into its mouth by simply sucking its breath in. Much as it is cherished by gardeners and others, there is a legend about a goblin toad of old times, which, by thus sucking in its breath, drew into its mouth, not insects, but men.

The pond is inhabited also by many small fish; *imori*, or newts, with bright red bellies; and multitudes of little water-beetles, called *maimaimushi*, which pass their whole time in gyrating upon the surface of the water so rapidly that it is almost impossible to distinguish their shape clearly. A man who runs about aimlessly to and fro, under the influence of excitement, is compared to a *maimaimushi*. And there are some beautiful snails, with yellow stripes on their shells. Japanese children have a charm-song which is supposed to have power to make the snail put out its horns:—

Daidaimushi,¹ *daidaimushi*, *tsuno chitto dashare!*

*Ame kaze fuku kara tsuno chitto dashare!*²

The playground of the children of the better classes has always been the family garden, as that of the children of the poor is the temple court. It is in the garden that the little ones first

¹ *Daidaimushi* in Izumo. The dictionary word is *dedemushi*. The snail is supposed to be very fond of wet weather; and one who goes out much in the rain is compared to a snail,—*dedemushi no yona*.

² "Snail, snail, put out your horns a little: it rains and the wind is blowing, so put out your horns, just for a little while."

learn something of the wonderful life of plants, and the marvels of the insect world; and there, also, they are first taught those pretty legends and songs about birds and flowers which form so charming a part of Japanese folk lore. As the home training of the child is left mostly to the mother, lessons of kindness to animals are early inculcated; and the results are strongly marked in after life. It is true, Japanese children are not entirely free from that unconscious tendency to cruelty characteristic of children in all countries, as a survival of primitive instincts. But in this regard the great moral difference between the sexes is strongly marked from the earliest years. The tenderness of the woman-soul appears even in the child. Little Japanese girls who play with insects or small animals rarely hurt them, and generally set them free after they have afforded a reasonable amount of amusement. Little boys are not nearly so good, when out of sight of parents or guardians. But if seen doing anything cruel, a child is made to feel ashamed of the act, and hears the Buddhist warning, "Thy future birth will be unhappy, if thou doest cruel things."

Somewhere among the rocks in the pond lives a small tortoise, — left in the garden, probably, by the previous tenants of the house. It is very pretty, but manages to remain invisible for weeks at a time. In popular mythology, the tortoise is the servant of the divinity *Kompira*; ¹ and if a pious fisherman find a tortoise, he writes upon its back characters signifying "Servant of the Deity *Kompira*," and then gives it a drink of *saké* and sets it free. It is supposed to be very fond of *saké*.

Some say that the land tortoise, or "stone tortoise," only is the servant of *Kompira*, and the sea tortoise, or turtle, the servant of the Dragon Empire be-

neath the sea. The turtle is said to have the power to create, with its breath, a cloud, a fog, or a magnificent palace. It figures in the beautiful old folk tale of *Urashima*.² All tortoises are supposed to live for a thousand years, wherefore one of the most frequent symbols of longevity in Japanese art is a tortoise. But the tortoise most commonly represented by native painters and metal-workers has a peculiar tail, or rather a multitude of small tails, extending behind it like the fringes of a straw rain coat, *mino*, whence it is called *minogamé*. Now, some of the tortoises kept in the sacred tanks of Buddhist temples attain a prodigious age, and certain water-plants attach themselves to the creatures' shells and stream behind them when they walk. The myth of the *minogamé* is supposed to have had its origin in old artistic efforts to represent the appearance of such tortoises with *confervæ* fastened upon their shells.

X.

Early in summer the frogs are surprisingly numerous, and, after dark, are noisy beyond description; but week by week their nightly clamor grows feebler, as their numbers diminish under the attacks of many enemies. A large family of snakes, some fully three feet long, make occasional inroads into the colony. The victims often utter piteous cries, which are promptly responded to, whenever possible, by some inmate of the house, and many a frog has been saved by my servant-girl, who, by a gentle tap with a bamboo rod, compels the snake to let its prey go. These snakes are beautiful swimmers. They make themselves quite free about the garden; but they come out only on hot days. None of my people would think of injuring or killing one of them. Indeed, in *Izumo* it is said that to kill a snake is unlucky. "If you kill a snake without provoca-

¹ A Buddhist divinity, but within recent times identified by *Shintō* with the god *Kotohira*.

² See Professor Chamberlain's version of it in *The Japanese Fairy-Tale Series*, with charming illustrations by a native artist.

tion," a peasant assured me, "you will afterwards find its head in the *komebitsu* [the box in which cooked rice is kept] when you take off the lid."

But the snakes devour comparatively few frogs. Impudent kites and crows are their most implacable destroyers; and there is a very pretty weasel which lives under the *kura* (godown), and which does not hesitate to take either fish or frogs out of the pond, even when the lord of the manor is watching. There is also a cat which poaches in my preserves, a gaunt outlaw, a master thief, which I have made sundry vain attempts to reclaim from vagabondage. Partly because of the immorality of this cat, and partly because it happens to have a long tail, it has the evil reputation of being a *nekomata*, or goblin cat.

It is true that in Izumo some kittens are born with long tails; but it is very seldom that they are suffered to grow up with long tails. For the natural tendency of cats is to become goblins; and this tendency to metamorphosis can be checked only by cutting off their tails in kittenhood. Cats are magicians, tails or no tails, and have the power of making corpses dance. Cats are ungrateful. "Feed a dog for three days," says a Japanese proverb, "and he will remember your kindness for three years; feed a cat for three years, and she will forget your kindness in three days." Cats are mischievous: they tear the matings, and make holes in the *shōji*, and sharpen their claws upon the pillars of *tokonoma*. Cats are under a curse: only the cat and the venomous serpent wept not at the death of Buddha; and these shall never enter into the bliss of the Gokuraku. For all these reasons, and others too numerous to relate, cats are not much loved in Izumo, and are compelled to pass the greater part of their lives out of doors.

¹ "Butterfly, little butterfly, light upon the *na* leaf. But if thou dost not like the *na* leaf, light, I pray thee, upon my hand."

XI.

Not less than eleven varieties of butterflies have visited the neighborhood of the lotus pond within the past few days. The most common variety is snowy white. It is supposed to be especially attracted by the *na*, or rapeseed plant; and when little girls see it, they sing:—

*Chō-chō, chō-chō, na-no ha ni tomare;
Na no ha ga iyenara, te ni tomare.*¹

But the most interesting insects are certainly the *semi* (cicadæ). These Japanese tree crickets are much more extraordinary singers than even the wonderful cicadæ of the tropics; and they are much less tiresome, for there is a different species of *semi*, with a totally different song, for almost every month during the whole warm season. There are, I believe, seven kinds; but I have become familiar with only four. The first to be heard in my trees is the *natsuzemi*, or summer *semi*: it makes a sound like the Japanese monosyllable *ji*, beginning wheezily, slowly swelling into a crescendo shrill as the blowing of steam, and dying away in another wheeze. This *j-i-i-iiiiiiiiii* is so deafening that when two or three *natsuzemi* come close to the window I am obliged to make them go away. Happily, the *natsuzemi* is soon succeeded by the *minminzemi*, a much finer musician, whose name is derived from its wonderful note. It is said "to chant like a Buddhist priest reciting the *kyō*;" and certainly, upon hearing it the first time, one can scarcely believe that one is listening to a mere cicada. The *minminzemi* is followed, early in autumn, by a beautiful green *semi*, the *higurashi*, which makes a singularly clear sound, like the rapid ringing of a small bell,—*kana-kana-kana-kana-kana*. But the most astonishing visitor of all comes still later, the *tsukutsuku-bōshi*.² I fancy this creature can have no rival in the whole world of

² "Bōshi" means "a hat;" "tsukeru," "to put on." But this etymology is more than doubtful.

trious one, that of a famous warrior of old times, belonging to the Genji clan. There is a legend that while he was fighting with an enemy on horseback his own steed slipped and fell in a ricefield, and he was consequently overpowered and slain by his antagonist. He became a rice-devouring insect, which is still respectfully called by the peasantry of Izumo *Sanemori San*. They light fires, on certain summer nights, in the ricefields, to attract the insect, and beat gongs and sound bamboo flutes, chanting the while, "O Sanemori, augustly deign to come hither!" A *kammshi* performs a religious rite, and a straw figure representing a horse and rider is then either burned or thrown into a neighboring river or canal. By this ceremony it is believed that the fields are cleared of the insect.

This tiny creature is almost exactly the size and color of a rice-husk. The legend concerning it may have arisen from the fact that its body, together with the wings, bears some resemblance to the helmet of a Japanese warrior.¹

Next in number among the victims of fire are the moths, some of which are very strange and beautiful. The most remarkable is an enormous creature popularly called *okori-chōchō*, or the "ague moth," because there is a superstitious belief that it brings intermittent fever into any house it enters. It has a body quite as heavy and almost as powerful as that of the largest humming-bird, and its struggles, when caught in the hand, surprise by their force. It makes a very loud whirring sound while flying.

¹ A kindred legend attaches to the *shiwan*, a little yellow insect which preys upon cucumbers. The *shiwan* is said to have been once a physician, who, being detected in an amorous intrigue, had to fly for his life; but as he went his foot caught in a cucumber vine, so that he fell and was overtaken and killed, and his ghost became an insect, the destroyer of cucumber vines.

In the zoölogical mythology and plant mythology of Japan there exist many legends offering a curious resemblance to the old Greek tales of metamorphoses. Some of the most re-

The wings of one which I examined measured, outspread, five inches from tip to tip, yet seemed small in proportion to the heavy body. They were richly mottled with dusky browns and silver grays of various tones.

Many flying night-comers, however, avoid the lamp. Most fantastic of all visitors is the *tōrō* or *kamakiri*, called in Izumo *kamakaké*, a bright green praying mantis, extremely feared by children for its capacity to bite. It is very large. I have seen specimens over six inches long. The eyes of the *kamakaké* are a brilliant black at night, but by day they appear grass-colored, like the rest of the body. The mantis is very intelligent and surprisingly aggressive. I saw one attacked by a vigorous frog easily put its enemy to flight. It fell a prey subsequently to other inhabitants of the pond, but it required the combined efforts of several frogs to vanquish the monstrous insect, and even then the battle was decided only when the *kamakaké* had been dragged into the water.

Other visitors are beetles of divers colors, and a sort of small roach called *goki-kaburi*, signifying "one whose head is covered with a bowl." It is alleged that the *goki-kaburi* likes to eat human eyes, and is therefore the abhorred enemy of Ichibata-Sama, — Yakushi Nyōrai of Ichibata, — by whom diseases of the eye are healed. To kill the *goki-kaburi* is consequently thought to be a meritorious act in the sight of this Buddha. Always welcome are the beautiful fireflies (*hotaru*), which enter quite noise-

markable bits of such folk lore have originated, however, in comparatively modern time. The legend of the crab called *heikegami*, found at Nagato, is an example. The souls of the Taira warriors who perished in the great naval battle of Dan-no-ura (now Seto-Nakai), 1185, are supposed to have been transformed into *heikegami*. The shell of the *heikegami* is certainly surprising. It is wrinkled into the likeness of a grim face, or rather into exact semblance of one of those black iron visors, or masks, which feudal warriors wore in battle, and which were shaped like frowning visages.

lessly, and at once seek the darkest place in the house, slow-glimmering, like sparks moved by a gentle wind. They are supposed to be very fond of water; wherefore children sing to them this little song:—

Hotaru kôe midzu nomashô;

Achi no midzu wa ni gaizo;

Kochi no midzu wa amaizo.¹

A pretty gray lizard, quite different from some which usually haunt the garden, also makes its appearance at night, and pursues its prey along the ceiling. Sometimes an extraordinarily large centipede attempts the same thing, but with less success, and has to be seized with a pair of fire-tongs and thrown into the exterior darkness. Very rarely, an enormous spider appears. This creature seems inoffensive. If captured, it will feign death until certain that it is not watched, when it will run away with surprising swiftness, if it gets a chance. It is hairless, and very different from the tarantula, or *fukurogumo*. It is called *mi-yamagumo*, or mountain spider. There are four other kinds of spiders common in this neighborhood: *tenagakumo*, or "long-armed spider;" *hiratakumo*, or "flat spider;" *jikumo*, or "earth spider;" and *totatekumo*, or "door-shutting spider." Most spiders are considered evil beings. A spider seen anywhere at night, the people say, should be killed; for all spiders that show themselves after dark are goblins. While people are awake and watchful, such creatures make themselves small; but when everybody is fast asleep, then they assume their true goblin shape and become monstrous.

XIII.

The high wood of the hill behind the garden is full of bird life. There dwell wild *uguisu*, owls, wild doves, too many

crows, and a queer bird that makes weird noises at night, long, deep sounds of *hoo, hoo*. It is called *awamakidori*, or the "millet-sowing bird," because, when the farmers hear its cry, they know that it is time to plant the millet. It is quite small and brown, extremely shy, and, so far as I can learn, altogether nocturnal in its habits.

But rarely, very rarely, a far stranger cry is heard in those trees at night, a voice as of one crying in pain the syllables "*ho-to-to-gi-su*." The cry and the name of that which utters it are one and the same, *hototogisu*.

It is a bird of which weird things are told; for they say it is not really a creature of this living world, but a night wanderer from the Land of Darkness. In the Meido its dwelling is, among those sunless mountains of Shide over which all souls must pass to reach the place of judgment. Once in each year it comes; the time of its coming is the end of the fifth month, by the antique counting of moons; and the peasants, hearing its voice, say one to the other, "Now must we sow the rice; for the Shide-no-taosa is with us." The word *taosa* signifies the head man of a *mura*, or village, as villages were governed in the old days; but why the *hototogisu* is called the *taosa* of Shide I do not know. Perhaps it is deemed to be a soul from some shadowy hamlet of the Shide hills, whereat the ghosts are wont to rest on their weary way to the realm of Emma, the King of Death.

Its cry has been interpreted in various ways. Some declare that the *hototogisu* does not really repeat its own name, but asks, "*Honzon kaketaka?*" (Has the *honzon*² been suspended?) Others, resting their interpretation upon the wisdom of the Chinese, aver that the

¹ "Come, firefly, I will give you water to drink. The water of that place is bitter; the water here is sweet."

² By "*honzon*" is here meant the sacred *Kakemono*, exposed to public view in the temples

only upon the birthday of the Buddha, which is the eighth day of the old fourth month. "*Honzon*" also signifies the principal image in a Buddhist temple.

bird's speech signifies, "Surely it is better to return home." This, at least, is true: that all who journey far from their native place, and hear the voice of the hototogisu in other distant provinces, are seized with the sickness of longing for home.

Only at night, the people say, is its voice heard, and most often upon the nights of great moons; and it chants while hovering high out of sight, wherefore a poet has sung of it thus:—

*Hito koe wa.
Tsuki ga naitaka?
Hototogisu!*¹

And another has written:—

*Hototogisu
Nakitsuru kata wa
Nagamureba,—
Tada ariake no
Tsuki zo nokoveru.*²

The dweller in cities may pass a lifetime without hearing the hototogisu. Caged, the little creature will remain silent and die. Poets often wait vainly in the dew, from sunset till dawn, to hear the strange cry which has inspired so many exquisite verses. But those who have heard found it so mournful that they have likened it to the cry of one wounded suddenly to death.

*Hototogisu
Chi ni naku koe wa
Ariake no
Tsuki yori hokani
Kiku hito mo nashi.*³

Concerning Izumo owls, I shall content myself with citing a composition by one of my Japanese students:—

"The Owl is a hateful bird that sees in the dark. Little children who cry are frightened by the threat that the Owl will come to take them away; for the Owl cries, '*Ho! ho! sorōtto kōka! sorōtto kōka!*' which means, 'Thou!

¹ "A solitary voice!

Did the Moon cry?

² "T was but the hototogisu."

³ "When I gaze towards the place where I heard the hototogisu cry, lo! there is naught save the wan morning moon."

must I enter slowly!' It also cries, '*Noritsuke hose! ho! ho!*' which means, 'Do thou make the starch to use in washing to-morrow!' And when the women hear that cry, they know that to-morrow will be a fine day. It also cries, '*Tototo,*' 'The man dies,' and '*Kotokōkko,*' 'The boy dies.' So people hate it. And crows hate it so much that it is used to catch crows. The Farmer puts an Owl in the ricefield; and all the crows come to kill it, and they get caught fast in snares. This should teach us not to give way to our dislikes for other people."

The kites, which hover over the city all day, do not live in the neighborhood. Their nests are far away upon the blue peaks; but they pass much of their time in catching fish, and in stealing from back yards. They pay the wood and the garden swift and sudden piratical visits; and their sinister cry—*pi-yoroyoro, pi-yoroyoro*—sounds at intervals over the town from dawn till sundown. Most insolent of all feathered creatures they certainly are,—more insolent than even their fellow-robbers, the crows. A kite will drop five miles to filch a tai out of a fish-seller's bucket, or a fried cake out of a child's hand, and shoot back to the clouds before the victim of the theft has time to stoop for a stone. Hence the saying, "to look as surprised as if one's *aburage*⁴ had been snatched from one's hand by a kite." There is, moreover, no telling what a kite may think proper to steal. For example, my neighbor's servant-girl went to the river the other day, wearing in her hair a string of small scarlet beads made of rice-grains prepared and dyed in a certain ingenious way. A kite lighted upon her head, and tore away and swallowed the string of beads. But it is great fun to feed these

³ "Save only the morning moon, none heard the heart's-blood cry of the hototogisu."

⁴ A sort of doughnut made of bean-flour, or *tofu*.

birds with dead rats or mice which have been caught in traps over night, and subsequently drowned. The instant a dead rat is exposed to view a kite pounces from the sky to bear it away. Sometimes a crow may get the start of the kite, but the crow must be able to get to the woods very swiftly indeed in order to keep his prize. Children sing this song:—

*Tobi, tobi, maute mise!
Ashita no ban ni
Karasu ni kakushite
Nezumi yaru.*¹

The mention of dancing refers to the beautiful balancing motion of the kite's wings in flight. By suggestion this motion is poetically compared to the graceful swaying of a *maiko*, or dancing-girl, extending her arms and waving the long wide sleeves of her silken robe.

Although there is a numerous sub-colony of crows in the wood behind my house, the headquarters of the corvine army are in the pine grove of the ancient castle grounds, visible from my front rooms. To see the crows all flying home at the same hour every evening is an interesting spectacle, and popular imagination has found an amusing comparison for it in the hurry-skurry of people running to a fire. This explains the meaning of a song which children sing to the crows returning to their nests:—

*Ato no karasu saki ine,
Ware ga iye ga yakeru ken,
Hayō inde midzu kake,
Midzu ga nakya yarozo,
Amatara ko ni yare,
Ko ga nakya modose.*²

Confucianism seems to have discovered virtue in the crow. There is a Japanese proverb, "*Karasu ni hampo no ko ari*," meaning that the crow performs the filial

¹ "Kite, kite, let me see you dance, and tomorrow evening, when the crows do not know, I will give you a rat."

² "O tardy crow, hasten forward! Your house is all on fire. Hurry to throw water upon it. If there be no water, I will give you. If you have too much, give it to your child.

duty of hampo, or, more literally, "the filial duty of hampo exists in the crow." "Hampo" means, literally, "to return a feeding." The young crow is said to requite its parents' care by feeding them when it becomes strong. Another example of filial piety has been furnished by the dove. "*Hato ni sanshi no rei ari*,"—the dove sits three branches below its parent; or, more literally, "has the three-branch etiquette to perform."

The cry of the wild dove (*yamabato*), which I hear almost daily from the wood, is the most sweetly plaintive sound that ever reached my ears. The Izumo peasantry say that the bird utters these words, which it certainly seems to do if one listen to it after having learned the alleged syllables:—

*Tété
pōppō,
Kaka
pōppō,
Tété
pōppō,
Kaka
pōppō,
Tété . . .* (sudden pause).

"Tété" is the baby word for "father," and "kaka" for "mother;" and "pōppō" signifies, in infantile speech, "the bosom."³

Wild uguisu also frequently sweeten my summer with their song, and sometimes come very near the house, being attracted, apparently, by the chant of my caged pet. The uguisu is very common in this province. It haunts all the woods and the sacred groves in the neighborhood of the city, and I never made a journey in Izumo during the warm season without hearing its note from some shadowy place. But there are uguisu and uguisu. There are uguisu to be had for one or two *yen*, but the finely trained, If you have no child, then give it back to me."

³ The words *papa* and *mamma* exist in Japanese baby language, but their meaning is not at all what might be supposed. *Mamma*, or, with the usual honorific, *O-mamma*, means "boiled rice." *Papa* means "tobacco."

cage-bred singer may command not less than a hundred.

It was at a little village temple that I first heard one curious belief about this delicate creature. In Japan, the coffin in which a corpse is borne to burial is totally unlike an Occidental coffin. It is a surprisingly small square box, wherein the dead is placed in a sitting posture. How any adult corpse can be put into so small a space may well be an enigma to foreigners. In cases of pronounced *rigor mortis* the work of getting the body into the coffin is difficult even for the professional *dōshin-bozu*. But the devout followers of Nichiren claim that after death their bodies will remain perfectly flexible; and the dead body of an uguisu, they affirm, likewise never stiffens, for this little bird is of their faith, and passes its life in singing praises unto the Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law.

XIV.

I have already become a little too fond of my dwelling-place. Each day, after returning from my college duties, and exchanging my teacher's uniform for the infinitely more comfortable Japanese robe, I find more than compensation for the weariness of five class-hours in the simple pleasure of squatting on the shaded veranda overlooking the gardens. Those antique garden walls, high-mossed below their ruined coping of tiles, seem to shut out even the murmur of the city's life. There are no sounds but the voices of birds, the shrilling of semi, or, at long, lazy intervals, the solitary plash of a diving frog. Nay, those walls seclude me from much more than city streets. Outside them hums the changed Japan of telegraphs and newspapers and steamships; within dwell the all-reposing peace of nature and the dreams of the sixteenth century. There is a charm of quaintness in the very air, a faint sense of something viewless and sweet all about one; perhaps the gentle haunting of dead ladies who looked like

the ladies of the old picture-books, and who lived here when all this was new. Even in the summer light — touching the gray, strange shapes of stone, thrilling through the foliage of the long-loved trees — there is the tenderness of a phantom caress. These are the gardens of the past. The future will know them only as dreams, creations of a forgotten art, whose charm no genius may reproduce.

Of the human tenants here no creature seems to be afraid. The little frogs resting upon the lotus leaves scarcely shrink from my touch; the lizards sun themselves within easy reach of my hand; the water-snakes glide across my shadow without fear; bands of semi establish their deafening orchestra on a plum branch just above my head, and a praying mantis insolently poses on my knee. Swallows and sparrows not only build their nests on my roof, but even enter my rooms without concern, — one swallow has actually built its nest in the ceiling of the bath-room, — and the weasel purloins fish under my very eyes without any scruples of conscience. A wild uguisu perches on a cedar by the window, and in a burst of savage sweetness challenges my caged pet to a contest in song; and always through the golden air, from the green twilight of the mountain pines, there purls to me the plaintive, caressing, delicious call of the yamabato. No European dove has such a cry. He who can hear, for the first time, the voice of the yamabato without feeling a new sensation at his heart little deserves to dwell in this happy world.

Yet all this — the old katchiū-yashiki and its gardens — will doubtless have vanished forever before many years. Already a multitude of gardens, more spacious and more beautiful than mine, have been converted into ricefields or bamboo groves; and the quaint Izumo city, touched at last by some long-projected railway line, — perhaps even within the present decade, — will swell, and change,

and grow commonplace, and demand these grounds for the building of factories and mills. Not from here alone, but from all the land the ancient peace and the ancient charm seem doomed to pass away. For impermanency is the nature of all, more particularly in Japan, and the changes and the changers

shall also be changed until there is found no place for them, and regret is vanity. The dead art that made the beauty of this place was the art, also, of that faith to which belongs the all-consoling text, "*Verily, even plants and trees, rocks and stones, all shall enter into Nirvana.*"

Lafcadio Hearn.

CHICAGO.

HARDLY fifty years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth white men found their way to the site of the great city of the West. A small river flowing into Lake Michigan, and the short portage connecting it with a tributary of the Mississippi, had long afforded the natives their best communication between the Father of Waters and the Great Lakes. Hither, in 1673, they led Louis Joliet and Jacques Marquette, returning from their famous discovery of the Upper Mississippi, who doubtless thus became the earliest of Europeans to behold the stretch of sand and swamp at the mouth of the little stream. The word "Chicago" probably appears first in Marquette's journal of his visit to this region the following year, in the term "Chicagou-essiou," the title of an Illinois Indian who was, he says, much esteemed in his nation. This may have been the noted chief who, according to the tradition of after years, was drowned in the Chicago River, and whose appellation was given to it and to its shores. The place certainly was known by its present name to the great La Salle, who dated a letter written June 4, 1683, at "Portage de Checagou." Soon after its discovery it became the objective point of the fur traders, missionaries, travelers, and colonizers who followed hard upon the footsteps of the first explorers. As early as 1685 a fort was built there, com-

manded by an officer in the Canadian service, and before the end of the seventeenth century the Jesuits made it the site of a mission. Such were the beginnings of Chicago.

For many years little change occurred. French settlers on the Mississippi sometimes communicated with Canada by the Chicago route. But Indian hostilities interfered with this line of travel, and the few notices of the place in the first half of the eighteenth century relate mostly to expeditions against savage tribes. At the close of the old French war the territory ceded by France to England included Chicago, and in the war of the Revolution it was once, at least, the point of assembly for forces menacing the posts held by Virginian troops in the Illinois country. When that contest ceased, it became a place of refuge for a family or two who had removed here from more exposed portions of the border. It seems to have had a certain prominence in the minds of those who knew anything of the West in the early day, and by the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, Anthony Wayne expressly stipulated for the cession to the United States of the Indian title to a piece of land, six miles square, at the mouth of the Chicago River. Yet in that year, so far as we now know, there was but one settler on the site of Chicago, aside from the Indians, a negro from San Domingo,

engaged in the fur trade. A hundred years and more had passed since the discovery of the place, and this was all the promise it gave of future greatness.

Early in the present century our government established there a frontier post, which did not withstand the Indian allies of Great Britain in the war of 1812. Its evacuation was closely followed by the massacre of its garrison, which seemed to quench the tiny spark of civilization at this point forever. Yet it was very soon rekindled, and gradually a little village began to straggle over the prairie, but so forlornly that a distinguished engineer officer of our army, who visited it in 1823, was of the opinion that Chicago offered no inducement to the settler, and could hardly become of any commercial importance. It continued to grow, however, and in 1835 attained a town organization. Two years later, or fifty-five years ago, it became a city, though then, perhaps, the smallest in the land. To-day it is second only to New York in population, which has increased from four thousand in 1837 to twelve hundred and fifty thousand in 1892, while its area has been enlarged from the ten square miles of its first city charter to the one hundred and eighty-two square miles of to-day.

The causes which have led to this marvelous growth may well attract attention. They are not far to seek. The same reasons which induced the natives to erect their wigwams there controlled those who followed them. It was the point at which the passage from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi was easiest and most direct. Its little river furnished the only harbor for many miles along the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan, and for those journeying by land around the southern end of the lake it was the natural halting-place. When the fur trade began, the bateaux followed the route of the canoe, and came there to make the portage, or in time of high water to dispense with it.

When the need for better communication arose, the canal took the place of the portage and the river, and commerce adhered to the ancient lines. When railroads were built from the eastward, this was the terminus to which they were obliged to come, after winding around Lake Michigan. The first vessels found there a haven where cargoes could be discharged and loaded along its river banks. By its geographical position, Chicago has become on the one hand the port of the great inland seas, and on the other the distributing centre of the vast and fertile Northwest. There is a power in its situation which is far reaching and irresistible. This is well illustrated by the fact that important railways, originally constructed to carry business past Chicago, have been turned by this compelling force into tributaries to it. It is also shown by the significant circumstance that not a dollar of the city's money or credit has ever been given or pledged to any railroad company, an instance unique in the history of Western cities. Chicago never sought a railroad; all of its thirty-one lines of railway sought it. The natural advantages of the location, first of all, have made Chicago what it is, and they are as potent to-day as ever.

To these must be added the climatic influences, which have played no mean part in this development. The great isothermal line which is the high-water mark of trade and commerce in the leading marts of the world passes through Chicago. That American atmosphere, which always changes men of European race into a different people from their ancestors, is here intensified by the proximity of the broad inland seas on the one hand, and the boundless prairies on the other. Of this are born the energy, the hopefulness, and the enterprise that have been powerful factors in the city's expansion. The healthfulness of its climate, which, notwithstanding the adverse conditions produced by

the suddenness of its growth, keeps its death-rate, as a rule, lower than that of any other great city in the world, is also in its favor. Nature, with her lake winds and prairie breezes, maintains the purity of the air, despite man's devices to the contrary. To these circumstances add an unequaled summer climate, which permits business to proceed at its normal rate, when impeded in other cities by the heat, and we recognize the beneficial effect of atmospheric causes upon the life of Chicago.

Another element to be taken into account is the composite and remarkable make-up of its people. Let it be remembered that for half a century men have been attracted to this place by its unrivaled opportunities for the transaction of business. It is not too much to say that they have been, to a great degree, picked men, and in their youth, and this concentration of young blood has been a fountain of energy. The city comprises in its manifold population natives of every region under the sun; but it is not simply that there are so many names upon its muster roll from so many different climes, but that these are the selected men of their various races, animated by a common purpose, and working together for those things which make their city great in more ways than one.

Such being some of the causes, it may be well to consider what they have produced. The result has been a community which, though still in its youth, has become a unique entity, possessing certain well-defined characteristics of its own. The untiring energy of its people is that which is most apparent. It is noticeable in the very appearance of the throngs which fill its streets, in the rapidity with which its buildings and business undertakings are completed, and in the promptness with which all work is done. Whether by example or by atmospheric effect, it is contagious, so that the new-comer soon feels himself borne along by the rush, and instinct

with a new vitality. This quality has inspired the grappling with grave problems concerning the city's welfare, and their solution, regardless of all considerations of expense. It has accomplished great works; it will accomplish still greater ones in the future.

Without doubt the leading trait of the citizens is their public spirit, their desire and intention to do in many ways the best for their city as a whole. A signal instance of this, and upon a large scale, was the change of the level of the city. Built originally upon the flat prairie, its elevation was not sufficient to secure proper drainage. When this became patent to the community of not more than eighty thousand souls, in 1855, all agreed that a sufficient remedy must be found at once. By a simple resolution of its common council, the grade of the whole city was raised seven feet, and the streets were brought with great rapidity to the changed level. A novel industry sprang up, by which whole blocks of buildings and large hotels were successfully elevated to the new grade, while business went on in these structures almost without interruption. Again, the water system became insufficient, and straightway a tunnel, two miles long, was driven under Lake Michigan, to obtain an abundant supply of the pure element; later it was continued under the whole city to a distributing point nearly three miles inland, and to-day new tunnels, four miles long, are burrowing under the lake to increase and better the supply. At the present time the drainage problem has again presented itself, to be met by the legislation of the State and city, involving the expenditure of many million dollars, to restore for this purpose the prehistoric connection of Lake Michigan with the valley of the Mississippi, and to compel the Chicago River to reverse its course.

The unconquerable determination of the typical Chicago man has been repeatedly shown, but most grandly in the

rebuilding of the city after its well-nigh total destruction by fire, twenty years ago. A conflagration which destroyed the business centre and swept over an area of more than three square miles, annihilated property of the value of two hundred million dollars, and rendered a hundred thousand people homeless seemed a calamity from which the city could not recover. But its people, their immediate needs supplied by the world's generosity, began the work of reconstruction while the embers were glowing, and carried it to such swift completion that within three years buildings were erected of greater capacity than those burned, and of more than twice their value.

Mention should also be made of the remarkable prevision of the city's future which has led its citizens again and again to provide in advance for the demands of its growth. When the first water tunnel was constructed to a point then sufficient for the needs of the people, another section was built still further into the lake and temporarily closed, ready for the commencement of the extension which the expected increase of population would render necessary. So, too, when attention was directed to the importance of beautifying the city and of furnishing driveways and breathing-spaces, a system of parks and boulevards was forthwith adopted by popular vote, on a scale large enough for a million souls, although the census then gave Chicago a population of but two hundred and fifty thousand. These great works, commenced in the outlying prairies, seemingly too far away to be of any avail for a century to come, now comprise a grand total of twenty-two hundred acres of pleasure-grounds and seventy miles of drives, all in use by the people of the city which they girdle with a zone of beauty. The perfection of this grand system, and the readiness with which its enormous cost has been met, are alike remarkable.

All these characteristics are supplemented by the feeling of pride in their city which leads the best citizens of Chicago to labor unselfishly for it when the occasion demands. This feeling set on foot and perfected the organization which made known to the country the advantages of Chicago as the site of the World's Fair, and won for it that honor. In obedience to it, men of the highest standing in business and the professions laid aside all other duties, and made the round trip of two thousand miles, to and from the national capital, to advocate the choice of their city as the fitting place for the celebration of the discovery of America. It has harmonized all local differences, provided more than Chicago's promised contribution, and inspired the unanimous determination of its citizens that this celebration shall be all it should be, for the sake of Chicago. This splendid civic pride is moving the very men who have the responsibilities of this great undertaking upon their shoulders to begin to plan for the city a permanent memorial of its connection with the World's Fair, worthy of the success which they know it is to have. It has been asked recently whether diligent search would discover in either New York or Chicago anything of the devotion to the city as a personality which distinguished the people of Florence and Venice. It may be truly replied that there is something of this spirit in the Western metropolis, and, though it may fall short of the mediæval ideal, its existence is surely a good omen.

These natural causes and personal characteristics have led to grand material results. Their union has made Chicago, in various departments of business, the most important market and the principal railway centre in the world. They have given it a system of docks comprising thirty-five miles of frontage, and a lake commerce of ten million tons burden annually. They have created in different lines of trade the most ex-

tensive establishments anywhere known, and they have afforded the opportunities for a remarkable number of instances of marvelous financial success on the part of men who began poor and alone, at the foot of the ladder, and now stand on its topmost round. Their ceaseless operation adds annually to Chicago a greater number of buildings than the whole city comprised thirty years ago. There is apparently no limit to this wonderful development. To the question whether there are any indications of its proceeding at a less rapid rate than heretofore, the current report of the Commissioner of Public Works makes answer. It states that twelve thousand buildings, occupying a frontage of fifty-three miles and costing fifty-five million dollars, were erected during 1891, and that the population is increasing at the rate of more than one hundred thousand a year.

In all communities material prosperity precedes great results in other directions. With such a history of business success, what is Chicago's record on the moral side? Its six hundred churches speak well for the zeal of its religious denominations; its public school system, providing for one hundred and fifty thousand children, at an annual expenditure of more than four million dollars, is one of the best in the country; and its fine hospitals and other charitable institutions are worthy of the age in which we live. Some of them are founded by the noble bequests of individuals, and some by those who prefer to be their own executors. A signal example of the latter class is that of one man who is doing the work of a thousand, and is expending under his own eye a million or more upon an institution for the public good, comprising a free dispensary, reading-room, mission and manual training school, and a square of apartment buildings which furnish the income to maintain the several departments, and are a model object lesson to all desiring to bring the comforts and graces of life

within the reach of those of small means. While it may not be said that the city's moral progress is commensurate with its material advance, and much remains to be done, yet such instances are a promise and an inspiration for the future.

The city has developed intellectually in a ratio not disproportionate to its material growth. Some of the outward and visible signs are its great libraries, which bid fair to make it a city of books. The Chicago Public Library, supported by general taxation, has accumulated one hundred and seventy-five thousand volumes, increases at the rate of twenty thousand annually, has a general circulation of twelve hundred thousand, and is the seventh in size in our country. The new Chicago University Library takes rank in a single day as the third of our great libraries by the purchase of three hundred thousand volumes at Berlin. Other institutions were preparing to negotiate for this collection, when a few citizens of Chicago subscribed the requisite sum, and secured the prize by cable. The Newberry Library, of recent organization, already comprises eighty thousand volumes, is about to be housed in a superb library building, and has an endowment of three million dollars. The Crerar Library is soon to be established, with a fund of the same amount. Some of the rarest literary treasures in books and manuscripts are in the possession of the private collectors of Chicago. Its bookstores and publishing houses show the concern of its people for other than things material. Its many literary organizations are proofs of the general interest in literature in a wide sense, and the welcome which men of intellectual eminence receive is that of a community in touch with what is best and newest in science and letters. In the sphere of art good work is going on, and rapid progress has been made. Flourishing classes and schools provide instruction for more than eight hundred students.

In many private houses works of art are treasured, and the collections of the Art Institute are well worthy of note. This institution has outgrown its present very creditable building, and is soon to remove to a magnificent structure in the heart of the city. In the domain of music Chicago is prominent. It has drawn from many lands those who have made it one of the homes of the divine art. The numerous associations devoted to its culture and enjoyment reveal a music-loving community that rejoices in the success of the effort which has established the Thomas Orchestra in its midst. An event of special moment in the intellectual history of the city is the founding of the new Chicago University by generous gifts from abroad, well supplemented by aid at home. Its organization is hardly yet completed, but it already numbers among its corps some of the most eminent instructors on either side of the Atlantic, and fifteen hundred students have applied for admission to its classes before the opening of its doors. A university cannot be built in a day, yet certainly this is a notable beginning.

In the daily life of the citizens, among the matters worthy of notice is the course of their principal clubs. Though established largely for social purposes, these associations recognize and perform a duty toward the public. The Union League, with more than a thousand members, is a leader in municipal reform and improvement, and has instituted an annual celebration of Washington's birthday which arouses and strengthens the feeling of patriotism in the community. The Commercial Club, composed of sixty or more of the leading business men, who dine together monthly and discuss some topic of public interest, has founded a manual training school, and given largely to other good works. The influence of such organizations is most beneficial. They inspire individuals to undertake the accomplishment of im-

portant works for the public good, and assure the support which may be needed. It may fairly be said that Chicago is distinctly an American city. American ways and ideas are dominant, partly for the reason that so many of its citizens are native born, but also for the reason that men of other countries, coming here, seem to leave behind their national beliefs, and to conform readily to those of the great republic. The prevailing sentiment among them is that their children shall become American citizens. At the centennial of Washington's inauguration, the committee in charge of the celebration in the public schools was asked to print copies of the programme of exercises in foreign languages. Although, as it happened, the members were all of foreign birth, they nevertheless resolved with one accord that none but the English tongue should be used on that occasion. This is one indication of the depth and unanimity of the national feeling in the city which made its commemoration of the birth of our nation one of the most memorable in the whole country.

With so much to be proud of, it is not remarkable that boastfulness should be attributed to the citizens of Chicago. It is the fault which arises most naturally, in such a state of things. It has been suggested that it will cure itself by its inability to keep pace with the city's expansion, or because, as a recent visitor puts it, "Chicago beats its own brag." But its correction should result from its citizens becoming thoughtful and silent in presence of the new responsibilities which come with this unprecedented growth. Another fault, undoubtedly, is the disposition to assume that the near future will right whatever may be wrong, and to leave the present to take care of itself. This accounts in part for the lack of finish which prevails, and the tendency to overlook the little things, which, after all, are a large part of life. To this is due the unkempt appearance

of many of the streets, the toleration of the grievous smoke nuisance, and the uncleanly condition of the city. It is a reproach to its people, who make light of great undertakings and are ready to do so much on a large scale, that they willfully neglect those lesser matters which are in their way as important as the greater ones. The incongruity between fine structures and their surroundings, and the sharp contrasts between the new and the old which occur in the same neighborhood, offend the eye and mar the general appearance of the city. Time may bring a remedy, but concerted effort should be directed to the removal of these blemishes.

The chief defect of Chicago is in the matter of its local government, which is in especial disrepute just now. Its valuable franchises, which should have paid its municipal expenses, have been parted with for a song, and a number of its aldermen are under indictment for corruption. It is true that this evil is more or less general in our land, and high authority has pronounced the government of cities the one conspicuous failure of this country. But there is less reason for this in Chicago than in other large cities, and therefore its people are the more to blame. It is too new a place to be under the influence of tradition or long habit. It does not spring from roots struck into colonial soil, but is a city of to-day, with almost unlimited power over its own present and future. Its people, moreover, have shown again and again that they can stand for and accomplish the right, if they choose. When a ring of rascals possessed themselves of the taxing power in one large division of the city, a monster mass meeting compelled their resignation. When both political parties made unfit nominations for important local offices, an independent ticket was put in the field, at a day's notice, and elected. When the foes of law and order became dangerous, they were throttled with an iron

grip, and on the spot where the demon of anarchy was quelled a statue was placed in honor of the valiant defenders of law and order, bearing the memorable inscription, "In the name of the people of Illinois, I command peace." The indictment of its present unworthy servants is another manifestation of the same spirit, and it has repeatedly happened that the people, after enduring abuses in the good-humored American fashion, have arisen and punished the wrong-doers. But these spasms of virtue do not remove the vice, and the need of more radical reform is apparent.

It is the more remarkable that there should be any toleration of such evil in Chicago while its citizens have constantly before them examples of what local government should be in their own park commissions. The contrast between their work and that of the common council ought to cause the most thoughtless citizen to pause and consider the reasons for the difference. The park commissioners, appointed upon a non-partisan basis and following good business methods, have wisely expended twenty million dollars with the most admirable results, and administer their great trusts so perfectly as to leave no room for criticism. The aldermen, for the most part the creatures of local politics, uphold the spoils system and mismanage the city affairs.

The New York Municipal Commission of 1876, whose very able report is a document not without honor save in its own country, agreed upon certain requisites for good municipal government. Some of these Chicago already possesses. It is entirely free from interference by the state legislature, and there is a constitutional limitation upon its power to incur indebtedness. It has no financial burden, since its total debt of but fifteen million dollars is not as much as its annual expenditure for city purposes. It is possible that it could adopt other remedies suggested, such as the election

of a part or all of its common council upon a general ticket, and the creation of a second municipal board, to be chosen by taxpayers alone. But most of all it needs what this commission very earnestly recommended, the elimination of party politics from its local government. To this add the application of civil service reform rules to all of its municipal departments, and the city will be saved from its greatest danger.

It is strange indeed that a people so successful in all other spheres of business should permit mismanagement in that which concerns them more nearly than any other matter, and is more exclusively their own affair. There are, however,

signs of the times which are encouraging. The formation of a Smoke Prevention Association and of a City Cleaning League, and the increase in the numbers of the independent voters, tell of an awakened public spirit which may lead to the best results. This typical American city, in which, more emphatically than elsewhere, democracy and civilization are both on trial, cannot afford to let either lose its cause. If its people will be true to what is best in its record and what is most characteristic of themselves, they will have a future of which others may boast, and a city of which the whole country may be unreservedly proud.

Edward G. Mason.

DON ORSINO.¹

XIV.

THE short Roman season was advancing rapidly to its premature fall, which is on Ash Wednesday, after which it struggles to hold up its head against the overwhelming odds of a severely observed Lent, to revive only spasmodically after Easter, and to die a natural death on the first warm day. In that year, too, the fatal day fell on the 15th of February, and progressive spirits talked of the possibility of fixing the movable feasts and fasts of the Church in a more convenient part of the calendar. Easter might be made to fall in June, for instance, and society need not be informed of its inevitable and impending return to dust and ashes until it had enjoyed a good three months, or even four, of what an eminent American defines as "brass, sass, lies, and sin."

Rome was very gay that year, to compensate for the shortness of its playtime. Everything was successful, and every one was rich. People talked

of millions less soberly than they had talked of thousands a few years earlier, and with less respect than they mentioned hundreds twelve months later. Like the vanity-struck frog, the franc blew itself up to the bursting-point, in the hope of being taken for the louis, and momentarily succeeded, even beyond its own expectations. No one walked, although horseflesh was excessively dear, and a good coachman's wages amounted to just twice the salary of a government clerk. Men who, six months earlier, had climbed ladders with loads of brick or mortar were now transformed into flourishing sub-contractors, and drove about in smart pony-carts, looking the picture of Italian prosperity, rejoicing in the most flashy of ties and smoking the blackest and longest of long black cigars. During twenty hours out of the twenty-four the gates of the city roared with traffic. From all parts of the country laborers poured in, bundle in hand and tools on shoulder, to join in the enormous work,

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and earn their share of the pay that was distributed so liberally. A certain man who believed in himself stood up and said that Rome was becoming one of the greatest of cities; and he smacked his lips and said that he had done it, and that the Triple Alliance was a goose which would lay many golden eggs. The believing bulls roared everything away before them,—opposition, objections, financial experience; and the vanquished bears hibernated in secret places, sucking their paws, and wondering what in the name of *Ursa Major* and *Ursa Minor* would happen next. Distinguished men wrote pamphlets in the most distinguished language to prove that wealth was a baby capable of being hatched artificially and brought up by hand. Every unmarried swain who could find a bride married her forthwith; those who could not followed the advice of an illustrious poet and, being over-anxious to take wives, took those of others. Everybody was decorated. It positively rained decorations and hailed grand crosses, and enough commanders' ribbons were reeled out to have hanged half the population. The periodical attempt to revive the defunct carnival in the *Corso* was made, and the yet unburied corpse of ancient gayety was taken out and painted, and gorgeously arrayed, and propped up in its seat to be a posthumous terror to its enemies, like the dead *Cid*. Society danced frantically, and did all those things which it ought not to have done, and added a few more, unconsciously imitating *Pico della Mirandola*.

Even those comparatively few families who, like the *Saracinesca*, had scornfully declined to dabble in the whirlpool of affairs did not by any means refuse to dance to the music of success which filled the city with such enchanting strains. The Princess *Befana* rose from her death-bed with more than usual vivacity, and went to the length of opening her palace on two

evenings in two successive weeks, to the intense delight of her gay and youthful heirs, who earnestly hoped that the excitement might kill her at last, and kill her beyond resurrection this time. But they were disappointed. She still dies periodically in winter, and blooms out again in spring with the poppies, affording a perpetual and edifying illustration of the changes of the year, or, as some say, of the doctrine of immortality. On one of those memorable occasions she walked through a quadrille with the aged Prince *Saracinesca*, whereupon Sant' Ilario slipped his arm round *Corona's* waist and waltzed with her down the whole length of the ballroom and back again, amidst the applause of his contemporaries and their children. If Orsino had had a wife, he would have followed their example. As it was, he looked rather gloomily in the direction of a silent and high-born damsel with whom he was condemned to dance the cotillion at a later hour.

So all went gayly on until Ash Wednesday extinguished the social flame, suddenly and beyond relighting. And still Orsino did not meet *Maria Consuelo*, and still he hesitated to make another attempt to find her at home. He began to wonder whether he should ever see her again, and as the days went by he almost wished that *Donna Tullia* would send him a card for her Lenten evenings, at which *Maria Consuelo* regularly assisted, as he learned from the papers. After that first invitation to dinner, he had expected that *Del Ferice's* wife would make an attempt to draw him into her circle; and indeed she would probably have done so had she followed her own instinct instead of submitting to the higher policy dictated by her husband. Orsino waited in vain, not knowing whether to be annoyed at the lack of consideration bestowed upon him, or to admire the tact which assumed that he would never wish to enter the *Del Ferice* circle.

It is presumably clear that Orsino

was not in love with Madame d'Aranjuez, and he himself appreciated the fact with a sense of disappointment. He was amazed at his own coldness, and at the indifference with which he had submitted to what amounted to a most abrupt dismissal. He even went so far as to believe that Maria Consuelo had repulsed him designedly in the hope of kindling a more sincere passion. In that case she had been egregiously mistaken, he thought. He felt a curiosity to see her again before she left Rome, but it was nothing more than that. A new and absorbing interest had taken possession of him which at first left little room in his nature for anything else. His days were spent in the laborious study of figures and plans, broken only by occasional short but amusing conversations with Andrea Contini. His evenings were generally passed among a set of people who did not know Maria Consuelo except by sight, and who had long ceased to ask him questions about her. Of late, too, he had missed his daily visits to her less and less, until he hardly regretted them at all, nor so much as thought of the possibility of renewing them. He laughed at the idea that his mother should have taken the place of a woman whom he had begun to love, and yet he was conscious that it was so, though he asked himself how long such a condition of things could last. Corona was far too wise to discuss his affairs with his father. He was too like herself for her to misunderstand him, and if she regarded the whole matter as perfectly harmless, and as a legitimate subject for general conversation, she yet understood perfectly that, having been once rebuffed by Sant' Ilario, Orsino must wish to be fully successful in his attempt before mentioning it again to the latter; and she felt so strongly in sympathy with her son that his work gradually acquired an intense interest for her, and she would have sacrificed much rather than see it fail. She did not, on that ac-

count, blame Giovanni for his discouraging view when Orsino had consulted him. Giovanni was the passion of her life, and was not fallible in his impulses, though his judgment might sometimes be at fault in technical matters for which he cared nothing. But her love for her son was as great and sincere in its own way, and her pride in him was such as to make his success a condition of her future happiness.

One of the greatest novelists of this age begins one of his greatest novels with the remark that "all happy families resemble each other, but every unhappy family is unhappy in its own especial way." Generalities are dangerous in proportion as they are witty or striking, or both, and it may be asked whether the great Tolstóy has not fallen a victim to his own extraordinary power of striking and witty generalizations. Does the greatest of all his generalizations, the wide disclaimer of his early opinions expressed in the postscript subsequently attached by him to his *Kreutzer Sonata*, include also the words I have quoted, and which were set up, so to say, as the theme of his *Anna Karjenina*? One may almost hope so. I am no critic, but those words somehow seem to me to mean that only unhappiness can be interesting. It is not pleasant to think of the consequences to which the acceptance of such a statement might lead.

There are no statistics to tell us whether the majority of living men and women are to be considered happy or unhappy; but it does seem true that whereas a single circumstance can cause very great and lasting unhappiness, felicity is always dependent upon more than one condition, and often upon so many as to make the explanation of it a highly difficult and complicated matter.

Corona had assuredly little reason to complain of her lot during the past twenty years, but, unruffled and perfect as it had seemed to her, she began to

see that here were sources of sorrow and satisfaction before her which had not yet poured their bitter or sweet streams into the stately river of her mature life. The new interest which Orsino had created for her became more and more absorbing, and she watched it and tended it, and longed to see it grow to greater proportions. The situation was strange in one way, at least. Orsino was working, and his mother was helping him to work, in the hope of a financial success which neither of them wanted or cared for. Possibly the certainty that failure could entail no serious consequences made the game a more amusing if a less exciting one to play.

"If I lose," said Orsino to her, "I can lose only the few thousands I invested. If I win, I will give you a string of pearls as a keepsake."

"If you lose, dear boy," answered Corona, "it must be because you had not enough to begin with. I will give you as much as you need, and we will try again."

They laughed happily together. Whatever chanced, things must turn out well. Orsino worked very hard, and Corona was very rich in her own right, and could afford to help to any extent she thought necessary. She could, indeed, have taken the part of the bank and advanced him all the money he needed, but it seemed useless to interfere with the existing arrangements.

In Lent the house had reached an important point in its existence. Andrea Contini had completed the Gothic roof and the turret which appeared to him in the first vision of his dream, but to which the defunct baker had made objections on the score of expense. The masons were almost all gone, and another set of workmen were busy with finer tools, moulding cornices and laying on the snow-white stucco. Within, the joiners and carpenters kept up a ceaseless hammering.

One day Andrea Contini walked into the office after a tour of inspection, with a whole cigar, unlighted and intact, between his teeth. Orsino was well aware from this circumstance that something unusually fortunate had happened or was about to happen, and he rose from his books as soon as he recognized the fair-weather signal.

"We can sell the house whenever we like," remarked the architect, his bright brown eyes sparkling with satisfaction.

"Already!" exclaimed Orsino, who, though equally delighted at the prospect of such speedy success, regretted in his heart the damp walls and the constant stir of work which he had learned to like so well.

"Already, — yes. One needs luck like ours! The count has sent a man up in a cab to say that an acquaintance of his will come and look at the building to-day between twelve and one with a view to buying. The sooner we look out for some fresh undertaking, the better. What do you say, Don Orsino?"

"It is all your doing, Contini. Without you I should still be standing outside and watching the mattings flap in the wind, as I did on that never-to-be-forgotten first day."

"I conceive that a house cannot be built without an architect," answered Contini, laughing, "and it has always been plain to me that there can be no architects without houses to build. But as for any especial credit to me, I refuse the charge indignantly. I except the matter of the turret, which is evidently what has attracted the buyer. I always thought it would. You would never have thought of a turret, would you, Don Orsino?"

"Certainly not, nor of many other things," said Orsino, laughing. "But I am sorry to leave the place. I have grown into liking it."

"What can one do? It is the way of the world, — '*lieto ricordo d'un amor che fù*,' " sang Contini in the thin but expressive falsetto which seems to

be the natural inheritance of men who play upon stringed instruments. He broke off in the middle of a bar, and laughed out of sheer delight at his own good fortune.

In due time the purchaser came, saw, and actually bought. He was a problematic personage with a disquieting nose, who spoke few words, but examined everything with an air of superior comprehension. He looked keenly at Orsino, but seemed to have no idea who he was, and put all his questions to Contini. After agreeing to the purchase he inquired whether Andrea Contini and Company had any other houses of the same description building, and if so where they were situated, adding that he liked the firm's way of doing things. He stipulated for one or two slight improvements, made an appointment for a meeting with the notaries on the following day, and went off with a rather unceremonious nod to the partners. The name he left was that of a well-known capitalist from the south, and Contini was inclined to think he had seen him before, but was not certain.

Within a week the business was concluded; the buyer took over the mortgage as Orsino and Contini had done, and paid the difference in cash into the bank, which deducted the amounts due on notes of hand before handing the remainder to the two young men. The buyer also kept back a small part of the purchase money, to be paid on taking possession, when the house was to be entirely finished. Andrea Contini and Company had realized a considerable sum of money.

"The question is, what to do next," said Orsino thoughtfully.

"We had better look about us for something promising," said his partner, — "a corner lot in this same quarter. Corner houses are more interesting to build, and people like them to live in because they can see two or three ways at once. Besides, a corner is always a good place for a turret. Let us take

a walk. Smoking and strolling, we shall find something."

"A year ago, no doubt," answered Orsino, who was becoming worldly wise, — "a year ago that would have been well enough. But listen to me. That house opposite to ours has been finished some time, yet nobody has bought it. What is the reason?"

"It faces north, and not south, as ours does, and it has not a Gothic roof."

"My dear Contini, I do not mean to say that the Gothic roof has not helped us very much, but it alone cannot have helped us. How about those two houses together at the end of the next block? Balconies, travertine columns, superior doors and windows, spaces for hydraulic lifts, and all the rest of it. Yet no one buys. Dry, too, and almost ready to live in, and all the joinery of pitch pine. There is a reason for their ill luck."

"What do you think it is?" asked Contini, opening his eyes.

"The land on which they are built was not in the hands of Del Ferice's bank, and the money that built them was not advanced by Del Ferice's bank, and Del Ferice's bank has no interest in selling the houses themselves. Therefore they are not sold."

"But surely there are other banks in Rome, and private individuals" —

"No, I do not believe that there are," said Orsino, with conviction. "My cousin San Giacinto thinks that the selling days are over, and I fancy he is right, except about Del Ferice, who is cleverer than any of us. We had better not deceive ourselves, Contini. Del Ferice sold our house for us, and unless we keep with him we shall not sell another so easily. His bank has a lot of half-finished houses on its hands, secured by mortgages which are worthless until the houses are habitable. Del Ferice wants us to finish those houses for him, in order to recover their value. If we do it, we shall make a profit. If we attempt anything on our own

account, we shall fail. Am I right or not?"

"What can I say? At all events, you are on the safe side. But why has not the count given all this work to some old established firm of his acquaintance?"

"Because he cannot trust any one as he can trust us, and he knows it."

"Of course I owe the count a great deal for his kindness in introducing me to you. He knew all about me before the baker died, and afterwards I waited for him outside the Chambers one evening and asked him if he could find anything for me to do, but he did not give me much encouragement. I saw you speak to him and get into his carriage, — was it not you?"

"Yes, it was I," answered Orsino, remembering the tall man in an overcoat who had disappeared in the dusk on the evening when he himself had first sought Del Ferice. "Yes, and you see we are both under a sort of obligation to him, which is another reason for taking his advice."

"Obligations are humiliating!" exclaimed Contini impatiently. "We have succeeded in increasing our capital, — your capital, Don Orsino, — let us strike out for ourselves."

"I think my reasons are good," said Orsino quietly. "And as for obligations, let us remember that we are men of business."

It appears from this that the low-born Andrea Contini and the high and mighty Don Orsino Saracinesca were not very far from exchanging places so far as prejudice was concerned. Contini noticed the fact and smiled.

"After all," he said, "if you can accept the situation, I ought to accept it, too."

"It is a matter of business," said Orsino, returning to his argument. "There is no such thing as obligation where money is borrowed on good security and a large interest is regularly paid."

It was clear that Orsino was developing commercial instincts. His grandfather would have died of rage on the spot if he could have listened to the young fellow's cool utterances. But Contini was not pleased, and would not abandon his position so easily.

"It is very well for you, Don Orsino," he said, vainly attempting to light his cigar. "You do not need the money as I do. You take it from Del Ferice because it amuses you to do so, not because you are obliged to accept it. That is the difference. The count knows it, too, and knows that he is not conferring a favor, but receiving one. You do him an honor in borrowing his money. He lays me under an obligation in lending it."

"We must get money somewhere," answered Orsino, with indifference. "If not from Del Ferice, then from some other bank. And as for obligations, as you call them, he is not the bank himself, and the bank does not lend its money in order to amuse me or to humiliate you, my friend. But if you insist, I shall say that the convenience is not on one side only. If Del Ferice supports us, it is because we serve his interests. If he has done us a good turn, it is a reason why we should do him one, and build his houses rather than those of other people. You talk about my conferring a favor upon him. Where will he find another Andrea Contini and Company to make worthless property valuable for him? In that sense, you and I are earning his gratitude by the simple process of being scrupulously honest. I do not feel in the least humiliated, I assure you."

"I cannot help it," replied Contini, biting his cigar savagely. "I have a heart, and it beats with good blood. Do you know that there is blood of Colas di Rienzi in my veins?"

"No. You never told me," said Orsino, one of whose forefathers had been concerned in the murder of the tribune, a fact to which he thought it

best not to refer at the present moment.

"And the blood of Colas di Rienzi burns under the shame of an obligation!" exclaimed Contini, with a heat hardly warranted by the circumstances. "It is humiliating, it is base, to submit to be the tool of a Del Ferice. We all know who and what Del Ferice was, and how he came by his title of 'count,' and how he got his fortune,—a spy, an intriguer! In a good cause? Perhaps. I was not born then, nor you either, Signor Principe, and we do not know what the world was like when it was quite another world. That is not a reason for serving a spy."

"Calm yourself, my friend. We are not in Del Ferice's service."

"Better to die than that! Better to kill him at once and go to the galleys for a few years! Better to play the fiddle, or pick rags, or beg in the streets, than that, Signor Principe! One must respect one's self. You see it yourself. One must be a man, and feel as a man. One must feel those things here, Signor Principe,—here, in the heart!"

Contini struck his breast with his clenched fist and bit the end of his cigar quite through in his anger. Then he suddenly seized his hat and rushed out of the room.

Orsino was less surprised at the outburst than might have been expected, and did not attach any great weight to his partner's dramatic rage. But he lit a cigarette and carefully thought over the situation, trying to find out whether there were really any ground for Contini's first remarks. He was perfectly well aware that, as Orsino Saracinesca, he would cut his own throat with enthusiasm rather than borrow a louis of Ugo Del Ferice. But as Andrea Contini and Company he was another person, and so Del Ferice was not Count Del Ferice nor the Onorevole Del Ferice, but simply a director in a bank with which he had business.

If the interests of Andrea Contini and Company were identical with those of the bank, there was no reason whatever for interrupting relations both amicable and profitable, merely because one member of the firm claimed to be descended from Colas di Rienzi, a defunct personage in whom Orsino felt no interest whatever. Andrea Contini, considering his social relations, might be on terms of friendship with his hatter, for instance, or might have personal reasons for disliking him. In neither case could the buying of a hat from that individual be looked upon as an obligation conferred or received by either party. This was quite clear, and Orsino was satisfied.

"Business is business," he said to himself, "and people who introduce personal considerations into a financial transaction will get the worst of the bargain."

Andrea Contini was apparently of the same opinion, for when he entered the room again, at the end of an hour, his excitement had quite disappeared.

"If we take another contract from the count," he said, "is there any reason why we should not take a larger one, if it is to be had? We could manage three or four buildings, now that you have become such a good book-keeper."

"I am quite of your opinion," said Orsino, deciding at once to make no reference to what had gone before.

"The only question is, whether we have capital enough for a margin."

"Leave that to me."

Orsino determined to consult his mother, in whose judgment he felt a confidence which he could not explain, but which was not misplaced. The fact was simple enough. Corona understood him thoroughly, though her comprehension of his business was more than limited, and she did nothing in reality but encourage his own sober opinion when it happened to be at variance with some enthusiastic inclination

which momentarily deluded him. That quiet pushing of a man's own better reason against his half-considered but often headstrong impulses is after all one of the best and most loving services which a wise woman can render to a man whom she loves, be he husband, son, or brother. Many women have no other secret, and indeed there are few more valuable ones, if well used and well kept. But let not graceless man discover that it is used upon him. He will resent being led by his own reason far more than being made the senseless slave of a foolish woman's wildest caprice. To select the best of himself for his own use is to trample upon his free will. To send him barefoot to Jericho in search of a dried flower is to appeal to his heart. Man is a reasoning animal.

Corona, as was to be expected, was triumphant in Orsino's first success, and spent as much time in talking over the past and the future with him as she could command during his own hours of liberty. He needed no urging to continue in the same course, but he enjoyed her happiness and delighted in her encouragement.

"Contini wishes to take a large contract," he remarked to her, after the interview last described. "I agree with him, in a way. We could certainly manage a larger business."

"No doubt," Corona said thoughtfully, for she saw that there was some objection to the scheme in his own mind.

"I have learned a great deal," he continued, "and we have much more capital than we had. Besides, I suppose you would lend me a few thousands if we needed them, would you not, mother?"

"Certainly, my dear. You shall not be hampered by want of money."

"And then it is possible that we might make something like a fortune in a short time. It would be a great satisfaction. But then, too" — He stopped.

"What then?" asked Corona, smiling.

"Things may turn out differently. Though I have been successful this time, I am much more inclined to believe that San Giacinto was right than I was before I began. All this movement does not rest on a solid basis."

A financier of thirty years' standing could not have made the statement more impressively, and Orsino was conscious that he was assuming an elderly tone. He laughed the next moment.

"That is a stock phrase, mother," he continued. "But it means something. Everything is not what it should be. If the demand were as great as people say it is, there would not be half a dozen houses — better houses than ours — unsold in our street. That is why I am afraid of a big contract. I might lose all my money and some of yours."

"It would not be of much consequence if you did," answered Corona. "But of course you will be guided by your own judgment, which is much better than mine. One must risk something, but there is no use in going into danger."

"Nevertheless I should enjoy a big venture immensely."

"There is no reason why you should not try one, when the moment comes, my dear. I suppose that a few months will decide whether there is to be a crisis or not. In the mean time you might take something moderate, neither so small as the last nor so large as you would like. You will get more experience, risk less, and be better prepared for a crash if it comes, or to take advantage of anything favorable if business grows safer."

Orsino was silent for a moment.

"You are very wise, mother," he said. "I will take your advice."

Corona had indeed acted as wisely as she could. The only flaw in her reasoning was her assertion that a few months would decide the fate of Roman affairs. If it were possible to predict

a crisis even within a few months, speculation would be a less precarious business than it is.

Orsino and his mother might have talked longer and perhaps to better purpose, but they were interrupted by the entrance of a servant bearing a note. Corona instinctively put out her hand to receive it.

"For Don Orsino," said the man, stopping before him.

Orsino took the letter, looked at it and turned it over.

"I think it is from Madame d'Aranjuez," he remarked, without emotion. "May I read it?"

"There is no answer, Eccellenza," said the servant, whose curiosity was satisfied.

"Read it, of course," said Corona, looking at him.

She was surprised that Madame d'Aranjuez should write to him, but she was still more astonished to see the indifference with which he opened the missive. She had imagined that he was more or less in love with Maria Consuelo.

"I fancy it is the other way," she thought. "The woman wants to marry him. I might have suspected it."

Orsino read the note, and tossed it into the fire without volunteering any information.

"I will take your advice, mother," he said, continuing the former conversation as though nothing had happened.

But the subject seemed to be exhausted, and before long Orsino made an excuse to his mother and went out.

XV.

There was nothing in the note burnt by Orsino which he might not have shown to his mother, since he had already told her the name of the writer. It contained the simple statement that Maria Consuelo was about to leave Rome, and expressed the hope that she

might see Orsino before her departure, as she had a small request to make of him in the nature of a commission. She hoped he would forgive her for putting him to so much inconvenience.

Though he betrayed no emotion in reading the few lines, he was in reality annoyed by them, and he wished that he might be prevented from obeying the summons. Maria Consuelo had virtually dropped the acquaintance, and had refused repeatedly and in a marked way to receive him; and now, at the last moment, when she needed something of him, she chose to recall him by a direct invitation. There was nothing to be done but to yield, and it was characteristic of Orsino that, having submitted to necessity, he did not put off the inevitable moment, but went to her at once.

The days were longer now than they had been during the time when he had visited her every day, and the lamp was not yet on the table when Orsino entered the small sitting-room. Maria Consuelo was standing by the window, looking out into the street, and her right hand rested against the pane while her fingers tapped it softly but impatiently. She turned quickly as he entered, but the light was behind her, and he could hardly see her face. She came towards him and held out her hand.

"It is very kind of you to have come so soon," she said, as she took her old accustomed place by the table.

Nothing was changed, excepting that the two or three new books at her elbow were not the same ones which had been there two months earlier. In one of them was thrust the silver paper-cutter with the jeweled handle, which Orsino had never missed. He wondered whether there were any reason for the unvarying sameness of these details.

"Of course I came," he said. "And as there was time to-day, I came at once."

He spoke rather coldly, still resenting her former behavior, and expecting that she would immediately say what she wanted of him. He would promise to execute the commission, whatever it might be, and after ten minutes of conversation he would take his departure. There was a short pause, during which he looked at her. She did not seem well. Her face was pale, and her eyes were deep with shadows. Even her auburn hair had lost something of its gloss. Yet she did not look older than before, a fact which proved her to be even younger than Orsino had imagined. Saving the look of fatigue and suffering in her face, Maria Consuelo had changed less than Orsino during the winter, and she realized the fact at a glance. A determined purpose, hard work, the constant exertion of energy and will, and possibly, too, the giving up to a great extent of gambling and strong drinks, had told in Orsino's face and manner as a course of training tells upon a lazy athlete. The bold black eyes had a more quiet glance, the well-marked features had acquired strength and repose, the lean jaw was firmer and seemed more square. Even physically he had improved, although the change was undefinable. Young as he was, something of the power of mature manhood was already coming over his youth.

"You must have thought me very — rude," said Maria Consuelo, breaking the silence, and speaking with a slight hesitation which Orsino had never noticed before.

"It is not for me to complain, madame," he answered. "You had every right" —

He stopped short, for he was reluctant to admit that she had been justified in her behavior towards him.

"Thanks," she said, with an attempt to laugh. "It is pleasant to find magnanimous people now and then. I do not want you to think that I was capricious. That is all."

"I certainly do not think that. You were most consistent. I called three times and always got the same answer."

He fancied that he heard her sigh, but she tried to laugh again.

"I am not imaginative," she answered. "I dare say you found that out long ago. You have much more imagination than I."

"It is possible, madame; but you have not cared to develop it."

"What do you mean?"

"What does it matter? Do you remember what you said when I bade you good-night at the window of your carriage, after Del Ferice's dinner? You said that you were not angry with me. I was foolish enough to imagine that you were in earnest. I came again and again, but you would not see me. You did not encourage my illusion."

"Because I would not receive you? How do you know what happened to me? How can you judge of my life? By your own? There is a vast difference."

"Yes, 'indeed!' exclaimed Orsino, almost impatiently. "I know what you are going to say. It will be flattering to me, of course. The unattached young man is dangerous to the reputation. The foreign lady is traveling alone. There is the foundation of a vaudeville in that."

"If you must be unjust, at least do not be brutal," said Maria Consuelo in a low voice, and she turned her face away from him.

"I am evidently placed in the world to offend you, madame. Will you believe that I am sorry for it, though I only dimly comprehend my fault? What did I say? That you were wise in breaking off my visits, because you are alone here, and because I am young, unmarried, and unfortunately a little conspicuous in my native city. Is it brutal to suggest that a young and beautiful woman has a right not to be compromised? Can we not talk freely for half an hour, as we used to talk,

and then say good-by and part good friends until you come to Rome again?"

"I wish we could!" There was an accent of sincerity in the tone which pleased Orsino.

"Then begin by forgiving me all my sins, and put them down to ignorance, want of tact, the inexperience of youth, or a naturally weak understanding. But do not call me brutal on such slight provocation."

"We shall never agree for a long time," said Maria Consuelo thoughtfully.

"Why not?"

"Because, as I told you, there is too great a difference between our lives. Do not answer me as you did before, for I am right. I began by admitting that I was rude. If that is not enough, I will say more, — I will even ask you to forgive me. Can I do more?"

She spoke so earnestly that Orsino was surprised and almost touched. Her manner now was even less comprehensible than her repeated refusals to see him had been.

"You have done far too much already," he said gravely. "It is mine to ask your forgiveness for much that I have done and said. I only wish that I understood you better."

"I am glad you do not," replied Maria Consuelo, with a sigh which this time was not to be mistaken. "There is a sadness which it is better not to understand," she added softly.

"Unless one can help to drive it away." Orsino, too, spoke gently, his voice being attracted to the pitch and tone of hers.

"You cannot do that; and if you could, you would not."

"Who can tell?"

The charm which he had formerly felt so keenly in her presence, but which he had of late so completely forgotten, was beginning to return, and he submitted to it with a sense of satisfaction which he had not anticipated. Though the twilight was coming on, his eyes

had become accustomed to the dimness in the room, and he saw every change in her pale, expressive face. She leaned back in her chair, with eyes half closed.

"I like to think that you would, if you knew how," she said presently.

"Do you not know that I would?"

She glanced quickly at him, and then, instead of answering, rose from her seat and called to her maid through one of the doors, telling her to bring the lamp. She sat down again, but, being conscious that they were liable to interruption, neither of the two spoke. Maria Consuelo's fingers played with the silver knife, drawing it out of the book in which it lay and pushing it back again. At last she took it up and looked closely at the jeweled monogram on the handle.

The maid entered, set the shaded lamp upon the table, and glanced sharply at Orsino. He could not help noticing the look. In a moment she was gone, and the door closed behind her. Maria Consuelo looked over her shoulder to see that it had not been left ajar.

"She is a very extraordinary person, that elderly maid of mine," she said.

"So I should imagine from her face."

"Yes. She looked at you as she passed, and I saw that you noticed it. She is my protector. I never have traveled without her, and she watches over me as a cat watches a mouse."

The little laugh that accompanied the words was not one of satisfaction, and the shade of annoyance did not escape Orsino.

"I suppose she is one of those people to whose ways one submits because one cannot live without them," he observed.

"Yes, that is it. That is exactly it," repeated Maria Consuelo. "And she is very strongly attached to me," she added, after an instant's hesitation. "I do not think she will ever leave me. In fact, we are attached to each other."

She laughed again, as though amused by her own way of stating the relation, and drew the paper-cutter through her hand two or three times. Orsino's eyes were oddly fascinated by the flash of the jewels.

"I should like to know the history of that knife?" he said, almost thoughtlessly.

Maria Consuelo started and looked at him, paler even than before. The question seemed to be a very unexpected one.

"Why?" she asked quickly.

"I always see it on the table or in your hand," answered Orsino. "It is associated with you, — I think of it when I think of you. I always fancy that it has a story."

"You are right. It was given to me by a person who loved me."

"I see, — I was indiscreet."

"No, you do not see, my friend. If you did, you — you would understand many things, and perhaps it is better that you should not know them."

"Your sadness? Should I understand that, too?"

"No, not that."

A slight color rose in her face, and she stretched out her hand to arrange the shade of the lamp, with a gesture long familiar to him.

"We shall end by misunderstanding each other," she continued in a harder tone. "Perhaps it will be my fault. I wish you knew much more about me than you do, but without the necessity of telling you the story. But that is impossible. This paper-cutter, for instance, could tell the tale better than I, for it made people see things which I did not see."

"After it was yours?"

"Yes, after it was mine."

"It pleases you to be very mysterious," said Orsino, with a smile.

"Oh, no, it does not please me at all," she answered, turning her face away again. "And least of all with you, my friend."

"Why least with me?"

"Because you are the first to misunderstand. You cannot help it. I do not blame you."

"If you would let me be your friend, as you call me, it would be better for us both."

He spoke as he had assuredly not meant to speak when he had entered the room, and with a feeling that surprised himself far more than his hearer. Maria Consuelo turned sharply upon him.

"Have you acted like a friend towards me?" she asked.

"I have tried to," he answered, with more presence of mind than truth.

Her tawny eyes suddenly lightened.

"That is not true. Be truthful! How have you acted, how have you spoken with me? Are you ashamed to answer?"

Orsino raised his head rather haughtily, and met her glance, wondering whether any man had ever been forced into such a strange position before. But though her eyes were bright, their look was neither cold nor defiant.

"You know the answer," he said.

"I spoke and acted as though I loved you, madame; but since you dismissed me so very summarily, I do not see why you wish me to say so."

"And you, Don Orsino, have you ever been loved — loved in earnest — by any woman?"

"That is a very strange question, madame."

"I am discreet. You may answer it safely."

"I have no doubt of that."

"But you will not? No, that is your right. But it would be kind of you, I should be grateful if you would tell me: has any woman ever loved you dearly?"

Orsino laughed almost in spite of himself. He had little false pride.

"It is humiliating, madame; but since you ask the question and require a categorical answer, I will make my

confession. I have never been loved. But you will observe, as an extenuating circumstance, that I am young. I do not give up all hope."

"No, you need not," said Maria Consuelo in a low voice, and again she moved the shade of the lamp.

Though Orsino was by no means fatuous, he must have been blind if he had not seen by this time that Madame d'Aranjuez was doing her best to make him speak as he had formerly spoken to her, and to force him into a declaration of love. He saw it, indeed, and wondered; but although he felt her charm upon him, from time to time, he resolved that nothing should induce him to relax even so far as he had done already more than once during the interview. She had placed him in a foolish position once before, and he would not expose himself to being made ridiculous again, in her eyes or his. He could not discover what intention she had in trying to lead him back to her, but he attributed it to her vanity. She regretted, perhaps, having rebuked him so soon, or perhaps she had imagined that he would make further and more determined efforts to see her. Possibly, too, she really wished to ask a service of him, and wished to assure herself that she could depend upon him by previously extracting an avowal of his devotion. It was clear that one of the two had mistaken the other's character or mood, though it was impossible to say which was the one deceived.

The silence which followed lasted some time, and threatened to become awkward. Maria Consuelo could not or would not speak, and Orsino did not know what to say. He thought of inquiring what the commission might be with which, according to her note, she had wished to entrust him. But an instant's reflection told him that the question would be tactless. If she had invented the idea as an excuse for seeing him, to mention it would be to force her hand, as card-players say,

and he had no intention of doing that. Even if she really had something to ask of him, he had no right to change the subject so suddenly. He bethought him of a better question.

"You wrote me that you were going away," he said quietly. "But you will come back next winter, will you not, madame?"

"I do not know," she answered vaguely. Then she started a little, as though understanding his words. "What am I saying!" she exclaimed. "Of course I shall come back."

"Have you been drinking from the Trevi fountain by moonlight, like those mad English?" Orsino asked, with a smile.

"It is not necessary. I know that I shall come back — if I am alive."

"How you say that! You are as strong as I" —

"Stronger, perhaps. But then — who knows! The weak ones sometimes last the longest."

Orsino thought she was growing very sentimental, though, as he looked at her, he was struck again by the look of suffering in her eyes. Whatever weakness she felt was visible there; there was nothing in the full, firm little hand, in the strong and easy pose of the head, in the softly colored ear half hidden by her hair, that could suggest a coming danger to her splendid health.

"Let us take it for granted that you will come back to us," said Orsino cheerfully.

"Very well, we will take it for granted. What then?"

The question was so sudden and direct that Orsino fancied there ought to be an evident answer to it.

"What then?" he repeated, after a moment's hesitation. "I suppose you will live in these same rooms again, and, with your permission, a certain Orsino Saracinesca will visit you from time to time, and be rude, and be sent away into exile for his sins. And Ma-

dame d'Aranjuez will go a great deal to Madame Del Ferice's and to other ultra-White houses, which will prevent the said Orsino from meeting her in society. She will also be more beautiful than ever, and the daily papers will describe a certain number of gowns which she will bring with her from Paris, or Vienna, or London, or whatever great capital is the chosen official residence of her great dressmaker; and the world will not otherwise change very materially in the course of eight months."

Orsino laughed lightly, not at his own speech, which he had constructed rather clumsily under the spur of necessity, but in the hope that she would laugh, too, and begin to talk more carelessly. But Maria Consuelo was evidently not inclined for anything but the most serious view of the world, past, present, and future.

"Yes," she answered gravely. "I dare say you are right. One comes, one shows one's clothes, and one goes away again; and that is all. It would be very much the same if one did not come. It is a great mistake to think one's self necessary to any one. Only things are necessary, — food, money, and something to talk about."

"You might add friends to the list," said Orsino, who was afraid of being called brutal again if he did not make some mild remonstrance to such a sweeping assertion.

"Friends are included under the head of 'something to talk about,'" retorted Maria Consuelo.

"That is an encouraging view."

"Like all views one gets by experience."

"You grow more and more bitter."

"Does the world grow sweeter as one grows older?"

"Neither you nor I have lived long enough to know," answered Orsino.

"Facts make life long, not years."

"So long as they leave no sign of age, what does it matter?"

"I do not care for that sort of flattery."

"Because it is not flattery at all. You know the truth too well. I am not ingenious enough to flatter you, madame. Perfection is not flattered when it is called perfect."

"It is at all events impossible to exaggerate better than you can," answered Maria Consuelo, laughing at last at the overwhelming compliment. "Where did you learn that?"

"At your feet, madame. The contemplation of great masterpieces enlarges the intelligence and deepens the power of expression."

"And I am a masterpiece — of what? Of art? Of caprice? Of consistency?"

"Of nature," said Orsino promptly.

Again Maria Consuelo laughed a little, at the mere quickness of the answer. Orsino was delighted with himself, for he fancied he was leading her rapidly away from the dangerous ground upon which she had been trying to force him. But her next words showed him that he had not yet succeeded.

"Who will make me laugh during all these months!" she exclaimed, with a little sadness.

Orsino thought she was strangely obstinate, and wondered what she would say next.

"Dear me, madame," he said, "if you are so kind as to laugh at my poor wit, you will not have to seek far to find some one to amuse you better."

He knew how to put on an expression of perfect simplicity when he pleased, and Maria Consuelo looked at him, trying to be sure whether he were in earnest or not. But his face baffled her.

"You are too modest," she said.

"Do you think it is a defect? Shall I cultivate a little more assurance of manner?" he asked, very innocently.

"Not to-day. Your first attempt might lead you into extremes."

"There is not the slightest fear of

that, madame," he assured her, with some emphasis.

She colored a little, and her closed lips smiled in a way he had often noticed before. He congratulated himself upon these signs of approaching ill temper, which promised an escape from his difficulty. To take leave of her suddenly was to abandon the field, and that he would not do. She had determined to force him into a confession of devotion, and he was equally determined not to satisfy her. He had tried to lead her off her track with frivolous talk, and had failed. He would try to irritate her instead, but without incurring the charge of rudeness. Why she was making such an attack upon him was beyond his understanding, but he resented it, and made up his mind neither to fly nor yield. If he had been a hundredth part as cynical as he liked to fancy himself, he would have acted very differently. But he was young enough to have been wounded by his former dismissal, though he hardly knew it, and to seek almost instinctively to revenge his wrongs. He did not find it easy. He would not have believed that such a woman as Maria Consuelo could so far forget her pride as to go begging for a declaration of love.

"I suppose you will take Gouache's portrait away with you?" he observed, changing the subject with a directness which he fancied would increase her annoyance.

"What makes you think so?" she asked, rather dryly.

"I thought it a natural question."

"I cannot imagine what I should do with it. I shall leave it with him."

"You will let him send it to the Salon in Paris, of course?"

"If he likes. You seem interested in the fate of the picture."

"A little. I wondered why you did not have it here, as it has been finished so long."

"Instead of that hideous mirror, you

mean? There would be less variety. I should always see myself in the same dress."

"No; on the opposite wall. You might compare truth with fiction in that way."

"To the advantage of Gouache's fiction, you would say. You were more complimentary a little while ago."

"You imagine more rudeness than even I am capable of inventing."

"That is saying much. Why did you change the subject just now?"

"Because I saw that you were annoyed at something. Besides, we were talking about myself, if I remember rightly."

"Have you never heard that a man should always talk to a woman about himself or herself?"

"No, I never heard that. Shall we talk of you, then, madame?"

"Do you care to talk of me?" asked Maria Consuelo.

Another direct attack, he thought.

"I would rather hear you talk of yourself," he replied, without the least hesitation.

"If I were to tell you my thoughts about myself at the present moment, they would surprise you very much."

"Agreeably or disagreeably?"

"I do not know. Are you vain?"

"As a peacock!" replied Orsino quickly.

"Ah, then what I am thinking would not interest you."

"Why not?"

"Because if it is not flattering it would wound you, and if it is flattering it would disappoint you by falling short of your ideal of yourself."

"Yet I confess that I should like to know what you think of me, though I should much rather hear what you think of yourself."

"On one condition I will tell you."

"What is that?"

"That you will give me your word to give me your own opinion of me afterwards."

"The adjectives are ready, madame, I give you my word."

"You give it so easily! How can I believe you?"

"It is so easy to give in such a case, when one has nothing disagreeable to say."

"Then you think me agreeable?"

"Eminently!"

"And charming?"

"Perfectly!"

"And beautiful?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"And in all other respects exactly like all the women in society to whom you repeat the same commonplaces every day of your life?"

The feint had been dexterous, and the thrust was sudden, straight, and unexpected.

"Madame!" exclaimed Orsino, in the deprecatory tone of a man taken by surprise.

"You see, — you have nothing to say!" She laughed a little bitterly.

"You take too much for granted," he said, recovering himself. "You suppose that because I agree with you upon one point after another I agree with you in the conclusion. You do not even wait to hear my answer, and you tell me that I am checkmated when I have a dozen moves from which to choose. Besides, you have directly infringed the conditions. You have fired before the signal, and an arbitration would go against you. You have done fifty things contrary to agreement, and you accuse me of being dumb in my own defense. There is not much justice in that. You promise to tell me a certain secret on condition that I will tell you another. Then, without saying a word on your own part, you stone me with quick questions, and cry victory because I protest. You begin before I have had so much as" —

"For Heaven's sake, stop!" cried Maria Consuelo, interrupting a speech which threatened to go on for twenty minutes. "You talk of chess, dueling,

and stoning to death in one sentence. I am utterly confused. You upset all my ideas."

"Considering how you have disturbed mine, it is a fair revenge. And since we both admit that we have disturbed that balance upon which alone depends all possibility of conversation, I think that I can do nothing more graceful — pardon me, nothing less ungraceful — than wish you a pleasant journey, which I do with all my heart, madame."

Thereupon Orsino rose and took his hat.

"Sit down. Do not go yet," said Maria Consuelo, growing a shade paler, and speaking with an evident effort.

"Ah — true!" exclaimed Orsino. "We were forgetting the little commission you spoke of in your note. I am entirely at your service."

Maria Consuelo looked at him quickly, and her lips trembled.

"Never mind that," she said unsteadily. "I will not trouble you. But I do not want you to go away as — as you were going. I feel as though we had been quarreling. Perhaps we have. But let us say we are good friends — if we only say it."

Orsino was touched and disturbed. Her face was very white, and her hand trembled visibly as she held it out. He took it in his own without hesitation.

"If you care for my friendship, you shall have no better friend in the world than I," he replied, simply and naturally.

"Thank you — good-by. I shall leave to-morrow."

The words were almost broken, as though she were losing control of her voice. As he closed the door behind him, the sound of a wild and passionate sob came to him through the panel. He stood still, listening and hesitating. The truth which would have long been clear to an older or a vainer man flashed upon him suddenly. She loved

him very much, and he no longer cared for her. That was the reason why she had behaved so strangely, throwing her pride and dignity to the winds in her desperate attempt to get from him a single kind and affectionate word, — from him, who had poured into her ear so many words of love but two months earlier, and from whom to draw a bare admission of friendship to-day she had almost shed tears.

To go back into the room would be madness; since he did not love her, it would almost be an insult. He bent his head and walked slowly down the corridor. He had not gone far, when he was confronted by a small dark figure that stopped the way. He recognized Maria Consuelo's elderly maid.

"I beg your pardon, Signor Principe," said the little black-eyed woman. "You will allow me to say a few words? I thank you, Eccellenza. It is about my signora, in there, of whom I have charge."

"Of whom you have charge?" repeated Orsino, not understanding her.

"Yes, precisely. Of course I am only her maid. You understand that. But I have charge of her, though she does not know it. The poor signora has had terrible trouble during the last few years, and at times — you understand? She is a little — yes — here." She tapped her forehead. "She is better now. But in my position I sometimes think it wiser to warn some friend of hers, in strict confidence. It saves some little unnecessary complication, and I was ordered to do so by the doctors we last consulted in Paris. You will forgive me, Eccellenza, I am sure."

Orsino stared at the woman for some

seconds in blank astonishment. She smiled in a placid, self-confident way.

"You mean that Madame d'Aranjuez is — mentally deranged, and that you are her keeper? It is a little hard to believe, I confess."

"Would you like to see my certificates, Signor Principe, or the written directions of the doctors? I am sure you are discreet."

"I have no right to see anything of the kind," answered Orsino coldly.

"Of course, if you are acting under instructions, it is no concern of mine."

He would have gone forward, but she suddenly produced a small bit of note-paper, neatly folded, and offered it to him.

"I thought you might like to know where we are until we return," she said, continuing to speak in a very low voice. "It is the address."

Orsino made an impatient gesture. He was on the point of refusing the information which he had not taken the trouble to ask of Maria Consuelo herself. But he changed his mind, and felt in his pocket for something to give the woman. It seemed the easiest and simplest way of getting rid of her. The only note he had chanced to be one of greater value than was necessary.

"A thousand thanks, Eccellenza!" whispered the maid, overcome by what she took for an intentional piece of generosity.

Orsino left the hotel as quickly as he could.

"For improbable situations, commend me to the nineteenth century and the society in which we live!" he said to himself as he emerged into the street.

F. Marion Crawford.

UNGUARDED GATES.

WIDE open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine —
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere — a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free!
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley throng —
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are these,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!
O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

April, 1892.

ARABIAN HORSES.

THERE is no other race in the world by whom good birth is valued so highly as it is by the Bedouins of Arabia. And yet these nomadic clans are, in their form of government, the most democratic of people. Every Arab finds himself the member of a tribe, but if he chooses to leave it, he can do so without let or hindrance. He may take refuge with strangers, or pitch his tent in solitude and isolation. Even when the majority determine upon war or upon some warlike expedition, the minority are not obliged, either by law or by public opinion, to join with their fellows. They stay at home, if they prefer, without discredit. Each tribe has a leader, a sheikh, elected by universal suffrage; but his authority is very limited, and his commands are enforceable only so far as they commend themselves to the popular judgment. The sheikh is an agent rather than a ruler. All matters of real importance are decided by vote. The sheikh leads the tribe to new camping-grounds, settles small disputes, transacts political business, entertains strangers, and keeps open house at all hours of the day and night. This last is perhaps his chief function. The humblest shepherd addresses the sheikh by his Christian name, and neither in dress nor in conduct does he affect any superiority. Moreover, the possession of wealth will not procure a man distinction or respect among the Bedouins any more than the possession of office; and this is remarkable, because the Bedouins love money to the point of avarice.

But to high birth the Arab, democrat though he is, renders homage most sincere. There are, among the Bedouins, certain families of traditional good breeding. For such families a respect almost fanatical is shown; and it is from their members that the sheikhs are usually

chosen. Nor is this high value erroneously attached to noble blood. Good breeding and good birth are nearly always found together in the desert, and the sheikhs are commonly distinguished by the quiet elegance and dignity of their manners. If a sheikh be deficient in this regard, he is almost invariably a man of inferior origin, raised to command by force of his own talents and energy.

The respect which the Bedouins have for high birth in their horses is, if possible, even greater, becoming absolutely fanatical. Lady Anne Blunt speaks of the reports which reached her party in the desert as to the extraordinarily fine pedigree of a particular horse owned by a certain old man. "‘*Manégghi ibn Sbéyel*’ [the title of the horse’s family], they kept on repeating in a tone of tenderness, and as if tasting the flavor of each syllable." The travelers made a considerable detour in order to see this famous animal. When they arrived at the tent of his owner, they found that he had gone to borrow a donkey for the purpose of moving the family furniture to a new encampment; for "a horse of the *Manégghi*’s nobility could not, of course, be used for baggage purposes." Presently, however, the old man appeared, riding his high-born steed, which proved to be "a meek-looking little black pony, all mane and tail."

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt expresses the opinion that the Arabian horse is degenerating through excessive inbreeding, and because animals of the best families, though individually inferior, are preferred to superior individuals, but members of families belonging to an inferior rank. However this may be, it is certain that the extraordinary excellence of the Arabian horse in his present form could never have been developed or maintained, had it not been for the almost

reverential care which the Bedouins bestow upon equine descent.¹

The Arabs have no written pedigrees; it is all an affair of memory and of notoriety in the tribe. Certain alleged pedigrees of Arabian horses, couched in romantic language, and represented as carried in a small bag hung by a cord around the animal's neck, have been published; but these are forgeries, gotten up probably by horse-dealers, Egyptian, Syrian, or Persian. The breeding of every horse is a matter of common knowledge, and it would be impossible for his owner to fabricate a pedigree so as to deceive the natives, even if he were so inclined. The Bedouins, it seems necessary to admit, are in general great liars; and they will lie (to a stranger) about the age, the qualities, or the ownership of a horse, but they will not lie about his pedigree, even when they can do so with impunity. To be truthful on this subject is almost a matter of religion, certainly a point of honor, in the desert.

How far back do these pedigrees run, and what was the origin of the Arabian horse? These questions it is impossible to answer definitely. The Bedouins themselves believe that Allah created the equine genus on their soil. "The root or spring of the horse is," they say, "in the land of the Arab." This pious belief is shared by a few generous souls in England and America, a small but devoted band, who gallantly defend the cause of the Arabian horse against his only rival, the modern English thoroughbred. Chief among these faithful was the late Major R. D. Upton, who visited the desert himself, and who has recorded his experiences and his views.² Major

Upton concluded that the horse was found in Arabia "not later than about one hundred years after the deluge, . . . if indeed he did not find his way there immediately after the exodus from the ark, which is by no means improbable," and this probability the author then proceeds seriously to consider. According to Major Upton and a few kindred spirits, all other breeds are mongrels, and the only way to obtain horseflesh in its best and purest form is to go back to the fountain head, to the horse of the desert.

Naturalists, I believe, have not yet determined where the genus originated; but they gather that three allied animals, the tapir, the rhinoceros, and the horse, have all descended from a common ancestor of the eocene period. Of these three, the tapir and the rhinoceros, certainly, are found in many parts of the world. The immediate precursor of the horse was the small animal called *equida*, which was exceedingly common both in America and in Europe. Fossil skeletons have also been found in almost every part of America varying but slightly from the skeleton of the present horse, although externally the animals which they represent may have differed from him as widely as does the zebra. It is possible, therefore, that, contrary to the usual opinion, horses existed on this continent in a wild state before the coming of the Spaniards. These facts tend to show, although of course they fail to prove, that the primitive horse was widely distributed, not confined even to the salubrious region of Arabia. But there is one argument in favor of the Arabian being the primitive horse which I have chanced upon, and which I here present

¹ Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and his wife, Lady Anne Blunt, made two journeys to the desert, and their observations are recorded in two interesting books, written chiefly by Lady Anne. These are, *The Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates and Our Pilgrimage to Nejd*. They lived among the Bedouins for some time, and what they report about the Arabian horse, his qualities, his descent, and the families in which he

is grouped, agrees in all substantial respects with the account given by Major Upton.

² In *Newmarket and Arabia*, a small book published in 1873; *Gleanings from the Desert*, a later work, only a part of which is devoted to horseflesh; and a paper concerning Arabian Horses in *Fraser's Magazine* for September, 1876.

to those enthusiasts who will appreciate it. There is a conjecture of Darwin's that the dark stripe running along the spine of some horses, and occasionally extending to the shoulders and legs, may indicate a "descent of all the existing races from a single dun-colored, more or less striped primitive stock, to which our horses occasionally revert." In the Cleveland bay family, this dark stripe, or "list," is valued as a mark of pure blood; it is found also in the Exmoor breed of ponies and in some other strains.

Now, Major Upton reports an observation made by him upon horses in the desert as follows: "A line somewhat darker than the general color of the animal is to be seen in *colt* foals, running in continuation of the mane along the spine, and to be traced for some way even among the long hair of the tail. I never saw it in a filly. . . . It can be traced in old horses and in those of a very dark color. . . . It appears as the first or primitive color of the animal, which tones away by almost imperceptible degrees from the back to the belly; it may be seen in lines on the males of other wild animals. At certain seasons, and as the horse ages, and dependent also in some degree on his condition, the dark color spreads over the shoulders and upper parts of the body, . . . as if shaded with black."

To be sure, Major Upton states that this phenomenon is "totally different from the markings of the zebra, quagga, or any of the hybrids;" but nevertheless it seems to be essentially the same. Zebras and quaggas are of the equine family; and this peculiar marking of the Arabian horse would, on Darwin's hypothesis, indicate that if not himself the primitive horse, he at least stands nearer to that animal than any other existing *equus*.

However, this discussion has no practical value, nor is it essential even for the Arabo-maniacs to prove their case historically. This fact is sufficient and

cannot be controverted, namely, that the Arabian horse is the only one now extant of a fixed type. His antiquity is such that, in comparison with him, all other breeds are mongrels of yesterday. It is conjectured that he dates back to the time of Ishmael; and it is reasonably certain that the present breed existed in the days of Mahomet.

This is antiquity enough. The English thoroughbred is a modern product derived from native English stock, from Arab and Barb importations, possibly from some mixture also of European horses; and the first volume of the stud-book, in which every thoroughbred horse is registered, was not issued until the year 1808. According to the standard of the desert, therefore, the English horse is a parvenu; and although he is bigger, stronger, and faster than the Arab, he is less sound, beautiful, intelligent, and gentle. Moreover, as must be the case with a new breed, the English thoroughbred varies greatly in size, in shape, and in all other characteristics; whereas the Arabian, though each family has its peculiarities, is much more nearly of one type, and almost of one size. A pure Arabian ranges from 14 to 15 hands, being commonly about 14.2. Very rarely one stands as low as 13.3, or as high as 15.1. An English officer, speaking of Arabian horses as racers, observes, "They can all gallop about equally fast."

In estimating the Arabian horse, or in comparing him with his English contemporary, it must be borne in mind that an Arabian of absolutely pure breed is an animal which few European eyes have ever looked upon. Of all the Oriental horses imported to England in the eighteenth century, and upon which, in great part, the English thoroughbred is founded, only one, the famous Darley Arabian, imported by Mr. Darley in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, is known to have been of pure lineage. It is probable that no Arabian stallion that was *asil*, that is thoroughbred, has yet

reached our shores;¹ and perhaps the only Eastern mare of that degree ever in the United States is Naomi, a late importation from England.

There are no wild horses in Arabia, although there is a widespread belief to the contrary. This animal, as an old writer explains, "can live only of man's hand in the drougthy *khāla*." The pure-bred Arabian horses are the possession, almost exclusively, of a single great Bedouin clan known as the Anazeh, and of this clan a tribe called the Gomussa have the best. Even among the Bedouins, apart from the Gomussa, there are not many animals of the highest stamp. "I doubt," says Mr. Blunt, "if there are two hundred really first-class mares in the whole of northern Arabia. By this I of course do not mean first-class in point of blood, for animals of the purest strains are still fairly numerous, but first-class in quality and appearance as well as blood."

Across central Arabia extends a vast territory called the Nejd, composed of sandy deserts and rich pastures. This whole region is a plateau, and the atmosphere is dry and bracing. It is under such conditions that horses thrive, and here was the original home of the Arabian horse. In Flanders, where the air is humid, and the pastures are moist and rank, horses grow large, but they have flat feet, inferior sinews, lymphatic temperaments, and soft hearts. Flemish nags have been imported largely to England for many hundred years, being cheap, big, and showy; but they have always been noted for their lack of endurance. Some years ago, the Job-masters of London recruited their immense stables of carriage horses from Flanders, where handsome pairs could be obtained at a low price; but the experiment failed. The Flemish coachers were found so deficient in toughness and grit that it was cheaper to employ

¹ Except perhaps Kismet, a stallion recently imported, who died soon after landing.

English-bred horses at double the price. Even among thoroughbreds unsoundness is frequent, in the British Isles, due in great part to the moist climate. The English horse, when transplanted to India and Australia, becomes much improved in respect to the soundness of his feet and legs, and this improvement is doubtless the effect of a drier climate.

The Anazeh spend their winters in the Nejd, migrating in spring as far as the Euphrates, and it is among the wandering tribes of this clan that the Arabian steed in his purity must be studied. The Anazeh, and the Bedouins in general, keep their mares, but sell many of their horses; and it is from the horses thus sold, crossed with inferior mares, that the animal known in Europe and in India as an Arab is bred. The Bedouins call these half-breds "the sons of horses," and they look upon them, as well as all other breeds but their own, with the greatest contempt, stigmatizing them as *kadishes*, or mongrels. The desert is almost surrounded by horse-growing countries, and it is touched here and there by great horse-markets. On the west and northwest is Syria, where many of these bastard Arabs, the "sons of horses," are raised. The chief horse-market of Syria is Damascus, on the shore of the desert. On the opposite, the eastern shore, in almost a straight line from Damascus, is Bagdad, the capital of Turkish Arabia, another great horse-market; and south of Bagdad, between the Euphrates and the Tigris, there is a wide stretch of country where many of these animals are bred, chiefly for sale in India.

The Arabian horses, so called, that are found in Turkey, especially in Constantinople, in Egypt, and in India, are not the true coursers of the desert, but their "sons." They are commonly gray, and hence the popular idea that gray is the normal color of the Arabian horse. As a matter of fact, the Bedouins prefer bay with black points (not objecting to

three white feet), and this is the most frequent color among the Anazeh mares; next comes chestnut, then gray. Black is a rare and inferior color. White horses are much esteemed, but seldom occur. Roans, piebalds, duns, and yellows are never found among pure-bred Arabs. The two Arabian stallions sent to General Grant as a present from the Sultan of Turkey, in 1876, were both grays, and though they were supposed to be pure bred, they are probably kadhishes, — “sons of horses,” not horses themselves. Neither money nor high office can command the flower of the desert. Even Abbas Pasha had only a few really thoroughbred mares, and yet he spent five million dollars in gathering his famous stud at Cairo.

This man appears to have had a glorious passion for horseflesh. On one occasion he dispatched a special mission to Medina for the sole purpose of fetching a rare work on farriery. At another time he sent a bullock-cart from Egypt all the way to Nejd to bring home a famous mare, old and unable to travel on foot, which he had purchased from the Anazeh. A Bedouin, who had been sent to Cairo by one of the chiefs of Nejd, was shown over the viceroy's stables, by order of that official. On being asked his opinion of the blood, he replied frankly that the stables did not contain a single thoroughbred. He added an apology on the part of his chief for the animals which he had just brought to the viceroy from Arabia, declaring that neither Sultan nor sheikh could procure colts of the best strain.

Bagdad is on the very edge of the desert, and the Pasha of that place has unlimited resources, but Mr. Blunt says: “Although his excellency's horses were, as a lot, good of their kind, they were very different from real Arabs; and on comparing them with those of the Anazeh their inferiority was conspicuous, and their history could easily be understood. They were very nearly all gray.”

In the centre of Arabia, in the district of Nejd, and on the edge of the desert, is the city of Hail, where for many years has existed the famous stud of the Emir of Hail. Emissaries of this dignitary are constantly on the lookout for mares, wherever they can find them, and not infrequently *gházus*, or marauding expeditions, have been sent out by the Emir against this or that tribe, for the express purpose of capturing some particular mare whose fame had spread over the desert. It was of the animals in this stud that Mr. W. G. Palgrave's oft-quoted description was written. Out of his two interesting volumes¹ this passage alone has survived: —

“Remarkably full in the haunches, with a shoulder of a slope so elegant as to make one, in the words of an Arab poet, ‘go raving mad about it;’ a little, a very little saddle-backed, just the curve which indicates springiness without any weakness; a head broad above, and tapering down to a nose fine enough to verify the phrase of ‘drinking from a pint pot;’ . . . a most intelligent and yet a singularly gentle look; full eye; sharp, thornlike little ear; legs, fore and hind, that seemed as if made of hammered iron, so clean and yet so well twisted with sinew; a neat, round hoof, just the requisite for hard ground; the tail set on, or rather thrown out, in a perfect arch; coat smooth, shining, and light; the mane long, but not overgrown nor heavy; and an air and step that seemed to say, ‘Look at me; am I not pretty?’ — their appearance justified all reputation, all value, all poetry. The prevailing color was chestnut or gray. A light bay, an iron-color, white or black, were less common. . . . But if asked what are, after all, the specially distinctive points of the Nejdee horse, I should reply, the slope of the shoulder, the extreme cleanness of the shank, and the full rounded haunch, though every other part, too, has a perfection and a harmony

¹ Central and Eastern Arabia.

unwitnessed (at least by my eyes) anywhere else."

And yet Mr. Blunt says of this same stud: "Of all the mares in the prince's stable, I do not think more than three or four could show with advantage among the Gomussa." He admits, however, that their heads were handsomer than those of the Anazeh mares. The latter are built more nearly on a race-horse model, having greater length of body and of limb. The Nejd horses are perhaps prettier, though not so blood-like. Unlike the Anazeh mares, they stand higher at the withers than at the rump; and they are distinguished by their splendid carriage of head and tail. "Every horse at Hail," writes Mr. Blunt, "had its tail set on in the same fashion; in repose something like the tail of a rocking-horse, and yet not, as has been described [by Mr. Palgrave] 'thrown out in a perfect arch.' In motion, the tail was held high in the air, and looked as if it could not under any circumstance be carried low."

It has been suggested that this phenomenon is partly, at least, the effect of art; that before the foal is an hour old its tail is bent back over a stick, the twist producing a permanent result. But this is probably a slander.

There is one family of American trotters, that of the Mambrino Patchens, which alone among American-bred nags is distinguished for the beautiful carriage of the tail, and jealous persons have made the same insinuation in reference to these horses that was directed against the stud of the Emir of Hail.

All Arabian horses carry their tails well, and next to the head and its setting on, the tail is the feature which the Arab looks to in judging a horse. "I have seen mares gallop with their tails out straight as colts, and fit, as the Arabs say, to hang your cloak on," Major Upton remarks. A family of horses renowned in the desert is descended from a mare of which the following tradition

exists. Her owner was once flying from the enemy, and, being hard pressed, he cast off his cloak in order to relieve the mare of that unnecessary weight. But when, having distanced his pursuers, he halted, what was his surprise to find that his cloak had lodged on the mare's outstretched tail and still hung there! From this incident, the heroine of the tale has figured ever since in the unwritten pedigrees of the desert as "the Arab of the Cloak."

Occasionally, though not often, one sees an American-bred horse, especially if it be a colt, galloping in the pasture with its tail carried so high that the hair divides and falls forward like a streamer. This is a very common sight in the desert. "I have seen a mare, an Abayan Sherakh," writes Major Upton, "galloping loose, with both head and tail high to an extent such as I could hardly have believed, had I not seen it. Her tail was not only high, but seemed to be right over her back, and, besides streaming out behind like a flag, covered her loins and quarters. It was a splendid sight to one who can appreciate a horse." A single horseman mounted on a mare that carried her tail in this superb manner, and galloping in the distance, away from the spectator, has often been mistaken in the desert for three horsemen riding abreast.

What does an Arabian horse look like, — a mare of the desert, of noble birth, belonging, we will say, to the tribe Gomussa, of the clan Anazeh, and valued for her high descent, from Nejd to the Euphrates, from Damascus to Bagdad? Let us imagine her coming forward at a walk. She advances with a long, swinging stride, the hind feet considerably overstepping the print left by the fore feet, — overstepping from twelve to eighteen inches; sometimes, if careful observers may be trusted, even as much as two or three feet. Above all, she swings her head from side to side and looks about with curiosity as she

goes. This mark of alertness and vivacity is among the Bedouins a *sine qua non* of good breeding. In truth, a well-bred horse, the world over, exhibits similar indications of a lively spirit and an inquiring mind. There is no pleasure in the use of a horse who fails to prick his ears, and to keep them in motion; and it would be a short but not seriously inadequate description of a good roadster to say that you can drive him fifty or sixty miles in a day without taking the prick out of his ears. The head of our Gomussa mare is the first and chief part of her to be examined.

Whyte-Melville wrote:—

"A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,
An eye like a woman's, bright, gentle, and
brown,

With loins and a back that would carry a
house,

And quarters to lift him smack over a town."

This comparison of the head of a horse to that of the snake has often been criticised, and yet I think an Arab would perceive the force of the simile. The head of an Arabian horse, when he is excited, writes one, "seems to be made up of forehead, eyes, and nostrils," and this suggests the raised head of a hissing snake.

What gives the head of the Arabian steed this peculiar appearance is chiefly the prominence of the forehead, which is greater in the mares than in the horses. A small head the Arabians particularly dislike, as indicating a small brain, but the size should be in the upper regions of the skull. From the top of the head to a point between the eyes will often measure as much as from the last-mentioned point to the upper edge of the nostril. Moreover, the forehead, between

¹ This feature, which distinguishes, by the way, the Touchstone family of English thoroughbreds, is not to be confounded with that of a convex or "Roman" nose. The latter points to a low descent, and is associated with obstinacy.

² "The nostril, which is peculiarly long, not round, runs upward toward the face, and is

and below the eyes, should be slightly convex or bulging.¹ The space around the eyes should be free of hair, so as to show the black skin underneath, which at this part is particularly black and lustrous. The name for the original breed of Arab horses, now divided into five families, is Keheilan, from *kohl*, antimony, the Arabian horse having by nature that dark circle about the eye which the women of Arabia are wont to obtain by the use of antimony. Sometimes the whole face and even the ears are entirely free of hair. The cheek-bone should be deep and lean, and the jaw-bone clearly marked. There is great width of jaw and depth of jowl. In fine, the head of the Arabian horse is large where the brain is, and large in the breathing apparatus, but small in all the unessential parts. The face narrows suddenly below the cheek-bone, and runs down almost to a point. "A nose that would go in a pint pot" is an old description of the Arabian cast of countenance. But the profile of the Arabian horse terminates, not "with the nostril, as in the English race horse, but with the tip of the lip." "The nostrils," Mr. Blunt states, "when in repose, should lie flat with the face, appearing in it little more than a slit, and pinched and puckered up, as also should the mouth, which should have the under lip longer than the upper, 'like the camel's,' the Bedouins say."²

"Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within."

The ears, especially in the mare, should be long, but fine and delicately cut, like the ears of a gazelle. This agrees with our Western notion on the subject, for small "mouse-ears," as they also set up outward from the nose, like the mouth of a pouch or sack which has been tied. This is a very beautiful feature, and can hardly be appreciated except by sight. When it expands it opens both upwards and outwards, and in profile is seen to extend beyond the outline of the nose." (Major Upton.)

call them, are not liked by our horse-men.

As to the carriage of the ears, Major Upton well describes it as follows: "The ears, to be perfect, should be so placed that they point inwards, so that the tips may almost touch. The outline of the inner side of the ear should be much curved, and, as it were, notched about halfway down."

Next to the head and ears, the Arabs value the manner in which the head is set on the neck. This point, or rather form of juncture, they call the *mitbeh*. It especially refers to the shape of the windpipe, and to the manner in which the throat enters or runs in between the jaws, where it should have a slight and graceful curve. "This," Major Upton adds, "permits of a graceful and easy carriage of the head, and . . . gives great freedom to the air-passages. The Keheilan is essentially a deep-breathed and a good and long-winded horse."

The peculiar rounded prominence of the forehead, already described, the Arabs call the *jibbah*; and the *jibbah*, the *mitbeh*, the ears, and the tail are the points as to which the Arabs are most particular. These points indicate breeding, and breeding is all that the Arabs care for in a horse.

For the rest, the Arabian horse, in his highest form, exhibits great length. He stands over much ground, as the phrase is, although his back is short. There is a common notion that the Arabian at rest keeps his legs well under him; that he belongs to that type of which it is said "all four feet would go in a bushel basket;" but this is erroneous. Often, on the other hand, the Arabian stands with his fore legs bent backward from the knee, which is thought to be a good formation or habit. In the length of his body, in the length of his hind legs, which is extreme, and in the fact that he stands higher behind than in front, there is a resemblance between the Arabian horse, at least the Anazeh horse, and the

typical American trotter. Maud S., for example, has these peculiarities. Sunol has them in still greater degree. The Anazeh mares, moreover, are very long from hip to hock, and this again is the almost invariable formation of the trotting horse. The body of the Arabian is elegantly shaped. His ribs are more deeply arched than is usually the case with our horses, and consequently he swells out behind the shoulders in a graceful curve, whereas both the running horse and the trotter are very apt to be what is called slab-sided.

Another peculiarity of the Arabian is the great length of his pastern joints, to which are chiefly due the remarkable springiness and elasticity of his gait. "All shining, beautiful, and gentle of herself, she seemed a darling life upon that savage soil, not worthy of her gracious pasterns." Nor, despite its length, does the pastern joint ever break down with the Arabian horse, as happens so frequently with the English racer. Grogginess and knuckling over are unknown in the desert.

As to the legs of the Arabian, they are as hard as flint; spavin, curb, and ringbone are very infrequent. In speaking of a certain Anazeh mare, a bay with black points, Major Upton declares that her legs appeared to have been cut out of black marble, and then highly polished. The knees and hocks of the Arabian are large, as they are in all good horses. "A Bedawee, whose mare had a foal running by her side, being pursued, feared that his steed would not do her best, out of consideration for the foal; therefore he struck at the foal with his lance, and it fell back disabled. But when the Arab stopped his mare, the foal shortly made its appearance; and although it had been wounded in the hocks, it had made such good play that it was called the father, or possessor, of good hocks. It is a strain most highly esteemed."

Another family is descended from

"the Mare of the Old Woman," whose story is as follows. A Bedawee had been pursued for some days through a long and devious course. On the way his mare gave birth to a foal, but her master soon mounted again and continued his flight, leaving the little creature to its fate. However, when he stopped at night to rest, the infant appeared, having followed all the way, notwithstanding its extreme youth, and thereupon he gave it to an old woman, who brought it up by hand; and this foal, "the Mare of the Old Woman," became the mother of a noted family.

As to the manner in which the Arabs treat their horses, it is pleasant to be assured that neither romance nor tradition has exaggerated its kindness and familiarity. "Their great merit as horse-breakers is unwearied patience. Loss of temper with a beast is not in their nature, and I have never seen them strike or ill use their mares in any way." If Providence provided central Arabia as a region peculiarly fit for breeding sound horses, it would seem also that the ancient Arabian race was specially designed to have the nurture and training of these high-bred animals. It is clear that rough treatment would soon convert them into demons. Mr. William Day, the noted English trainer, conjectures that the ill temper and ferocity which characterize some strains of the English thoroughbred are owing to the Arab blood in their ancestry. Hence he infers that Arabian horses are bad-tempered. His conjecture is very likely correct, but his inference is a vicious one. It is not improbable that a generation or two of the old-fashioned English groom, with his rough "Come up, horse!" and dig in the ribs or kick in the belly, added to the use of whip and spurs and severe bits, would sour the temper and awake the resentment of so highly bred and finely organized an animal as one of Arabian descent. But in the desert viciousness in the horse is absolutely

unknown. The Arab rides without saddle or stirrups, on a small pad fastened in place by a surcingle. As for bridle and bit, he has none. The horse is guided by a halter, the rope of which the rider holds in his hand, and he is controlled by the voice. "I have never seen either violent plunging, rearing, or indeed any serious attempt made to throw the rider. Whether a Bedouin would be able to sit a barebacked unbroken four-year-old colt as the Gauchos of South America do is exceedingly doubtful." The Arabian mare has no more fear of her master than a dog would have with us, and she is on terms of almost canine intimacy with the whole family. An old traveler in the desert describes an incident on a wet evening, at the sheikh's tent:—

"Evening clouds gathered. . . . The mare returned of herself through the falling weather, and came and stood at our coffee fire, in half-human wise, to dry her soaked skin and warm herself as one among us. She approached the sitters about the hearth, and, putting down her soft nose, kissed each member of the group, till the sheikh was fain to rise and scold his mare away."

"Ali's tent," writes Mr. Blunt, "was partly occupied by a filly and a bay foal, the latter not a week old, and very engaging. It was tied up, as the custom is, by a rope round the neck, while its mother was away grazing, and neighed continually. It was very tame, however, and let me stroke it, and sniffed at my pockets as if it knew that there might be some sugar there."

No wonder, then, that the Arabian foals are described as being gentle and familiar. They do not run away when they are approached at pasture; they are not to be intimidated by the flourishing of sticks or by the waving of garments. If they happen to be lying down when one comes near them, they continue in that position, instead of scrambling to their feet in alarm; and they have an

engaging habit of using their masters as rubbing-posts. This is true, in general, of our trotting-bred American foals. The fact is that any colt, whatever its origin, if treated with uniform kindness, will become, at the age of six or eight months, as tame and fearless as the pets of the desert.

The manner of rearing the Arabian colt is as follows. It is weaned at the very tender age of one month, instead of being allowed to run with its mother for four, five, or six months, according to our custom. So soon as it is weaned the dam goes out to pasture, but the foal remains close by the tent, being tied by a cord around the neck, or around the hind leg above the hock. It is fed at first on camel's milk. The children play with it, and when it is a year old they mount it occasionally, and thus it gradually becomes accustomed to carry weight. Before it attains the age of two years it has been ridden by a half-grown boy, and a year later it is put through some long and severe gallops. The Bedouins maintain (very unreasonably, as Western experience shows) that unless a horse has done hard work before he is three years old he will never be fit to do it afterward. Accordingly, when the colt is about two and a half years old, besides being taught to gallop in the figure of an 8, and to change his leg, so as to become supple, he is ridden by his master on a journey. The consequence of this heroic treatment is that splints are not uncommon in Arabian horses, and sometimes their shank bones become bent permanently. Occasionally, also, the colt gets a pair of broken knees by being ridden over rough ground at too early an age. But, strange to say, the Arabians make no account of such a blemish. Their horses, when full grown, never fall, despite their careless way of walking. "The Arabian horse is too sure of his footing to be careful, except on rough ground, and there he never makes a false step."

I own a Morgan mare which has precisely the same peculiarity. On ordinary roads she will not take the pains to avoid an obstacle, such as a stone, and will frequently trip over it, knowing full well that she can always save herself with the other leg. But I have driven this same mare down a mountain side, where the only road was the dry bed of a rocky stream, and there she picked her way in perfect safety, without taking a false step.

The smallness of the Arabian horse is due partly, at least, to scantiness of food. "Horses, mares, and colts, all alike are starved during a great part of the year, no corn being ever given, and only camel's milk when other food fails. They are often without water for several days together, and in the most piercing nights of winter they stand uncovered, and with no more shelter than can be got on the lee side of the tents. Their coats become long and shaggy, and they are left uncombed and unbrushed till the new coat comes in spring. At these times they are ragged-looking scarecrows, half starved, and as rough as ponies. In the summer, however, their coats are as fine as satin, and they show all the appearance of breeding one has a right to expect of their blood."

The cow-pony of our Western and Southwestern States is akin to the Arabian, being descended from the Barbs (in part Arabian) that the Spaniards brought over when they conquered South America; and the cow-pony and the Arabian horse fare very much the same in winter, and undergo a similar change in spring. "The cow-pony," writes Colonel T. A. Dodge in a private letter, "in many places, in the winter, looks like a bear. His hide becomes fur, and his legs are as big as barrels. But when he scours out in the spring, he is as fine as any thoroughbred. He comes of the same stock which produced the English thoroughbred, and he has had the very best of training in running away from wolves

and in hunting his fodder. In other words, with him the species is a survival of the fittest. . . . Barring his attenuated form, which comes from his annual starving, he is one of the most astonishing creatures ever made."

The last touch of romance is added to the Bedouin when we learn that he is not in any sense a horse-dealer. The town Arab is often a dealer in horses, but the Arab of the desert treasures the glorious animal for his own sake, and not as a merchantable commodity. If he has a mare to sell, there she is, — you may take her or leave her; but the owner will make no attempt to exaggerate her virtues or to apologize for her defects. "He knows little of showing off a horse, or even of making him stand to advantage; but, however anxious he may be to sell him, brings him just as he is, dirty and ragged, tired, and perhaps broken-kneed. He has a supreme contempt himself for everything except blood in his beast, and he expects everybody else to have the same." The Arabian horse is frequently blemished by wounds from the lance and other injuries, and especially from firing with the hot iron. This is the sovereign remedy among the Arabs for man and beast, and upon both animals it is practiced to a cruel and ridiculous degree. Mr. Palgrave mentions one case where a deep circular wound had been burned upon the skull of an insane man, the injury being sufficiently great to have caused the madness which it was intended to cure.

Often, indeed, it requires the eye of a skilled horseman to detect the merit and high breeding of a mare fresh from the desert, in her winter coat and winter condition. An old traveler relates how such a mare, sent by a Nejdi prince to an Egyptian Pasha, was criticised by those who saw her. "Merry were these men of settled countries, used to stout hackneys. 'The carrion!' cried one, for indeed she was lean and uncurried. 'The Pasha would not accept her,' said an-

other. But a Syrian who stood by quietly remarked, 'A month at Shem, and she will seem better than now;' and some Bedouins who were present declared her worth to be thirty camels."

It is true, as this traveler sagely declared, that men of "settled countries, used to stout hackneys," often prefer an inferior horse to the pure-bred Arabian. The Barb, for example, has a bigger crest, and is more of the prancing order.

I have touched already upon the views of the Arabo-maniacs. With them the problem of horse-breeding is a very simple one, the solution being to discard all other breeds as mongrels, and to go back to "the primitive horse," the horse of the desert. On the other hand, most practical men engaged in the business deride this notion. "I cannot help thinking," writes one such, "that of all insane ideas the maddest is that which some enthusiasts have of permanently improving English race horses by an admixture of Arab blood, as if the difference between the various breeds of horses were not the result of climate, selection, stable management, work, and training." It is, I believe, a fact — so malleable is horseflesh — that a thoroughbred foal born in India, of parents imported from England, bears unmistakable evidence of his birthplace; and in the second or third generation the colonized thoroughbred loses all resemblance to the native English stock. No doubt, as the writer just cited maintains, the race horse of to-day cannot be improved by an infusion of Arab blood. He is bigger, faster, than the Arab, and could beat him over any distance short of one hundred miles. It is probably the same in regard to trotting horses; and yet, as I have mentioned, the Arabian formation, especially as it is found in the Anazeh family, resembles closely that of a typical trotter. Moreover, the Arabian trotting gait seems to be much the same as that of our own horses. Thus Major Upton writes: "When trotting, the hind legs of the

Arabian appear to be, and often may be, too long, and there is too much reach for a pleasant trotting pace [not for speed]; yet with good riding some will trot grandly." This is precisely what might be said of an American trotter if used as a saddle horse. However, the Arabian horses are deficient in trotting action forward; and it is very doubtful if any gain in trotting speed could be made at this late day by an Arabian cross.

But if the object were, not to obtain a race horse, either at the running or trotting gait, but to produce a family of fine saddle or driving horses, especially the former, for general use, then indeed it might be well to breed from Arabian stock. Success would be certain. The only question would be whether you could reach your end more quickly by this means, or by breeding from the best of our own horses; and this is a problem which nothing short of experiment can solve. It must be remembered that no serious attempt on a large scale has ever been made in this country to raise horses with a view to beauty, intelligence, courage, and soundness; and these are the respects in which the Arabians excel. Moreover, the perfectly natural way in which they take to jumping, an exercise of which they have not the slightest experience in the desert, shows that the Arabian horses are entirely harmonious in all their parts, and therefore adaptable to any use that may be required of them. Lady Anne Blunt relates: "The mare I rode on the journey carried me over the raised water-courses by the Euphrates in the cleverest way in the world; off and on,

without the least hanging or hesitation, and always with a foot ready to bring down in case of need." One of the mares brought home by Mr. Blunt was let loose in his park on the night of her arrival, and forthwith she jumped the fence, five feet and six inches high. The lower rails were pulled down, and she was walked back under the top one, a thick oaken bar, several inches higher than her withers.

One experiment with regard to Arabian horses, now making in this country, deserves mention. Mr. Randolph Huntington is a veteran horseman, whose devotion to the Henry Clay family of trotters (descended from the Barb, Grand Bashaw) and to the Arabian horse may be described without exaggeration as heroic. For many years the Clay family were the victims of prejudice, the result partly of ignorance, partly of designed misrepresentation; and Mr. Huntington, like the horses that he loved, was overwhelmed with ridicule and abuse. Of late, however, the value of the Clay family has asserted itself so clearly that it cannot be denied by the most envious person. Mr. Huntington has succeeded in establishing a stock company, with headquarters on Long Island, for the purpose of breeding a family of Clay-Arabian horses. It is this company which now owns the Anazeh mare Nami, imported to England by Major Up-ton, and from England exported to this country. What may be the capacity of these Clay-Arabians, as they are called, I do not know, but some of them are animals of extreme beauty and finish, as symmetrical as their Oriental ancestors, and much larger.

H. C. Merwin.

LOOKING TOWARD SALAMIS.

FOR our knowledge of the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, as well as for our information concerning the earlier history of nearly all Oriental nations, we are indebted chiefly to a single precious volume, the *History of Herodotos*. There are few books which inspire a more general and kindly regard for their authors; few indeed which the world could so ill have spared. It would perhaps be difficult to name another which so delights the heart of boyhood, and to which at the same time world-wearied age turns as confidently for diversion and companionship. And this is most fitting and natural, for there is hardly to be found another writer who combines so fully the naive faith and love of the marvelous, which give an added grace to childhood, with that knowledge of the world, that perception of national and even of human brotherhood, which are rarely to be looked for save in the tranquil harvest time of a full and varied life.

Perhaps the most surprising characteristic, however, of Herodotos' literary work is the outward unity which he has so largely succeeded in giving to this somewhat heterogeneous mass of information concerning nearly all the nations of the earth then known to the Greeks. The idea about which he groups his materials is this: that the struggle between Greece and Persia was but the culminating event in a series of mutual aggressions on the part of Europeans and Asiatics. Among these earlier acts of violence he includes, to be sure, purely mythical events: the abduction of Europa by the Phœnicians, of Medea by the Argonauts, of Helen by her Trojan lover. Of course, in this literal form we cannot accept the chronicler's view of earlier history; but in a larger sense, as Herodotos himself adequately real-

ized, the Persian wars were in truth a death struggle between the Oriental and the Hellenic ideals, between despotism and individualism.

Herodotos was himself a Persian subject, born in a subjugated Greek city, Halicarnassos, in Asia Minor, four years before Xerxes' invasion. He had no vulgar contempt for the Persian civilization and national character. With the widened vision of the thoughtful traveler, he had himself seen in Mesopotamia and in the valley of the Nile the cities, the monuments, and the national life which had taught Solon before him that the Greeks were mere children in comparison with the venerable traditions of those elder races. He knew personally, and obtained his information from, many survivors of both the contending hosts. His sympathies are fully enlisted on the side of the Greeks, yet his impartiality as a chronicler is generally conceded.

To this prevailing belief in Herodotos' just treatment of men and races one important exception is often made, and probably with some reason. He has an unmistakable aversion for Themistocles, which seems at times to cloud the fairness of his judgment. This concession will, however, only increase the convincing force of that memorable passage in which Herodotos ascribes to the daring aggressiveness of the Athenians — not to the stubborn but passive and sluggish resistance offered by the Spartans — the honor of having turned the tide of defeat to glorious victory. The sentences here quoted are from the one hundred and thirty-ninth chapter of the seventh book, — a passage for which a great German historian has expressed his admiration as the most statesmanlike utterance of the entire chronicle. It will be remembered that Herodotos is writing at a time, late in the fifth century B. C.,

when Athens had gradually converted her voluntary and grateful allies of the Delian confederacy into reluctant tributaries, eager for her day of adversity, when they could desert and humiliate her.

"At this point," says Herodotos, "I am obliged to utter an opinion distasteful to most men; yet, since it appears to me to be true, I will not suppress it. If the Athenians, terrified by the approaching danger, had deserted their country, or, remaining, had given themselves up to Xerxes, on the sea none would have attempted to oppose the king, . . . and upon the land this would have been the course of events. . . . The allies of the Lacedæmonians would have forsaken them, not indeed voluntarily, but perforce, being subdued city by city through the naval armament of the barbarian. The Lacedæmonians would have been left alone, and after performing great deeds of valor would have perished honorably. Either this would have been their fate, or else, before it came to that, as they saw the rest of the Greeks medizing, they would have come to terms with Xerxes. Thus, in either case Hellas would have passed under the sway of the Persians. But as it is, one who said the Athenians became the saviours of Hellas would not miss the truth. . . . When they determined that Greece should survive in freedom, they roused all the rest of the Hellenic race, so much as had not medized; and it was they — next at least to the gods — who thrust back the king."

It is still a favorite employment of the imagination thus to trace the changes which might have been caused in the events of the past if the result of a single hard-fought contest, or of some like crisis in human affairs, had been reversed. If Hannibal, following up the victory at Cannæ, had entered Rome at the heels of the panic-stricken legionaries; if Charles Martel had lost the

great battle of Tours, which rolled back the tide of Saracen conquest; if the indomitable Lion of the North had not flung his own life away on the field of victory at Lutzen; if Grouchy, and not Blücher, had come up in time at Waterloo; if Lee's northward march had not been stopped at Gettysburg, — what then? Such questions are no doubt unanswerable, from one point of view perhaps even irreverent. The discussion of any such problem soon reaches the hopeless dilemma of predestination and free will, on which surely no one below the pulpit stairs will venture to speak as with authority. Yet even men who feel most strongly the responsibility of individual character and action may be none the less confident that they perceive in the records of the past, as a whole, clear traces of progress toward better conditions; a working-out of far-reaching, beneficent plans for the improvement of our race.

"And step by step, since Time began,
We trace the gradual gain of man."

From such a vantage, the greatest apparent disasters of war or peace become at most only momentary obstacles to an irresistible current. The fiercest battle-fields are but

"eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

Among such important crises, when the destinies of all the future ages have seemed at least to hang trembling in the balance, the sea fight in the Salaminian strait holds by general consent a prominent, it may be the most prominent place. If the tide of war had turned the other way in the narrows of Salamis, there could have been no longer a free Athens or a free Greece. The statesmanship of Pericles, the drama of Æschylos' maturity and Sophocles' prime, the glories of the Parthenon and all the other great works of Phidias and his followers, the long and happy life of

Socrates among his friends and disciples, would never have been. But these things, with their direct or indirect results, comprise most of what makes life beautiful even to-day. Instead of the achievements of that wonderful fifth century, there would be but the dull monotony that covers the annals of all the other races which were absorbed into the unwieldy Persian Empire, the Russia of antiquity.

We are peculiarly fortunate, therefore, to possess, in *Æschylos' Persians*, a vivid description of the battle, by a poet of almost the highest rank, who was himself engaged in the struggle, and who knew that his drama must be produced before the critical eyes of innumerable fellow-contestants and eye-witnesses of the victory.

In two other respects, also, this play has an unique claim upon our attention. Among the thirty-two Greek tragedies which have been preserved, this is the earliest of which the age is known; and with the possible exception of the hopelessly corrupt and comparatively uninteresting *Suppliants*, it is without question the oldest of them all. Moreover, it is the sole survivor from the small group of serious dramas which took their subjects from contemporary history, instead of dealing, as was usual, with the mythical legends of gods or heroes. This latter fact in particular may be accepted as sufficient occasion for a somewhat rapid retrospect, which shall include a number of historic incidents essential for the comprehension of the play itself. As has been indicated already, every modern chronicler is here dependent almost wholly upon Herodotos.

One question all students ask instinctively, though it will probably never be satisfactorily answered: Whence came to the Athenian race their wonderful impulse to all-sided, harmonious, yet rapid development? Why did they, above every other people, possess the creative, the artistic power? But this is, after

all, only a part of a larger mystery. As the Athenians are preëminent among the Greeks, so the Hellenic race as a whole is strikingly superior to all the elder nations of men. By their delight in physical life, by their passionate love of beauty, their freedom from superstitious fear of the higher powers, above all by their capacity for improvement, the Hellenes seem to be set apart from the rest of mankind.

The Athenians were closely allied by blood and speech to the Ionians of the *Ægean Islands* and the *Asian colonies*, whom they regarded as their colonists. It was on account of her practical recognition of this tie between her own people and the Greek communities of Asia that Athens drew down upon herself the Persian invasions. Stimulated by the freer life of mercantile communities, and by contact with the older civilizations of Mesopotamia, Phœnicia, and Egypt, these Eastern colonies, if such they were, had reached their culmination while life in the mother country was yet sterile and crude. It is true that the Homeric poems cannot be safely used as a picture of social conditions in the poet's day. Still, the very existence of these epics certainly demonstrates that the Eastern Hellenes had already attained a high level of comfort and of culture. Races of barbarians or plodding boors produce no *Iliads*. Yet already in the sixth century B. C. the Asiatic towns and the adjacent islands had lost their vigor and their independence, becoming subject first to the gentle philhellenic *Cresus of Lydia*, and soon after submitting perforce to the harsher yoke of his conqueror, *Cyrus*, founder of the great Persian Empire. Meanwhile, in Attica, there had matured more slowly the seeds of a sturdier and loftier Ionian civilization.

Of the real beginnings of that civilization we can, in the nature of things, know little or nothing. Those races that seem to leap forth from time to

time, in human history, from the darkness behind them, exultant in their youthful strength, must of course really

“gather as their own

The harvest that the dead have sown, —
The dead, forgotten and unknown.”

But of that slow progress from the savage and the cave only the last stage is ever recorded.

Thucydides makes one instructive statement as to the remote past of his country. The soil of Attica, he reminds us, was for the most part thin and poor. In consequence of this fact, says the historian, the wars and convulsions of the early migratory days left this region undisturbed to its original inhabitants; while, as a secure haven of refuge, it received many of the ablest men from other Hellenic tribes, when they were exiled from their former homes. Thucydides is here speaking by conjecture as to a time concerning which no real historical data could have been in existence; but it will be readily acknowledged that a permanent abode in the dry, clear, invigorating air of Attica, a prolonged and successful struggle with a reluctant soil, and gradual accessions from the best blood of kindred races might well produce the choicest among all Hellenic types.

The first Athenian who stands out clearly seen in the twilight about him is Solon. While he is an interesting figure as the first Attic poet, he is far more illustrious as the unselfish, patriotic statesman. His economic reforms were largely successful in mitigating the bitter sectional and partisan strife, the oppressed and desperate condition of the peasants, and the cruel wrongs suffered by the unfortunate and numerous debtor class. The unselfishness of Solon is as striking as his patriotism and courage. More helpful, perhaps, than any of his political or economic measures was the lofty example which he presented of brave and generous devotion to the good of the community. The likeness between

Solon and Washington is not wholly a fanciful one.

The moderately democratic constitution, by which Solon hoped to end the strife of parties within the state, was apparently overthrown before the law-giver's death, by his younger kinsman, the shrewd demagogue Pisistratos, generally known as the tyrant of Athens. The following period, however, the half century from 560 to 510 B. C., is by no means merely one of debasing despotism. Pisistratos himself was repeatedly exiled from Athens for years through a combination of the opposing factions. Even when his power was undisputed, he controlled the internal and the foreign policy of the state through the forms of popular government, and did not attempt the erection of a throne. We may perhaps regard Pisistratos as a classic Cromwell, or rather as an earlier Bismarck, standing guard, somewhat too efficiently, over an infant constitution. In another respect, indeed, we are reminded rather of Augustus and of the Florentine Medici, for Pisistratos, and his sons after him, accorded a generous hospitality and patronage to the literary men and artists of their time.

It is especially interesting to note that to the illustrious autocrat is accredited a most important service to the past of Hellenic letters, and also one hardly less notable to their future. Probably no scholar now believes the statement that the Homeric poems were first reduced to writing in Attica in his time. This much may, however, well be accepted as true, that the first authentic and careful edition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by scholarly hands was made at his court. And to this same period we must certainly assign the first crude beginnings of the drama in Athens. Pisistratos apparently invited Thespis, the “father of tragedy,” to transfer his exhibitions from his native village, Icaria, — made peculiarly interesting to us by the recent excavations and discoveries by students of the

American School at Athens, — to the capital.¹

The poet Æschylos was born at Eleusis, in 525 B. C. Eleusis was the most illustrious centre for the worship of Demeter and Persephone, with whom Dionysos was there closely united. The solemn associations of the spot, the periodic celebration of the holy mysteries in the presence of reverent pilgrims from every Hellenic land, can hardly have failed to exert an influence upon the boyish imagination of the future dramatist, and may help us to understand the austere and lofty piety of his poetic creations. In Aristophanes' comedy the *Frogs*, where the elder tragic poet is, on the whole, justly and respectfully treated, the following lines, possibly a quotation from the opening of his lost drama *The Eleusinians*, are put into Æschylos' mouth:—

"O thou, Demeter, who my spirit reared,
May I be worthy of thy mysteries."

It must not, however, be imagined that the poet's place of birth made him any the less a native Athenian. Before the beginning of authentic history all the lesser towns of Attica had been reduced politically to the rank of mere outlying wards of the city itself. The ancient world hardly attained to the modern conception of a state, as a voluntary though indissoluble union of cities or clans on equal terms. To express the two ideas, city and state, the Greek language had only the single word *polis*. Aristotle insists that the rulers must needs know the face and character of each man in the community, and that a

commonwealth of a hundred thousand citizens is an impossibility. The "leagues" of later Greek history worked out the problem of federation, at best, only in the crudest and most evanescent fashion. The Roman Empire itself attempted to govern an ever-widening circle of subjugated cities and provinces through the machinery of a town meeting. Among the Greeks, a conquered city either became tributary, while otherwise retaining its independent existence, or lost its political identity altogether, as Eleusis appears to have done in a prehistoric war with the city on the Acropolis.

By the tranquil Eleusinian bay, then, the first great Athenian dramatist was born, just after Pisistratos, at his death, had left his power in the weaker hands of his sons. The famous assassination of the younger brother, Hipparchos, by Harmodios and Aristogeiton in 514 B. C. may have lingered as a faint first memory in the mind of Æschylos. The future poet of Dionysos was still but a lad of fifteen when Hippias, the surviving son of the elder tyrant, was driven from Athens, in 510 B. C., and found a secure refuge at the court of the Persian king.

It was perhaps due in some degree to the lasting results of Solon's economic and social reforms that Athens did not, like so many other Greek cities, fall into the hands of an oligarchy composed of the powerful aristocratic chieftains who had enabled the people to expel the tyrants. Much of her good fortune, however, seems to have been thrust upon her by the disagreements of others. Clis-thenes himself, though his name is inseparably connected with the revival of the

¹ No genuine play of Thespis is believed to have been known to the later ancients. His famous "first actor," or "responder," to render the Greek word literally, seems merely to have filled in the pauses of the dithyrambic song and dance by conversation with the leader of the chorus. Some students believe that the dramatic performance at this time had no libretto which was preserved in literary form. If there was any written text, it was altogether

subsidiary to the music and the dancing of the Bacchic chorus. The circular orchestra or dancing-place probably remained until long after Thespis' time, at any rate, the common ground of chorus and actor alike. Upon this burning question of the Athenian stage the English reader may now consult Miss Harrison's *Myths and Monuments of Ancient Athens*, and, for a diverging opinion, Haigh's *Attic Theatre*.

Solonian constitution, is said by Herodotos to have "taken the people into partnership" only when he saw himself overmastered by his rival among the nobles. While nominally restoring the constitution of Solon, the Athenians really organized their state, at this time, on a far more democratic plan than had ever before been known, and the great struggle of the next generation found them fully prepared to assume their natural place as the protagonists of Hellenism.

It was probably a few years earlier than this that King Darius, the ablest organizer and conqueror of all who followed Cyrus upon the Persian throne, led a great expedition into Europe, but, most fortunately, not against the Greeks, who could then have made no such effective resistance as they did a generation later. Having bridged and crossed the Bosporos, he waged an ineffective campaign against the roving tribes north of the Danube. He left an army behind him in Europe which completed the conquest of Thrace, and the Macedonian king also sent him earth and water in token of submission. His empire, therefore, extended to the borders of Thessaly twenty years before Marathon!

During Æschylos' early manhood, about the year 500 B. C., occurred the general revolt of the Greek cities in Asia Minor from their Persian master. The Athenians, seconded by their neighbors the Eretrians only, gave the Ionians some military aid, and by the burning of Sardis, Cræsus' ancient capital, and still the metropolis of the Persian province, drew upon themselves the lasting resentment of Darius. Then they weakly abandoned their Asiatic brethren to the fate which lack of union and love of ease made inevitable. The reader of Herodotos will recall the account of the reception by King Darius of the evil tidings from Sardis, which is so characteristic of an Oriental despot: how he shot an arrow into the sky, and cried, "O Zeus, grant me vengeance on the

Athenians!" and how he bade the servant who served his dinner always say to him thrice, "O king, remember the Athenians!"

When the opposing fleets of Ionians and Persians met for the decisive battle near Lade, at the mouth of the Mæander, the Samians, by previous secret agreement with their former masters, suddenly broke away from the Greek line with their fifty galleys, and set out for home. The Lesbians followed. In the confusion and panic the Persians easily gained a decisive victory. There is a striking resemblance, though of course a still greater contrast, between Lade and Salamis, which is effectively worked out by Mr. Grote.

The great and wealthy city Miletos, the head of the revolt, was finally captured after a siege, and utterly destroyed. This occurred about 495 B. C. A year or two more sufficed the Persians to stamp out in merciless fashion the last embers of the great insurrection. As the tie of mother city and colony was considered a peculiarly close and sacred one, the Athenians felt not only the deepest grief, but lasting mortification, over the tragic end of the struggle.

The fall of Miletos was the subject of a tragedy by Phrynichos. Of this elder contemporary and rival of Æschylos, who gained a prize for the first time in 511 B. C., we shall have occasion to speak in more direct connection with Æschylos' drama. We may transcribe here from the pages of Herodotos the curious passage to which we owe our knowledge of his unfortunate play: "The Athenians showed in manifold ways that they were distressed over Miletos' downfall; and especially when Phrynichos composed and brought out his drama, *The Capture of Miletos*, the audience burst into tears; and they not only fined him a thousand drachmæ for recalling sorrows of their own, but ordained that no one should make use of this drama." This last prohibition must refer to re-

peated performances of the same play, which was, it appears, an honor sometimes accorded to successful dramas, even in the fifth century, though it was not a constant practice until the fourth. We are not informed in what year the tragedy of Phrynichos was written. It would seem at least highly probable, however, that this outburst of grief by the Athenians was not many years later than the actual downfall of the daughter city, and decidedly not after the Persian hosts had been destroyed, and the Ionian brethren liberated from the yoke of the great king, seventeen years after Miletos' destruction.

As soon as his hands were freed from difficulties nearer home, Darius prepared to avenge the injuries he had suffered from the Athenians. He could now use against Athens not merely the Phœnician, Egyptian, and other vessels with the aid of which Ionia had been reduced, but also the still powerful armaments and well-trained sailors of the Ionian cities themselves. In 492 he sent his first great expedition against Hellas; but, as it proceeded along the northern shores of the Ægean, this fleet was almost entirely destroyed by shipwreck upon the stormy promontory of Mount Athos. Two years later an immense force came straight across the Ægean, captured Eretria, in Eubœa, which alone had joined Athens in aiding the Ionians, and sent the inhabitants as slaves to the king's court. In their subsequent landing on the Marathonian plain, the Persians were undoubtedly guided by the exiled tyrant Hippias. In this section of Attica were the firmest partisans of the banished family, and thence Pisistratos had formerly made his triumphant entrance into Athens after long-enforced absence. The famous defeat in the open Marathonian plain, 490 B. C., the first pitched battle won by Greeks against Persians, put an end to the Athenian tyrant's hopes of restoration.

The mission of Persian heralds to the

chief Greek states just before this invasion, their demand for the regular tokens of submission, and the cruel death inflicted upon those who came to Athens and Sparta will be remembered by all students of Greek history. Far more significant, however, was the action of the Æginetans and the events resulting therefrom. These islanders, the hated neighbors and commercial rivals of Athens, were ready to make formal submission to Persia. Athens, then at war with both Ægina and Thebes, made public protest to Sparta against such a betrayal of the general interests of Hellenism. In this action the Athenians fully recognized the position of Sparta as the head of the Greek race. There is no evidence that such an acknowledgment of supremacy had ever been made by them before. It was probably not a mere confession of conscious weakness on the part of the Athenians, but was due rather to a statesmanlike realization that the crisis was a peculiarly grave one. The Spartans, whose military supremacy, particularly in the Peloponnesos, was at this period quite undisputed, acted for the moment with unusual energy, forced the Æginetans into sullen submission, and deposited ten of their chief citizens as hostages in the hands of the Athenians.

Yet the supreme moment found the Spartans already relapsed into their usual selfish procrastination. The urgent appeal of Athens for immediate aid from Sparta had been disregarded, "because the moon was not full for five days"! With only this flimsy excuse, the Spartan contingent actually arrived at Marathon too late to see any Persians save the heaps of slain. The Athenians never forgot their single-handed victory over desperate odds, and it may well be that from that day their far-sighted statesmen looked steadily forward to eventual supremacy in Hellas. In one respect Marathon was a prouder memory for the Athenian patriot than the larger triumphs of the second Persian war; for

this signal success over the dreaded foe from the East and the plots of traitors at home was gained without the aid of a single other Hellenic city, except the gallant little neighbor town of Plataea, whence a thousand men had come to share the honors of the first victory over the hosts of the despot of Asia. In this and similar crises of the Persian wars the diverse characters of Sparta and Athens may be most clearly seen.

The poet Æschylos, then just

"Midway upon the journey of our life,"

bore his part manfully in the perils of the day, and to this experience, but not to any triumphs of the theatre, allusion is made in his epitaph, supposed to have been composed by Æschylos himself. His brother, Kynegairos, was one of the most illustrious heroes of the day, and perished in truly Homeric fashion. Laying hold on one of the Persian ships to prevent its escape, his hand was lopped off, and he died from the wound. The brothers undoubtedly fought side by side in the ranks of their tribe; and here again we have a scene whose influence upon the warrior poet is unmistakable.

These repeated failures were to Darius, without doubt, a source of vexation and disappointment; and the Persian inscriptions of his time, despite their reiterated assurance of native truthfulness as contrasted with the lying propensities of the great king's unlucky enemies, appear to have observed a discreet silence in regard to his relations with Athens. It has seemed necessary to touch upon them somewhat fully here partly because Æschylos has carried the maxim "*Nil de mortuis*" quite too far in his drama. In order to make an effective contrast with Xerxes' arrogance and woeful fall, the impression is repeatedly given that Darius never lost a battle, nor threw away the lives of his folk.

Nevertheless, we may be sure that the possibility of ultimate failure and disas-

ter did not enter the king's mind. He did not live to conduct another invasion of Hellas, and his last days may have been embittered by the thwarting of his revenge, though probably less than by the revolt of Egypt, which followed soon after Marathon. As a whole, however, he and his countrymen had abundant reason for pride in the outward growth and the improved internal organization of the empire during his long reign. Unless he realized the vacillating and cowardly nature of his son and successor, he could hardly have doubted that the Hellenes, as well as all other races not already tributary, would soon and easily be brought under the Persian yoke.

At any rate, Darius died in the midst of his warlike preparations; "nor was it destined for him," says Herodotos, "to punish either the revolted Egyptians or the Athenians." Xerxes promptly and successfully accomplished the first of these tasks, left him as part of his royal inheritance, but Herodotos describes him as undertaking the latter only after long reluctance, and with many misgivings. Such were the various chances—if chance there be in the affairs of men—which accorded to the Athenians a ten years' respite between the impressive warning at Marathon and the final descent of the avalanche.

To every reader of history the incidents thus far described are, or have been, a familiar tale. All that has been attempted here is to sharpen the outlines, and in some cases to connect more firmly with each other the most striking occurrences, which so soon become in the memory a mere succession of isolated pictures. In regard to the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, however, even so much assistance may well be repelled as superfluous. There is perhaps no series of events in all history so dramatically united and complete, none more indelibly stamped upon the thoughtful mind. As for the happy youth to whom the

story is yet untold, let him turn at once to the book of the master of all story-tellers, Herodotos himself.

It is in the expedition of Xerxes that the History finds its natural culmination and artistic unity. The struggle between Hellenism and Orientalism, announced in the opening chapters as the true subject, and never quite lost from sight in all the fascinating digressions of the earlier books, now hurries on like a tragic plot to its terrible solution. As "all Asia resounded with the din," while year after year the preparations for the march continued, so in the narrative itself the tread of the gathering host grows more and more distinct, until at last nothing else is heard or seen.

Even to him who reads the account for the first time it is clear that Xerxes rushes in his pride toward some awful doom. The gods of Herodotos are jealous gods; imperial power and haughtiness alone would have sufficed to provoke their vengeance. Moreover, the issue is foreshadowed again and again by visions, by wrathful utterances from desecrated shrines; nay, it is foreseen and foretold by many even among the Persian chieftains. How far this tragic tone was imparted to the tale by poetic invention and popular tradition after the event cannot now be known.

Of course the half-credulous, half-shrewd old chronicler does not satisfy all the demands of nineteenth-century criticism. He rarely cites his "original sources;" and if he did, much that is actually most precious to us would still be condemned as idle gossip or traditional folk lore. The narrative is indeed full of personal adventure, conversation, and isolated witty remarks, which, from their nature, can hardly have been recorded at first hand. But whether authentic or not, they are essential to the very outlines of the chronicle, and priceless as interpreters of the feelings of men in Xerxes', or at any rate in Herodotos' times.

In certain directions, indeed, we are

compelled to cut loose altogether from the statements of our author. This is notably true as to the number of the invading host. After reaching a total of two million six hundred thousand, he calmly doubles this respectable figure by assigning an attendant slave to every man, officer and private, bond or free! No military authority, however, would permit us to believe that even the former number could be led in a single column, with no great depots of supplies, practically "living off the country," around the rugged and thinly inhabited shores of the northern *Ægean*.

The methods of the census particularly mentioned are more picturesque than convincing: "They led together a body of ten thousand men, and crowding them close drew a circle around them. Then driving out the men, they built a wall about the circle, carrying it up waist-high. Then they drove other men into the inclosure, until all had been counted in this fashion."¹

Herodotos himself is especially struck by the fact that the host actually "drank up" most of the rivers passed in their march. We ourselves, as schoolboys, were doubtless all much impressed by so graphic an illustration. The present writer, however, chances to have had in later life a personal experience which throws a direct light on this question of the water supply. Herodotos remarks that the first such occurrence, after the great host marched out of Sardis, was at the Scamander, whose shores Xerxes visited, "having a longing to behold and ascend the citadel of Priam." As he had skirted the eastern slopes of Ida since leaving Antandros, the king no doubt approached the Hellespont through the great water-gap formed by the Scamander itself at the head of the Trojan plain. It is recorded that the river literally failed to sate the thirst of the innumerable host. This ignominious disappearance of the Homeric "king of rivers"

¹ Herod. vii. 60.

is peculiarly fitted to stifle the doubts of both Greeks and barbarians. But in September of the year 1881 A. D. a small party of the latter, pedestrian videttes from their camp at Assos, and led by the same longing as the Persian monarch, also passed through the great natural gateway, and necessarily crossed the bed of the Scamander shortly after, on their downward march toward Hisarlik. A few miles above, the river had been seen, "running with a swift, clear stream, half a metre deep at most, and half a dozen metres in width, among the banks of sand that filled its broad winter bed."¹ In the upper portion of the plain itself, however, the water had sunk quite out of sight, apparently flowing over some denser substratum, to appear again nearer the sea. At any rate, an eager search failed to disclose even a pool sufficient to slake the thirst of two weary pilgrims. Upon our return, in October, the first heavy rains had fallen, and, though on horseback, we had difficulty in fording without serious mishap.

The simple truth is, that most rivers of the Ægean coasts nearly or quite disappear in the dry season; and this seems to have been approximately true in ancient times as well. Even in the twenty-first book of the *Iliad*, "in the floods with which Xanthos nearly overwhelms Achilles, and the subsequent drying up of the stream by the fires of Hephaistos, we can hardly refuse to see a reminiscence, though an unconscious one, of these furious winter floods and summer droughts."²

There can be no question, however, that the Greeks were in truth entering upon a struggle against desperate odds. The invading army, obeying the will of a single despot, and supported by the teeming millions and untold wealth of all Asia, must in itself have far outnumbered all the Hellenes capable of bearing arms who dwelt to the southward from

Thermopylæ to Malea. These Hellenes, moreover, were divided into scores of independent states, and had met, for the most part, only as foes on Grecian battlefields, never as allies in a foreign war. Many of them were only too eager to throw themselves at Xerxes' feet, either to save their own lands and lives, or to gratify a more bitter hatred against their nearest neighbors. Prominent in their minds, also, must have been the still recent subjugation of their Asiatic kinsmen, who were now actually serving perforce in the fleet of Xerxes.

Even so far as the mountain range that forms the northern barrier of the great Thessalian basin, the Persian king was, as we have already seen, merely traversing the lands of his tributary subjects. A Grecian force, sent to hold the vale of Tempe, retreated on learning that their rear would be exposed to attack by a circuitous path farther inland, similar to that by which Thermopylæ was really carried. Thus all Thessaly fell into Xerxes' hands without a stroke, and the famous Thessalian cavalry made an important addition to his forces.

At Thermopylæ Xerxes met and destroyed, without suffering any appreciable loss, the king of the leading Greek state, and the flower of his troops. Hearty as was the Persians' appreciation of dauntless courage, they could hardly have admired the generalship that led so inadequate a force to hold the key of the land, and then flung away the lives of troops and commander together when the day was lost and the line of retreat still open. "It is magnificent," if you please, "but it is not war."

As for the shipwreck in the great storm on the Thessalian coast, and the loss inflicted upon the royal fleet by the Greek squadron guarding the northern shores of Eubœa, these were doubtless made the most of by Grecian tradition; yet Herodotos assures us that all such losses

¹ Preliminary Assos Report, 1881, Appendix, page 147.

² The writer again ventures to quote himself. Assos Report, page 155.

were fully offset by accessions from the states overrun and conquered during the southward march. Even the audacious Athenians, the burners of Sardis, had made no stand for their temples and homes, and now, huddled among the rocks of Salamis, helpless and despairing, watched the avenging flames that rose high over their own city. There was no longer any Grecian land force in the field. The whole population of the Peloponnese, crazed by their fears, were engaged night and day in building a wall across the isthmus, thinking thus to shut out an invader to whom they were even now abandoning the sea no less than the land! For it was only with reluctance and murmuring that the commanders of the allied fleet had yielded to the Athenians' plea to put in at Salamis just long enough for the homeless refugees from Attica to embark. The only strategy for which a hearing could be gained was the strategy of despair. It was merely a question whether they would flee each to his own home under cover of the night, or wait to do so when the morning dawned. Of this disunion and desperation Xerxes must have been aware through spies and traitors, even before the arrival of Themistocles' famous message advising the Persians to close up the straits and catch their panic-stricken foes in a single trap, thus saving the trouble of pursuing them singly. Well might the king set up his throne on the steep side of Aigaleos, to witness the crowning scene of his triumphant progress.

The decisive victory of the Athenians and their allies the next morning—made decisive, indeed, only by the terror and pusillanimous flight of Xerxes himself—was fittingly regarded by the Greeks, doubtless also by the thoughtful and reverent Persians, as brought about chiefly through a manifest interposition of the Hellenic divinities, wroth at the willful destruction of so many shrines and temples, but wroth and jealous, above all, at the superhuman power and overweening

pride of Xerxes. Even in us, with all the wisdom that follows the event, with the clearer vision of the unconcerned spectator, this sudden and overwhelming reverse of fortune rouses astonishment that is almost incredulity. It is not merely that the victor's progress has suffered a notable check. A single hour brings a revolution whose results are as lasting as they were unexpected. Never again did a Persian sail darken the waters of the Hellenic peninsula. Never did a Persian soldier, after the doomed millions of Xerxes, pass the gates of Thermopylæ, or even through the vale of Tempe. Regarded merely as a conflict between nationalities, therefore, Salamis may well be counted among the chief crises of history. But it chanced that this was not the sole, perhaps hardly the chief, result there attained. In that single hour of glorious strife the Athenians were also wresting from the Spartans the leadership in Hellas, and assuring to themselves for the next half century imperial sway on the coasts and islands of the Ægean.

But it is necessary to retrace our steps for a moment, in order to cast a glance at the internal history of the Athenian commonwealth in the decade since Marathon. The salient events of this period, as of early Athenian history generally, may be discerned somewhat more clearly since the recent discovery, in Egypt, of an Aristotelian treatise, frequently cited in antiquity, and long lamented as lost in modern times, describing the Constitution of Athens.

The career of Miltiades, who had won immortal fame by wise and successful leadership in the Marathonian campaign, came to an ignominious close a few months later. Demanding and obtaining, without having disclosed his purpose, an armament of seventy ships, he made an unsuccessful descent on the island of Paros, probably to satisfy a personal grudge. Being brought to trial

for "deceiving the people," he was condemned to pay a heavy fine, and a few days later died, perhaps in the public prison, from an injury received in the foray.

A majority of Athens' most illustrious citizens — perhaps the assertion may be made of all Hellas — suffered imprisonment or exile. Whether their fall was due to the ingratitude of a democracy, or to a lack of self-control in the great men themselves, is a question still debatable. In the case of Miltiades Mr. Grote makes a memorable defense of the Athenian people, and indeed it is clear that the "tyrant of the Chersonese" was quite unfitted for life in a constitutional republic. This last act in Miltiades' career is of twofold interest, since it reminds us that Athens already possessed a respectable fleet, and also plainly indicates the growing power of the popular law courts, the chief stronghold of the democratic constitution. Miltiades himself is a figure already belated on the stage. The leaders of the new time show clearly, in all their acts and methods, that the people's will is now really supreme in Athens. Themistocles and Aristides are the first constitutional leaders of political parties approaching the modern type.

The partisans of the exiled tyrant had attempted traitorous action during the brief campaign of 490 B. C. Miltiades' forced march of twenty-six miles back to Athens on the very day of the battle at Marathon is believed to have saved the city from capture through their treachery. In the first delight of success, the patriotic majority appear to have displayed what Aristotle calls "the usual leniency of the people," — a most significant expression from the friend of Alexander, and one which Grote would have used effectively in his defense of the action taken against Miltiades. It has been conjectured that the news of Darius' preparations for a fresh invasion may finally have stirred up the Atheni-

ans to vigorous measures against the foes at home. At any rate, in 488 B. C. a younger Hipparchos, kinsman of the exiled family, and leader of their faction in Athens, was banished by ostracism. This famous device for exiling a dangerous citizen without trial or disgrace was now used for the first time, though elaborated by Clisthenes twenty years earlier. It was suggested by the warning example of Pisistratos, and was especially intended for use, in case of need, against this very Hipparchos. Megacles, who suffered the same fate in the following year, is also to be classed as a friend of the tyrant's. But the appeal to this judgment, as Grote has clearly shown, tended inevitably to become the final weapon in any heated strife between parties or popular leaders. This probably accounts for the exile of Xanthippos, Pericles' father, the accuser of Miltiades, in 486. It is without doubt the explanation of the famous ostracism of Aristides, which Aristotle assigns to the year 484. The familiar story of the illiterate citizen who, not knowing Aristides by sight, asked his aid in preparing his ballot, and desired to vote for the exile of the man he was tired of hearing called "the just," may possibly be true; but a probable adequate cause for the statesman's banishment is not far to seek.

Aristotle tells us that in this same year the Attic silver mines were discovered. A large sum at once flowed into the treasury, doubtless from the first lease of the mining privileges. Themistocles insisted that a hundred talents should be devoted to the construction of as many war ships. It was surely no ordinary demagogue or merely selfish politician who pushed such a measure, and thwarted the more popular proposal for a donation of ten drachmæ to every free inhabitant of Attica. Themistocles' plan, with the resultant policy of transforming Athens into a maritime and mercantile community, would naturally be opposed by the conservative and agri-

cultural forces, under Aristides' lead. We can hardly refuse to connect the latter's exile with this struggle of principles. Within a year Themistocles carried the proposal, despite all resistance. He found it necessary, indeed, to point to the renewed war with Ægina, in order to bring the people to support his measure; but his own eye was evidently fixed on the blacker storm-cloud which never left the eastern horizon. Of this Æginetan war Herodotos emphatically remarks that it "proved the salvation of Hellas, by forcing the Athenians to become a race of seamen." Though some emulation was aroused in Corinth and Ægina, the commercial rivals of Athens, yet the latter actually mustered far more ships for the Persian war than all the rest of the Greek world!

It seemed as if ostracism were already becoming the favorite amusement of a fickle populace, and might prove as disastrous as the similar institution of "petalism" among the Syracusans, which is said to have been applied so unfairly and so constantly as to deter men of rank and fortune from attempting any political activity. But there is hope for a free people which shows its greatest wisdom in the time of deadly peril. In the spring of 480 B. C., when Thessaly was full of Xerxes' invading soldiery, Athens had the good sense and the courage to summon home all her exiled citizens.

There is something nobly typical in that famous meeting of Aristides and Themistocles, on the latter's galley, in the harbor of Salamis, late in the night before the final contest. Aristides has just run the gauntlet of the Persian fleet to rejoin his homeless countrymen. He announces that the enemy's ships are already closing in. Themistocles fearlessly reveals to his honorable rival his own duplicity, avowing that the cowardice of the Peloponnesian allies has left him no resource but the secret message to Xerxes. On this occasion were

uttered most memorable words, destined to be echoed often, even though unconsciously, by brave patriots, ready to forget personal griefs and interests in the hour of national peril. Aristides thus greets Themistocles: "It is our destiny, now as in other times, to be rivals, striving each to render the greater service to the fatherland." In that instant, we would fain believe, each man, diverse as they were and must always remain, saw clearly that both were indispensable to Athens. It seemed the darkest moment in her history. Only a few hours before, in the council of war, the Corinthian leader had bidden Themistocles be silent, and protested against his voting, on the ground that he no longer had a fatherland to represent there!

Of the brief contest on the morrow we shall find the best extant description in the tragedy of *The Persians* itself. There was a tradition in later times that Euripides, the third of the great Athenian dramatists, was born on the island of Salamis, on the very day of the battle. It was perhaps only an invention for the sake of a certain artistic completeness. Æschylos undoubtedly fought upon an Athenian trireme, and the young Sophocles was chosen, because of his physical beauty and grace, to lead the chorus that danced and sang about the trophy of victory.

As for the restored exiles, the parts they played in the great deeds of this and the succeeding years are the most signal justification, as well as proof, of the confidence accorded to them by their countrymen. On the day of Salamis Aristides led the Athenian heavy infantry, which landed on an island in the channel, and cut to pieces a picked body of Persians posted there, including many favorite courtiers of Xerxes. The next year, when Mardonios and the four hundred thousand Persians left by Xerxes "to complete the conquest of Greece" found dishonored graves in Platea's soil, Aristides again distinguished himself at

the head of the Athenian infantry. Xanthippos had meanwhile succeeded Themistocles as commander of the Athenian division in the national fleet. On the very day of Plataea the Persian ships were chased ashore at Mycale, in Asia Minor. The Greeks landed, burned the ships, and utterly routed the land army. The Athenians were acknowledged the chief heroes of this battlefield. The Grecian islands were at once liberated by the victory, and after the Peloponnesian fleet returned home Xanthippos completed the campaign by the capture of Sestos, the key of the Chersonese and the Hellespont. The Grecian cities on the mainland, also, were soon to be released from the Persian yoke. With the return of the squadron to Hellas — bearing away the remnants of the famous bridges over the Hellespont, to be consecrated as memorials in Grecian temples — the tale of Herodotos reaches a fitting close. Never did the whirligig of time bring round more swiftly a completer revenge.

A still more responsible and honorable duty fell to Aristides' lot the next year, 478 B. C. In conjunction with Kimon, Miltiades' son, he commanded the Athenian division — which, as usual, constituted more than half — of a small fleet sent out under command of Pausanias, the Spartan regent, to continue the war against Persia. This force effected the reduction of Byzantium. Pausanias' vanity had been fatally excited by the victory, gained under his feeble and vacillating command, at Plataea, and he now entered into a treasonable correspondence with Xerxes, dismissing his prisoners of the royal blood, and aspiring to wed the daughter of the Asiatic despot. Though this action was probably at most only suspected at the time, his haughtiness, cruelty, and folly exasperated the Ionian commanders to such a degree that they utterly refused to serve longer under Spartan leadership. They insisted that Athens should become

the head of a maritime league for the common defense against the Persians. Thus was formed the confederacy of Delos. Sparta and the other Peloponnesian states recalled their squadrons, but made no opposition to the new organization. Aristides was deputed to fix the amount of the annual contributions by each city for the general service, and apparently exerted a controlling influence in the whole work of creating the league.

This revolt from Spartan authority was but the inevitable issue required by the "logic of events." It was in fact the final result of Themistocles' farsighted wisdom in building up the Athenian navy. Though Athens had suffered far more, she had also accomplished far more, in the war than all the Peloponnesian states together. Sparta had shown her unfitness to lead by even more than ordinary selfishness and faithlessness. In particular, the second occupation and devastation of Athens by Mardonios, in 479, perhaps the sack of the year before as well, should be charged to Sparta's failure to send her troops, as she had promised, to meet the Persians in Boeotia. Even before Salamis, the question was raised whether Athens, furnishing more than half of all the vessels and crews, should be granted the chief command upon the sea. But the other Dorian states refused to serve under any leadership save that of the Spartans; and the Athenians, wisely and patriotically, consented still to follow where they alone were fit to lead. The Spartan character and traditions were averse to naval service, aggressive foreign war, and close relations with remoter Hellenic states. In short, the Athenians, and they alone, could take advantage of the new and happier conditions in the Aegean, which their own energy and prowess had brought about.

How this voluntary and helpful union between the strong and the weak became, perhaps inevitably, an oppressive

imperial rule; how the contributions came to be regarded as tribute; how the treasury of the league was removed from the Ionian sanctuary of Delos to the Athenian Acropolis, and eventually despoiled for the adornment of Periclean Athens, — all this lies beyond our proper limits. The Athenians, however, down to the very day of their utter humiliation, could truthfully assert that their strength, and their strength alone, had kept the ways of the sea open and safe for peaceful intercourse and profitable commerce. To the formation of this great confederacy, the greatest and most beneficent union of free states ever attained in the ancient world, the universally known and aggressive honesty of Aristides was without doubt indispensable. His life, side by side with that of Themistocles, teaches unmistakably the lesson that, while craft may at times seem, and perhaps truly seem, indispensable to the salvation even of a whole nation, yet only single-hearted devotion to duty can bring to a man permanent happiness or spotless fame.

It must not be supposed, however, that any political revolution had at this time displaced Themistocles from the leading position. In the whole story of his stratagem, by which the jealousy of Sparta was baffled while the new fortifications of Athens were raised, it is plainly assumed that he was still the idol of the people and the controlling mind in affairs. The subsequent fortification of the great harbor city Piræus was also devised and executed by him.

Indeed, if the Aristotelian treatise is to be credited, Themistocles remained in Athens nearly twenty years after Xerxes' defeat. There are serious difficulties in accepting so late a date for his ostracism and subsequent flight to Persia, but it is pleasant to believe that Themistocles and Aristides (whose death is assigned by Nepos to the year 468 B. C.) never again returned to the implacable partisan enmities of their earlier years.

The author of the Constitution of Athens gives us the important information that the Council of the Areopagus exercised a vigorous control over political action in Athens for the two decades following the Persian wars. If true, this offers an interesting parallel to the long and glorious rule of the Roman Senate, these two bodies being alike composed of citizens who had held the highest offices of state. It was, at any rate, a time of many-sided activity and prosperous growth. Early in that period, in the year 472 B. C., Æschylos exhibited in the theatre of Dionysos his historical tragedy *The Persians*. The discussion of the circumstances immediately attending the performance of the play may properly open another paper, which will include a version of the important portions of the drama. Throughout this tragedy may be heard not only a pious feeling of thankfulness for wondrous deliverance, but also a lofty confidence and proud self-consciousness characteristic of a free, happy, and ambitious generation.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE AMERICAN IDEALIST.

THE word "idealism" is in many minds connected with a philosophical system that is mainly negative. The critical and destructive portion of Kant's work has become so widely known as the basis of German philosophy that an idealist is supposed to be one who believes the whole empirical world to be a delusion; who sees no reality but his own thought, and cannot rest even that reality on a solid foundation; a nihilist, in short. Could anything be more mistaken? Is there a philosophy more triumphant, more overflowing with faith, more world-storming, than true idealism? Is there a man whose convictions are firmer, more self-asserting, more vigorous, more joyous, than those of the true idealist? Instead of doubting the existence of things, he is penetrated with the intensity, the self-demonstrating sureness, of reality; he cannot resist it if he would; every moment of life is to him crowded and packed with certainty, though perhaps not so much with the certainty of material phenomena as with that of moral and spiritual facts, of *ideas*. He is by nature a believer. Everything shows, I think, that Kant himself, in spite of his "world-overturning" speculations, was the profoundest of believers.

At the same time something can be said for the common view. If the idealist does not dissolve the world in his own mind, he projects his own mind upon the world. He lives among theories, among types, to which facts must accommodate themselves or suffer for it. He does not love inductive methods, prefers working *a priori*. How can things be except as they ought to be? Every idealist constructs in his own way a skeleton like the great logical schemes of Plato or Hegel, round which the world of perception must flow gently, and shape itself in a fleshly garment, sometimes

beautifully draped and adjusted, sometimes falling in harsh folds with a melancholy stiffness. In this sense it may be said that the idealist destroys the world, and builds it for himself anew.

The division on these lines into idealist and realist absorbs all humanity. There are the men who see things as they are, and the men who see them as they would have them. To put it more fairly, there are those who take each fact of experience by itself, letting it get connected with other facts as it can; there are those who find for every fact its proper place in the vast and perfect order of nature. These two different classes can never quite understand each other or work together. In one the subjective is subordinated to the objective; in the other the subject rides triumphant and supreme, the object being reduced to servile insignificance.

The scientific tone of mind, the modern critical spirit, is distinctly realist. It aims to make itself a mere passive instrument, played upon, like an *Æolian* harp, by all the influences of the outer world. Indeed, the intellect pure and simple does not favor idealism, which springs essentially from the moral side of our nature. The intellect is always striving to be impersonal; the heart, the emotions, are what drive us, with feverish intensity, to assert ourselves. Now, the intellect has become more predominant in the nineteenth century than it has ever been before in the history of the world.

Yet what a curious illustration of nature's revenges is the spread of pessimism side by side with this mighty development of the intellect! Pessimism is idealism turned inside out. Every pessimist has in him the elements of an enthusiastic idealist; for if he did not imagine a more perfect world, why should he find so much fault with this? Only

the clear-eyed intellect thinks the ideal world hopelessly far away ; and the dull, muddy world about us seems vile in comparison. A French critic remarks : " I wrote it twenty-five years ago, ' the supernatural ' " — let us read, the ideal, — " ' is the sphere of the soul,' and I see no reason for changing my mind. The only thing I would add now is this melancholy reflection, that one may demand the absolute without being sure of getting it. The child, also, cries for the moon, when it has seen the reflection in a well."

Of the numerous spiritual types that humanity presents, some are permanent and some are transitory. A good example of the latter is the miser. There is plenty of meanness, of niggardliness and foolish sparing, in the nineteenth century ; but you do not often find, in this country, at any rate, a man who hoards gold simply for the pleasure of counting it, of eying it, — who grudges equally the spending of one dollar and of a thousand. People seek to acquire money, as they have always done, because money gives the means for gratifying their passions, because it gives power ; but they do not often seek it for the actual accumulation of precious metal. This may be owing to the colossal size of modern fortunes, which makes money less a reality than a dream ; it is more probably caused by the introduction of paper currency and the banking system. The clink of gold affords a pleasure not to be found in fingering greenbacks. Certain literary figures have lost their interest for us on account of this change, — figures like Molière's Harpagon and the heroes of many of La Fontaine's fables.

On the other hand, some types belong to this century only, or to this and the preceding. The philanthropist is one of these, — the man who devotes his life to working for mankind not from any lofty religious principle, sometimes even with no great belief in the goodness or worth of humanity ; doing it either from pure

sympathy and love, or because he has no other means of satisfying a restless desire for action. Another modern type is the critic, perhaps I should say the scientist, who has reduced his own personality to a minimum, and lives on curiosity ; who thrusts himself into the spiritual garments of other men, or probes the secrets of nature, drawing into his own veins the blood and life that circulate elsewhere.

But idealists are confined neither to the ninth century nor to the nineteenth. The first man who framed for himself another life beyond this world or outside of it, the first man who labored and toiled with hand and brain to bring about a paradise in the future, or dreamed of a paradise in the past, was the first idealist. In spite of all negations, of all iconoclasms, of the downfall of this creed and of that creed, the world will never see the last. The ideal is infinite in its persistence, infinite in its protean power of reëmbodiment, remanifestation. All it demands is faith in something, belief in something, beyond the passing sensuous impression : give it that and it will conquer the world. For its advantage over positivism and skepticism consists in its being affirmative, in its perpetual self-assertion. Those who follow it follow undoubting, absolutely mastered. In Heine's words, — and let me remark that Heine wrote " Idea," and not " ideas," as it stands in the epigraph of one of our magazines : " We do not seize upon the Idea ; the Idea seizes us, and enslaves us, and lashes us into the arena, where we fight for it like gladiators, whether we will or no." What a masquerade this worship of the Idea gives us, sweeping down in bright order through the shadowy past ! The obstinate hope of the Jews for their Messiah, the patriotism of the Greeks at Thermopylæ, the Christian martyrs, the glittering Crusades, the Renaissance, the sanguinary passion of the French Revolution, — these are the gleaming points in the great web of en-

thusiasm for all causes and all faiths. Believe! Believe! Only believe! And all things shall be added unto you.

It will be seen from the above enumeration that nations are idealists as well as individuals. Is not the Bible the monument of indomitable idealism in a whole race? — a race narrow, indeed, in its conceptions, not much concerned with the intellectual problems that please the Aryans, yet intensely and fiercely moral, and showing its idealism in the positive force of its morality, in not being content with perfecting itself, but in being determined to overcome the whole world. Has idealism ever been manifested with more energy and splendor than in the lament of Job, or the denunciation of David, or the lovely visions of Isaiah? “For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind.” Is not that the text of the idealist everywhere? “But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.” For that rising not only Jew but Gentile waits, has waited, and will wait forever, with the fervor of an unconquerable hope.

A blind enthusiasm of the same sort, though grosser in its materialism, was at the bottom of the great Mohammedan movement. The intenser form of idealism, at least in religious matters, seems to be found outside the Aryan races, which agrees with what I said above as to the results of intellectual development in individuals. Even among Aryan nations, however, there are, as one can see, vast differences in this respect. Perhaps, taking into account the fact that we must live in this world as it is, with all its imperfections, the Greeks, in their best days, came as near to a just harmonizing of the real and the ideal as is possible. The Romans, on the other hand, were, as a people, positivists beyond any the world has seen; positivists to such a point that, with the exception of two

great poems, — even those largely imitative, — they alone of all important nations, ancient or modern, left behind them no trace of original work in any one of the fine arts.

Among modern European nations, the English are most like the Romans, in this as in other things. Their poetry saves them from the same degree of reproach; yet their poetry is at its best in the drama, and the drama is the form of poetry that lends itself least to idealistic purposes. The French are more distinctly idealist. Indeed, we may safely say that, generally speaking, the Celts always are so, while the Teutonic races are soberer, more practical. A moment's consideration of English history and character compared with French or Irish will suffice to prove this.

To return to individuals. This enthusiasm, faith, takes naturally very different forms in different minds. In some it is calm, serene, gentle; works upon mankind by mild and sweet persuasiveness, by an influence that spreads unconsciously, yet all the more powerfully. In others it is stormy, impetuous, rejoicing in difficulties, rejoicing in struggle and sacrifice, seeming to acquire firmer conviction by the sense of victory hardly earned. We need not go far for examples of both these classes. Where could we find the contrast better illustrated than in the Founder of Christianity and its greatest apostle? Paul cries, not once, but again and again, in varying words: “For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” How different, ah, how different is this other tone! “Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me. . . . For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”

Examples of such opposite tendencies

might be multiplied infinitely. In literature, take, for instance, Byron and Shelley. Byron was certainly an idealist in his way; but he would have been inclined to mend the world by shattering it to pieces. Shelley, whose "passion for reforming the world" marks him as one of the most intense idealists of our century, was the sweetest of men.

It is clear enough that the idealist is not necessarily either moral or religious. What he must have is an abiding and inspiring enthusiasm for something that demands devotion and sacrifice; this something may be religion, it may be humanity, it may be beauty, it may be one's country, it may be power, it may be wealth. The distinction lies not so much in the object as in the spirit with which it is pursued. Alexander was an idealist; Caesar was not. Shakespeare, so far as we can judge, was not; Milton was. Napoleon, in spite of his hatred of *idéologues*, was an idealist himself. There is no way to make this felt more clearly than by contrasting him with Wellington, in whom the genius of his country may be said to have been embodied, as, in a certain sense, that of France was in Napoleon. The idealist may, then, be selfish in as high a degree, as absolutely, as he may be virtuous. Indeed, even when his preoccupation is wholly with what is high and pure, he may be caustic, crabbed, unlovable, to those about him. He often is so, with his impatience at not being understood, his keen perception of the woeful difference between the world as it is and the world as he would have it.

There is the limitation, the negative side. Conviction, in this world, so often brings intolerance. The French writer I quoted just now says elsewhere: "The fundamental dogma of intolerance is that there are dogmas; that of tolerance, that there are only opinions." But the Idea is more than a dogma, it is a fact, in the mind of the believer. How can he look upon it as a mere opinion, dis-

cutable, disputable? How can he put himself in the place of another, disown his own position, admit even the possibility of being wrong? He works by sight, not by faith; by an intuition that allows no question and no doubt. Hence the sweetest of idealists must think you ignorant and to be pitied, if you differ from him. He will not abuse or revile you, but he will regard you at best as an object for conversion. The idealist who is not sweet will not refrain from expressing his opinion.

To come to what is properly American. The typical American is, or was, English in his origin, and I have said that the English are not idealists. Furthermore, it was the Puritans who emigrated to this country, and the Puritans embodied what was least idealistic in the English nature. It is bold, perhaps, to say so, but I am convinced that what makes the Puritans unattractive, in spite of their virtues, is this very fact, that they were not idealists. For the most part, the English religious movement of the seventeenth century was a revolt of common sense, as indeed was the Reformation in general. The English political movement of the seventeenth century was of the same nature, as one may see by contrasting it with the French Revolution, Hampden with Robespierre. It may be said that if this be the case the English were blessed in not being idealists. With that we have nothing to do in this simple search after facts. What I have asserted above is exactly what Matthew Arnold meant when he spoke of Luther as the "Philistine of genius in religion," Bunyan as the "Philistine of genius in literature," Cromwell as the "Philistine of genius in politics," all taken from the group of men connected with new-born Protestantism.

The Puritans who left England for America were perhaps more idealistic than those who remained at home; yet the most striking thing about the founders of New England is their stern good

sense. It has stuck by their descendants till the present day. The characteristic religion of New England, Unitarianism, is the religion of good sense, the least idealistic religion that has ever professed to connect itself with Christianity.

The American of to-day, however, either from race intermixture or from influences of climate or of institutions, is manifestly different from his English progenitor. He is quicker, keener, less conservative, though still conservative. His intelligence is inventive, and proverbially seeks rapid ways to come at things. He is extremely practical, — more than that, material; dazed, it would seem, by the immense resources of his country, by the immense opportunities it affords for accumulating wealth, and with it power. He is, for the present, wholly absorbed in the means; careless of the end, if there be an end at all. Yet his spiritual eye is shut rather than blinded. If you can open it, it is wonderfully quick and penetrating. He is restless, too, dissatisfied with traditions, with old-world beliefs, doctrines, ideas. He half thinks there should be a new religion, as vast and modern as his needs. We perceive the same restlessness in the later Roman world, with somewhat similar conditions. Men were dissatisfied with their old faith; all vital belief in it had disappeared; everywhere they were doubting, wondering. Before the spread of Christianity, all sorts of religions from the East — Mithraism, for instance — found numerous followers. In such a soil Christianity could not but grow vigorously. The Roman world resembled us, indeed, only in the sudden increase of material prosperity. The newness of conditions is far more general with us than it was with them. Yet here, too, what a hold has been taken by Spiritualism, by Christian Science, by the mystical philosophies of India, even where they are only half, if at all, understood!

When the American is possessed by the Idea, he is possessed by it thoroughly; not with a Celtic unreason, but with an enthusiasm that seems quite out of harmony with his ordinary half-skeptical self, and that goes great lengths. The most interesting point in the history of American thought is the transcendental movement of the first half of this century, which was idealism incarnate. Practically, it showed itself in that curious experiment, Brook Farm, which was an attempt to realize what has been in one form or another the social Utopia of all idealists; an attempt to overcome the biting stress of individualism, to "pool," as the railroad men say, the interests of all humanity; an attempt — which failed. What was far more serious, and what did not fail, was the great anti-slavery movement, as truly a result of idealism here as was the French Revolution in Europe, and managed in a far purer spirit. It has been argued, to be sure, that the English got rid of slavery with less idealism, but without bloodshed. The cases were, however, very different.

The list of great names connected with all these movements is not a short one. Active in the antislavery agitation, we have Garrison, Phillips, Sumner. More especially connected with transcendentalism, we have the group that centred in Concord: Alcott, about whom critical judgments differ most; Margaret Fuller, pathetic in her actual fate without any addition of romance; Thoreau, robust, self-asserting, not to say egotistical, — more arrogant than some of his comrades, but touched with a fine and peculiar genius most nearly allied to the greatest of them all. Lastly, rising with his whole figure above these, who are only grouped about the pedestal upon which he stands, comes the representative American idealist, — one may almost say the representative idealist of all times and nations; the man who came nearest to uniting the high en-

thusiasm of the saint with the calm vision of the seer, who touched with a holy fire the speculations of Plato and Hegel, who blended the philosophy of Germany with the mysticism of Asia; the man who, for the first time in nineteen centuries, owned the all-importance of religion, and yet looked forward, and not back, — Ralph Waldo Emerson. No doubt the Puritan lack of imagination does make itself felt in Emerson, at times almost repulsively; no doubt minds of another type do and must weary of his eternal optimism; but never was there a truer servant of the Idea than he; never has the high enthusiasm of that service been better voiced than it so often was by him.

"The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul is. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. . . . Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great night or shade on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth, but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not; it cannot work any harm; it cannot work any good. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

"In a virtuous action I properly am; in a virtuous act I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing, and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses limits, and always affirms an optimism, never a pessimism."

Essay after essay is but one continuous joyous proclamation of the permanence, the inexhaustible vitality, of the Idea.

As was natural, this vigorous and potent personality influenced a great number of people. Many of them sought an expression for their enthusiasm in literature, — some successfully, the majority

not so. But there were others who were contented to live quietly in the calm and pure light of their high faith, making no attempt to communicate it, unless indirectly by a certain spiritual atmosphere that constantly surrounded them. One such I have in mind: a man who was for many years, for life almost, an intimate friend of Emerson's; who had imbibed his spirit thoroughly, yet united with it a peculiar gentleness and sweetness all his own. His nature was feminine in its delicacy, subtly sensitive to all impressions, — morbid in some ways, unquestionably. He was at times the slave of a conscientiousness that ruled him tyrannically, exposing him to ridicule from those who did not understand; but the fine purity of his character, his imaginative sympathy, his infinite patience, tolerance, readiness to find excuses even for those he disapproved of, his loyalty and devotion to the people and the ideas he loved, above all his supreme unworldliness and indomitable conviction of the truth, — when shall we look upon his like again?

The men of that generation have passed away. Have their enthusiasms vanished with them? I do not believe it. Material prosperity has lured us all more or less from the things of the spirit. The high light of thought and devotion seems obscured by the mist of lower passions, sordid rivalries, eager greed. But, as a people, we are not — as yet we are not — corrupted or decadent. We are ever on the watch for what points upward, full of generous impulses, ready sympathies. Above all, we are hopeful; we look forward. We feel in a manner bound to grow to the great destinies of a great country. All sorts of speculative opinions find a ready acceptance. I have alluded to Christian Science, and the fascination exercised by half-mystical theories about new discoveries in the nature of mind. Politically, the idealistic tendency shows itself in the projects of the Nationalists, the

followers of George and Bellamy. It shows itself also in agitations for woman's rights and objects of that nature. Indeed, it may be said, in passing, that the most typical American idealist is a woman; idealism, with its merits and defects, being more natural to women than to men.

No, from whatever source derived, whether it be a reflection of Divinity in the human heart, or a mere figment of the imagination projected on the realm of "Chaos and old Night," the Idea can never die, never lose its influence over mankind, never cease to be the main-spring of all that is accomplished in the world,—of all progress, of all virtue, of all happiness. It clothes itself in many forms. It puts on and casts off religions and philosophies like worn and faded

garments. All these change, but the Idea remains the same. Something outside, something beyond, something larger than itself, humanity must have to strive for, to hope for. It would be useless to oppose this tendency, even if it were desirable. The pessimist will revile it, cherishing it all the while more than any one else. The critic will find in it an ever-changing and infinitely curious object of study. The wise statesman will seek to guide it and profit by it. But he who is a born idealist himself will see in its vitality its justification. He will bow down with his whole heart and soul in infinite worship before the unchanged, immortal spirit of virtue, loveliness, and truth, which, underneath the shifting illusion of the world, is all that is firm, all that is abiding.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

THE CALUMNIATOR.

"He, pierced by such shafts of slander, died soon after."

WHAT world-wide search doth mighty Justice make
 To bring the slain his unknown murderer!
 Hither and thither speeds a messenger
 To earth's four points, for her imperial sake.
 And are there some she cannot overtake?
 They who elude the chain elude not her;
 For such, the flame-bound Furies hotly spur,
 And make their every thought a hissing snake.
 But ah! will Justice never punish so
 The ambushed slayer of a man's good name,
 Plunging his tongue, yea, to the very hilt,
 In its fair virtue, till the heart-blood flow?
 Ay! true as Justice lives, this killing shame
 Must pay the price of homicidal guilt!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

A FLORENTINE EPISODE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

"LET me see," said Mr. Mortimer Mayo, with a sudden air of business, "what is it I owe you, Keith?"

Two men, one of fifty and the other of less than half that age, were crossing the Piazza della Signoria in Florence, in the direction of the Loggia. The question had come from the elder, who was of medium height; was dressed with immaculate elegance; wore a blonde mustache and beard, the latter trimmed neatly to a point, after the fashion of certain portraits; and had a pair of wide-awake blue eyes, which added to the effect his whole air gave of alert readiness to perform his every duty to the most microscopic detail. This was Mortimer Mayo, sometime New Yorker, but now nothing if not cosmopolitan. His companion, Keith Tresillian, was half a head above him, with a slender figure, a beardless face tanned by exposure, brown eyes whose expression in a way suggested that of a fine dog's, well-cut features, thick chestnut hair, and a half-careless habit of dress, if one judged by his manner of wearing his hat pushed far back on his head.

"Since you ask me," he drawled indifferently, "I believe you owe me three hundred and fifty francs. I happened to be making up my accounts this morning."

"I am glad to hear it. I advise every young man to acquire systematic habits in regard to everything connected with money. You have worked me so hard I have not been able to keep any arithmetic in my head. Three hundred and fifty francs! Suppose, Keith, just for convenience' sake, we make it five hundred; then, without being bothered by calculations, I shall know that I owe you exactly a hundred dollars."

"I have not so much about me," Keith replied, "but I might step back to Maquay & Hooker's and draw."

"But we shall need money for this excursion to Prato," said Mayo, lively alarm depicted on his face. "A party of eight women is expensive."

"I'm not going."

"Not going? You must go. You ungrateful fellow, I contrived the affair for your entertainment."

"Thank you so much. Not to-day."

"But my dear Keith! fancy me with Mrs. Girard and her five daughters on my hands! And as I thought my boy would be along to settle, as usual" —

In the smile which lurked about the young fellow's lips, as he put his hand into his pocket, his good nature was apparent, but also a touch of irony, which did not, however, disconcert Mayo, who regarded money from a serious standpoint, having long since made a compromise between his principles and his necessities.

"How much shall I give you?" Keith asked.

"Plenty of five-franc pieces, not to say francs and half-francs. There will be all sorts of fees, and as by rights it is your party, I must be liberal."

Keith produced a handful of coins and a bank-bill, which Mayo accepted with an air of relief.

"You will make a note of it?" he hastened to say, with the anxiety of a systematic man who leaves nothing at loose ends. "But what a pity that you will not come!"

"I have another engagement."

Mayo looked frankly surprised, and well he might, at this sudden show of independence in the listless young fellow to whom he had been devoting himself

for a week past with a zeal and disinterestedness he found fairly affecting now that Keith seemed inclined to shake off the yoke. He had discovered the young Philadelphian's name on the books of the Hotel Europa, and, looking him up, had claimed him as a cousin in a remote degree. Mrs. Tresillian, the young man's mother, at present lingering in Siena with a sick member of her party, on hearing of the encounter had written a pretty letter to her "cousin Mortimer," expressing relief that her boy had come across somebody friendly and akin who would keep him out of scrapes. Thus Mayo, accepting this arduous responsibility, had scarcely allowed the young fellow out of his sight. What possible engagement could Keith have made? However, Mortimer Mayo possessed invincible tact.

"All right," he said, with an air of *bonhomie* in which he was excelled by no man. "I am glad you have picked up some pleasant acquaintance. Not but that your conscience ought to prick you a little, for those pretty Girard girls" —

"I beg pardon," said Keith, "I must go."

"I shall sit down and wait for Mrs. Girard in the Loggia," said Mayo, with an air of fortitude.

Keith nodded and passed on with great strides, and Mayo, casting a glance after his charge, saw him buying a bunch of carnations in the open porticoes of the Uffizi. He could not help observing as well that Keith's air of listlessness already seemed cast off as a garment, now that he had some object in view. *Noblesse oblige* must, however, be Mr. Mortimer Mayo's motto, and nothing could induce him to spy upon any man's diversions.

Keith ran up the stairs of the great palace two steps at a time, and, passing through the two vestibules, entered the broad entrance corridor, hung with the works of the earliest masters. There

was a palpable relief in cutting himself free from Mr. Mortimer Mayo, who had enjoyed dancing him about like a puppet, while, stiff with the solidity of exact facts, dates, and "schools," that gentleman had delivered succinct opinions on nature and art gleaned from the best sources. Not that Keith had cared for such minor grievances, in the fit of restlessness and despair which had taken possession of him since Miss Rose Bellew had told him he was too young, too ineffective, to answer her ideals of the man she could marry. His thoughts had revolved round his own shortcomings; he had constantly pondered his weaknesses, like a fate-beleaguered Hamlet, appointing himself trials and penances. Miss Bellew had rejected Keith in the cathedral at Orvieto a fortnight before, and in the eternity of upheaval and chaos which had intervened he had been the prey of inextinguishable regrets. Yet at this moment, as he walked down the corridor toward the Tribuna, he was conscious of a lightening of heart as he recognized the object of his search, whose acquaintance he had made the day before at the Accademia, in a brief absence of his Mentor.

"Yes, there she is," he said, pausing, and gazing with a smile at a copyist sitting on a high stool before a sweet, crude fourteenth-century Annunciation, which, with brush uplifted, she was studying as if trying to tear the very heart out of it. There was an individuality quite peculiar and piquant about the girl, who looked very young, and the fantastic little figure must have arrested any one's attention. She was very slight, and her hands and feet were unusually small. She had a round babyishly pretty face, fine features, soft chubby cheeks like a fruit, eyes of the deepest blue with inordinately long and thick lashes, and a pathetically wistful little mouth. Her dress, Keith observed with amusement, was the same she had worn the day before, to his perception made

up of shreds and patches, but a sort of poetic apparel, nevertheless, with an effect of picturesqueness and ease which he admired. It consisted of a skirt of dark blue stuff, a white silk blouse with a flowered neckerchief tied about the throat, a huge scarlet apron with richly embroidered pockets and ruffle of wide lace, while on the clustering brown curls, cut short like a child's, was perched a scarlet cap.

While she sat gazing at her copy, a Memmi, through the slits of her half-closed eyes, her head a little on one side, Keith sat down on the steps of a tall unoccupied easel which stood near, and waited. All at once she jumped off her perch, and darting to a little distance regarded the picture in a new light; this gained, she flew back to her canvas and made a few swift fierce stabs with her brush in the face of the Virgin, then relapsed into a leopard-like repose, never wholly quiescent, but suggesting the possibility of a second spring.

"Good-morning, Miss Phillimore," said Keith, then, and not till then, breaking in upon her work.

She transferred her attention to him, smiled lazily, took a card out of her pocket, looked at it, and returned,—

"Good-morning, Mr. Keith Tresilian."

He laughed.

"So you had quite forgotten my name!"

"How could I remember such an odd name?" she rejoined, with an air of infantile candor. "I'm not an intellectual prodigy."

"It is not so musical a name as Phillis Phillimore," Keith observed. "That haunted my dreams like a strain of music."

"I did not tell you my name was Phillis," said the artist.

"But your color-box did. How good of you to lose it yesterday!"

"How good of you to find it!"

"I confess I had been longing for an

excuse to address you. I had been watching you for an hour, puzzling over your nationality. Had you noticed me?"

"Of course I had not noticed you," said Miss Phillimore loftily. "Why should I?"

"Nevertheless I felt as if I had attracted your attention. I dreaded lest my proximity might annoy you."

"I was conscious that I could not make a telling stroke. It is always so when anybody who represents philistinism, convention, high fashion, is looking on."

"Surely you are not alluding to me?"

"But really, now, are n't you an elegant, fastidious, highly connected young man of wealth and fashion?" she demanded naively.

"As to being well connected, I assure you nobody consulted me before I was born, and I was obliged to accept all my relations ready-made. As to my being elegant and fashionable, I give you my word that everything I do, say, or put on is apt to be pointed out by the knowing in such matters as what wise men avoid."

"But are n't you an idler?"

"I have dawdled about for a year, but this is my holiday. Until now it has been nothing except dig, dig, dig, with me, since I was six years old."

"But I know," Miss Phillimore persisted in her indictment, "that you are rich."

"My mother does provide me with reasonable pocket-money,—that I am compelled to acknowledge," said Keith,— "and I have a little something of my own. I see that you despise me."

"Oh, no," answered Miss Phillimore nonchalantly. "I should rather like to be rich myself, and sit down and bully mankind to give me whatever I wanted."

"Come, now! Do I sit down and bully mankind?"

She nodded, making at the same time a slight grimace. Keith said to himself that she was as refreshingly impertinent

as her get-up was genuinely artistic. He had of late been so dreary, out of conceit with himself, tasting everything with a distempered appetite, that this encounter was just what he needed to pique him into trying to go on living.

"But I am hard at work, don't you see?" she now remarked. "You must not interrupt me."

"I'm a stock, a stone, — blind, deaf and dumb. Don't pay the least attention to me. I see that you are painting another ugly Annunciation."

"I am painting all the Annunciations."

"You have a life-task before you!"

She uttered a quick sigh.

"If only I might spend my life that way!" she said. "I have lost so much time, I have made so many attempts, I have had so many ambitions. For a whole year I painted nothing but Giorgiones. I could not sleep at night for thinking about the secret of his color. The way the hair lies against the forehead of the Knight of Malta, for example, would go through me like a knife. I assure you I have had my despairs. Then I gradually made up my mind to content myself with the joy, the thrill, the rankling sting, the deep-down unutterable heart of art. For, talk as you will about form, color, technique, handling, it is the world-joy, the world-pain, an artist has got to express, or die for it, — the beauty which we see only by snatches, which beckons but eludes us, which our hands cannot reach nor our lips press, yet which is the supreme part of our lives."

The tears stood in her eyes as she looked at Keith; her color came and went.

"Accordingly," she went on, to his relief, without waiting for him to respond to this outburst, "I like to copy the early Nativities and Annunciations, to study first one and then another, and to see how, with the same impulse and the same appeal to sympathy, they show such a

different intellectual quality and such a different spiritual touch. Then it is curious to see how the great masters took their compositions ready-made from the early painters. I suppose that in the first gropings of artistic feeling for expression, when men only tried reverently and devoutly to put down the vision which burned aching in upon their own souls, they had a passionate insight into the wonder and the mystery of the miracles which nobody can have after becoming familiarized with such ideas. So when men found out the secrets of color and form, they simply repeated over and over again what the early artists had felt."

She went on noting the resemblances and differences, — was enthusiastic over Tintoretto's Annunciation, which was so beautiful and so original, and Leonardo's, which was so subtly expressive, — all the time painting, now with frenzy, then again holding herself back and giving an occasional rhythmical stroke, touching and retouching certain parts. Keith had no real knowledge of art, keen of eye and fond of beauty as he was, but his impression was that, in spite of her passionate relish for her work, she painted rather badly. Yet it was so apparent that her heart helped every stroke of her brush that it pained him when presently she dropped her hands, exclaiming, —

"Well, another failure!"

"Do not say that," he said eagerly.

"What is one more failure, when already I have several hundreds of them piled up in my room! I have had the experience, and I have almost come to the conclusion that it is hardly worth while to attempt anything in art, — that feeling is enough. Without coming to Italy one knows nothing, nothing. Even in Paris art is only the bubble on the surface; here it is the wine of life itself. Yet if one stays in Italy, one stays at the risk of losing all one's individual powers. One becomes so saturated with impres-

sions, and such beautiful impressions, that one is content to go on repeating ideas which were a part of the universal air centuries before we were born. Nobody could possibly have an original thought in Italy; but who wants one? Sometimes I have flattered myself that I had caught hold of something hitherto ungrasped. Once, for example, standing before Leonardo's Annunciation, it came over me what that angel's message meant to the Virgin. Hitherto she had been a happy young girl, like other girls, with a lover, and with expectations of a life like other women's. Then all at once she received tidings that she was consecrated, set apart, separated from the common lot. It struck me that no painter had adequately expressed her wonder and awe, her submission, yet almost painful amazement. I quite tingled with the force of my vital idea. Then a suspicion dawned on me that I was, as usual, warming up somebody else's discovery, and I remembered that in George Eliot's diary there is an account of the same thought stirring her as she stood before Titian's Annunciation in Venice, and of how she made it the germ of her Spanish Gypsy. And I dare say hundreds of other people had been impressed by the same fancy before. No, it is all of no use. Had I never come to Italy, I might have had an identity and done something out of my own brain. Here I am a mere bundle of worn-out impressions and enthusiasms. Don't you feel like taking a walk in the Boboli Gardens? I have a pass."

"With all my heart," replied Keith. "Art is long and time is fleeting, and it is not always June in Florence."

"But then in Florence," said Miss Phillimore, "art and nature are so jumbled together you can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins."

Keith suggested the necessity of some luncheon, whereupon she explained that she always carried a sandwich in her bag, for the sake of convenience, to say

nothing of economy. It was agreed that Keith should run out and buy a *pâté*, and meet her at the entrance to the Gardens, after she had crossed leisurely to the Pitti by the covered gallery.

Thus, an hour later, the two young people were sitting on the stone steps near the palace, eating the luncheon which Keith had provided with a lavishment to which his companion declared she was absolutely unaccustomed.

"I do not know luxuries by sight!" she cried, aghast.

"Still," pleaded Keith, "somehow things to eat always look so familiar."

She conceded that hitherto slumbering instincts were roused in her by the sight of the *pâtés*, and indeed she even took kindly to a galantine. They were sitting where, in old court days, noble Florentine dames used to enjoy the revels. At the left was the palace; at the right, groups of tapering cypresses, black as night, clipped ilex hedges, and thickets of bays and acacias shivering in the breeze; through the vista opening between rose the cathedral dome, the Campanile, and the Palazzo Vecchio; beyond the city, the eye followed the glimmering plain to the lapis-lazuli-colored hills. The blue sky was flecked with little clouds with the very spirit of the summer wind in their fleeces, and everything, gardens, city, valley, and mountains, basked in sunlight and glittered in intense brilliancy of hue.

Keith absorbed these outside impressions, which went to make up the completeness of an experience which certainly possessed all the charm of the unexpected. Miss Phillimore was the very opposite of all that he had hitherto admired in woman. Fancy Rose Bellew picking up an acquaintance in a picture-gallery, and eating a luncheon with him next day, unchaperoned! Yet Miss Phillimore seemed to require none of those adjuncts which are supposed to enhance the charm and *naïveté* of young girls.

She was quite as much at home here as in the Uffizi. She had left her apron and cap behind with her color-box, and had put on a sailor-hat, which made her a little more like ordinary folk. Keith had at first sight taken her for a French-woman, or possibly a German, while she had believed him to be an Englishman. So soon as they knew each other for compatriots they were friends, and their intimacy grew each moment. Lingerings over their picnic, she addressed him with unhesitating frankness, asking him any question her curiosity suggested, and on her own side wholly banishing mystery.

She had been born and had lived all her days in Ohio, until five years before she had joined a "personally conducted" party which was to make the "grand tour" in sixty days for the sum of five hundred dollars. She told Keith that from the moment of landing in Europe she had hated being driven hither and thither, as if she were one of a flock of sheep, and that so soon as she had crossed the Alps and descended into Italy such bondage became impossible. She saw the vines festooning the trees and hanging in garlands, the peasants picking mulberry leaves for the silkworms, or weeding the wheat, down whose alleys poppies made a blaze of color; she saw the cypresses, the ilexes, the olive-trees glittering as if inclosed in a net of transparent silver; she saw the sky, the hills, — two blues, one full of sunlit azure, the other of liquid purple; she saw the cities, with their bridges, their churches, their picture-galleries, and their gardens, and she declared she would stay in Italy. And here she had stayed, except for a few months at a time in France and Germany, ever since. Why should she not make a snatch at this happiness? All her life long she had hated to see things done in barren, unæsthetic fashion, and how, when her every dream was more than realized, could she break the spell?

Yet nothing, she gayly declared, could

be more reckless than such prodigality. Her father had been a plain farmer, her mother a French Canadian. Both were dead, and had left forty thousand dollars to be divided among ten children, and she had at need drawn her own share, until now she was well towards the end of her last thousand. After that was spent, the deluge! she proclaimed with a laugh, which nevertheless covered a sigh. She had lived as economically as she could; now and then, when her remittances had been delayed, she had suffered dire straits of poverty. Of course at times she was disheartened and homesick, and went to bed ready to cry her eyes out; but a new day was certain to find her with restored courage, ready to "work the mine of her youth to the last vein of its ore." She had lived five years in Italy, and was content.

Such frankness put to shame reserve on Keith's part. He told her he had been through his course at Harvard, and afterwards had had a few terms at Oxford; that the preceding year his mother, who was a widow and lived in Philadelphia, had joined him in England, and that after a summer in Switzerland and Germany they had gone to Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. On their return to Italy, in April, they had been joined by some friends and cousins, one of whom had fallen ill at Siena. This had detained the rest of the party, Keith explained, while he kept his eyes fixed on the cypresses slowly vibrating against the sky, and the acacias shimmering in the breeze.

"I came to Florence," he went on to say, "to wait for my mother. I like Florence. One comfort about it is that one is not called upon to care a button about its history. Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem make such a pull upon one. Not to have more or less of a clear idea as to what happened there is to miss our most precious privileges, for we are — we can't help being — Romans and Greeks, not to say Christians,

almost more than we are Americans. Not even our individual happenings are as real as what happened in those places. But the Guelphs and Ghibellines are no more to me than the Kilkenny cats. I suppose they enjoyed their endless squabbles. I am sorry, it is true, that they made Dante uncomfortable, just as I am bored with the Medici for the sake of Michael Angelo."

Of course Keith was talking for the sake of talking, and to hide the fact that he was not wholly frank. He did not say what passionate joy in living he had felt at Amalfi, Sorrento, and Rome until he had made that foolish confession to Rose Bellew. But how can a young man be candid about such things? Besides, he was beginning to admire Miss Phillimore, and was ready to be absorbed by her. She was so pretty, and over and beyond her prettiness had a world of ways full of a subtle yet simple witchery. He admired even her eccentricities, her audacities. After they had finished their luncheon he asked permission to smoke a cigarette.

"And you are not going to offer me one?" she demanded, with open-eyed amazement.

Why not? He reopened his case, and she accepted an Egyptian and lighted it with an air of enjoyment. Honestly, he did not consider that smoking enhanced the value of a pair of sweet lips; still, niceties of taste hinge on habit, and no doubt this little rounding off into sheer human weakness gave an added touch of piquancy to a girl who frankly set out to be nothing if not piquant. After all, was not what a man needed in a woman a sure feeling of *camaraderie*? And how can a woman be a man's real companion when she is separated from him by opposite standards, and looks down upon his failings from her icy pinnacle of superior virtue? Ought she not rather to meet him halfway, and give him a grain of encouragement, making him feel that his little vices do not wholly cut

him off from grace? There are girls — Rose Bellew, for example — who demand better bread than can be made of wheat.

While Keith revolved these ethical questions in his mind, Miss Phillimore, as she smoked her cigarette, entertained him with historiettes of her life in the different art-centres where she had studied. At first she had had dreams of success. In Paris she had twice gained a medal, and had believed that presently her apprenticeship would be over. Alas! Art to her was to be an endless apprenticeship. Pang by pang the merciless truth had bitten into her that her initiation would never be complete; that she was one of the hundreds, the thousands, of those who never reach the promised land. Besides the artistic defeat, she had to suffer a commonplace disappointment. Success would have vindicated her to her nine warning brothers and sisters at home who had deplored her erratic course.

"But I would not give up my five years for the whole forty thousand dollars," she declared. "Art has widened my world, and now I could be happy anywhere, after a fashion, for I have seen into the heart of things. How restless I used to be at home! Did you never feel, Mr. Tresillian, when you were leading a humdrum life, that you must break out of it, or become frantic?"

"I never lead a humdrum life, if I can help it," Keith replied.

"No; if men do not like what they are doing, they can go and do something else," said Phillis. "But honestly, Mr. Keith Tresillian, when I first saw you yesterday you looked inexpressibly bored. In fact, it was that weary little frown between your brows which made me feel as if it might be a mercy to give you a bit of amusement."

"Then you confess you did make the first advances!"

"I shall confess nothing of the sort. Yet why should I not? It is not Chris-

tian, it is not human, to be indifferent to one's fellow-creatures. Besides, everybody I know in Florence has gone away, and I was lonely, and, looking at your innocent face and reflecting that you too were melancholy, I perceived that it might be a good deed to pretend to lose my color-box."

Keith made a wry face over the word "innocent," but when she pursued, "What is the use of being stiff and stupid, and letting pleasant opportunities go by?" he replied, "No use in the world."

Indeed, he felt that to miss this opportunity would be a sheer loss of valuable experience, for Phillis gave him sensations; often, in fact, two sensations at once. She seemed absolutely unconscious of anything unusual in this sudden friendship. Could anybody so bright be so unconscious? Was this facility a part of the girl's passionate hunger for life and for art, or did it come from a desire to dazzle, if not by cleverness and charm, at least by novelty?

For the next fortnight Keith rarely saw Mr. Mortimer Mayo except late at night. Of course that gentleman, who invariably made a point of establishing a complete census of Americans in any European city where he spent two days, knew all about Miss Phillimore and the dance she was leading the young man. In fact, he had seen the charming copyist not only in Florence, but in Paris and in Munich, and he was ready to offer warnings to Keith, who, however, looked so much surprised and put on so haughty an air at the first suggestion of advice that his Mentor thought best to defer it until it should be required.

Meanwhile, Miss Phillimore's single aim seemed to be to work as hard as possible herself, and at the same time to give Keith a vivid and personal experience of Florentine life. What he had hitherto done for the sake of seeing and doing it she tried to make him feel in an original,

vital, and fruitful way. Certainly Keith enjoyed his companion's explanation of whatever touched her fancy or feeling more than the most learned of guide-books, and at this period no doubt assimilated a great many ideas, artistic and otherwise. She had a passionate appreciation of Michael Angelo's Night, the sadness of which Keith felt would not have been so unutterably hopeless if the Morning had but been happier. She liked to interpret Fra Angelico's frescoes at San Marco, each opening its separate dazzling vista into the joys of heaven and the communion of saints to the inmate of the little cell. She rejoiced in the Giotto's, the Cimabue's, the Botticelli's. She loved all art, indeed, from its first germ to its perfected blossom, its great themes and its fragments in little heterogeneous bits picked up here and there. She delighted in the inspired tenderness of the old masters for children, and had once painted nothing but children for six months, beginning with Raphael's Cherub in fresco and Van Dyck's baby in the Roman Accademia. However she might paint, she could easily enough embody her conception in words.

Visits to churches and galleries were reserved for the dull days. Usually the weather bade artists be out among the hills, drinking in the marvels of the summer light. Their custom was to meet early at some appointed rendezvous (Keith did not even know where Phillis lodged), and then, issuing from the city by one of the gates, to climb, perhaps on foot, perhaps in a peasant's donkey-cart, to some point of vantage for the artist; for Phillis's desire was to paint everything. "Studies" she called her attempts to pluck the heart out of the mystery of the glowing summer pageant; but even the word "studies" suggests work more finished than these flingings, as it were, of her paint-pot at her canvas. There were "studies" in blues, beginning with the purplish opaque

tints at the bases of the mountains, melting insensibly into the lapis lazuli of the slopes, and shading off into sapphire shot with iridescent gleams where the ridges met the veil of warm light and luminous haze. Then the varying effects of green were to be seized: the emerald of watered meadows; the yellow of willows and acacias; the shimmering argent of poplars; the aquamarine of waving grain; the rich tint of figs and vines already running riot in bacchanal profusion; the glaucous hues, from verd antique to silver, of the gnarled and twisted olives with their hundred arms; the blackness of the tapering cypresses guarding the approaches to belvederes and campanile towers.

"But it is only Corot who can make his trees sway in the wind," Phillis would say, confessing her failure, yet not, even in the moment of defeat, letting go the passion and illusion of her art.

Sometimes they gained admittance to the grounds of a deserted villa, with terraces where there were rows of pomegranates set with their scarlet stars, and oleanders whose sprays of rosy bloom showed against the pale blue sky. She liked to paint the formal garden walks set between carefully pruned hedges, with statues beckoning from niches of laurel, ilex, and cypress, beds of lilies of the Annunciation, pinks in profusion, and larkspurs of all colors.

Whether or no she succeeded in nature's trick of forcing inharmonious tints into joyous agreement, she executed her task with an ease, a rapidity of movement, an expression of personality, a dramatic vehemence, which might well have been the prerogative of genius, but in her case was probably only an indication of her passion for anything hitherto unguessed, unfelt, unseized. The superhuman industry of the girl, her greed, almost, for some new effect of light, shadow, or color, made Keith sometimes cry out, —

"Put it down! You have worked long enough."

"I must make my hay while the sun shines. I shall probably do very little painting after I go back to Ohio."

"You will never go back to Ohio," Keith said once, with sudden decision.

"What else am I to do?" she asked naively. "I can live on twenty francs a week, if necessary, but I must have my twenty francs; and where are they to come from when I have spent my last hundred dollars?"

This practical question, put with a droll but appealing glance, tugged at Keith's sensibilities.

"You have brothers and sisters," he suggested.

"They are not too well off themselves, and ever since I came to Europe they have been holding up the fact to me that my last condition would be worse than my first. I shall ask nothing of them."

"Some women earn their own living," said Keith, "but" —

"Thank you. I could n't make my own living, and I would n't if I could; that is, unless people would buy my pictures. What a big brutal world it is! Don't you suppose that at times I feel sick of life?"

In spite of this seeming candor, there lurked, to Keith's perceptions, a shade of mystery in the girl's position. It seemed to him utterly incredible that she was actually dancing giddily on the edge of a financial precipice, — she was too light of heart; and she was too candidly happy and interested in her work to be a possible adventuress. For although she seemed to challenge his sympathy by these speeches, made with a coquettish sidelong glance, he was almost certain that she regarded him from a purely disinterested standpoint. Had he believed that he had in any way touched her heart, he could not have refrained at such times from putting out his hand and clasping hers,

but something warned him off. Soft as she was in glance and tone, he suspected that she was experimenting with him; trying, solely out of mischief, to make him fall in love with her. Yet, if he gave a sign of feeling, she seemed almost cynically to run away from the suggestion that either he or she was capable of sentiment. He had never shaken hands with her. He would almost have expected a metamorphosis if he had touched her. Her queer little frocks, her pointed shoes, her long, wrinkled gloves, were all instinct with her personality. He would have apologized if one of her bits of ribbon had blown against him. And although he said each day that he was amusing himself, humoring her to the top of her bent simply to see what she would do or say next, she was actually a pathetic little figure to him. Her talk of poverty, her little economies, made him ache. Her declaration that she was almost at the end of things, and after that expected the deluge, stirred a pity not far from deep tenderness. She had done so much with that meagre patrimony of hers, whose whole was less than his own allowance, which he might exceed at will. He speculated on the amount possibly spent by Miss Bellew upon her gowns alone. Sometimes, when conversation led him into allusions to his habits, opportunities, and expectations, he observed an abstractedness of look on Phillis's face which suggested mental calculations.

"You must be enormously rich," she said once.

He told her that the uncle whose name he bore had left him money, but that otherwise he was dependent on his mother, as his father's estate would not be divided until after her death, which Heaven avert for a century to come!

"I shall settle down in October with my father's brother, Judge Tresillian, and dig away at the law," Keith observed.

"I should say you were very well off

with what you have inherited already," she returned.

"You live like a bird on a bough. You don't consider what it costs to keep up a house."

"Oh, you are thinking of marrying somebody. Suppose," she pursued, with the large-eyed simplicity of an inquisitive child, "that you were to marry: what would happen then?"

"If I married in a way to suit my mother, she would no doubt give me a hundred or two thousand, as she did each of my three brothers. They are all married."

"A hundred or two thousand francs?"

"No, dollars."

"A hundred or two thousand dollars! I cannot believe that I am acquainted with anybody who can even talk about so much money."

"It would be little enough to live on, for a married man, unless his wife were well enough off to buy her own gowns."

"If I were to marry a man with a hundred thousand dollars," observed Phillis, "I should insist on having gowns from Worth, bonnets from Louise, diamonds, laces, six-button, twenty-button gloves by the dozen pairs, all the bonbons I could eat, a carriage to drive about in, with coachman and footman, a maid to do my hair, and a large black poodle for her to lead about. In such an ideal existence I should need some cross to bear, and I have often reflected that one of the worst trials in life would be to own one of those creatures, they look so wretched, so imbecile, so unlike a real dog."

"All I can say is," replied Keith, with sudden energy, "that unless your husband had some remunerative occupation you would soon be at the end of his bank account. It is clear you have not the most rudimentary ideas of how much money people require for such extravagant outlays as you are ambitious for."

"I fancy," Phillis proceeded, evidently enamored of the picture she had drawn

of herself, with a maid leading about a black poodle, shaven and trimmed by an artist, "that I might greatly enjoy being a rich man's wife. Do you think I should become the position?"

"On the contrary, I consider that you would be thrown away on a rich fellow who can have yachts and horses," Keith retorted. "A man of about my means might appreciate you."

"But I consider you a rich man."

"I might afford to hire a villa near Fiesole. I am told you can get one furnished, with twenty rooms, for five hundred francs a year, with terraces, lemon and citron trees, olives, figs, and roses thrown in; to say nothing of a garden which is tilled by some worthy person who bestows on you half the produce. It really seems to me a man might be very happy living there, with a charming wife to walk on the terraces with, and look down on the city and across at the Carrara Mountains."

"Could you be contented with so little?" she demanded, looking at him, her head a little on one side, with roguish eyes and lips apart, smiling.

His inclination was to kiss her, if only to punish her for being so pretty and so provoking; but that lurking fun in her eyes, suggesting that she was experimenting on his nerve, restrained him.

"It would be anything but tame the first year," he returned, also laughing. "Perhaps in time, unless she were very amusing" —

"That is the crucial test!" she cried. "Nothing could induce me to marry a man who expected me to amuse him, who waited to see what I would do next. I shall insist on my husband's being a serious personage. He must keep me in order, permit no vagaries; he will put an end to my cigarette-smoking! He will, I dare say, enjoy nothing so much as having family prayers and reading sermons aloud to me, and will insist on my darning his stockings and making myself useful generally."

"Alas!" cried Keith, with a gesture of despair. "I am not that man."

Such conversations were apt to take place over their meals, which varied less according to appetite than opportunity. Sometimes, when they had followed the white roads too far, they could find little or nothing to eat save cherries and apricots, which they bargained for with the peasant girls and boys who were picking the luscious fruit for the next morning's market. Again, they found some wayside *trattoria*, where they ordered Italian dishes: kid cutlets fried in batter; an omelet stuffed with green peas; brown-gravied macaroni; salads in which every vegetable, known and unknown, was pressed into service; and Gorgonzola cheese. Charm was rarely lacking at these meals, even if the cookery was not invariably of the best. They were offered such a smiling welcome; the little table was set out with fresh linen; in the centre was placed the high copper or silver-plated stand into which was tossed the large never-failing *fiasco* of Chianti in its wicker case; and the signor's orders were awaited with such an air of eager deference. Phillis never betrayed a flicker of consciousness that her relation to the young man excited curiosity or elicited conjecture; not even when a bland, smiling Tuscan placed a chair for the signor at the head, and one for the signora at the foot, of the board, adding, with a glow of satisfaction, —

"Saranno come in casa loro."

The blood mounted to Keith's face, but Phillis only laughed, and said, —

"Actually it gives me a feeling of the domestic."

Keith was fully alive to the piquancy of the situation, but dismissed its consequences, telling himself that society and social conventions were too far off to spoil the pleasure of these long summer days. He knew by this time that Phillis's ignorance, innocence, and modesty were of the antique sort. The confidence she reposed in him would have been

incredible if she had given it to any one else, but since he was her companion what did it matter? No one was otherwise than admiringly respectful. They

both looked so young, they showed such a knack of absorbing the pleasantness of a situation, that they disarmed criticism.

Ellen Olney Kirk.

POLITICAL ASSESSMENTS IN THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

WHERE a bad custom has been in existence for any length of time, most people grow to regard it as part of the order of nature. This is well illustrated in the attitude of the average politician towards civil service reform. He finds some difficulty in understanding the proposition that minor offices should be taken out of politics, and is quite unable to surrender the idea that a large part of the funds for every campaign should be paid by the office-holders.

Formerly, in every campaign, national, state, or local, the office-holders were assessed all round, as a matter of course. The party committees, after consultations with the heads of departments, notified office-holders outright what amount—usually about two per cent of their salary—they would be expected to pay; and at the appointed day they marched up, paid, and got their receipts. The scandal grew so intolerable that efforts were made to stop it by legislation. In some States, notably New York, these efforts have not accomplished very much as yet; the state and municipal officers are entirely under the control of the politicians of the party in power in the State, and are assessed at every campaign. But we now have a sweeping federal law forbidding the collection of these assessments among national office-holders. Under this law, the evil has been greatly diminished; yet it still exists to some extent, and it is most rife in presidential years. In off years, the different campaign committees try, of course, to get money, and do a little assessing of em-

ployees on the sly, if they get an opportunity; but in presidential years the pressure for funds is very great. The national and state campaign committees strive urgently to get every dollar possible, and the political excitement rises to such a pitch of fever heat that the politicians desirous of evading or breaking the law act much more openly than at other times, both because they themselves are so excited that they forget their caution, and because they believe that the public itself is too inflamed to take note of anything that is not fairly forced on its attention. In consequence, it is well, at the beginning of a presidential contest, to show clearly how matters actually stand; and it is also well, as publicly as possible, to warn politicians not to transgress the law, and to inform office-holders of their rights and immunities.

The law provides, under heavy penalties, first, that no office-holder shall in any way solicit or receive assessments or contributions for political purposes from any other office-holder; second, that no person, office-holder or otherwise, shall solicit such contribution in any federal building; third, that no office-holder shall be in any way jeopardized in his position for contributing or refusing to contribute, as he sees fit; and fourth, that no office-holder shall give any money to another office-holder for the promotion of any political object whatever. The law, it will be seen, thus tries to provide both for the protection of the office-holder, and for the punishing of the politician who

solicits from him. The object of protecting the office-holder himself may be said to have been very nearly attained, at least so far as the office-holders who have any pluck and backbone are concerned. Cases in which it is alleged that the office-holder has been in any way interfered with for refusing to contribute are very rare indeed. It may safely be asserted that if any man has the manliness to stand up and refuse to be bullied into paying an assessment he will not suffer. Moreover, the Civil Service Commission would be very zealous in dealing with cases of alleged intimidation by superior officers. If, during the approaching presidential campaign, we are able to establish any connection at all between a man's refusal to contribute and a discrimination against him by his official superiors, we shall certainly promptly and publicly recommend the dismissal and prosecution of these superiors. We cordially invite any complaint that may be made by any office-holder who is aggrieved in this fashion. Often the office-holder does not make the complaint because he fears that he will be further maltreated if he does. In such cases, we will, upon request, treat the man's complaint as confidential, and endeavor to make an investigation and get at the facts without implicating him, or at least without having him known as the author of the investigation. If in any office we found that several men who had not contributed were discriminated against by the head of the office, we should undoubtedly hold the latter responsible, and require him to show ample cause why he should not be considered to have made this discrimination because of his subordinates' failure to contribute.

The law thus works satisfactorily in protecting employees. It works much less satisfactorily, however, in punishing would-be wrong-doers. It is difficult to get evidence against these wrong-doers; and having gotten the evidence, it is sometimes difficult to get convic-

tions. During the past three years the Commission has recommended the indictment of some thirty different individuals for violations of the law against making political assessments. Indictments have been procured in ten or twelve cases. It is simply a question of time when we shall get some conspicuous offender convicted, and either heavily fined or imprisoned. Whenever we can make a strong case against any individual collecting political assessments, we intend to ask for his indictment, and we shall often get it, and this alone will serve to frighten other offenders. Of the men thus indicted, eventually we shall be able to convict a certain proportion. Moreover, we find that a very great deal can be done to stop the assessments by mere publicity. Throughout the approaching campaign we intend, whenever we find an individual or an organization trying to assess government office-holders, publicly, through the press, to call the attention of everybody to what is being done, and to invite any information which will enable us to prosecute the offenders; at the same time assuring the people solicited that they need not contribute one dollar unless they wish, and that they will be amply protected if they refuse to contribute at all.

Nowadays, the effort to collect these contributions is usually made after a careful study of the law, and with a deliberate purpose to evade its provisions. Office-holders do not serve on the collecting committees, and the latter mail their requests to the clerks' homes instead of to their offices. But the truth of it is that the clerks ought not to be addressed by these committees at all. The law ought to prohibit its being done. The clerk is bound to feel that there is some duress in the matter, when a committee of the association with which his immediate superior is closely connected requests him for campaign funds. He ought to be allowed to contribute or not, just as he sees fit. It is all wrong for

the Republican national committee, or the Democratic state committee of New York, for instance, to send circulars to the federal employees in the New York post office and custom house, or to the municipal employees in the municipal departments, as the case may be. There is no more reason why letter-carriers, custom-house clerks, and city officials should receive these letters than there is why the employees of Lord and Taylor or of Tiffany should receive them.

Even when the committee thus evades the law instead of violating it, it is the intention of the Commission publicly to call attention to the fact, and explain with the utmost explicitness, both to the public and to the government employees, that the latter need not pay a cent. I think that any campaign committee trying to solicit government employees in this manner will damage the good name of the party on whose behalf it acts to an extent that will far outweigh the benefit accruing from what paltry sums it may collect. Moreover, wherever we have reason to think that the law is being violated, even when there are no positive charges brought to us, we shall at once proceed to make an investigation, and will try to inspect any office in which we think foul work is going on.

There is another point to which I would like to call the attention of all possible wrong-doers. There are many men whose tongues are tied by fear of consequences to themselves, but who lose this apprehension as soon as the election is over. It is very possible that acts of wrong-doing in the way of collecting political assessments will remain unnoticed until after the election; but then some of the clerks will be very apt to talk about it. When an election results in the defeat of the party in power, this is almost sure to be the case. Under these circumstances, the clerks who have been assessed talk freely, and are delighted to try to avenge themselves by calling the attention of the incoming party to

the misdeeds of the representatives of the outgoing party; and of course the wrong-doers can expect no mercy from their political opponents. So I would like to warn all these wrong-doers, who think they may possibly cover their tracks for the present, that they are probably merely preparing for themselves a ripe harvest of discomfort in the future.

Government employees, as a whole, are hard-working, not overpaid men, with families to support, and there is no meaner species of swindling than to blackmail them for the sake of a political organization. The contribution, moreover, is extorted from them at a time when it is often peculiarly difficult for them to pay. To take away two per cent of a man's salary just at the beginning of winter may mean that he will have to go without a winter overcoat, or his wife and children without the warm clothing which is almost a necessity.

Moreover, it is the poorest and most helpless class who are most apt to be coerced into paying. In several investigations undertaken by the Commission, we found that it was women who were most certain to pay, and that the women opposed in political faith to the administration were even more apt to pay than the others. Indeed, this is the case among men, too. There are a certain number of offices in which the employees not in sympathy with the administration for the time being always feel more or less fear of being turned out. They know they have no supporters among the politicians who for the moment are in prominent positions, and they are nervously anxious not to awaken any hostility or give any offense. In consequence they are easily bled.

Another thing always to be kept in mind, in dealing with these cases of political blackmail, is that really but a comparatively small portion of the funds obtained goes to the benefit of the party organization. A certain proportion gets lost in the transit, and when the collect-

ing officers or clubs are of low character this proportion becomes very large indeed. The money that is collected is used, in the great majority of cases, not to further the welfare of the party as a whole, but to further the designs of certain individuals in it, who are quite as willing to use the funds they have obtained against their factional foes in their own organization as against the common party foe without.

There is no longer any such brutal and flagrant assessing of government employees in the federal service as was customary ten years ago. There is not nearly so much as there is in the local, state, and municipal service of New York, for instance; but a certain amount

of soliciting for money, usually by indirect methods, goes on, and a good deal of the money collected is in reality obtained by coercion. More of this kind of work is done in a presidential year than in any other. A great deal of it was done in the last presidential campaign, in 1888. It is too much to expect that the Commission will be able to put a complete stop to it now; but at least we intend to try to minimize the evils complained of, and to make them less than they have ever been before; to interfere as much as possible with the politicians who try to collect the funds, and to protect the office-holders whom these same politicians in any way menace or coerce.

Theodore Roosevelt.

THE PROMETHEUS UNBOUND OF SHELLEY.

I.

THE DRAMA AND THE TIME.

SHELLEY'S lyrical drama, the *Prometheus Unbound*, is unique in the great cycle of English song. From the larger part of that song it is distinguished at once by an audacious idealism. Generalizations are dangerous; yet we may surely say that the dominant movement of our sturdy English literature has been towards realism. In the Middle Ages, the English Chaucer sings with frank and buoyant vigor of the fair green earth beneath him and the men and women at his side, while the Italian Dante penetrates with fervid passion the spiritual spheres open to mediæval vision, and brings back strange messages from the souls of the lost and of the blessed. The Elizabethan imagination claps a girdle round the earth, but rarely soars into the heavens. It is the German genius, not the English, which centres the struggle of the hu-

man soul in a shadowy protagonist, embodiment of the symbolism of the ages, and replaces a Hamlet known to history by a legendary Faust. The idealism of Milton seems, beside that of Dante, intellectual and forced. The literature of the eighteenth century is the transcript of the life of society. Victorian literature is the transcript of the life of the soul. Everywhere our English genius tends to express itself through forms of experience and of fact.

The early poetry of the nineteenth century is a notable exception to this principle. The work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Keats and Shelley, is in tone frankly ideal. The idealism which pervades all the writings of these poets, from the Ancient Mariner to *Hyperion*, finds its fullest manifestation in the *Prometheus Unbound*, which is the supreme achievement of Shelley. Despite the wondrous nature-poetry of the drama, the whole action takes place, not on this solid earth of hill and forest, but in an unknown region which

has no existence outside the soul of man. The personages are vast abstractions, dim though luminous; like wraiths of mist in morning sunlight, they drift around us, appearing, vanishing, in mystic sequence. Their deeds and words, vague to a steady gaze, now tantalize us with doubtful meanings, now flash a sudden radiance into the life of the human soul. Over the whole drama plays, though with broken and wavering lustre, the "light that never was, on sea or land," and not once does the "poet's dream" change to the sober world of waking fact.

Yet to speak of the *Prometheus Unbound* as the highest expression of modern English idealism is hardly to justify our claim that the drama is unique. We find much contemporary poetry of the same order, although less commanding; and our English genius is, moreover, too plastic to lack entirely, at any period, the ideal element. It is in a work of the sixteenth century that we find the closest parallel to the *Prometheus Unbound*. Edmund Spenser, during the full dominance of Elizabethan realism, is as pure an idealist as Shelley, and the *Faery Queene* and the modern drama are in many ways strangely akin. At a glance, this kinship is obvious. The two poems belong alike to that highest order of imaginative work which includes the book of Job, Faust, Paracelsus, and claims as its greatest example the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. Both poems deal with spiritual forces, with the eternal conflict of good and evil; the action to be wrought out is in both the final redemption of the soul of man. The *Faery Queene*, like the *Prometheus*, transports us to a world where forms of visionary beauty speak to us, not of concrete human life, but of ethical and spiritual truth. Both poems, in a word, are symbolic.

Yet the more thoughtfully we read, the sooner will a radical difference between the spirit of the two poems become manifest, — a difference so great

that it will force us to put the poem of Shelley quite by itself. For the *Faery Queene* is an allegory; the *Prometheus Unbound* not only deals with mythological conceptions, it is a genuine myth. In the *Faery Queene*, the relation of the forms to the ideas is the result of the conscious and deliberate invention of Spenser. Una, says the poet to himself, shall stand for Truth, Guyon for Temperance, Archimago for Hypocrisy. The characters, thus laden with double meaning, are made to pass through various significant adventures. Sometimes the allegory grows tedious to Spenser, and he drops it from consciousness, seeing for the time in his creations only ladies fair and lovely knights, instead of the Christian virtues; more often still it grows tedious to the reader, who gladly forgets all didactic suggestion, to wander dreamily through an enchanted land. The connection between story and meaning, not only here, but in all allegories, is arbitrary rather than essential. The distinctive mark of allegory is always the artificial invention of a correspondence between natural and spiritual.

No one can read the *Prometheus Unbound* without feeling a different method of conception at work. Asia, Ione, Panthea, *Prometheus* himself, all the actors in the drama are indeed impersonations of abstract qualities, and the whole action is spiritual in undercurrent, though on the surface natural. But the connection between natural and spiritual is no longer arbitrary. There has been no painful invention, unless in some minor details; these figures have flashed upon the inner vision of the poet in perfect unity of soul and form. Where an allegory is reasoned and labored, a myth is instinctive and spontaneous. The systematic formality of the allegory is replaced in the myth by something of the large, divinely simple significance of the very symbolism of nature. An allegory is the result of experience; a myth, of intuition.

To speak of the Prometheus Unbound as a myth seems at first sight to contradict our idea of poetic development; for the evolution of the myth is almost entirely confined to the childhood of races. This is inevitable, since the myth is an unconscious form of art, and unconsciousness belongs to childhood. The wide-eyed and reverent wonder of the child sees in the new world of life and mystery around him spiritual creations pressing everywhere through the material veil. The instinctive faith essential to the myth cannot survive the familiarity with earthly facts, the scientific temper of maturity. Analysis has replaced intuition; wonder is lost in curiosity.

"There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
We know its name and nature; it is given
In the dull catalogue of common things,"

mourns Keats. Thus it is in the infancy of the Aryan race, in the early days of Hellas, in the vigorous youth of the Norsemen, that we find the great myth cycles treasured by our scholars to-day, — poem-stories with the dawn-light fresh upon them. Through our own oldest epic, Beowulf, traces of the myth still shine; but they soon fade away, never to reappear, replaced by the frank and sunny naturalism of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Browning.

Never to reappear? Not so. In the early days of our own century, when the English race had passed through many a stern experience, when it had gathered much of the bitter wisdom of maturity into its thought and speech, once more it was to dream dreams and see visions; and the fairest of these dreams was to be given to the world through the creative soul of Shelley, a genuine and beautiful myth, in the form of the Prometheus Unbound. Prometheus, Asia, Ione, — their likeness is to be sought, not in a Macbeth, a Desdemona, or a Pompilia, but in Thetis the silver-footed, in Perseus, slayer of the Gorgon, in Athene, child of Zeus. The mystic

action of the drama recalls, not the human stir and passion of our modern tragedy, but the solemn movement of the stories of the elder world. The Prometheus Unbound is no mere retelling of an ancient tale, like the Greek poems of William Morris; it is in all essentials an original conception. The drama starts, indeed, from the Æschylean story, but the development of the action, the personages, the mode of treatment, are absolutely the poet's own. Like the tales of gods and heroes in the Homeric cycle, even more like the treatment of these stories with a fuller spiritual consciousness in the work of the Greek tragedians, are the great imaginings of Shelley.

The age of Pope and the age of Tennyson are both times of peculiar self-consciousness and elaboration. Between these two ages reappears for one brief moment the myth. In the whole history of English song there is no stranger paradox than this. By virtue of its idealism, the Prometheus Unbound is already unusual in English verse; it is not only unusual, it is also unique, for it is our one instance of genuine reversion to the art-form of the childhood of the world. Such a paradox challenges our attention at once. If we wish to understand it, we first turn instinctively to the great poetry which comes within the same period as the Prometheus.

The drama was written in 1819; thus it belongs to the greatest cycle of English song since the Elizabethan age. Within the years 1590–1630 falls the chief work of Spenser, of the Elizabethan lyrists, of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson. Within the years 1790–1830 falls the finest work of Blake and Burns, of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Byron, Keats, and Shelley. We know that those years at the beginning of our century were great indeed; we know that the poems sung in them hold their own even beside the great poetry of the age of Elizabeth.

Now, if we look at the poetic work of the first third of our century as a whole, we shall be struck by its great variety; yet we shall also be struck, in the midst of all the variety, by a certain all-pervasive unity of tone. It is the tone of youth, of freshness, of exuberance of life.

The poetry of the eighteenth century was tired. It had repeated the wisdom of a worldly old age. It laid stress on etiquette, on custom, on detail; it submitted to cautious rules; and, when not artificially lively, it displayed a sober and disillusioned strength. Close Pope or Thomson, and open Blake, Burns, Wordsworth. Strange discovery! Through this poetry, later though it be, the music of an eternal youth goes ringing. The tone of wonder, of eagerness, of fullness of life, either for joy or pain, is the great quality which distinguishes the outburst of song at the first of our century from the exhausted verse of the preceding age. It is impossible to tell all the different manifestations of this new youthfulness. The very cadence, the outward form of verse, have cast aside the grave restrictions imposed by a self-conscious period, and move with the buoyant and varied grace of adolescence; the literal child appears for the first time in Burns and Blake and Wordsworth; the restless and passionate speculation of youth glances through the poems of Byron, Coleridge, and Shelley. Finally, the mythopœic faculty is by no means confined to the *Prometheus Unbound*, though it finds fullest expression there. There is no evidence of this faculty in the poetry of the eighteenth century or of the Victorian age; but poetry from Blake to Keats is veined with it. In Blake, indeed, it is dominant, but fails to reach its full effect, because his imaginings, though mighty, are broken and obscure. We find clear traces of the myth in the poems of Coleridge, notably the *Ancient Mariner*. Keats is not

sensitive to the spiritual possibilities of the myth, but so far as æsthetic instinct will carry him he has the true myth-creating power; gods, nymphs, and Titans breathe in living beauty in the pages of *Endymion* and *Hyperion*. To Shelley, as to the ancient Greeks, the myth is the expression of worship, and the mythopœic faculty appears, disciplined, free, and triumphant, in the *Prometheus Unbound*.

How shall we explain the bright youthfulness of all this poetry? We must explain it by studying the historic period from which it sprang. For poetry strikes its roots deep into the soil of national life, and it is in the passions and ideals of history that we must find the inspiration of our poets. English verse at the beginning of the century is great because it is the expression and outcome of a great period. No sooner do we study the period than the distinctive qualities of the poetry are explained. Its renewed joy and freedom in living are but the expression of the new life that was pulsing through the veins of the earth. For this is the great period of the birth of the modern world.

We may best understand the *Prometheus Unbound* if we recognize it as the supreme expression in imaginative form of the new spirit of democracy. The ideas which inspire it first found dynamic power in the Revolution of 1789. It is a drama of the liberation of humanity. A hatred of oppression, a yearning after freedom, a belief in the possibility of universal love, — these are its informing passions. They are uplifted by the swift imagination and soaring faith of the poet into the highest poetic region of symbol or of myth. Thus the significance of our paradox is revealed. For myths belong to the dawn; and the beginning of our century witnessed the dawn of a new cosmic day. We may say in sober reverence that not since the coming of Christ had so vital a renovating power

entered human life as entered it one hundred years ago. It is natural and beautiful that this new beginning should be heralded by the return of the spirit of childhood, and that the wondering faith of the time should once more, as in the days of old, find expression through concrete symbol. At one moment, and one only, in the evolution of English song since the time of Beowulf, was possible the formation of a myth; and at this moment appeared the man to create it. Only at the beginning of the nineteenth century, only by the man Shelley, could the *Prometheus Unbound* have been written.

This view of the *Prometheus Unbound* will, it is true, be challenged by a whole school of critics. The drama is woven of dreams, they will tell us; it is a maze of color and music, devoid of definite structure. Shall we turn the most ethereal of poets into a doctrinaire? What relation has poetry like this, of imagination all compact, to theories of life? Above all, what relation can it bear to that democracy which is all around us, practical, blatant, vulgar? The eternal value of the *Prometheus Unbound* — thus perhaps say most of the readers of the drama — lies in its poignant melody, its exquisite imagery, the beauty of fragments scattered here and there through the poem. These are immortal. But the intellectual conceptions of Shelley were simply the accidents of his youth, to be forgotten if we would read his poetry aright; and for the underlying thought of the drama, for its unity of structure, for the meaning of *Prometheus* and *Demogorgon* and *Panthea* and the other shadowy mouthpieces of matchless verse, not one whit will the enlightened critic care.

To speak thus is to deny all scientific conceptions of literature; for it is to deny the connection of the poet with his age. Much, indeed, is crude and weak in the verse of Shelley; much is held in his immature intellect, and is

never fused by his imaginative passion into art; but the very warp and woof of his noblest poetry are in subtle and secret ways determined by that faith which æsthetic cynics would teach us to ignore. Shelley would never have been the greatest lyric poet of England, would never have written the *Ode to the West Wind* nor the choruses to *Hellas*, had he been an aristocrat and a conservative. The passion for freedom and the aspiration towards a universal love sway his thought as they sway his form.

In order, then, to understand the *Prometheus Unbound*, we must look more fully at the place held by England and by Shelley in the evolution of the democratic idea. It was by France that the idea was first given to the world in deeds, — deeds stormy, passionate, marked by the horror of bloodshed. France, most impetuous of nations, France, maddened by centuries of oppression, received the trust of working out the historic revolution. But this was only half of the work to be accomplished. To express the democratic idea in brief historic act was the work of France; to express it in eternal art was the work of England. All poetry, says Wordsworth, is the product of emotion recollected in tranquillity. France, absorbed in fierce and exhausting struggle, could not stop to write poetry; yet the idea of democracy, like all really vital ideas, had to find expression in art before it could become a precious possession forever to the nations. Here came in the work of England. Her noblest children, touched to high emotion by the great days in which they lived, were yet sufficiently remote from the struggle to possess their souls in that serenity which is the necessary condition of all great art. To the poets of England, from Burns and Blake to Shelley, belongs the glory of having first given to the democratic idea an embodiment of undying power.

Very diverse is the influence of the new ideal upon their work, very different are the aspects which they reflect. Wordsworth and Coleridge, the two older poets, were contemporaries of the historic Revolution. In the eager days of their youth they lived through the swift revolutionary drama, with its changes from rapturous hope to terror and despair. Absorbed in the turmoil of the time, there is small wonder that they were unable to distinguish the absolute from the local, or that in sober middle life they passed through a reaction from the ardor of their democratic faith. The effect of democracy in the work even of Wordsworth is indirect, although profound, and shows itself by leading the imaginative love of the poet to the noble life of the simple and the poor rather than by inflaming him with enthusiasm for the abstract ideas of the Revolution. The few poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge which treat directly of the new faith are occasional in theme. We must seek a point of view which affords a farther perspective, if we desire a vision of the democratic faith in its fullness, freed from the dominance of incidental detail.

Such a point of view is to be found in the second decade of our century. Three men, in this decade, hold the supreme honors of English song, — Byron, Keats, and Shelley. Of these, Keats represents the æsthetic reaction from the passion for humanity which had possessed the soul of the race for over twenty years. Through his verse sweeps the fragrance of the world of dreams; redolent of beauty, it nowhere breathes suggestion of allegiance to a hard-won truth, nor of feeling for actual human need. Byron, on the other hand, is distinctly a poet of the Revolution, but of the Revolution mainly on its inferior and destructive side. His verse rings with rebellion and despair. The historic Revolution had failed: its ardent faith, its glowing hopes, were de-

spised, during the hollow years of the Empire, by all children of the world. A child of the world was Byron; and for him and his fellows nothing was left at the heart of life but the cynical and arrogant individualism which forms the negative and evil aspect of the democratic idea.

The children of the world had lost courage; but for the children of light the glory of the new ideal had never faded. Hardly affected by the practical failure of the Revolution, freed from the interference of historic outward detail, the intellectual and spiritual conception of the young democracy shone clear in the cloudless heaven for whosoever should behold. The man to behold it was Shelley. His soul, pure as crystal, clear as flame, held and fused the vital elements both of strength and weakness in the democratic ideal. At the close of the second decade of our century he conceived the *Prometheus Unbound*.

The student who tries to translate the fleeting symbolism of the drama into a logical sequence of abstract truths will be grievously disappointed. Such a translation is impossible. The union of soul and form, meaning and expression, is too close to be severed. It has to be seized, not by the analytical reason, but by an intuition akin to that of the poet. Through the entire poem, the imagery wavers; now parting to show a hidden thought, now closing with inscrutable radiance. We are tempted to describe the myth in Shelley's own words: —

"Child of light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them
As the radiant lines of morning
Through thin clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest."

To conceal while it reveals is always the characteristic of the myth. The drama transports us to the very confines of the world of sense, where material semblance trembles into spiritual

truth; but the limit is never crossed, the reticence of the image is never forfeited. "As dew-stars glisten, then fade away," gleams of spiritual meaning flash and vanish through the poem. The imagination everywhere suggests what the intellect cannot define.

We must acknowledge another reason for the obscurity of many passages in the *Prometheus*. The drama is uneven both in form and thought; and one is sometimes tempted to linger in search of hidden depth of meaning, when true wisdom would recognize a passage as impenetrable simply because shallow. It is because of this twofold difficulty in logical interpretation that many, even among the lovers of Shelley, give up the attempt to trace the evolution of any theme, and enjoy the drama simply as a succession of shining pictures and lovely melodies. Yet in reality the drama is a highly organized whole, conceived with the greatest care and with elaborate fullness of meaning. We know, on Mrs. Shelley's authority, that Shelley wrote every detail of the poem with distinct intention. His sensitive soul was attuned not only to harmonies of light and color, but to the severer music of the experiences of life. Such a nature is no pioneer in constructive ideas. We do not look to Shelley for the virile intellectuality, the grasp on practical problems, of Browning; but we do seek, and find, that intuitive reflection of the vital elements in contemporary life and thought which is characteristic of the seer. We shall find the *Prometheus Unbound* vague where the Revolution was vague, crude where the Revolution was crude, — that is, in its intellectual philosophy; we shall find it great where the Revolution was great, — that is, in its spiritual ideal.

We see how completely the drama expresses the limitations as well as the power inherent in the new democratic conception when we recall, briefly, Shelley's faith and attitude. Shelley is democrat and communist. His con-

victions are frankly, eagerly anarchical. The ruling passion of his life is the passion for liberty, and liberty to him, as to most thinkers of the time, means the absence of law. Shelley hates authority with a deadly hatred; it is by the overthrow of all government, civil and religious, that he expects the happiness of humanity to be attained. This destructive political conception is of course a simple reproduction of current ideas, or at least of the ideas of '93. On the ethical side, Shelley's thought was formed by two amusingly different influences, — by William Godwin and by Plato. The result of this curious union was paradoxical enough. With every higher instinct Shelley springs to greet the mystic idealism of Plato; but with his conscious intellect he clings to the views of Political Justice, the book which expresses the coldest radicalism of revolutionary thought. The crudest and most unimaginative parts of the *Prometheus Unbound* reflect the cheap doctrinaire philosophy of Godwin, — a philosophy held in Shelley's mind, but never in his soul. The easy optimism of Godwin, and of all revolutionary thinkers, is the phase of their thought most congenial to Shelley. To the Revolution evil is a pure accident, an external fact. It inheres in institutions, — how it got there we are never told, — and when these institutions shall be shattered, the nature of man, pure, virtuous, loving, will instantly restore the Age of Gold. This conception determines the whole form of the myth in the *Prometheus Unbound*. Shallow though it seems to-day, it served a necessary purpose. It roused men from the lethargy of despair, and inspired them with faith in man's control over his own destiny. Like the apostolic expectation of the immediate coming of the Lord, the pathetic revolutionary optimism gave courage to an infant faith, and made men loyal to their ideals until the time should come when they could stand

alone. It enabled them, in Shelley's words,

"to hope, till hope creates,
From its own wreck, the thing it contemplates."

There is another point in which Shelley's attitude is one with that of his time,—his scornful rejection of Christianity. No one can read history without seeing that it was very difficult, in those days, to be both a democrat and a Christian. The Church had identified itself, in the Revolution, with the aristocrats. It had chosen to side with established evil rather than with reform which disturbed peace. It had its reward. No one familiar with the respectable worldliness of the recognized religion of England during the first of our century can wonder that many of the most vivid and religious minds of the day revolted from Christianity. Shelley, with characteristic vehemence, rushed to the very extreme. Antagonism to belief in a personal God seems to Mr. William Rossetti the chief informing purpose of the *Prometheus Unbound*. The purpose of the great drama is surely both wider and more constructive than this; yet it is undoubtedly true that the poem breathes hatred to historical Christianity, while it also breathes reverence for Christ.

It is obvious, then, that Shelley is formed entirely by the democratic thought of the Revolution; he is also the exponent of its spiritual passion. So far as we have yet gone, we might have taken Byron as well as Shelley for our typical poet. Byron, too, had the frank antinomianism, the hatred of Christianity, found in the Revolution, though he lacked its buoyant optimism. But Byron was untouched by the higher elements of democratic thought which exalt the poetry of Shelley. Through the *Prometheus Unbound* breathes the very spirit of the religion of humanity, the passionate sympathy for suffering, the passionate love of man. The power to conceive vast abstract ideals and to render them dynamic in human life

was a gift of the Revolution, in reaction from the age of common sense; and this gift created the drama. Above all, our thought of the religion of Shelley must not be limited by his antagonisms. We are to seek the expression of his faith, not in the verse of crude reaction or boyish polemic, but in the self-revelation of his highest moments. His soul cannot be labeled; it is too bright and strange and swift for that. But if some name is to suggest the order of nature to which Shelley belonged, that of pantheist is the best. His thought, conditioned here as always by the limits of his time, lacks completely that reverence for the sacredness of personality which is the noblest achievement of the century's later years. Ignoring personality in man, it is no wonder that Shelley ignores it in God also. But the revolutionary movement was at heart a spiritual uprising. It marked the rebellion of the human soul from that mass of custom which, in a materialized society, lay upon it

"with a weight

Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

The new passion for nature as the revelation of a Divine Spirit, the new faith in love as the law of life, made a religion far more real than the deism or the dogmatic orthodoxy of the eighteenth century. This was the religion of Shelley. From all materialism, conscious or unconscious, his soul was severed by a severance sharp as that between death and life. He sees in nature, in the human soul, the "One Spirit's plastic stress;" and to attain perfect union with the Soul of All is his supreme desire. He worships, though he worships he knows not what.

"Within a cavern of man's trackless spirit
Is framed an Image, so intensely fair
That the adventurous thoughts that wander
near it
Worship, and as they kneel tremble, and wear
The splendor of its Presence, and the light
Penetrates their dreamlike frame
Till they become charged with the strength
of flame."

It is this "strength of flame" which has passed into the verse of Shelley.

Such was the nature of the man who was to be the supreme exponent of the ideal of the new democracy. The crude intellectual conceptions of the Revolution enter the *Prometheus Unbound* and weaken it; the spiritual sensitiveness and spiritual faith of the Revolution enter it more vitally, and mould it to an organic whole. The drama is thus singularly uneven. It forfeits at times all imaginative power; yet wherever this power diminishes, its historic suggestiveness may be said to increase. By virtue in part of its very imperfections, by virtue supremely of the love for humanity and passion for freedom and triumphant spirituality that suffuse it, it is the perfect artistic reflection of all that was most significant in the early aspects of the faith which has shaped our modern world.

Fitting it is that Shelley, of all the hierarchy of poets then living, should have been given the mission of perfectly reflecting the dawn of the new cosmic day. Fair in undying youth, his figure stands before us, its bright and ardent purity undimmed by the breath of years. Fate seems at first bitter and cruel when, in his thirtieth year, the Italian waters which he loved so well close over his frail bark, and the poet-soul is borne darkly, fearfully, afar, into an unknown land. Yet, though he sings no longer for the sons of time, he rests, like his own Adonais, "in those abodes where the Eternal are." Shelley's early death is, we may almost say, the inevitable conclusion of a life whose work it was to render for us the eager thought, the ardent faith, of adolescence. The sober and practical temper of middle life, the meditative calm of age, were never to touch his buoyant spirit. He heralded the sunrise; and his task was over when he had sung his hymn of welcome.

We have said that the *Prometheus Unbound* is a myth; and so it is. Yet

its type is widely different from that of the great stories of the elder world. In our modern days, we cannot expect, we could assuredly not desire, the perfect reproduction of an ancient poem. The *Prometheus Unbound* is both greater and less than the early dreams of Hellas. In some ways it is less. Inspired as a rule by spontaneous insight, it is yet beset now and again by a clogging self-consciousness, and the poetry sinks into allegory, or, lower yet, into versified didacticism. Moreover, the drama tantalizes us with an occasional vagueness and inconsistency foreign to the ancient myth. Yet if in these ways it is inferior, in others it is instinct with a deeper power. The past can never be relived. The *Prometheus* is truly a poem of youth, but the youth which inspires it is not that of the first childhood of the race. The world was indeed born anew, in those great years at the first of the century; but this its second birth was the birth of the spirit. The free naturalism, strong, simple, and buoyant, that breathes through the myths of Hellas had fled forever. The rapture of physical existence is replaced in all our later poetry by the rapture of a spiritual hope. Grave, with all its joyous melody, is the music of the *Prometheus*; the pain that sounds through the drama has a deeper note than the wistful grief of the child; in the eyes of *Prometheus* and Asia is seen the shadow of a suffering world. The ideal towards which the drama presses is far different from the temperate uprightness of the Greeks; it is no less than absolute union with the spirit of Divine Love. For the time when the *Prometheus Unbound* is written is the nineteenth Christian century, and the vision of holiness has been beheld by the world.

The century has grown old since Shelley wrote. The characteristic utterance of its central and final years has been that of men. A Rabbi Ben Ezra reviews life in memory, as a *Prometheus*

looked forward to life in hope. Brown-
ing and Tennyson have reverted to that
virile realism which is the more instinc-
tive expression of our English genius;
and this realism tends to express itself
in practical rather than in æsthetic
forms. That ideal which flashed upon
men of old as a vision we struggle as
a fact to fulfill. For them were the
hours of insight; for us are the hours
of gloom.

"With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, pile stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 't were done."

While we wait for the "hours of light"
to return, it is well for us always to
remember that what we are striving to

realize already exists as a vision. The
dream-images of superhuman beauty,
the ardent sweep of abstract enthusi-
asm, which we find in Shelley are in
truth the source and inspiration of that
stern democracy which, often in pain-
ful forms, struggles towards a future
that we can still but dimly see. The
economic science of to-day and the im-
aginative passion of the past are in aim
and essence one. We can no longer
console ourselves for unclean tenements
by dreams of the union of Prometheus
and Asia; but we may, in sober, dusty
days of discouraged labor, refresh our
spirits and revive our faith by turning
to the glory of the morning, and steep-
ing our eyes in the vision of an eternal
prime.

Vida D. Scudder.

TALLEYRAND.

If the long and impatiently awaited
Memoirs¹ have not realized expectation,
the disappointment has been partly
the fault of the public, partly that of
Talleyrand or his executors. If, tanta-
lized by fifty-three years' delay, people
looked for revelations on the writer's
venality, his stock-jobbing, his mis-
tresses, or his wife, or for his inmost
sentiments on religion or politics, they
forgot that these implied a penitence or
shamelessness equally foreign to his
character. If they expected a *chronique*
scandaleuse of the old monarchy and
the empire, they forgot that he was
too studious of external proprieties to
commit licentious anecdotes to writing,
and that his main object was to vindi-
cate himself, first in the eyes of Louis
XVIII., in the hope of returning to
office, and next in the eyes of posterity,
so as to restore or perpetuate his repu-

tation. But though the authenticity of
the Memoirs, at first keenly contested
on the ground of trivial mistakes in
dates and titles, is now admitted, their
completeness is and will remain dis-
puted. People have a right to be sur-
prised at Talleyrand's meagre account
of his share in the Revolution, for he
could not imagine that Louis XVIII.
or posterity would forget that he sol-
emnized mass at the Feast of Pikes,
and proposed the confiscation of church
property. Even stranger is his silence
on Mirabeau, who so closely resembled
him in venality and versatility, and who
during four years' close intimacy styled
him "*mon cher maître*." Talleyrand,
an unavowed subordinate of Vergennes
at the Foreign Office, procured for Mira-
beau a secret mission to Berlin, and his
confidential and mercilessly sarcastic
reports were addressed mostly to Tal-

¹ *Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand*. Edit-
ed by the DUC DE BROGLIE. With an Intro-
duction by the Hon. WHITE LAW REID. Five

volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
1891-92.

leyrand, by which channel they reached Vergennes and Louis XVI. In 1789, Mirabeau, hard pressed for money to carry on his candidacy for the Assembly, scandalized Europe by publishing these documents, whereupon Talleyrand broke off all relations with him till the very eve of Mirabeau's death. He is supposed then to have received Mirabeau's confidences on his dealings with the court, and he was entrusted by him with a speech on the law of inheritance, every line composed by his secretaries, but which Talleyrand read next day to the Assembly as the great tribune's last public service. Yet the Memoirs discuss or describe the Revolution without speaking of its most interesting personage.

The Duc de Broglie argues, indeed, that after the lapse of twenty years Talleyrand had "learnt much, and perhaps forgotten a little;" that he scarcely identified himself with the Talleyrand of the Revolution; and that he did not care to dwell upon the fruitless activity of that period, when he could expatiate on the eminent services of 1814 and 1830. To this let us add that in 1821, in a eulogium on Bishop Bourlier, one of his oldest friends, who had also acquiesced in all political changes, he passed over the revolutionary epoch with the same brevity or reticence. Yet we cannot forget that he prohibited the publication of his memoirs before 1868, on the ground "that those of whom I have had to speak, being no longer alive, may none of them have to suffer from what truth may have compelled me to say to their disadvantage." Now, there is absolutely nothing in the published work which could not have appeared immediately after his death. We know, however, that Thiers had reason to apprehend the mention of a scandal of his early life, and that he ineffectually endeavored to get sight of the manuscript, while its custodian, M. de Bacourt, spoke to his grand-niece, Madame de

Martel (the novelist "Gyp") of Thiers's death as a necessary preliminary to publication. Talleyrand, moreover, was not the man to lessen his own merits by concealing the fact that he had deterred Louis Philippe from what must have been a disastrous war, for the purpose either of annexing Belgium or of securing it for his second son. We are driven to the conclusion that the date 1868 was fixed in view of the probable death of Louis Philippe and Thiers, and that, although the rest of the Memoirs may be intact, the pruning-knife has been applied to the concluding volume in order to screen these two personages. This would account for Bacourt's destruction of the original manuscript, which consisted of pencil scraps, loose sheets of various sizes, and cheap exercise books, — an apparent chaos, but all carefully classified and labeled, so that Talleyrand could readily lay his hand on any chapter which he desired to read to his visitors. It is but fair to say that none of the portions thus communicated to Vitrolles, Greville, and others are now missing, but Talleyrand obviously would refrain from reading the chapters which necessitated the thirty years' secrecy. However this may be, all that remains is Bacourt's certified copy, which is now deposited at the Paris National Library, except, indeed, a duplicate in London, the mysterious owner of which has, we understand, pointed out about forty slight errors in the published work, which implies the absence of any serious discrepancy, — though that duplicate ought to contain the eight pages on *Égalité Orléans*, unaccountably torn out of the Bacourt copy. This latter, there being no possibility of testing its fidelity, we must take as it stands, and though the general reader will scarcely get beyond the second volume, the later portions are of more value to the historical student; for whereas Talleyrand throws little fresh light on the Revolution, he throws much on the European congresses of

1814 and 1830. We must never forget, however, that we are reading an apology, though the natural pleasure of relating reminiscences draws the writer into much that is not strictly relevant to his purpose, and that sometimes, like Napoleon at St. Helena, he is deliberately endeavoring to falsify history.

Born in 1754, eldest son of a count and general of small fortune, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord would, in the ordinary course, have been brought up a soldier; but at the age of four, while put out to nurse in Paris, he had a fall which dislocated his ankle. The ignorant nurse allowed the child to go limping about for some months, till he was sent for by his great-grandmother, Madame de Chalais, "the first member of my family who displayed any affection for me, and also the first who taught me the sweetness of filial love." He had then become a cripple for life, and the rights of primogeniture were transferred to his brother, the Church being selected as the only profession to which Talleyrand's lameness would be no obstacle. Meanwhile, he spent four years at Chalais, a seventeen days' coach ride from Paris, and he gives a vivid picture of a grand lady under the old *régime*: how every Sunday she doctored the peasants, how they extolled her beneficence, and how they exhorted him to imitate her example. At eight years of age his education had to be begun, and a cheerless life awaited him which left an indelible impress. Met at the coach by an old family valet, he was taken direct, without seeing his parents, to the Collège d'Harcourt. Once a week he dined at home, but his father, in every respect a nullity, regularly dismissed him at the end of the meal, with an injunction to be a good boy and mind his lessons; while his mother, an accomplished woman, did not waste her conversation on the lame child, of whom she lived to be proud, though as a stanch royalist some-

what ashamed of. Even when attacked by smallpox he was not sent home, but to a nurse recommended by the college doctor. Unable to join in boyish sports, and lacking the encouragement which might have made him a diligent scholar, he won, however, a lifelong friend in a "charming boy of his own age," Choiseul-Gouffier. When fifteen he was dispatched for a year, again without going home, — "I am, perhaps," he says, "the only man of distinguished birth, and belonging to a numerous and esteemed family, who did not for one week in his life enjoy the sweetness of being under his father's roof," — to Rheims, where his uncle was coadjutor and successor-designate to the archbishop, that he might be fascinated by the pomp and luxury of prelatic life; but he found its round of formalities unbearable, and he somewhat strangely failed to see that the tonsure was no bar to the highest political dignities. Sullenly submitting, however, to parental plans, he returned to Paris to enter St. Sulpice seminary. There his loneliness and irritation remind us of Napoleon's taciturn life at Brienne. His sole consolation was the library, where he delighted in history, in biography, and — this is natural in a lame youth who could never hope to roam far — in travels. His moroseness relaxed on making the acquaintance of a girl — he does not give her name, but it was Luzy — forced by her parents to be an actress, just as he was forced to be a priest. This earliest of his illicit attachments lasted two years, the seminary authorities shutting their eyes to the peccadillos of a student with such high prospects. There is not a word on his ordination, but his friend Choiseul used to relate how, on the eve of the ceremony, he found Talleyrand in tears of despair, and how he urged him not to consummate the sacrifice; but Talleyrand, afraid of his mother's wrath, and actuated by false pride, exclaimed, "It is too late; there is no retreating now!"

Talleyrand suggests that his parents treated him coldly, lest by making him affectionate they should relent in their purpose. He even argues, in several passages, that this unnatural training did him good by inducing meditation, self-reliance, and equanimity. But in all this he poses, whereas, when Madame de Rémusat plainly told him that he might have been a much better man, he unbosomed himself. "The way in which our early years are passed," he said, "influences our whole life, and if I tell you how I spent my youth you will be less surprised at many things." After describing his cheerless childhood, he added (the passage is more interesting than anything to be found in the *Memoirs*): —

"During the years he spent at St. Sulpice he was nearly always forced to keep alone in his room, his lameness scarcely allowing him to remain long standing; and unable to share in any of the amusements and activities of youth, he gave himself up to the deepest melancholy, formed a bad opinion of society life, was irritated at the priestly office thrust upon him, and was imbued with the idea that he was not bound scrupulously to observe duties to which he was constrained. He experienced the most profound disgust for the world, and escaped despair only by gradually steeling himself to a veritable indifference for men and things. Ultimately, again confronted with his parents, he was received as a displeasing object, and no affectionate word or consolation was ever addressed to him. 'You see,' he said, 'that in this situation I had either to die of chagrin, or benumb myself so as to feel nothing of what I missed. I chose the latter, but I quite agree with you that I was wrong. It might have been better to suffer and to retain the faculty of feeling, for this apathy of soul with which you reproach me has often disgusted me with myself. I have not liked others enough, but I have scarcely liked myself any better,

and I have not taken sufficient interest in myself.' "

He added that he was temporarily drawn out of his torpor by a passion for Princess Charlotte de Montmorency, and that but for the Revolution he should have obtained papal dispensation from his vows and should have married her. Of this attachment and project there is not the slightest hint in the *Memoirs*. Curiously enough, Princess Charlotte married ¹ a man trained, like Talleyrand, for the priesthood, but released by an elder brother's death from the necessity of an uncongenial profession, — Adrien de Montmorency, afterwards Duc de Laval.

In thus hardening himself against affection Talleyrand may be said to have killed his soul. Voltaire, according to M. Faguet, *n'avait pas d'âme*, though this must be taken with some qualification; for the champion of Calas and Sirven could be told by a Protestant pastor, "You seem to combat Christianity, yet you do its works;" and he could reply, "I chant no psalm, but I adore the Divinity and love mankind." Still, it must be acknowledged that in general Voltaire had no soul, and the same remark applies to Talleyrand. "Cripples are cankered," says a Scotch proverb. Talleyrand, no doubt, at times did kindly acts, — he mitigated the severity of some of Napoleon's arbitrary measures, he promoted the worldly interests of his family; but he had no affection for his kindred, no love of mankind. He was incapable of generous emotion; he looked on men as mere counters, and was as indifferent as Napoleon to human suffering. One cannot help pondering on what he would have been but for his lameness. Would he have become a fashionable officer and courtier, emigrating, like the rest of his class, and passing his life in frivolities; or were his selfishness and rapacity in-

¹ In 1788, a date difficult to reconcile with Talleyrand's alleged plan of unfrocking himself.

nate, and did circumstances simply develop them?

His first sinecure at Rheims was notoriously due, though he does not mention this, to his having said, in a company of young rakes boasting of their conquests, "In Paris it is easier, I see, to get mistresses than benefices," — a reflection repeated to Louis XV., and thought by him deserving of a recompense. We must pass hurriedly over the ecclesiastical career of the Abbé de Périgord. His uncle, now Archbishop of Rheims, first procured for him election to the Assembly of the Clergy, and next appointment as "promoter," a kind of clerical attorney-general. Then followed two years at the Sorbonne, devoted, as he acknowledges, more to pleasure than to theology, after which, "at last free to do as I pleased," he collected some associates, — Choiseul, Narbonne, Lauzun, Mirabeau, and other young men, anxious, like himself, to make their way in the world. Lunching at his rooms, they sharpened their wits by discussing politics, commercial treaties, and American independence. Talleyrand, though he fitted out a privateer to share in the spoils of the war with England, speaks contemptuously, as we should expect, of Lafayette; but he confesses that the young nobles who crossed the Atlantic imbibed a love of liberty, and perceived that services in its cause, as proved by the example of Washington, were the only true title to distinction. He also admits that the non-commissioned officers and privates "so imprudently sent to the aid of the English colonies" came back full of admiration for the doctrines of equality, whereas at that very time plebeians were made ineligible for commissions.

From 1780 to 1785 Talleyrand was agent-general of the clergy, — that is to say, manager of its business concerns; and during his term of office he endeavored to get himself into notice by advocating the abolition of state lotteries, an increase in the miserable stipends of

parish priests, and the right to remarriage of women whose sailor husbands had long disappeared, but whose death could not be legally proved. He also attended the meetings of a bank which had fallen into difficulties, and delivered a florid speech on credit. A bishopric was the usual reward of an agent-general, but Talleyrand, regarded as a satellite of Cardinal de Rohan, shared in the disgrace caused by the diamond-necklace affair. He was kept three years waiting, and might have been kept longer had not his father, visited on his death-bed by Louis XVI., besought for him the bishopric of Autun. As it was, Marie Antoinette would not hear of his being made a cardinal, though the Pope had promised this to Gustavus of Sweden, with whose lady friends in Paris Talleyrand had ingratiated himself. His Memoirs are silent on these disappointments, but despair of court favor accounts for his saying to Madame de Rémusat: —

"You will understand how, in this disposition, I welcomed the Revolution. It attacked principles and usages to which I had been a victim; it seemed to me to have come to break my chains; it suited my temper. I warmly embraced its cause, and events have since disposed of me."

Writing, however, for Louis XVIII. and for posterity, he represents vanity, "the ruling passion of the Gauls," as the mainspring of the Revolution, and he, or his executor, strangely minimizes his own share in it. Now, there were certainly a dozen men more prominent than himself in the Assembly; but he was one of its monthly presidents, and he not merely interested himself in currency, education, and the metric system, but he proposed the abolition, first of tithes, and then of other church property; he took the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy, for which he was excommunicated by the Pope; and though declining election to a bishopric under the new system,

he for the last time exercised episcopal functions by consecrating one of the elective prelates. This act is the only one which he, or his executor, chooses to mention, and he justifies it on the ground that France might otherwise have been forced into Presbyterianism (*sic*), and could not have been brought back to that Catholicism whose hierarchy and ritual harmonized with monarchy. Talleyrand would have us believe that in his most anti-Catholic and anti-royalist acts he was secretly promoting the restoration of the altar and the throne! He justly claims credit, however, for a nocturnal visit to the king's younger brother (afterwards Charles X.) to urge on him a dissolution of the Assembly, and he was able, twenty-three years afterwards, by reminding the prince of this, to facilitate his reconciliation with the Bourbons.

Passing over the chapter on the Duke of Orléans, with its mysterious gap of eight pages on the duke's exact consanguinity with Louis XVI., we find Talleyrand in London from January to August, 1792, commissioned to secure England's alliance or neutrality. He returned thither in September, nominally to promote the metric system, but really as the emissary of Danton, who, there is reason to believe, had suppressed a letter discovered in the mysterious iron closet at the Tuileries, in which Talleyrand had offered his services to the court. Talleyrand, on this second visit, courted the English radicals, and sent Danton a long report; but of course, when ordered by Pitt to quit the country, he protested that he had no political mission. Equally of course Danton's name does not appear in the *Memoirs*. Refused an asylum in Tuscany, and manifestly unable to face the royalist *émigrés* in Germany, Talleyrand embarked in March, 1794, for America; but a gale forced the vessel to put in to Falmouth, where a curious incident occurred.

"The innkeeper at whose place I

had my meals informed me that one of the lodgers was an American general. Thereupon I expressed a desire of seeing that gentleman, and shortly after I was introduced to him. After the usual exchange of greetings, I put to him several questions concerning his country, but from the first it seemed to me that my inquiries annoyed him. Having several times vainly endeavored to renew the conversation, which he always allowed to drop, I ventured to request from him some letters of introduction to his friends in America. 'No,' he replied; and after a few moments of silence, noticing my surprise, he added: 'I am, perhaps, the only American who cannot give you letters for his own country. All the relations I had there are now broken. I must never return to the States.' He dared not tell me his name. It was General Arnold! I must confess that I felt much pity for him, for which political puritans will perhaps blame me, but with which I do not reproach myself, for I witnessed his agony."

Talleyrand does not tell us that Washington refused to see him, or that he sought business as a commission agent, and he disposes in twelve pages of his two years in America; but one passage is worth quoting, though the translation scarcely does justice to this the only description of scenery in the five volumes. Beaumetz, a fellow-exile, and Heydecooper, a Dutchman, joined Talleyrand in a trip inland from Philadelphia, and here is the latter's account of it:—

"I was struck with astonishment; at less than 150 [120] miles from the capital all trace of men's presence disappeared. Nature in all her primeval vigor confronted us: forests old as the world itself; decayed plants and trees, covering the very ground where they once grew in luxuriance; others shooting forth from the *débris* of the former, and like them destined to decay and rot; thick and intricate bushes

that often barred our progress; green and luxuriant grass decking the banks of rivers; large natural meadows; strange and delicate flowers, quite new to me; and here and there the traces of former tornadoes that had carried everything before them. Enormous trees, all mowed down in the same direction, extending for a considerable distance, bore witness to the wonderful force of these terrible phenomena. On reaching higher ground, our eyes wandered, as far as the eye could range, over a most varied and pleasant picture. The tops of trees and the undulations of the ground, which alone interfere with the uniform aspect of large extents of country, produce a peculiar effect. In the face of these immense solitudes we gave free vent to our imagination: our minds built cities, villages, and hamlets; the mountain forests were to remain untouched, the slopes of the hills to be covered with luxuriant crops, and we could almost fancy we saw numerous herds of cattle grazing in the valley under our eyes. There is an inexpressible charm in thinking of the future, when traveling in such countries. Such, said I to myself, was the place where, not very many years ago, Penn and 2000 emigrants laid the foundations of Philadelphia, and where 80,000 people are now enjoying all the luxuries of Europe. Such was also the site now occupied by the pretty little town of Bethlehem, whose neat houses and wonderfully fertile environs, due to the energy of the Moravian Brothers, excite the admiration of all visitors. After the peace of 1783 the city of Baltimore was but a fishing-village; now, spacious and elegant dwellings have there been built everywhere, and dispute the ground with trees whose stumps have not yet been removed. It is impossible to move or step without feeling convinced that the irresistibly progressive march of nature requires an immense population to cultivate, some day, this vast extent of ground, — lying idle now, indeed, but

which only wants the hand of man to produce everything in abundance. I leave to others the satisfaction of foretelling the prospects of those countries. I confine myself to noticing that it is impossible to walk a few miles from seaside towns without learning that the lovely and fertile fields we now admire were but ten, five, but a couple of years ago, mere wildernesses of forest."

Talleyrand does not here, as in his able paper before the Institute in 1797, remark that to pass from a flourishing town to a log hut was a practical demonstration of the origin of states, "a travel backwards in the history of the human mind;" nor does he mention, as in that paper, how much he was struck by seeing the various members of a family repair to different churches, this diversity of creed causing no bickerings. He speaks, however, of the prevalence of barter, and of the coexistence of simplicity and luxury. A common straw hat, such as no European peasant would have worn, was placed in Mrs. Robert Morris's drawing-room, on an elegant Sèvres china table from the Trianon; and in a log house on the Ohio, Beaumetz was begged not to attempt playing on a piano enriched with beautiful brasses, because the tunist lived one hundred miles off, and had not come there that year. The three travelers, under the influence of plentiful libations at a Connecticut farmhouse, agreed to go beaver-hunting with their host's sons; but the next morning, reflecting on the fatigues and discomforts of the expedition, they were glad to revoke the agreement for a few dollars forfeit money. "We felt rather ashamed," says Talleyrand; and it is amazing how even in his cups a cripple could have made such a compact. He was much more in his element in conversing with Alexander Hamilton, "whose mind and character placed him, I thought, on a par with the most distinguished statesmen of Europe, not even excepting Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox." Hamilton, whose ideas

on trade, however, he fails to make clear to us, was the American whom Talleyrand best remembered. When Ticknor, to whom he sang his praises in 1818, objected that European statesmen and soldiers had dealt with much larger masses of men, Talleyrand replied, "Mais il avait deviné l'Europe." Talleyrand also made the acquaintance of Elbridge Gerry, whom he so bamboozled two years later; and his knowledge of American resources perhaps suggested the shameless demand then made by him of a bribe of \$250,000 for himself, and \$6,000,000 for the Directory. The rejection of that demand, coupled with Washington's refusal to receive him, gave him, as his confidant Pichon confessed to Ticknor in 1837, a lifelong grudge against America.

"If I remain here another year, I shall die," wrote Talleyrand from Philadelphia to Madame de Staël,¹ who accordingly set every influence to work to effect his recall to France, in which she succeeded just in time to prevent his sailing on a business trip to India. Audaciously forgetting that influence and his own petition to the Convention, Talleyrand describes the recall as "quite unsolicited." On his arrival in Paris, his benefactress not merely lent him 24,000 francs, which he did not repay without being pressed, but procured him an introduction to the unscrupulous Barras. Barras had that very day lost a favorite satellite by drowning, and Talleyrand's mastery of affected condolence won his heart. Barras, patronizing Talleyrand as he had already patronized Bonaparte, got him the appointment of Minister of Foreign Affairs, which, however, under the Directory, was little better than a secretaryship, albeit an indiscreet admirer, M. Pallain, has lately been at the trouble of exhuming his dispatches. As his excuse for serving this corrupt and incompetent government, Talley-

rand pleads that an enemy of public order would otherwise have filled the post. He now made the acquaintance of his future master, whom he describes as having "a charming face, so much do the halo of victory, fine eyes, a pale and almost consumptive look, become a young hero." General Bonaparte characteristically opened the conversation by claiming aristocratic equality with Talleyrand. "Your uncle is Archbishop of Rheims, and mine is Archdeacon in Corsica." The intimacy was at first detrimental to Talleyrand, whose support of the Egyptian expedition occasioned such an outcry against him, when that expedition proved disastrous, that he was forced to resign. With his usual effrontery he represents the resignation as voluntary; but he is more candid in relating how, when Bonaparte, having returned from Egypt, was planning the 18th Brumaire with him by night, they mistook a noise in the street for a troop sent to arrest them. "General Bonaparte turned pale, and I quite believe I did the same. I blew out the candle, and went on tiptoe to one of the front rooms, whence I could see what was going on in the street." On discovering that a cab had broken down, "we laughed a good deal at our panic."

In any other country and with any other master, the exposure of Talleyrand's venality would have disqualified him for public life, but Napoleon rather liked a man under a stigma, as more likely to prove faithful, because conscious that nobody else would employ him. Talleyrand had now attained power and wealth, but we must pass rapidly over his career under Napoleon, especially as it is less interesting than his earlier history. Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1799 to 1807, Vice Grand Elector, High Chamberlain, Prince of Benevento (thus being a kind of petty sovereign owing allegiance only to the empire), enjoying, independently of bribes and speculations, an income

¹ Grandmother of the Duc de Broglie, who now edits her ungrateful client's Memoirs.

estimated at \$60,000, he won everything except esteem. Of course, he represents himself as uniformly actuated by patriotism. He asks us to believe that he plainly told Napoleon that his kidnapping of the Spanish princes was like cheating at cards. Those princes, by the way, were "interned" by Napoleon in Talleyrand's mansion at Valençay, and he gives a striking picture of their poverty of ideas and of his endeavors to amuse them. He protests his innocence of all share in the death of the Duc d'Enghien, the harmless Bourbon prince also kidnapped by Napoleon, and after a mock trial shot at Vincennes; but there is conclusive testimony of his having assured Napoleon that he was justified in thus retaliating on the Bourbons for their alleged plots against his life. Talleyrand undoubtedly defended and even glorified the crime, but he excuses this by his usual sophistry that that crime did not jeopardize public order. He represents himself as having, at the famous Erfurt interview, — a gathering interesting to us chiefly for Napoleon's conversations with Goethe¹ and Wieland, — dissuaded the Czar from an alliance with Napoleon. Here we can believe him, for he is confirmed by the Czar's statement to the Duke of Wellington and by Metternich, though we must share Mr. Whitelaw Reid's amazement at his unconsciousness of there being anything reprehensible in thus surreptitiously thwarting the plans of his own master. He insists, of course, that in so doing he was serving France, and even Napoleon's real interests. He protests that, though foreseeing Napoleon's fall, he never conspired against him. He argues that he could not have done this even had he wished, for he was closely watched by his suspicious master; and

in February, 1814, Savary, the Minister of Police, burst uninvited into his drawing-room, where he and his guests were naturally discussing events.

"Ah," exclaimed Savary, half in jest, half in earnest, "I have caught you all conspiring!"

"It is decidedly a villainous calling, that of Minister of Police," quietly remarks Talleyrand, whose meditation resulted in the conviction that to secure the least unfavorable terms of peace, and to avert vengeance for twenty years of devastation, France must recall the Bourbons. He tells us how Napoleon, offered peace on condition of restoring the frontier of 1792, told his satellites that the Bourbons alone could conclude such a peace; "that he would sooner abdicate; that he would readily return to private life; that his wants were few; that five francs a day would be sufficient; that his only passion had been to make the French the greatest people on earth; that, being obliged to renounce this, nothing remained for him; and he concluded with these words: 'If no one will fight, I cannot carry on the war alone; if the nation wants peace on the basis of the former limits, I shall say to it, Seek another ruler. I am too great for you.'" Such an utterance would compel admiration except for the awkward fact that in March, 1814, Napoleon had accepted these terms, but on gaining a slight temporary advantage had revoked his consent, thus sealing his own fate. As it was, he had to agree to banishment to the isle of Elba, so petty a sovereignty that Fouché, in a letter which, sent through Talleyrand, apparently never reached him, urged him to seek an asylum in the United States. "There," said Fouché, "you would begin your existence anew among a new people. They would admire your

¹ Goethe was pressed by the Emperor to settle in Paris, to write a drama eulogizing Caesar, and to publish an account of the Erfurt gathering; that is to say, to glorify the humiliation of Germany. He declined the third proposal, but

had serious thoughts of accepting the invitation to Paris. Wieland, less of a courtier, manfully defended Tacitus, against whom Napoleon was fond of inveighing.

genius without fearing it. You would be under the protection of laws that are just and inviolable towards all that breathes, in the land of the Franklins, the Washingtons, and the Jeffersons. You would prove to that people that, had you been born amongst them, you would have had the same thoughts, feelings, and aspirations as they; that you would have preferred their virtues and liberty to ruling over all the countries of the earth."

Head of the provisional government, host of the Czar (who was deterred from occupying the Tuileries by a rumor of its being undermined), and Louis XVIII.'s plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna, Talleyrand adroitly coined, or at least gave a new meaning to, the word "legitimacy." He thus prevented the annexation of Saxony by Prussia, secured the reinstatement of the Bourbons in Naples, and gained for prostrate France a footing of equality with her conquerors. In all this he showed consummate skill; but the Czar, checkmated by him, resented his defeat, and when, after the Hundred Days, Talleyrand, as Prime Minister, had to receive the dictates of the allied powers, resolved on punishing France for her second submission to Napoleon, he found his position untenable. His resignation was a peace-offering to the Czar, and Louis XVIII. made up his mind never to recall him to office. Dismissed with a rich sinecure to insure his neutrality, Talleyrand had to wait fifteen long years for an opportunity to reënter the political arena.

The revolution of 1830 brought him the embassy to England. An escort of honor from Dover to London, the cheers of the populace, the lavish attentions of the British court and aristocracy, made ample amends for the ignominious expulsion of 1794. The Belgian revolution, tidings of which had reached him at Calais, made his post doubly delicate and difficult, and his London dispatches occupy more

than two of his five volumes. We cannot enter minutely into this closing period of his career. Suffice it to say that, in spite of a sovereign unreasonable and at times distrustful; in spite of incompetent and blundering Ministers of Foreign Affairs, and of riots in Paris which weakened his authority; in spite of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, all anxious for the restoration of Dutch rule, Talleyrand succeeded in securing the independence and, what was for France especially important, the neutralization of Belgium, under a prince wedded to the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe. He had not the slightest sympathy with the Belgian insurgents; he seems even to have thought that Belgium would eventually be absorbed by France; but he gained for France all that was immediately practicable, namely, the substitution of a neutralized state for a Dutch monarchy necessarily allied with England and Prussia. "Legitimacy" was thus of course thrown to the winds, and even "non-intervention," after serving its purpose, followed suit, for French troops twice entered Belgium: the first time to prevent the recapture of Brussels by Holland; the second, to drive the Dutch out of Antwerp, which they held as a guarantee for favorable terms of separation. During these prolonged negotiations Talleyrand fell ill (or did he sham illness?), and the London Congress had to hold a sitting in his bedroom. This must have been the proudest moment of his life.

We must pass over the other diplomatic questions, a very sea of troubles in Egypt, Greece, Spain, and Portugal, upon which Talleyrand's counsels were usefully exercised. The Memoirs break off abruptly in April, 1834, for he either could not or would not edit the dispatches of the remaining four months of his London mission, but these have been added by the Duc de Broglie. Talleyrand would willingly have resigned a year earlier, but was anxious to try to conclude a treaty with Eng-

land, as a counterpoise to the Holy Alliance. When, however, he found this impracticable, he made up his mind to retire. He pleaded age and infirmity, and he frankly avowed a desire not to impair his reputation by a commonplace ending. He likewise urged his strained relations with Lord Palmerston. These he absurdly attributed to Palmerston's annoyance at a caricature by Doyle (H. B.), a skit on the lead taken by Talleyrand in the Belgian business, which represented the lame leading the blind. (Palmerston, however, always had his eyes open.) The truth is, that Palmerston, as his biographer, Lord Dalling, acknowledges, lacked the bump of veneration. Unceremonious with everybody, he treated Talleyrand as he did other ambassadors, missing appointments, or keeping him waiting an hour in the antechamber; whereas Talleyrand, as Prince of Benevento, sometime adviser of Napoleon, and the Nestor of European diplomacy, not to speak of his lameness, considered himself entitled to special attentions. It is believed that, in spite of his age, he was anxious for the Vienna embassy, in the hope of effecting an alliance with Austria; but Louis Philippe was either afraid of his intriguing with the deposed Charles X., then at Prague, or he was eager to throw off an apparent tutelage on which French caricaturists had been busy. Talleyrand, accordingly, retired from public affairs, and lived at Paris and at Valençay till his death, on the 17th of May, 1838.

It is neither necessary nor, with our limited space, possible to discuss those events of his life on which the Memoirs are silent, including the death-bed reconciliation with Rome, regarded by some as a revolting farce; by others, as a clever move by which, at the cost of a very guarded expression of submission and contrition, he secured the last rites of the Church without the usual condition of the dedication of ill-gotten gains to pious uses. His Memoirs,

as we have seen, break off, and do not end. Perhaps he wished to avoid drawing a moral, but we are bound to sum up his qualities and deficiencies. He was not a great statesman nor a great thinker. Swimming dexterously with the tide, he never attempted to stem it, and he could prevent or overturn much better than he could construct. Had Talleyrand accepted the premiership offered him in 1832, his want of eloquence and conviction, his incapacity for dealing with parliaments, would have been painfully apparent. He had no large views of politics or history. When he attempts to philosophize he is commonplace, and when he forecasts the future he makes egregious mistakes. He seems, indeed, in 1816, to have predicted the aggrandizement of Prussia; but he imagined that European emigration could be diverted, regardless of climate, from America to north Africa, and he fancied that on the suppression of the slave trade the negro race in America would die out. He could gloss over a crime repugnant to his own instincts, but virtue would have blushed at any tribute from him. His manners were exquisite. He was never rude or arrogant, and he could be most caressing and persuasive, turning even his lameness to account by leaning on the arm of the man whom he wished to win over. His successes, however, were all achieved in the small diplomatic gatherings of the European Areopagus, and mostly in the confidential *tête-à-tête* conferences which preceded the formal sittings. He could give an expedient the air of a principle, and he could persuade sovereigns, who themselves, or whose fathers, had partitioned Poland, that they were the actual champions of legitimacy. A great diplomatist, adroit in profiting by circumstances, he was never at a loss for a plausible plan or a so-called principle. His tact and self-control never failed him, and his countenance was an impenetrable mask. He could

catch up and appropriate ideas thrown out in conversation to which he had apparently paid no attention. His style was clear and felicitous, his wit sparkling, his irony cutting, his repartees always ready, and sometimes carefully premeditated. Considering his lameness, which made lying down the only comfortable position, his industry was extraordinary. He indulged to the full his three ruling passions, — power, wealth, and women: but he was never entirely trusted by his successive masters; his rapacity, while enabling him to live as an epicure, discredited him; and though he had many intrigues, he was never really in love, and was cruelly punished by being forced to marry a Creole whose beauty had smitten him, but whose fatuity exposed him to a contemptuous pity. His great age, his snowy ringlets, elaborately curled and oiled in his four hours' daily toilet, won for him the lenient judgment

accorded to veterans whose misdeeds, though unrepented of, have become ancient history. Although self had always stood first, he had rendered great services to France, and perhaps his private interests had never come into what would have been a doubtful struggle with patriotism. A "trimmer" on the specious plea of the public interest, his motto was not even Cellini's, "I serve whoever pays me," for he frequently served, not his actual, but his prospective paymaster; yet, while betraying French rulers, he never betrayed France. Parental coldness, enforced entrance into a profession for which, as he pleaded in his death-bed letter to the Pope, he "was never born," the venality and unscrupulousness of his time, are certainly extenuating circumstances; but though we doubt whether he could have been a great man, we feel with Madame de Rémusat that there was the potentiality of better things in him.

TWO FRENCH PERSONALITIES.

MOST authors who spend themselves upon their subject are content to hand over to criticism the task of appraising their talents. There are even writers of autobiography, with themselves of a necessity for subject, who, while recording their recollections, their impressions, or their inmost thoughts, leave it to reader or critic to detach from their pages and define as a whole the personality which makes the charm or interest of their works. In fact, as a general rule, after reading a book we are left with a certain accumulation of sensations, pleasurable or not, for which we have ourselves to find the reason. But M. Sarcy leaves as little to the analysis as to the imagination of his readers, and the pen of the critic, were it not set in motion by extraneous and intermittent mo-

tives which we forbear to cite, might lie upon his desk and be at peace. M. Sarcy has reviewed himself. His recollections and ideas are weighed judiciously, one by one, as they are set forth; we are told exactly from what manner of man they proceed; together with our pleasure we find our reasons for being pleased; and if there should by chance be a reader so ungrateful as not to be pleased, he would probably find that M. Sarcy had given him the reasons for that attitude as well. His sincerity is impeccable and disarming to friend as well as foe. He sets before us all his aptitudes and disqualifications for the career of a lecturer (the present volume, the second of his reminiscences, deals wholly with platform experiences); he narrates his failures, his successes, and,

last stroke of honesty, the partial failure of his success. He has devoted himself to lecturing as an art, and has mastered its technique; he has learned to hold and manipulate his public, and he now turns round frankly to show it how the thing is done, — to give the receipt, and tell off the exact proportions of truth and artifice in the feasts at which it has been an habitual guest.

There is something specially and agreeably Gallic in this sincerity of M. Sarcey's. It is not an untrained nor a reckless sincerity, — of the sort that ignores its environments, and takes the risk of misunderstanding or ridicule; it is the outcome of a thorough knowledge of the world, a just sense of proportion, a due consideration for others, and a determination not to be duped. "You can save yourself from being ridiculous only by being sincere," he says, in treating of the relation between lecturer and audience, and of the discretion and courage required to run the gauntlet of the terrible *blague parisienne*. Sincere, — that is to say frank and direct; not, of course, zealously carried away by conviction. We have here the perfect art of sincerity, and there is something so finished and graceful about it, so free from fatuity, so detached and sane, that the more we contemplate it the more we admire.

*Souvenirs d'Age Mûr*¹ is an entertaining book, deftly put together, and extremely well written in that racy, idiomatic, yet polished style, that every-day Parisian, of which M. Sarcey is in his way almost as complete a master as is M. Renan of a larger and more exquisite diction. The work has three distinct elements of interest: it is at once a section of autobiography, a history of lecturing and lecturers in Paris, and a manual of the art. Among the anecdotic material, which is amusing without being

too trivial or gossipy, we find something which is new to us, at least, even on the eternally old theme of stage fright. M. Sarcey declares that a certain mode of utterance of Sarah Bernhardt's, when "the words come from her mouth as if hammered, with a sharp sonority," was originally the effect of stage fright, cleverly adopted into her performance, and transformed from a necessity into a virtue. The most interesting part of the book, even to readers who have no intention of appearing upon the platform, is that which treats of lecturing as an art, and of art in general. Here M. Sarcey has much to say, and does not say too much. He has trained himself not to talk above the heads of his audiences. This reserve made, he displays admirable intelligence; and when an author has the sagacity to restrict himself thus, it can be neither pertinent nor gracious to inquire how far his intelligence would have carried him if the brake had not been applied.

It is worthy of note that, although M. Sarcey was already a successful teacher and journalist before he entered upon the career of a lecturer, he did not make the latter a mere appendage of the other two professions, but set to work to master its technicalities from the beginning, putting his new wine into new bottles. He has some apt remarks on the difference between teaching and lecturing. In teaching, he says (we take the liberty of abridging rather than quoting), it is not eloquence that tells, nor charm, but enthusiasm for the subject and a real interest in the pupils. The ground to be gone over is new to them: stimulate their interest by the vitality of your own; say to them with conviction that a work of art is great, and they will catch the enthusiasm, will feel it to be great, and will afterwards find or accept reasons for its greatness. With a general audience, on the other hand, the attraction centres in the personality of the lecturer. Here M. Sarcey's advice is: make yourself a

¹ *Souvenirs d'Age Mûr*. Par FRANCISQUE SARCEY. Deuxième Édition. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1892.

self; intensify a little the traits of your personality; make of the essential gifts and idiosyncrasies which belong to you a complete and consistent whole, like a character conceived and worked out by an actor. For the matter of the lecture, the first requisite, according to M. Sarcey, is to have something to say, to be familiar with the subject and have command of it; the second, to say nothing new. "Get well into your head this primordial truth, you who aspire to amuse or instruct your contemporaries by lecturing: one can teach people only what they know, can persuade them only of those things of which they have already a desire to be convinced; one can open up to them only those ideas upon which they have some illumination in advance; the good seed of the word fructifies only in minds prepared beforehand for its reception. Distrust every new idea which comes into conflict with an old prejudice, and above all with a widespread feeling; or, if you decide to risk it, do so with extreme circumspection."

It would seem as if there might be something chilling to enthusiasm in having not only to fish for compliments, but to sound the waters from which they are drawn. Yet, notwithstanding these necessities, M. Sarcey tells us that he has dearly loved *la conférence*, with a love not altogether happy. He was one of the pioneers of the profession in Paris, and he has made efforts and sacrifices during many years, not alone for personal success, but for the establishment of lecturing as a recognized intellectual recreation in that city. He was warned from the first that the lecture would never be acclimated there, and his own experience and observation bring him in the end to this conclusion: "I confess that my efforts have been made in vain. We have at this moment neither a school of lecturers nor a public devoted to lectures." What is the reason of this indifference? Can it be that people weary of being told by their prophets that

which they know already? Do ridicule and frivolity triumph in the end over sincerity itself? Or is lecturing, after all, like the New Christianity, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring; having, apart from its academic uses, little excuse for being save in cultivated provincial circles deprived by distance of the benefit of other sources of intellectual supply?

M. Renan has had an infinitely more difficult mission in life than M. Sarcey, but in none of the autobiographical chapters through which, from time to time, he honors the public with his confidence is there any word of failure. He has had the courage to tell people what they did not know, or, if they guessed it, had no intention of believing, and the tact to persevere in asserting it, till the intrepidity with which he continues to do so is almost superfluous, like those morphological parts which survive the conditions that called them into being. He cast his seed long ago into unprepared ground, but there have been many harvests since. M. Sarcey's topic, lecturing, is a question of the hour. M. Renan, in his most fugitive pages, deals with the problems of eternity; looking, if not with the eye of faith, at least with that of a serene and sagacious philosophy, from the world about him to the starry heavens above. *La blague parisienne*, so patent a fact to M. Sarcey's mundane perceptions, is doubled to M. Renan by the possibility of a more knowing *blague*, an irony that may lurk in those unseen upper spaces. The position of an unfortunate lecturer before a hypercritical audience here below would appear to be one of solid comfort compared with this intellectual situation; but M. Renan is completely at ease in it, secure, so far as a man of intellect can feel secure, in his sincerity, in his suavity, and in his irony, which truly is of a sort to be unavailing only in a sphere, if any such exist, where that figure is expunged from rhetoric.

The most astonishing and perfect creation of M. Renan's irony is his optimism. Almost he would persuade us, if not to believe that this is the best of all possible worlds, and that the human intellect is marching to a millennium of absolute knowledge and happiness, at least to believe that he believes it. It looks abundantly like it. Never, perhaps, was this ancient planet caressed by a more gracious or a more insinuating philosophy. Listen to M. Renan as he rebukes Amiel for his pessimism, and holds up to him the consolations of intellect and progress. In the Amiel journal is a page commenting on the epicureanism, the superficiality, the seminarist insincerity, of M. Renan, whom Amiel reproaches with having left out of his view of life the entire question of sin and redemption. The paper in which this criticism from beyond the tomb is taken up, phrase by phrase, in which M. Renan justifies himself and in turn criticises Amiel, is not the least interesting and characteristic in the present volume.¹ He renders high tribute to Amiel's philosophic powers, speaking of him as "assuredly one of the strongest speculative minds which, during the period between 1845 and 1880, have meditated upon life." He dwells upon his sincerity, his sensitive goodness, his delicacy of thought, and indicates with almost equal tenderness, and very justly, his morbidness, his defects of temperament and education, his limitations. He inquires pertinently how, with so many things to be learned and investigated, with all history lying behind him, and science continually opening up wider vistas before him, a man can deliberately take time to record the operations of his own mind. He does not inquire how accumulated knowledge and the results of many intellectual operations can have so great value, if the history of one mind

has so little. He holds up the facts of life patiently and reasonably to the suffering morsel of intelligence that was Amiel, and unfolds hopes that the human race may in time perfect, not itself alone, but its Creator as well. It is always an intellectual delight to behold M. Renan tossing the spheres, six at a time, from one hand to the other; and we have to recover from the exhilaration caused by this spectacle before we ask ourselves whether all this optimism has not made out a worse case for us than the doctrine which it set out to refute, and whether Amiel's pessimism, with its earnestness and resignation, does not offer truer sources of consolation. The admirable discourse on the present state and tendency of things with which M. Renan received M. Jules Claretie at the Academy brings further evidence that, if he does not lay sufficient stress for a Genevan conscience upon the sins of the world, he is at all events sufficiently aware of its blunders, and that the absolution which he pronounces so graciously has in it a little drop—oh, not so much!—of bitterness.

But how charming he is, and, as he has called himself a *curé raté*, what a *bon curé*, whether in bestowing his rebukes upon Amiel, or in his benediction on the Celtic dinners or on the presumably apocryphal Society for the Propagation of the French Language! Dr. Johnson, it will be remembered, said of Burke, "If a man were to go at the same time with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, he would say, 'This is an extraordinary man;'" and similarly, no one can read the most detached and fugitive of M. Renan's Leaves without being aware of his magnitude. His intellect and style are Olympian even on the smallest occasions. There is no other word for it, and we must risk the confu-

RENAN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.

Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

¹ *Feuilles Détachées*. Faisant suite aux Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse. Par ERNEST

sion of mythologies in our figures, and let the Olympian who is no less kind to the human race remain alongside of the bon curé. In spite of his optimism, we are indebted to M. Renan for much consolation and enjoyment, and, notwithstanding his paradox, for true enlighten-

ment. The German scholars may have absorbed and enlarged and improved upon his theories and ideas; but they work in the region of technicalities, while he has the chance of carrying his thoughts beyond time and the hour in his capacity of a classic.

TALES OF THREE VILLAGES.

MADAME BLANC, in the cleverest and most sympathetic review which has ever been written of Miss Jewett's work as a whole, speaks of Country By-Ways as being modeled upon Our Village,¹ the now semi-classic production of Mary Russell Mitford. The differences between the old England and the new are too various to be perceived by a foreign critic, even by one with so wide an horizon as that within the view of Madame "Th. Bentzon;" but she implies her perception of Miss Jewett's finer qualities if only in the phrase "*notre subtile Américaine*." And the comparison is as much a reminder of the debt, greater or less, of all subsequent literary villages in our language to the claim staked out by Miss Mitford in and about Three Mile Cross as is the occurrence of it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an indication that the fame of several quiet volumes has been louder than their undemanding tone would seem to warrant. The debt to Miss Mitford of the author of *The Town Poor* is too indirect for estimate; but it is a commonplace of criticism that the delectable composition which first appeared in 1853, and is now issued, with many drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson, — drawings that

have the rare distinction of being inventive without failing to be representative, — owes its suggestion, and even a little more, to Our Village. Cranford,² again, somewhat burlesqued, and with the young lady from Bloody Gulch for a visitor, is quite too obviously the Slowbridge depicted by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and helped her to obtain most of the entertaining though flimsy effects of *A Fair Barbarian*;³ and thus is Miss Mitford not without responsibility for Miss Octavia Bassett.

She would without doubt have been responsible for a much less quantity of writing, and there would be less inequality in bulk between the original volumes of Our Village and the excellent brief selection by Mr. Ernest Rhys, which is certainly as much as readers of the present day will concern themselves with, had it not been for the person who richly deserved the title of "that awful dad." Dr. Mitford, indeed, to use more elegant language, offers in his single person a handsome recompense for all those parents in literature who have been neglected or ill treated by their children. The pathos of the daughter's attitude, in this case, was her constant inability to see how completely unde-

¹ *Our Village*. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by ERNEST RHYs. London: Walter Scott. 1891.

² *Cranford*. By MRS. GASKELL. With a Preface by ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, and

Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

³ *A Fair Barbarian*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

serving the spoiled father was of his child's devotion. She had done him one disservice, to be sure, in the guise of a good fairy, by drawing, at the age of ten, a prize of twenty thousand pounds in an Irish lottery. This rescued the family from the King's Bench prison, but it also confirmed Dr. Mitford in his reliance on brute luck, — a reliance sufficiently justified, perhaps, in a daughter who constantly gave Providence her most energetic help. The Bohemian parent so far prevailed, however, as to muddle away nearly the whole of the lottery money, and in 1820 the Mitfords removed to a cottage which was, as Miss Mitford aptly wrote to a friend, "a fine lesson of condensation." This tiny abode was in the remote Berkshire hamlet of which, under one disguise and another, her readers were destined to hear so much; for Three Mile Cross was virtually "Our Village."

Three Mile Cross and 1820, Miss Mitford being by that time about thirty-four years old, marked not only the beginning of a new career for her, but also the relinquishment of an old one. The imitation Joanna Baillie, and author of *Charles the First*, *Rienzi*, and the like, was to give the world another instance of *Cato* and *The Spectator*. But the long hours were not wasted that had been passed in reading Dodsley's old plays and in wrestling with dramatic verse on her own account, since these exercises must have helped to make flexible a singularly free and simple prose manner. Nor is Jack Hatch, although it is not unjustly taken as the best example of her accomplishment in this kind, at all the only token of Miss Mitford's sympathetic knowledge of Shakespeare, and even of the older English literature.

Mrs. Gaskell never reached Miss Mitford's craft in mere writing, and almost all her books have, besides, clumsiness of form, in one sense or another; but her talent is so much richer, deeper, more comprehensive, that a really kind heart

is ready to grant Miss Mitford, at once and without grudging, whatever superiority may be hers. Mrs. Gaskell's variety and excellence in variety are shown if only by the wide differences among good judges as to what her masterpiece may be. We must own to a particular affection for *My Lady Ludlow*, that portrait of an exquisite old being who thought a knowledge of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer essential to salvation, but had conscientious prejudices against the introduction of Sunday-schools into her village. Quaintest, most Old World of all, was her belief that the power to detect the odor of the dying strawberry leaf — mentioned by Lord Bacon as having "a most excellent cordial smell" — lingered in her own and a few other old families, and in those only. If the whole of the book were equal to the best of it, *My Lady Ludlow* might have a good title to be thought the highest pledge of Mrs. Gaskell's powers; but it is diffuse, the machinery is cumbrous, and all there was to tell might, in very truth, have been confined within the limits of a *conte*. There are those who put *Cousin Phillis* at the top, but, charming as is *Cousin Phillis*, it grows dim and vague in one's remembrance beside the blended humor and pathos and sweet reasonableness of *Cranford*. Perhaps, to stray back to the point of departure, it could have been without *Our Village*; but it would not have been exactly as it is, for listen to what Miss Mitford had said of "a spruce brick tenement, red, high, and narrow; boasting, one above another, three sash-windows, the only sash-windows in the village, with a clematis on one side and a rose on the other, tall and narrow like itself. That slender mansion has a fine, genteel look. The little parlor seems made for Hogarth's old maid and her stunted footboy; for tea and card parties, — it would just hold one table; for the rustle of faded silks and the splendor of old china; for the delight of four by honors, and a little,

snug, quiet scandal between the deals; for affected gentility and real starvation. This should have been its destiny, but fate has been unpropitious; it belongs to a plump, merry, bustling dame, with four fat, rosy, noisy children, the very essence of vulgarity and plenty." Fate relented within the next quarter century; this and other slender mansions became the property of the gentle, genteel Amazons of Cranford; and if Mrs. Gaskell omits to give us Hogarth's old maid and her foot-boy, she very acceptably provides Mrs. Forrester instead, and the little charity-school girl who, when Mrs. Forrester "gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, . . . disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath."

Other premonitory hints of Cranford there are in *Our Village*, but Mr. Rhys's selection is such — and rightly such — that they scarcely appear within its covers. Either *The General and his Lady*, or *The French Teacher*, or *An Old Bachelor* would be a fair showing of what Miss Mitford can do with character; all three may fairly be called general suggestions for the later book, and none of them shows Miss Mitford quite at her best; so that Mr. Rhys has been well advised in leaving all of them out of his pleasantly edited little volume. Indeed, Mrs. Gaskell's immense superiority in drawing character, if not in painting portraits, recalls a curious infelicity of Lord Houghton's, which Miss Thackeray, oddly enough, quotes with approval from the new *Dictionary of Biography*, in her indolently agreeable preface to the illustrated *Cranford*. This book, wrote Lord Houghton, is "the finest piece of humoristic description that has been added to British literature since Charles Lamb." Now surely "description" was not just the word Lord Houghton had in mind when he was praising *Cranford*, and equally of a surety it is the precise word to use of *Our Village*; and herein may be said,

roughly but validly, to reside the distinction between the two books. The five volumes of *Our Village* are almost unmitigated description, always pleasant, sometimes "humoristic" (if we rightly apprehend that word), sometimes not. But the adorable *Cranford* is character and drama. In short, Miss Mitford is an essayist, with a talent for sketching; Mrs. Gaskell is a novelist, born and made.

What Miss Thackeray herself has to say of Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell is less open to cavil than the set terms of Lord Houghton, but it is nevertheless debatable. Miss Thackeray holds that "*Cranford* is farther removed from the world, and yet more attuned to its larger interests, than *Meryton*, or *Kellynch*, or *Hartfield*." That Mary Barton and North and South keep time to the world's pulse in a sense quite unknown to Miss Austen's most perfect work is a fact which will not be denied even by her cult. But is it quite so indisputably a fact as regards *Cranford* and *Meryton*, or *Cranford* and *Highbury*? There is undoubtedly more deep and true feeling in one chapter of Mrs. Gaskell's tale than in the whole of any one novel of Miss Austen's, always with the exception of *Persuasion*. But it is open to inquiry whether there is not so much feeling in *Cranford*, or rather so much reminiscent feeling, as to endanger its harmony with the larger interests of the world, and to make over the superiority in this regard to the narrow but sane and very shrewd imaginings of Jane Austen. The world is elderly, but it is not an elderly spinster; and, however much the heart may be hardened by the world, it is at least not so much faded by it as by a too frequent recurrence to the withered flowers, the yellowed letters, the sentiments, and the loves of the past.

Humor it is, of course, that keeps *Cranford* from being a bit morbid, and makes its artificial but extremely clever scheme of old maids and old fashions

harmonize as well as it does with "the gross band of the unfaithful." Our Village, too, has gentle humor, enough and to spare; but Mrs. Gaskell's town would have been to Miss Mitford, in her own words, "a fine lesson of condensation." For five volumes we have one tiny volume. The long, straggling country road has shrunk to the taut lines of a town. Both the humor and the pathos are immeasurably keener. The people of Our Village Miss Mitford has known and told us about; but the ladies of Cranford are our own familiar friends. This is only another and a less harsh way of emphasizing the richer endowment of Mrs. Gaskell. But let it not be forgotten that Miss Mitford came first and had to break ground, and

probably the degrees of importance of our three villages will never be settled beyond the knowledge that Slowbridge is of definitely less moment than either of the other chronological levels of this petty Troy. There are many who say that Miss Mitford herself took a hint from White of Selborne. If he could come again to the surface of earth and time, and lift his eyes to the topmost tower of this provincial Ilium, the Reverend Gilbert White would see dwelling there a young maid as foreign to his own chronology and condition as a March hare to "the old Sussex tortoise" which he spent so many hours in watching. Even Cranford moves, and the most retired nook of Britain may at any minute be invaded by Miss Octavia Bassett.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Theology. The Pauline Theology, a Study of the Origin and Correlation of the Doctrinal Teaching of the Apostle Paul, by George B. Stevens. (Scribners.) "The aim which I have set before me," Dr. Stevens says, "has been to inquire into the genesis of Paul's leading thoughts, so far as their origin may be the subject of historical inquiry, to define critically their content and relation to each other, and thus to present a systematic account of his teaching upon the great themes which he considers." In carrying out this scheme, he discusses the Conversion of Paul and its Relation to his Mission and Theology, Paul's Style and Modes of Thought, the Shaping Forces of Paul's Teaching, the Sources of Pauline Doctrine, the Doctrines of God, Sin, the Law, Redemption, Justification, the Church, the Person of Christ, the Christian Life, and the Pauline Eschatology. The book is learned without being over-technical, and ought to be of real service to thoughtful readers. — *Oriental Religions and Christianity*, by Frank F. Ellinwood. (Scribners.) These lectures use a comparative method, taking up in turn

Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, and other faiths, and contrasting them with Christianity. The author follows a topical arrangement, and enters upon wide fields in such inquiries as the Ethical Tendencies of the Eastern and Western Philosophies, the Traces of a Primitive Monotheism, and the like. He disclaims any first-hand knowledge of his subject, but uses with judgment, as any scholar might, the testimony of experts. Nevertheless, we suspect that the absence of first-hand knowledge vitiates his power to enter deeply into the spirit of the faiths which he attacks. His use of the term "false religions," although it may be a mere verbal infelicity, strikes the reader as starting with an assumption; and throughout the book he seems to weaken his own position by treating Christianity as a competitive religion. Not thus have its real victories been won. It was not as a religion that St. Paul proclaimed it.

History and Biography. Sir Walter Raleigh, by William Stebbing, M. A. (The Clarendon Press, Oxford; Macmillan & Co., New York.) A most lifelike portrait

of the man who was at once poet, historian, politician, courtier, soldier, sailor, philosopher, orator, and many a thing beside, and who, in his splendid vigor and marvelous versatility, stands beyond all peradventure as the type of the Elizabethan age. Mr. Stebbing rightly calls his work a biography, and the personality of his hero is not constantly lost in the history of his time, of which, however, as should be the case, the writer shows a vivid and accurate knowledge. Though as a narrator he has not that picturesqueness and force which the subject almost demands, his historic insight, temperance of judgment, and critical acumen win the reader's respect and confidence. As a writer, he has notable clearness and terseness of style, but the latter good quality sometimes degenerates into an undue use of curiously short, abrupt sentences. With all the loyal admiration which is the natural result of so faithful a study of Raleigh's life, the biographer fully recognizes the difficulties and perplexities of his task, and is in no sense a blind partisan. Of the baseness of all concerned in the judicial murder of this great Englishman there has practically been but one opinion since the day of that heroic death in the Old Palace Yard at Westminster; and it is a bitter thought that it should have been the hand of Bacon that used all its cunning in the vain attempt to apologize for that baseness to the righteously incensed English people. — Letters of Field Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke to his Mother and his Brothers, translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer. (Harpers.) Count von Moltke, who could hold his tongue in seven languages, is here seen in undress, writing affectionately to his mother and his two brothers; talking about scenery with enthusiasm, noting half carelessly his own prodigious labors, always unaffected, and, though holding reserve on military and political subjects, still now and then making frank comments on contemporaneous affairs. The reader needs to have a tolerably familiar knowledge of modern Europe to enjoy the book freely, and the translators have done scarcely anything to help out the uninformed. — The Life, Times, and Labours of Robert Owen, by Lloyd Jones; edited by W. C. Jones. (Imported by Scribners.) This work, two volumes in one, has a great interest for all

students of modern industry, for the life of the subject spanned three periods: that before the introduction of machinery, the period following, and, finally, the beginning of coöperation. The earlier chapters, narrating Owen's rise in life and his experiments at New Lanark, are especially interesting; and indeed one does not need to be a student of industrial history to find very great attractions in this frank, almost quaintly told life. There is an old-fashioned tone about it which imparts an undefined charm. — *Jasmin, Barber, Poet, Philanthropist*, by Samuel Smiles. (Harpers.) There is something a little amusing in the air of discovery with which the venerable biographer adds this to his other biographic feats. Mr. Smiles has availed himself, with a clever knack, of the abundant material at his command, but he cannot altogether keep his moral thumb out of the pie. The story will be attractive to many who come upon it for the first time, but we wish the author had been a little more discreet in his borrowing of English versions of *Jasmin's* poetry. He is not ignorant of Miss Preston's work, and so has less excuse for preferring to her rendering of *The Siren with the Heart of Ice* that of Miss Costello. — *Lord Palmerston, K. G., by the Marquis of Lorne, K. T. The Queen's Prime Ministers*. (Harpers.) Lord Lorne's work has been mainly editorial, for the greater part of his book is a compilation from hitherto unpublished letters and dispatches, so that Lord Palmerston may be said to be throughout his own biographer. The interest centres chiefly in the record of the years of his long tenure of office as Foreign Secretary, at a time when England still felt called upon to be an active agent in the affairs of all the states of Europe. One cannot fail to note how the minister, in his policy, faithfully reflected certain of the characteristics of the then controlling power in the British electorate, that middle class from which, whether for good or ill, the sceptre has passed away. — *The Marquis of Salisbury, by H. D. Traill, D. C. L. The Queen's Prime Ministers*. (Harpers.) Mr. Traill has been singularly successful in the not easy task of writing even a political biography of a living statesman. His record of recent English political history, allowing for his point of view, is admirably intelligent, clear-sighted, and well-propor-

tioned, and so will have a permanent value. Not following the bad custom of the time, the book is absolutely destitute of personalities; even the fact, so interesting to the lovers of historic continuity and the students of heredity, that the first place in the state to-day should be held by the descendant of the all-powerful ministers of Elizabeth and James is alluded to fitly, but in the briefest possible fashion. — The latest volumes of M. Imbert de Saint-Amand's historical series — *The Youth of the Duchess of Angoulême*, translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, and *The Duchess of Angoulême and the Two Restorations*, translated by James Davis (Scribners) — have all the attractive qualities of their predecessors, with the added interest that the period treated of is not nearly so well known to the general reader as that of the Revolution or the Empire. The story of the orphan of the Temple — a child in years, a woman in her experience of suffering unspeakable, a heroine in her courage and fortitude, a saint in her self-abnegation and forgiveness of injuries — cannot be too often retold. The less familiar record of her life during the first years of the Restoration shows that, though outwardly she resembled her father, in mind and soul she was the true granddaughter of Maria Theresa. It would probably have been infinitely better for the royalist cause had the Salic Law not existed. — *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, from Marathon to Waterloo, by Sir Edward Creasy, M. A. (Harpers.) A new edition of a book which has held its place for more than forty years, and which will doubtless have all its old-time interest for a new generation of readers. — *History of the Fifty-Fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry*, by Luis F. Emilio. (The Boston Book Co.) This is a book to stir one's blood. It recounts in modest, temperate, reserved manner the origin and services of the first black regiment raised in the war. Here are given, too, the noble letters and speeches of Governor Andrew upon the formation of the regiment, and that august letter of Colonel Shaw's father, forbidding the desecration of his son's grave by a removal of his body from the trench where he was buried with his brave soldiers. Throughout the book there is an entire absence of hard words against the

enemy, and the history of the regiment is told with a simplicity, a directness, a sincerity, worthy of all praise. — It may as well be said abruptly that Miss Wormeley's *Memoir of Balzac* (Roberts) is a sad disappointment. Conspicuously successful as a translator, and entitled to general gratitude for rendering the great French novelist into English in a manner quite unrivaled, Miss Wormeley has shown no such qualifications for biography. Not only has she broken up Madame Surville's charming fragmentary sketch of her brother, and scattered it through the book for chronological purposes, but the same facts are, in more than one instance, repeated in the words of different writers. Nevertheless, this ill-arranged volume contains more about Balzac than could ever before be read in English, and amusement at Miss Wormeley's energetic attempt to set all the critics right in the matter of Balzac's opinion of women must be blended with gratitude to her for so much that is welcome. The frontispiece, from a portrait painted after death, and now first reproduced, is extraordinarily interesting.

Fiction. *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Harpers.) The *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman* is the most ambitious of the three stories in this volume. Perhaps it is enough to say of it that the heroine is a young lady who allows herself to be frequently kissed by a gentleman who never speaks of marriage. However, she finally becomes the wife of an elderly person whom she does not care for (a proceeding for which she seems to take unto herself great credit), although apparently still in love with the demonstrative admirer already spoken of, — who would be recognized as a brute by any "worldly woman" from the moment of meeting him. The whole tone of the story is demoralizing. There remain two tales in the volume. A *Modern Correspondence* is between an amiable, sensible, good-hearted man and a young woman in search of a career. The hero finally escapes a union with this magnificent creature. On the Wane, a *Sentimental Correspondence*, is the story of a man who, tiring of his fiancée, breaks his engagement, and then returns to her. Upon his return she discovers she no longer loves him, and the letters are a slow "letting-down," first

of the heroine, and then of the hero. It is the best thing in the book, because the least pretentious. — The Governor, and Other Stories, by George A. Hibbard. (Scribners.) These stories are of American manufacture, but their ornamentation is imported. Rather an old-fashioned form of realism, which strives for "actuality" and is merely prosaic, is succeeded by sentences redolent of Old World aristocracies; as when we learn that "the sleek, spirited horses picked their scornful way up the avenue, held in restive subjection by the impassive coachman, — stouter than his companion the footman, — fresh-faced, clean-shaven." The mixture is so incongruous that the reader is in danger of forgetting that the stories are, after all, fairly interesting. But we are led to believe that The Governor will not be the success of the season, in spite of the concessions made to those whose unpatriotic tastes lead them to prefer "two men on the box." — It is understood that an earlier English edition of Mr. George Moore's *Vain Fortune* (Scribners) contained several lively pictures of Bohemia in London. But as the book now stands, with the first half rewritten, the drabness of its morbid intensity is relieved — and the relief is not *alto* — only by Rose Massey, the ambitious utility actress at the Queen's. The delineation shows an accurate knowledge on Mr. Moore's part of the theatrical temperament; but this excellent little person is not enough seen to afford much change from the dreadful three-handed game of love, which is so far "cut-throat" that one of the dismal players kills herself. Zola has let Mr. Moore go for the present, and Ibsen — with or without the clever worshiper's consciousness of his attitude — is evidently the god of his idolatry. The change is not salubrious, for even Thérèse Raquin is a healthier creature than Hedda Gabler. Mr. Moore's style is less fickle than he who wields it, and former readers will not be shocked to read of "the plausible and willful sweetness of life," "the thick obsession of his dream," "a sort of emotive numbness," and all that sort of thing. — Elton Hazlewood, by Frederick George Scott. (Whittaker.) This supposed memoir is written by a clergyman. The hero, Elton Hazlewood, a young gentleman of astounding brilliancy and marvellous fascination, goes to Oxford to study

for the Church. He becomes, however, entangled with a girl of humble class, leaves the university, and goes upon the stage, where his genius holds the public spell-bound. He marries, and his wife then deserts him for a friend, Mr. Byrne, his evil genius, who was the means of their first meeting. Hazlewood leaves the stage, and lives in retirement with his little boy, of whom he is passionately fond, and who, as usual, dies of membranous croup (far too graphically described) in the next chapter. The hero then enters the Church, and is about to be ordained priest, when he suddenly disappears forever. Years roll on. The narrator goes to Cornwall, where, for no particular reason, on a remote crag jutting far into the Atlantic, he meets Mr. Byrne, who at once informs him that he pitched the Rev. Elton Hazlewood into the ocean about ten years before came Lady-Day. The parson expresses surprise. At this Byrne states that he lured Hazlewood to the spot to taunt him, and that, maddened at his contempt for him, a deadly struggle ensued, and both had perished had not Hazlewood sacrificed his life to save Byrne from drowning. The story ends with pious reflections on the exemplary conduct of Hazlewood, and some strictures upon the unkind conduct of Mr. Byrne, who, the reader may like to know, is in the last stages of a convenient consumption. But, *O tempora! O mores!* this book is intended for Sunday-schools! — *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*, by Ambrose Bierce. (E. L. G. Steele, San Francisco.) We are told by the author that, "denied existence by the chief publishing-houses of the country, this book owes itself to Mr. E. L. G. Steele, merchant," of San Francisco. We have heard much of the book in certain quarters, and we feel wholly safe in saying that in one particular the half was not told us. It has never been our fortune to read a collection of tales so uniformly horrible and revolting. Told with some power, and now and then with strokes of wonderfully vivid description, with plots ingenious in their terror and photographic in their sickening details, we must pronounce the book too brutal to be either good art or good literature. It is the triumph of realism, — realism without meaning or symbolism. — *The One Good Guest*, by L. B. Walford. (Longmans.) A pleasantly written story of the sort popularly supposed to be

suitable for summer reading. It will cause two or three hours to pass agreeably enough, and will be almost as speedily forgotten. To exacting readers, who are inclined to judge Mrs. Walford by the high standards set by the author of *Mr. Smith and The Baby's Grandmother*, the book will prove more or less a disappointment. — Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have added *Zoroaster and A Tale of a Lonely Parish* to their attractive new edition of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's novels.

Literature and Art. From the *Easy Chair*, by George William Curtis. (Harpers.) In a trig little volume Mr. Curtis has gathered twenty-seven of the mellow essays with which he has graced the closing pages of Harper's Monthly for more than thirty years. What strikes the reader is the uniform key in which they are all written, though dealing with a variety of topics. Mr. Curtis has never lost that youthful touch which characterized his earliest work; a little strengthening of the fibre, a little firmer grasp of his theme, but always the delicate air of golden youth. The essays are models for those new writers to study who affect cynicism and seek staccato effects. — *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*, by S. H. Butcher. (Macmillan.) A collection of lectures delivered before the Greek class at the University of Edinburgh, upon such themes as What we Owe to Greece, The Greek Idea of the State, Sophocles, The Melancholy of the Greeks. We should hardly know to what better book to send the young student engaged in classical studies for an inspiring, regulating, and comprehensive interpretation of the Greek spirit. The ripeness of Mr. Butcher's scholarship is attended by a rarely luminous conception of the part played by Greece in the world's history; and he succeeds in conveying a notion of the Greek restraint under obedience to law without suggesting the frigid hardness which is so often the resultant of scholarly characterization. The book is a good one to place in the hands of American students. — *Shakespeare's England*, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) A new and carefully revised edition of this charming little book, the pocket companion of so many summer travelers. — *China Collecting in America*, by Alice Morse Earle. (Scribners.) This is a brightly written book, and tells us all we are likely to wish to

know about the china to be found in New England; and though not professing to be a scientific manual on the subject, it shows research and, what is better, a hearty love of its subject. To us the most valuable chapter is that devoted to the so-called Lowestoft china, most of which Mrs. Earle believes, we think rightly, to be of India make and decoration. Among much other valuable matter, there are interesting chapters on early pottery, English porcelains in America, Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette china, with tabulated descriptions of their various specimens. We are surprised, however, at the value the author sets on Staffordshire ware. The chapters on China Hunting and China Memories, which embody Mrs. Earle's own experiences, are delightful; and the book will interest any one who takes it up, whether he cares much about old china or not.

Poetry. Selected Poems, by Walt Whitman. (Charles L. Webster & Co.) Mr. Arthur Stedman has made a judicious selection from the mass of Whitman's printed poems, and has done thereby a real service to the general reader. He has not followed a chronological order, except in giving Good-By, my Fancy, the last page; but under the divisions Nature, Man and Self, Interludes, Drum-Taps, Memories of President Lincoln, Old Age, Death and Immortality, and Leaves of Grass he has given excellent specimens of a genius which is best approached slowly. Like eating olives, a genuine liking for Whitman is an acquired taste; but the first experiment is pretty sure to begin the cultivation of that taste, and no better introduction can be found than this little book. Mr. Stedman has done wisely in sacrificing the more inflammatory portions of *Song of Myself*, in order to save for the reader the general outline of that most characteristic production. — *Poems by the Way*, by William Morris. (Roberts.) We are not of those who find *The God of the Poor*, with its effective refrain, *Deus est Deus Pauperum*, by any means the most attractive verse in Mr. Morris's new volume. Indeed, although it has been so widely quoted, there are a dozen pieces with greater power to charm, if only because there are a dozen with less tendency to breed contention, — to summon the conscience to consider questions of the day. In short, *Poems by the*

Way, although no one of them shows the poet at his greatest and best, is highly grateful as a return to the legitimate in poetry, and a reminder of much that is most characteristic in Mr. Morris's past accomplishment. The subjects are various, with a preponderance for love and death. Error and Loss, Thunder in the Garden, Meeting in Winter, and Love Fulfilled will not leave the reader unrewarded; there are several poems of adventure, written under a strong Norse influence; and Verses for Pictures show perfectly one of Mr. Morris's rarest gifts.

Education. A Text-Book of Physics, Largely Experimental, by E. H. Hall and J. Y. Bergen, Jr. (Holt.) This book grew out of the demand made by Harvard College for examinations for entrance in laboratory work as an alternative for textbook work. The college issued a Descriptive List of Elementary Physical Experiments, by Dr. Hall, which served as a guide to teachers in the preparatory schools; but a more explicit manual was found necessary, and this is the result. The authors have studied carefully the conditions on which physics is taught in the preparatory schools, and have made their book upon admirable lines of economy and simplicity. — Nature Study for Common Schools, by Wilbur S. Jackman. (Holt.) Mr. Jackman's theory is that a wide survey of nature in a systematic study is better for our schools than the persistent and more thorough study of some selected field. Accordingly, after some general chapters, he lays down, chiefly in the form of questions, work to be done in observing in successive months of the school year, in zoölogy, botany, chemistry, meteorology, astronomy, geography, geology, and mineralogy. Under trained teachers, such a wide survey might be saved from confusion and superficiality. — Gestures and Attitudes, an Exposition of the Delsarte Philosophy of Expression, Practical and Theoretical, by Edward B. Warman. (Lee & Shepard.) The book puts forward as its special claim upon notice more than one hundred and fifty outline drawings of the human figure, to illustrate practice and to present the range of emotions. We should like to see the expres-

sion tested by the exhibition of the pictures without the text. As in other Delsartean books, there is an offhand reference of the subtler emotions to certain bodily expression which is not always easy of imitation. There is no doubt, however, that, given a fine sense of feeling, the formulas offered will be of real service to the student.

Archæology. The Remains of Ancient Rome, by J. Henry Middleton. In two volumes. (A. & C. Black, London; Macmillan, New York.) An expansion of the well-known work originally published in 1885. The destruction of old Rome since the Italians made it their capital has gone forward with so much zeal that there has been a very large addition to the stock of our knowledge of its antiquities. Every new boulevard or building is likely to bring to light some precious relique, and Professor Middleton has condensed the reports of antiquaries in a most thorough manner, a footnote sometimes representing a pamphlet. The work is so recent that he has brought in a brief account of the discovery of the pillars which Comm. Lanciani described so vividly in his article in the February Atlantic. The two volumes are admirably illustrated, and show signs of great thoroughness in every detail, the maps and index being especially commendable. The first interest of the work is for classical students; but it is by no means a dry compend, and the general reader will find it for the most part straight reading. — The New York Obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, by Charles E. Moldenke. (Randolph.) This volume opens with sketches of the history, erection, uses, and signification of obelisks in general, which form good introductions to the chief subject of the essay. The history of the New York obelisk and an account of its removal follow, with an elaborate annotated translation of the inscriptions upon it. The remainder of the book is devoted to glossaries of Egyptological terms, of hieroglyphics, of Egyptian words on the obelisk, and an index of names. While not impressing us as the work of a great scholar, the book gives a good deal of interesting data in a popular way. The form of the volume as a piece of book-making leaves, however, much to be desired.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Other Truth about the Dakotas. **RATS !** No rats in Dakota ! Our native kangaroo rats and prairie mice do not domesticate readily, but the omnipresent rat of civilization follows close upon the heels of the settler. He does not tell how he gets here, but here he is ; and, like our Poland-Chinas, fatter, plumper, larger, and healthier than in other climes. I got tired of nailing bits of old tin over the holes the rats made through my back-shed floor. They were there at all hours of the day and night. Before sitting down to breakfast I set a "dead-fall," made of a rough board. After breakfast I looked in. The fall was down, but nowhere touched the floor. Under it were three immense rats, dead for want of breath. Before noon six more were added to the pile. But the supply seems never to diminish, although often a whole brood of young chickens will disappear in a few days.

Cocks do not crow in Dakota ! No ? Well, in twenty-two years' experience I have seen some lovely birds silenced, at least temporarily. I had one that spent his time crowing and bullying everything in sight. But one morning an irreverent son rebelled, and the fight continued till noon, with varying success. At last, however, youth triumphed, and the old bird was mute for days, and I think never crowed again without first satisfying himself that his conqueror was not near. He hung around at a safe distance from the flock, looking tired and dejected, — "driven out of the herd," like many a mangy, stiff old buffalo bull I have seen on the plains ; a picture so human and sad that one never forgets it, and when he sees his fellow-man at his lowest the thought comes to him, "driven out of the herd." It sometimes happens, too, that fowls are poorly housed in winter, and lose their toes and combs by freezing. This may have been the case with the bird that figured in the Club for March. A cock does not crow while his toes and comb are sloughing off ; but after they have dropped, and he is well again, he will strut around on his stumps and crow as lustily as ever. He crows just the same here as in Georgia, where I lived

when a boy. He even observes the same seasons, crowing at all hours of the night towards Christmas, which I used then to consider a matter of much religious significance. Finally, wherever eggs can be had the year round at from seven to twenty cents per dozen, cocks will grow and crow, and hens will lay and cackle, precisely as they do here.

People coming to the Dakotas from the eastern Atlantic lake regions rarely tire of praising our climate for its invigorating and health-giving qualities. During our brief summers the afternoon sun is often uncomfortably warm, but the nights are always cool and refreshing. I have never experienced a hot night in Dakota ; and if there is hot air, it is air shut up in a thin, heated cabin. One is rarely able to sit out long after nightfall without a wrap, even in the warmest weather. But no climate can please all. Even our 157° of temperature variation cannot do that, but 105° F. here is less depressing than 90° in New Orleans or Savannah. I have found horse-back riding very enjoyable at 20° below zero, and even at 52° below I have not found it necessary to neglect any duty ; for we rarely have wind at these low temperatures. As for the heat, you can seldom pass a full calendar month without feeling the need of a little fire in the morning, "to take the chill off." On the Fourth of July I sat through hours of sport with my overcoat buttoned to the neck, and at eleven P. M. saw the fireworks touched off by a man in a buffalo coat. When it comes to autumn, we can boast three months of the most charming weather known to man.

I have sometimes thought the neighing of the horse I was riding something of a nuisance, but the wind is my only real grievance, and even that is moderating with the settlement of the country, the growth of shade trees, and the increase of moisture, which, for some reason or other, has followed settlement in all our prairie States. I have sometimes wondered why people were not made insane by the long-continued gales which prevail at certain times, particularly in North Dakota ; but as I have not known any one to be made insane

thereby, and do not know that insanity is more frequent there than elsewhere, I infer that wind does not cause insanity. The fact that I, who hate it so, have so long endured it without becoming noticeably insane is valuable from a scientific standpoint.

It is a fact generally admitted "out West" that a man who has crossed the Rocky Mountains will lie, and I have sometimes feared that stopping in Dakota was but a limited safeguard, since I read in an Eastern paper of a settler here who reported his cellar blown away and lodged upon a tree in the Missouri River bottom! But one thing I hope the Club will accept as true: the people of South Dakota represent perhaps every State in the Union and every nation in Europe, and no community is more united in the belief that it possesses the "garden spot of the earth."

—If it is doubtful whether Columbus was the first European to land in America, it is equally doubtful whether the seven Indians he took back with him were the first Americans to land in Europe. In the first century B. C., some men, taken by the Romans for Hindoos, who had been carried round by the Arctic regions, were cast ashore on the Belgic coast, and some modern writers fancy they may have been Caribbee Islanders. Gomara speaks of savages wrecked on the German coast in the reign of Frederick Barbarossa (1152-90), and Æneas Sylvius, apparently relating the same event, talks of an Indian (Hindoo) trading-vessel being captured in German waters. These statements, however, are too vague to warrant positive conclusions. In any case, such involuntary visitors were not known at the time to be denizens of a new world, any more than the Northmen knew of their having discovered such a world. To Columbus, therefore, remains the honor of introducing Americans to Europe; and we may fancy the curiosity of the crowds who collected, as he passed on his way from Palos to Barcelona with seven Indians (others had died at sea) carrying green and variegated parrots, and other wonderful objects never before seen in Castile. There may have been equal curiosity on the part of the Indians, who were baptized with great solemnity at Barcelona, King Ferdinand and his son, Prince John, being spon-

sors for two of them, their namesakes. The prince took his godson into his service, but the young stranger was destined to an early grave; "the first of his race," says Herrera, "to enter heaven." The others were sent to Seville, to be trained as missionaries and interpreters; but when Columbus, on his second voyage, sent one of them ashore at San Domingo to report the marvels and kindnesses of his hosts, the envoy never returned. Either his fine apparel and trinkets caused him to be murdered, or the love of liberty was too strong for him. Three others, apparently, had died, and but one was left, whom Columbus had named after his brother, Diego Colon, and who, remaining with the Spaniards, has been sometimes confused with his homonym.

Columbus, on his second voyage, sent home to Spain not only a young Jamaican, so anxious to visit Europe that, to escape kinsmen's remonstrances, he hid himself in the ship, but five hundred captives, who, he suggested, should be sold as slaves at Seville. Alas that Americo-European intercourse should so soon lose its romance! Queen Isabella, who was relentless enough to Jews and Moors, but had strictly enjoined humanity towards the Americans, seems to have been alone in demurring to the suggestion; yet her scruples were dispelled, or at least silenced, by her ecclesiastical advisers. Whether the three "savages" exhibited in London and introduced to Henry VII. in 1502 were Americans or negroes is not clear. The romantic element reappears for a moment in 1508, when a French ship picked up near the English coast a small boat, made of bark and osiers, containing seven men of medium height, darkish hue, and attired in fish (seal?) skins and painted straw caps. Their broad faces, with their habit of eating raw flesh and drinking blood, would imply that they were Eskimos; but it is difficult, as in the cases already cited, to conceive of a boat drifting across the Atlantic with sufficient stores of food to avoid cannibalism. Cardinal Bembo, the sole authority for the story, adds, however, that six of them died, — which may mean that they had been starving, — and that the sole survivor was taken to Louis XII.

Thus far transatlantic visitors had not been seen or interrogated by men capable of more than a superficial curiosity, but the

The First Americans in Europe.

interest increases when the interviewer is Montaigne, and when he not only asks them about their own country, but elicits from them the first American opinion on Europe. He does not specify the date, but it must have been in October, 1562, and here is his account : —

“ Three of them, unaware how costly to their tranquillity and happiness would be the knowledge of our corruptions, and how from such intercourse would spring their ruin, already, I suppose, far advanced, — pitiable for having been deluded by the thirst for novelty, and for having quitted their mild sky to come and see ours, — were at Rouen at the time the late King Charles IX. was there. The king had a long talk with them. They were shown our way of living, our pomp, and the arrangements of a fine town. After this some one asked their opinion, wishing to know what they thought most wonderful. They mentioned three things ; the third, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten, but I still remember two. They said, in the first place, they thought it very strange that so many bearded, strong, and armed men round the king [they probably spoke of his Swiss guards] should submit to obey a child [Charles IX. was then twelve years of age], instead of choosing one of their own number to command. Secondly, — they have a way of calling men ‘ halves ’ of one another, — they had noticed that there were among us men loaded with all sorts of luxuries, while their ‘ halves ’ were beggars at their gates, emaciated with hunger and poverty. They thought it strange that these needy ‘ halves ’ could tolerate such an injustice, and that they did not seize the others by the throat or set fire to their houses. I talked a good while with one of them, but I had an interpreter who was so dull at seeing what I wanted to know that I could extract little. When I asked him what advantage he derived from his preëminence among his people (for he was a captain, and our sailors styled him ‘ king ’), he told me he marched in front in war. Asked how many men followed him, he showed me what space they would fill, implying four or five thousand men. Asked whether, during peace, he had no authority, he said there remained this : that when he visited villages under his sway paths were made for him through the woods, so that he could pass easily. All

this is not amiss, but then they do not wear breeches.”

This last touch is quite Montaignesque. But Montaigne’s knowledge of America did not end here. He had long in his service a man who had spent ten or twelve years in Brazil, and who introduced to him several sailors and merchants who had voyaged with him. These informants stated that the Americans scarcely knew sickness or the infirmities of age ; that they had dwellings accommodating two or three hundred persons ; that they slept singly in hammocks, and had only one daily meal, but drank several times a day a claret-colored beverage made from a root ; that they spent much time in dancing, hunted wild beasts with bow and arrow, and believed in a paradise and a hell. They had priests living in the mountains, who, on their occasional visits, inculcated valor and conjugal fidelity, and made predictions, which if proved false by events exposed them to being cut to pieces. They had wars with the mountaineers, each warrior bringing back the head (scalp ?) of an enemy, to be suspended over his door. They roasted and ate their prisoners, after keeping them and treating them well for some months. Montaigne even gives the earliest specimen of American literature, a song in which a prisoner taunts his jailers, telling them that in eating him they will simply be eating the flesh of their own ancestors, on which he himself had feasted. He likewise quotes a stanza of a love song, which he pronounces Anacreontic. These particulars, which inspire Montaigne with a variety of reflections and parallels, are, as hearsay, less interesting and trustworthy than his own interview at Rouen, and it is evident that his informants indulged in the travelers’ license of embellishment ; but his picture of a people without private property, trade, literature, corn, or wine, as well as without dissimulation or envy, was almost literally incorporated by Shakespeare into *The Tempest* (Act II. Scene i.). It is curious, by the way, to see some of the customs thus attributed by Montaigne to the Brazilians, and adopted by Shakespeare in Gonzalo’s Utopia, revived by Mr. Bellamy for the American paradise of the twentieth century.

Montaigne regretted that America had not been discovered by the ancient Greeks, so that Lyeurgus and Plato might have wit-

nessed a commonwealth surpassing all their ideals, and the natives might have escaped Spanish barbarities. His interest in the New World is in striking contrast with the indifference of Bacon and of Shakespeare. In his Henry VII. Bacon curtly mentions the discovery, and Shakespeare, though he makes Ariel "fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes," ignores the discovery, except that in The Comedy of Errors Dromio compares the kitchen-wench Nell's nose to America and the Indies. Nevertheless, Shakespeare, through the passage borrowed from Montaigne, is indirectly associated with America; nor should we forget that 1892, the fourth centenary of Columbus's discovery, is the third centenary of Montaigne's death.

Hens and their Laureate. — The Poetical Works of Miss

Nancy Luce, of West Tisbury, Dukes County, Massachusetts: thin, yellow, undeciduous, the wondrous volume lies before us, the sincerest exposition of a soul. No old-world Elzevir is like unto this. Fronting the first page is a pasted photograph of the author, a slender woman, in nunlike black, against the straight high back of a chair, with her faded face of Puritan length bound in a bandana, and her arms fondly clasping a hen, which figures in the ornate childish capitals below as "T. T. B. Pinky." The bard wears an expression at once delicate and disconsolate, not unrelieved by an air of proud motherly solicitude. In the breast so close and kind to Pinky, the engaging biped, is hidden the patient tragedy of the Cape and of New England. Such a meek dark face as it is, droll and piteous, as of Sappho and Aspasia pent in,—the look of one who starves in arid intellectual soil, and who might, under any other than the present cosmic conditions, be guilty of a dangerous degree of intelligence, not giving up to poultry, surely, what was meant for mankind.

In these her complete and published works Miss Nancy utters what is within her. Boldly doth the baryard abut upon the City of the Shining Ones, for her hold is strong upon both, and ornithology and theology run into each other like Giorgione's light and shadow. I am not sufficiently versed in hymn lore to know anything further of many intermittent strophes than that they are equal to those of

Wesley and of Dr. Watts, if they be not rather bone of their bone. Every now and then rises a spurt of sacred eloquence, as if a singing seraph had dropped suddenly among the heathen bipeds, to drown the trivial gossip of the nests with—

"The meek that lie despised in dust
Salvation shall adorn!"

Miss Nancy's profaner lyrics are of a sweeping Whitmanesque character, their dominant note being the iteration that

"The greatest sin is to cruel the poor harmless dumb creatures,"—

a tenet common to Charles II. of England (who lived up to that, and down to everything else), and to the liegemen of the affectionate Eastern religions, who hold "that the soul of our grandam may haply inhabit a bird." "Be clever to them," is Miss Nancy's burden, and "be kind;" for you are to understand that

"The full rank of evil ones wants all to be murders,

And deceit, and contrariness, and so on,
And plague everybody they can."

"If the will of God," she says in prose, "could be done in full, it would be a great happiness among dumb creatures, and human, too." This is the soundest philosophy. "The full rank of evil" is of our own recruiting, with the divine will, though not the divine toleration, foursquare against it. *Nos, nos, dico aperte, nos consules desumus!* And so honor is pushed to the wall, and so savages and hares and song-birds suffer. Since the cordial universal truce exists not, to one poet, at least, avenging comforts are in store. "If any one is cruel to dumb creatures, they will go to everlasting punishment, and have the greatest punishment." Sinners will be "cut asunder hereafter;" and alas, they must "gnash their teeth in agony." Mark the insistent snap of these phrases. It may be assumed that the "dumb creatures," the plaintiffs, mean hens. Evidently no cat lies, with a charming indolent grace, by the West Tisbury hearthstone; no vigilant collie parades the fields about. Cows, on presumptive evidence, there be, for in Miss Nancy's lists of recipes for such shocks as hen-flesh is heir to cures for bovine ailments figure; and as for horses, we quote one graphic sighing stanza:—

"I have had horses to run under me
So that the ground looked
All in black and white streaks!"

But hens do verily abound, a clucking and prinking host, to waft their mistress on to Parnassus. The moment prosody reaches them she becomes fluent, direct, elegiac. What is of most interest in these shrewish fowl is the manner of their several dissolutions; and to them, with a sorrow which does not cloud her circumspection, the Muse turns in chronological order. Hear this, with its sudden incomparable attack and plunge into the annals of the deceased:—

"She was catching grasshoppers and crickets
In the forenoon smart.
At twelve o'clock she was taken sick,
And grew worse.
I gave her a portion of Epsom salts,
With a little black pepper in it;"

and—steady, ladies and gentlemen!—

"I wept over her that afternoon;
I prayed to the Lord to save me her life."

"Poor Pinky's wit, and she loved me so well;
There was the reasons
I set so much by her;
And I raised her in my lap, too.

I raised her in my lap:
She loved me dreadful dearly."

And the epitaph, duly cut in the stone, is as finished and as fitted to its subject as Theocritus could have made it:—

"She was my own heart within me.
She had more than common wit.
She is taken from the evil to come."

Then there was "Beauty Linna," a young person of the same plummy persuasion, for whose sake, saith the poet, "I never took off none of my clothes for eighteen days and nights." And of the prodigy "Ada Queetie," who "could do fifty-four wonderful cunning things" ("Poor Sissy," it seems, could do thirty-nine), we read with grave interest:—

"She died in my arms at twelve o'clock at night. Oh, heart-reading!

Poor little heart! she used to jump down to the door to go out;

She would look around, and call to me to go with her.
She found I could not go; she would come in again,
And loved her dear friendly so well she could not go out and leave me!"

"Tweedle Tedel Bebee Pinky's" name reminds one of a Spanish infanta's christening. There is a subtle distinction in the nomenclature of some of these feathery

folk, and character in each. What a fine Magyar tang has "Jantie Jafy"! You would say she had been at Szegedin with Kossuth in '49. "Feleanyo Appe," "Kallaly Roseiekey," "Levendy Ludandy,"—what a gypsy breadth and breeziness in all these! And there is "Meleany Teatolly," as if in whimsical reminiscence of an Irishman who had signed the pledge.

Peace to all good hens! Some of these have been mild egg-laying ghosts for five and thirty years, in a little world where no hawks are, where society is more vegetarian, and where fifty-four terrene accomplishments may still have their happy round of development and variation. Peace, likewise, to their lady, who, though "dreadful wore down" and "murdered alive" with long sicknesses and with the cares of missionary-in-ordinary to sagacious fowl, had yet charity for "professing inhabitants" and for "all the troubled in the wide world around"! In mid-September of 1888 she was translated; *avolavit*, as Cotton Mather cunningly says of his Duxbury divine, the Rev. Ralph Partridge. The death of "Ada Queetie," sings the Friendly in her blank verse, very humbly and innocently,

"was the first cause
Of my seeking after God."

And since her spirit afterwards cried aloud to "be landed in the best place," we imagine that Miss Nancy's paradise is to be shared with old loves, and that they and she, as ran her own stanch prophecy, have met together in some astrologer's willing star.

Tread lightly; for this is not unholy ground, and ours are no derisive gusts of laughter. Such power forever has the gracious reach of love; it can never entirely be burlesqued and wasted, "though some of it fall unseen and on barrenness." Heart's babble is the real Volapük. Austere Mary, the queen, cherishes a mishap, and stands with "Calais" graven on her breast; and when a woman of the nineteenth century faces the ages, and reveals the blazon of "Tweedle Tedel Bebee Pinky," they understand her also, and smile tenderly, and think that memory may not always be to the most memorable, save in the vagaries of private definition.

Let radiant Pallas keep her owl, so that among us giddy Greeks it shall never lack

reverence. But the spouse of Chanticleer should likewise be apart and anointed (avaunt, thou fragrant vision of giblets!), to strut, saved, before mythologists, as *avis lucis*, — Miss Nancy Luce's bird.

My First Disillusionment. — Among the trials of a sensitive and imaginative childhood, not the least is the hollow misery which comes with repeated disillusionment. However it may have appeared since, it was no jesting matter when the discovery was made that there was no Santa Claus other than the multiple loving-kindness of one's elders, that we might have saved the tears we shed for the Babes in the Wood for some better authenticated tragedy, and that no birds were ever caught by saline artifice.

I well remember the first great disenchantment which fell to my lot. One sad day I went to Boston, where I was placed by my father in charge of a maiden lady of years and oracularity. After a sojourn of some weeks, I returned to my home in Staten Island, the poorer by a revelation, — a revelation that laid low all my dreams of martial prowess, all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. It had been explained to me at Cambridge, under the shadow of Harvard University, that a soldier was *nothing but a man*; that is, a *man dressed up to look like a soldier*. This was the beginning of my disillusionment, and no round-eyed child ever mourned the unhappy scissors-gash which let the sawdust out of a pet doll as I mourned this descent from romance to reality. A soldier was nothing but a man! I speedily imparted to the junior members of my family the melancholy tidings, and was listened to with incredulity. "Yes, yes," said my youngest brother, aged four, brandishing a toy gun,

"but how could you make your face look like a soldier?" Here logic was at fault, physiology had no answer, and I stood humbly convicted of that greatest of rhetorical crimes, — the attempt to prove too much.

At this critical juncture of my moral evolution a recent war had imparted unusual interest to the soldier; militia regiments were ostentatiously displaying their hardihood on all possible occasions; and it was to those stragglers who drifted in our direction, in full uniform, that we owed such glimpses of military life as were then vouchsafed us. But it was not long permitted us to revel in our innocent hero-worship. The martial myth and demigod suffered a steady disintegration, even in the faith of the most confident among our little band of believers, until at last we were all united in the unwelcome rationalism of my unfortunate Bostonian ingraftment: we were sorrowfully agreed that a soldier, after all, was but a man, dress he never so nicely.

Something of a metaphorical value subtly attached itself to this little experience of disillusionment. In days long after, when the gray mists of doubt had rolled over my benumbed senses, when the vast array of unanswered questions, of unsolved problems, of insoluble mysteries, had accumulated, until life seemed but a maze of uncertainties, how often would I have been glad to go back to that era when our superiors in martial regimentals were something more than mere men, now that all appeal whatsoever had to be brought, in some guise or other, to another *man*, — to one who, were he statesman, poet, philosopher, theologian, metaphysician, scientist, was "nothing but a man dressed up"!

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ARIEL.

IN MEMORY OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: BORN ON THE FOURTH OF AUGUST,
A. D. 1792.

WERT thou on earth to-day, immortal one,
How wouldst thou, in the starlight of thine eld,
The likeness of that morntide look upon
Which men beheld?
How might it move thee, imaged in time's glass,
As when the tomb has kept
Unchanged the face of one who slept
Too soon, yet moulders not, though seasons come and pass?

Has Death a wont to stay the soul no less?
And art thou still what SHELLEY was erewhile, —
A feeling born of music's restlessness —
A child's swift smile
Between its sobs — a wandering mist that rose
At dawn — a cloud that hung
The Eugean hills among;
Thy voice, a wind-harp's strain in some enchanted close?

Thyself the wild west wind, O boy divine,
Thou fain wouldst be, — the spirit which in its breath
Wooes yet the seaward ilex and the pine
That wept thy death?
Or art thou still the incarnate child of song
Who gazed, as if astray
From some uncharted stellar way,
With eyes of wonder at our world of grief and wrong?

Yet thou wast Nature's prodigal; the last
Unto whose lips her beauteous mouth she bent
An instant, ere thy kinsmen, fading fast,
Their lorn way went.
What though the faun and oread had fled?
A tenantry thine own,
Peopling their leafy coverts lone,
With thee still dwelt as when sweet Fancy was not dead;

Not dead as now, when we the visionless,
 In nature's alchemy more woeful wise,
 Say that no thought of us her depths possess, —
 No love, her skies.
 Not ours to parley with the whispering June,
 The genii of the wood,
 The shapes that lurk in solitude,
 The cloud, the mounting lark, the wan and waning moon.

For thee the last time Hellas tipped her hills
 With beauty; India breathed her midnight moan,
 Her sigh, her ecstasy of passion's thrills,
 To thee alone.
 Such rapture thine, and the supreamer gift
 Which can the minstrel raise,
 Above the myrtle and the bays,
 To watch the sea of pain whereon our galleys drift.

Therefrom arose with thee that lyric cry,
 Sad cadence of the disillusioned soul
 That asks of heaven and earth its destiny, —
 Or joy or dole.
 Wild requiem of the heart whose vibratings,
 With laughter fraught, and tears,
 Beat through the century's dying years
 While for one more dark round the old Earth plumes her wings.

No answer came to thee; from ether fell
 No voice, no radiant beam; and in thy youth
 How were it else, when still the oracle
 Withholds its truth?
 We sit in judgment, — we, above thy page
 Judge thee and such as thee,
 Pale heralds, sped too soon to see
 The marvels of our late yet unanointed age!

The slaves of air and light obeyed afar
 Thy summons, Ariel; their elf-horns wound
 Strange notes which all uncapturable are
 Of broken sound.
 That music thou alone couldst rightly hear
 (O rare impressionist!)
 And mimic. Therefore still we list
 To its ethereal fall in this thy cyclic year.

Be then the poet's poet still! for none
 Of them whose minstrelsy the stars have blessed
 Has from expression's wonderland so won
 The unexpressed, —
 So wrought the charm of its elusive note
 On us, who yearn in vain

To mock the pæan and the plain
Of tides that rise and fall with sweet mysterious rote.

Was it not well that the prophetic few,
 So long inheritors of that high verse,
Dwelt in the mount alone, and haply knew
 What stars rehearse?
But now with foolish cry the multitude
 Awards at last the throne,
And claims thy cloudland for its own
With voices all untuned to thy melodious mood.

What joy it was to haunt some antique shade
 Lone as thine echo, and to wreak my youth
Upon thy song,—to feel the throbs which made
 Thy bliss, thy ruth,—
And thrill I knew not why, and dare to feel
 Myself an heir unknown
To lands the poet treads alone
Ere to his soul the gods their presence quite reveal!

Even then, like thee, I vowed to dedicate
 My powers to beauty; ay, but thou didst keep
The vow, whilst I knew not the afterweight
 That poets weep,
The burthen under which one needs must bow,
 The rude years envying
My voice the notes it fain would sing
For men belike to hear, as still they hear thee now.

Oh, the swift wind, the unrelenting sea!
 They loved thee, yet they lured thee unaware
To be their spoil, lest alien skies to thee
 Should seem more fair;
They had their will of thee, yet aye forlorn
 Mourned the lithe soul's escape,
And gave the strand thy mortal shape
To be resolved in flame whereof its life was born.

Afloat on tropic waves, I yield once more
 In age that heart of youth unto thy spell.
The century wanes,—thy voice thrills as of yore
 When first it fell.
Would that I too, so had I sung a lay
 The least upborne of thine,
Had shared thy pain! Not so divine
Our light, as faith to chant the far auroral day.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

NOTE. — The Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, having observed the interest with which Miss Larcom's *A New England Girlhood* was received, asked Mr. Hale if he would bring together some of his memories of the same period in a series of papers on a New England boyhood, with special reference to the conditions of life in Boston in the early part of the second quarter of this century. The chapters which follow form the first number of this series.

I.

'TIS SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

THE reader and I ought not to begin without my reminding him that the Boston of which I am to write was very different from the Boston of to-day. In 1825 Boston was still a large country town. I think some one has called it a city of gardens; but that some one may have been I. As late as 1817, in a description of Boston which accompanied a show which a Frenchman had made by carving and painting the separate houses, it was said, with some triumph, that there were nine blocks of buildings in the town. This means that every other building stood with windows or doors on each of the four sides, and in most instances with trees, or perhaps little lanes, between. To people in this neighborhood to-day, I may say that the upper part of the main street in Charlestown gives a very good idea of what the whole of Washington Street south of Winter Street was then. And, by the way, Washington Street was much more often called Main Street than by its longer name.

The reader must imagine, therefore, a large, pretty country town, where stage-coaches still clattered in from the country, and brought all the strangers who did not ride in their own chaises. Large stables, always of wood, I think, provided for the horses thus needed. I remember, as I write, Niles's stable in School Street, a large stable in Bromfield Street, afterwards Streeter's, the stables of the Marlborough Hotel in Washington Street, and what seemed to

us very large stables in Hawley Street, — all in the very heart of the town, and on a tract which cannot be more than twelve acres. When, in 1829, it was reported that the new Tremont House was to have no special stables for its guests, the announcement excited surprise almost universal; and to us children the statement that there was to be a tavern, or a hotel, without a sign was still more extraordinary. We were used to seeing swinging signs on posts in front of the taverns. Thus I remember "The Indian Queen" in Bromfield Street, "The Bunch of Grapes" in State Street, "The Lamb" I think where the Adams House now is, "The Lion" where the Boston Theatre is, and nearly opposite these the Lafayette Tavern. This means that large pictures of an Indian queen, a bunch of grapes, a lamb, a lion, and of Lafayette swung backward and forward in the wind. There was a sign in front of the Marlborough Tavern, and one nearly opposite, south of Milk Street, but I do not remember what these were. All these inns would now be thought small. They were then called taverns, and to New Englanders seemed very large. Of course they were large enough for their purpose. When I was nine or ten years old, my father, who was thought to be a fanatic as a railroad prophet, offered in Faneuil Hall the suggestion that if people could come from Springfield to Boston in five hours, an average of nine people would come every day. This prophecy was then considered extravagant. When he came to Boston for the first time, in 1805, the Northampton passengers

joined the Springfield passengers at Brookfield. There was room in the carriage for six only. He therefore gave up his seat to a lady who had pressing duties, and waited in Brookfield twenty-four hours to take his chances for the next stage.

The more important business streets of this little town were paved in the middle with round stones from the neighboring beaches, then as now called cobblestones,—I do not know why; but an accomplished friend, who reads this in manuscript, says that the lapstone on which a cobbler stretches his leather is a 'cobblestone. I recommend this etymology to Dr. Murray and Dr. Whitney. The use of bricks for sidewalks was just coming in, but generally the sidewalks were laid with the flat slates or shales from the neighborhood, which were put down in any shape they happened to take in splitting, without being squared at the corners. Bromfield Street, Winter Street, Summer Street, and Washington Street (old Marlborough Street) between School and Winter seem to us now to be narrow streets, but they have all been widened considerably within my memory. Bromfield Street was called Bromfield's Lane.

On the other hand, so far as I remember the houses themselves and the life in them, everything was quite as elegant and finished as it is now. Furniture was stately, solid, and expensive. Carpets, then of English make, covered the whole floor, and were of what we should call perfect quality. In summer, by the way, in all houses of which I knew anything, these carpets were always taken up, and India mattings substituted in the "living-rooms." Observe that very few houses were closed in summer. Dress was certainly as elegant and costly as it is now; so were porcelain, glass, table linen, and all table furniture. In the earlier days of which I write, a decanter of wine would invariably have stood on a sideboard in every parlor, so that a glass of wine

could readily be offered at any moment to any guest. All through my boyhood, it would have been matter of remark if, when a visitor made an evening call, something to eat or drink was not produced at nine o'clock. It might be crackers and cheese, it might be mince pie, it might be oysters or cold chicken. But something would appear, as certainly as there would be a fire on the hearth in winter. Every house, by the way, was warmed by open fires; and in every kitchen cooking was done by an open fire. I doubt if I ever saw a stove in my boyhood, except in a school or an office. Anthracite coal was first tried in 1824. Gas was introduced about the same time. I was taken as a little boy to see it burning in the shops in Washington Street, and to wonder at an elephant, a tortoise, and a cow, which spouted burning gas in the windows. Gas was not introduced into dwelling-houses until Pemberton Square was built by the Lowells, Jacksons, and their friends, in the years 1835, 1836, and later. It was a surprise to every one when Papanti introduced it in his new Papanti's Hall.

A handsome parlor then differed from a handsome parlor now mostly in the minor matters of decoration. The pictures on the walls were few, and were mostly portraits. For the rest, mirrors were large and handsome. You would see some copies from well-known paintings in European galleries, and any one who had an Allston would be glad to show it. But I mean that most walls were bare. In good houses, if modern, the walls of parlors would invariably be painted; but in older houses there would be paper hangings, perhaps of landscape patterns. The furniture of a parlor would generally be twelve decorous heavy chairs, probably hair-seated, with their backs against the walls; a sofa which matched them, also with its back against the wall; and a heavy, perhaps marble-topped centre

table. There might be a rocking-chair in the room, also; but, so far as I remember, other easy-chairs, scattered as one chose about a room, were unknown.

Try to recall, dear reader, or to imagine, the conditions of a town without any railroads, and without any steam navigation beyond fifteen miles. The first steamboat in Boston harbor went to Nahant and back again, about 1826. The first steam railway ran trains to Newton, nine miles, in 1833. Please to remember, then, that everybody lived in Boston the year round, excepting a handful of rich people who had country places in Dorchester, Roxbury, Newton, Brookline, Watertown, Waltham, Brighton, Cambridge, Charlestown, or Medford, accessible by a horse and chaise. What we call buggies were unknown, and a gentleman and lady would certainly ride in a chaise, which was not the English chaise, but a two-wheeled covered vehicle, hung on C-springs. In such a town, the supplies of food, unless brought from the immediate neighborhood, came from the seaboard or the Western rivers, in sloops or schooners. We drew our flour from points as far south as Richmond. I remember more than one winter, when my grandmother, in Westhampton, had sent us a keg or two of home apple-sauce, that the sloop which brought the treasure was frozen up below Hartford, so that it was four or five months before we hungry children enjoyed her present. Great wagons with large teams of horses brought from the interior such products as did not come in this way. For these horses and wagons there were, on "the Neck" and beyond, great sheds and stables. The country teamster left his horses and his load there while he came into town to make sure where it was to be delivered. To pick up the stray corn which was scattered in these sheds great flocks of pigeons congregated, of whom a wretched handful survive to this day.

I mention these little details to give some idea of the country fashion of our lives. Two or three weeks out of town in summer was a large allowance of vacation. Nobody dreamed of closing a church in summer. The school vacation was a fortnight and three days in August, to which, in later days, was added first one week, and then two weeks, in June. The summer break-up which now divides everybody's Boston year was then wholly unknown.

II.

SCHOOL LIFE.

After studying with great care Mr. Howells's *A Boy's Town* and Miss Larcom's *A New England Girlhood*, I have determined not to follow a strict order of time. For better, for worse, I will throw in together in one chapter a set of school memories which range from about 1825 for ten years. At my own imprudent request, not to say urgency, I was sent to school with two sisters and a brother, older than I, when I was reckoned as about two years old. The school was in an old-fashioned wooden house which fronted on a little court which led off Summer Street. We went up one flight of narrow stairs, and here the northern room of the two bedrooms of the house was occupied by Miss Susan Whitney for her school, and the southern room, which had windows on Summer Street, by Miss Ayres, of whom Miss Whitney had formerly been an assistant. Miss Whitney afterwards educated more than one generation of the children of Boston families. I supposed her to be one of the most aged, and certainly the most learned, women of her time. I believe she was a kind-hearted, intelligent girl of seventeen when I first knew her. I also supposed the room to be a large hall, though I knew it was not nearly so large as our own

parlors at home. It may have been eighteen feet square. The floor was sanded with clean sand every Thursday and Saturday afternoon. This was a matter of practical importance to us, because with the sand, using our feet as tools, we made sand pies. You gather the sand with the inside edge of either shoe from a greater or less distance, as the size of the pie requires. As you gain skill, the heap which you make is more and more round. When it is well rounded, you flatten it by a careful pressure of one foot from above. Here it will be seen that full success depends on your keeping the sole of the shoe exactly parallel with the plane of the floor. If you find you have succeeded when you withdraw the shoe, you prick the pie with a pin or a broom splint provided for the purpose, pricking it in whatever pattern you like. The skill of a good pie-maker is measured largely by these patterns. It will readily be seen that the pie is better if the sand is a little moist. But beggars cannot be choosers, and while we preferred the sand on Mondays and Fridays, when it was fresh, we took it as it came.

I dwell on this detail at length because it is one instance as good as a hundred of the way in which we adapted ourselves to the conditions of our times. Children now have carpets on their kindergarten floors, where sand is unknown; so we have to provide clay for them to model with, and put a heap of sand in the back yard. Miss Whitney provided for the same needs by a simpler device, which I dare say is as old as King Alfred.

I cannot tell how we were taught to read, for I cannot remember the time when I could not read as well as I can now. There was a little spelling-book called *The New York Spelling-Book*, printed by Mahlon Day. When, afterwards, I came to read about Mahlon in the book of Ruth, my notion of him was of a man who had the same name as the

man who published the spelling-book. My grandfather had made a spelling-book which we had at home. Privately, I knew that, because he made it, it must be better than the book at school, but I was far too proud to explain this to Miss Whitney. I accepted her spelling-book in the same spirit in which I have often acted since, falling in with what I saw was the general drift, because the matter was of no great consequence. For reading-books, we had *Mrs. Barbauld's First Lessons*, "*Come hither, Charles, come to mamma;*" and we had *Popular Lessons*, by Miss Robbins, which would be a good book to revive now, but I have not seen it for sixty years.

The school must have been a very much "go-as-you-please" sort of place. So far it conformed to the highest ideals of the best modern systems. But it had rewards and punishments. I have now a life of *William Tell* which was given me as a prize. My brother Nathan had *Rasselas* for a prize, and my sister Sarah had a silver medal, "*To the most amiable,*" which I am sure she deserved though the competition extended to the whole world.

But these were the great prizes. In an old desk, of which the cover had been broken off, in the closet at the left of the fireplace, were a number of bows, made of yellow, pink, and blue ribbon. When Saturday came, every child who had been good through the week was permitted to select one of these bows, choosing his own color, and to have it pinned on his clothes, under his chin, to wear home. If, on the other hand, he had been very bad, he had a black bow affixed, willy nilly. I hardly dare to soil this page with the tale, but there was an awful story that a boy, whom I will call Charles Waters, unpinned his black bow and trod it in the dirt of the street. But I hasten to add that in that innocent community no one believed this dreadful story. Indeed, it was whispered from one to another

rather as an index of what terrible stories were afloat in the world than with any feeling that it could possibly be true.

It is certainly a little queer that in after years one remembers such trifles as this, and forgets absolutely the weightier matters of the law: how he learned to read and write; how he fought with the angel of vulgar fractions and compelled him to grant a blessing; how, in a word, one learned anything of importance. But so it is, and thus, as I have said, I have no memory of any time when I could not read as well as I can now. Perhaps that is the reason why I am too apt to rank teachers of elocution with dancing-masters and fencing-masters, and other professors of deportment. Dear Miss Whitney must have taught us well, or we should have remembered the process more sadly.

If this is a book of confessions, I ought to tell my crimes, and one sin I certainly committed at Miss Whitney's school. But alas, I do not know what it was, and I never did. Only this I know. We were all too small to go home through Main Street alone. Fullum came for us at twelve, and again at five in the afternoon. Who Fullum was shall appear by and by. One day, when Fullum came at noon, he found me seated in a large yellow chair in the middle of the schoolroom. I was reading a book with perfect satisfaction. So soon as Fullum appeared I was lifted from the chair and my "things" were put on. When we were in the street, Fullum said, "What have you been doing that was naughty, Doctor?" I told him, with perfect sincerity, that I had done nothing wrong. But this he did not believe. He reminded me of what I then recollected, that that yellow chair was always a seat of punishment. I had certainly never seen any one in it before — unless it were Miss Whitney herself — excepting the sinners of the school, placed there for punishment. But alas, it had not occurred to any one

to tell me why I was put there; and as my own conscience was clear, I have not known from that day to this what my offense was.

I could probably, without much difficulty, make a volume on Miss Whitney's school, and the various aspects of life as they there presented themselves to me. But these papers must be severely condensed, and I omit such details. To me personally they have a little value, as bearing on the question how far back our memory really runs. There is a Frenchman who says that he recollects the relief produced on his eyes when he was a baby, thirty-six hours old, and a nurse lowered a curtain to screen him from the light. I am not able to fix any facts as early as this; but I am interested in the observation that, among these early recollections of Miss Whitney, there is not included the slightest memory of my first interviews with her. I had a brother and two sisters older than myself, who were my home playmates. I saw them go to school from day to day, and I finally cried because I wanted to go with them. Miss Whitney was therefore persuaded to receive a pupil two years old at the school. It speaks well for her, I think, that she found it possible to adapt such a young gentleman to the exercises of the academy. That makes me think, as I have said, that those exercises must have been conducted on the individual plan. But my chief memories of the school are of conducting observations, similar to Tyndall's, on the effect produced by sunlight upon dust floating in the air. Such luxuries as window shades or blinds were unknown; if the sun shone in on the south side of the room, you shut an inside shutter. This reminds me that inside shutters are almost wholly unknown to the rising generation, but then every house of which I knew anything had them. At the top of this shutter, which was of paneled wood, a heart was cut, so as to let a little light into the room when the

shutters were closed. It will readily be seen that this heart made very curious forms on the floating dust in the school-room. What with the manufacture of sand pies and other enterprises going on, there must have been a good deal of dust in the schoolroom, and I remember far better the aspects of this dust, as the sun lighted it and as it floated in different currents, than I do any single lesson which I acquired from books.

It will give some idea of the simplicity of manners and of the quietness of the little town if I tell how "we four"—by which I mean the four oldest children of my father's family—went to school and returned, in the winter.

In winter, Fullum put my two sisters, my brother, and myself into a little green sleigh which he had had made, in which he dragged us over the snow to school. I believe that if any Fullum of to-day should start from the upper door of the Parker House, and drag four little children down School Street, through Washington Street, to Summer Street, and stop at a door opposite Hovey's, he would attract a fair share of attention. But there was room enough for all then. The "main street" was what the chief street of a good country town would be now, and this equipage seemed strange to nobody.

School kept only in the morning on Saturday, and Thursday afternoon was always a holiday, in memory of the "Thursday lecture." But as the lecture was delivered at eleven o'clock in the morning, and every school kept until twelve, there was, of course, no real connection between the holiday and the lecture. The half-holiday was changed to Wednesday, a few years later than the time I am speaking of. It is on this account that Wednesday and Saturday appear to me, to this moment, the happiest days of the week. For I may as well say, first as last, that school was always a bore to me. I did not so much hate it as dislike it, as a necessary nuisance. I think all my teachers

regarded it as such; I am sure they made me so regard it.

Just before I was six years old I was transferred from Miss Whitney's school to another school which was in the immediate neighborhood, being in the basement of the First Church, which was then in Chauncy Street. It stood, I think, just where Coleman & Mead's great store is to-day. There were three or four large rooms under the church, which were rented as schoolrooms; and it being thought that I was large enough to go to a man's school, I was sent there, to my great delight, with my friend Edward Webster. We were very intimate from days earlier than this, of which I will speak in another chapter, and it was a great pleasure to us that we could go to school together. There was no thought of sending me to a public school.

My father and mother had both very decided, and I have a right to say very advanced, views on matters of education; and advanced education was then a matter everywhere in the air. The Boston Latin School had been made a first-rate school for preparing boys for college, under the eye and care of Benjamin Apthorp Gould, some ten years before. But there was no public school of any lower grade to which my father would have sent me, any more than he would have sent me to jail. Since that time I have heard my contemporaries talk of the common school training of the day, and I do not wonder at my father's decision. The masters, so far as I know, were all inferior men; there was constant talk of "hiding" and "cow-hides" and "ferules" and "thrashing," and I should say, indeed, that the only recollections of my contemporaries about those schooldays were of one constant low conflict with men of a very low type. So soon as a boy was sent to the Latin School—and he was sent there at nine years of age—all this was changed into the life of a civilized place. Why the Boston people tolerated such brutality as went on in their

other public schools I do not know, and never have known; but no change came for some years after.

For the next three years, the only object, so far as I was concerned, was to have me live along and get ready for the Latin School. I have always been glad that I was sent where I was, — to a school without any plan or machinery, very much on the go-as-you-please principle, and where there was no strain put upon the pupil. I disliked it, as I disliked all schools; but here, again, I regarded the whole arrangement as one of those necessary nuisances which society imposes on the individual, and which the individual would be foolish if he quarreled with, when he did not have it in his power to abolish it. I had no such power, and therefore went and came as I was bidden, only eager every day to exchange the monotonies of school life for the more varied and larger enterprises of the playroom or of the Common.

I have said that advanced education was in the air. It will be hard to make boys and girls of the present day understand how much was then expected from reforms in education. Dr. Channing was at his best then, and all that he had to say about culture and self-culture impressed people intensely, — more intensely, I think, than was good for them. There were rumors from Europe of Fellenberg's school at Hofwyl. At Northampton, the Round Hill School was started on somewhat similar plans. In England, Lord Brougham and the set of people around him were discussing the "march of intellect," and had established a Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, whose name has lived after it. Mr. Webster, Mr. Edward Everett, my father, and other gentlemen in their position established a society in Boston, which did the same thing. The reign of Lyceums and Mechanics' Institutes had begun. Briefly, there was the real impression that the kingdom of heaven was to be

brought in by teaching people what were the relations of acids to alkalies, and what was the derivation of the word "cordwainer." If we only knew enough, it was thought, we should be wise enough to keep out of the fire, and we should not be burned.

So it was that any novelty, when it was presented at a schoolroom door, was even more apt to be accepted than it is now; and, as every reader of these lines knows, such things are accepted pretty willingly now. So I remember that I was taught "geometry" when I was six years old, — or that I thought I was, — from a little book called *The Elements of Geometry*. I could rattle off about isosceles triangles when I was six as well as I can now. And I had other queer smattering bits of knowledge, useful or useless, which were picked up in the same way.

At school there was a school library, from which we borrowed books, because we liked the mechanism of it. We had much better books at home; but of course it was good fun to have your name entered on a book, and to return them once a week, and so on.

My father was one of the best teachers I ever knew, and had broken into life, as most educated young men in those days did, first as a private tutor in the city of Troy, and afterwards as teacher of mathematics in Exeter Academy. When he had a moment, therefore, from other affairs, to give to our education, it was always well used; and we doubtless owed a great deal to him which we afterwards did not know how to account for. Among other such benefactions, I owe it that for these three or four years, when really I had nothing to do but to grow physically, I was placed with a simple, foolish man for a teacher, and not with one of the drivers, who had plans and would want to make much of us. Among other notions of my father, right or wrong as the case may be, was this, that a boy could pick up the rudiments of language

quite early in life. So the master was told that Edward Webster and I, and perhaps some other boys, were to be taught the paradigms of the Latin grammar at once. We also had given to us little Latin books, which we spelled away upon. One was a translation of the German version of Robinson Crusoe into Latin. It was thought that the interest of the book would induce us to learn the meaning of the words. But the truth was, we were familiar with Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, and regarded this as a low and foolish imitation, of which we made a great deal of fun. All the same, the agony with which some boys remember their first studies of "amo, amas, amat," is wholly unknown to me. I drifted into those things simply, and by the time I was sent to the Latin School the point had been gained, and I knew my "penna, pennæ, pennæ," and my "amo, amas, amat," as well as if I had been born to them.

The Latin School stood, at that time, where the lower part of Parker's Hotel is now, in School Street. School Street received its name from this school. At the beginning the school was on the other side of the street, where the Franklin statue now stands. But when the King's Chapel people had increased so much that they wanted to enlarge their little wooden tabernacle and carry their church farther down the street, about the middle of the last century, they applied to the town for the use of the schoolhouse lot. I rather think the matter became a battle between the Episcopalians and their "liberal" allies on the one side, and the old-line Puritans on the other. It was very much battled in town meeting, and the order for the change prevailed only by a very few votes. The King's Chapel people had to build a schoolhouse on the south side of the street. That schoolhouse was well remembered in my day, but the building was enlarged, I think, in 1814. It had

been only one story high, and it was then made three stories, with a granite front and a cupola on the top. In this cupola was a bell with a cross on it, about which we boys told many lies. I believe, in truth, it had been the bell on the Huguenot church, lower down on the same street.

I entered the school in 1831, being then nine years old. That was the minimum for the entrance of boys at that time, and the course was five years. I saw Mr. Leverett, who was the principal when I was admitted, but in the course of a few weeks he left the school to the charge of Mr. Charles Knapp Dillaway, who is well remembered by every one who has had anything to do with education in Boston for the last sixty years. I may say in passing that I was permitted to speak at his funeral, and I could not but remember then that, from the time when he entered the Latin School, in 1818, till he died, in 1889, he had been personally connected, more or less distinctly, with our system of public education. He had therefore seen the working of that system for more than a quarter part of the period since it was established by Winthrop and his companions, in 1635.

The system of the school was rigid, but I do not think boys object to rigidity. It carried to the extreme the cultivation of verbal memory. We had a very bad Latin grammar, which I suppose was the best there was, made by Mr. Gould himself from Principal Adam's Latin Grammar, which was used in all English schools. "Principal Adam" is the Edinburgh Adam of whom you read in Walter Scott and such books. The late Joseph Gardner, laughing about such things a few years ago, said to me, "I can remember the block on which I was standing, in the Place Vendôme in Paris, when, as by a revelation, it occurred to me that Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar was made from the Latin language, and

that the Latin language was not made from Andrews and Stoddard's Grammar, as up till that moment I had always supposed."

I am quite clear that I went well through the Latin School with the distinct feeling that that grammar stated the eternal truth with regard to language, and that Cicero and the rest of them had had to adapt themselves to it. I cannot think that the masters thought so, but certainly they left that impression on the minds of the pupils. The first year of the little boys was spent in committing the words of this grammar to memory. Unless a boy was singularly advanced, he had no schoolbook in hand from September to the next August excepting this Latin grammar. I cannot conceive of any system more disposed to make him hate the language; and in fact about half the boys withdrew from the school, as not having "a gift for language," before they had been there two years. These were generally the boys of quick and bright minds, who went off "into business," as it was called, because they were not fit to be scholars. The professional lines of life lost those who would have been ornaments in whatever profession they had chosen, simply because those lads had not the verbal memory to remember and recall long lists of words, which Adam had noticed, which had or had not an *i* before *um* in the genitive plural.

But I do not propose to go into the niceties of education in these papers. Thanks to the prescience of my father, of which I have spoken, I was put in with the ten-year-old boys, who had ground through this mill. Till this moment I am their inferior in certain details of the words to which I have referred, but I enjoyed life at school a great deal better than they did.

The "march of intellect" fad had not swept over Boston without bringing in the German notions about gymnasia.

Dr. Lieber arrived, an exile from Germany, with Dr. Beck, who was also an exile, and they established a swimming-school where Brimmer Street is now, and a gymnasium in Tremont Street,—then called Common Street,—at the corner of West Street. That place was then called the "Washington Gardens." Mr. Hartwell, in his recent interesting essay on gymnastics in Boston, says that the first year Lieber's gymnasium in the Washington Gardens had two hundred pupils, which increased to four hundred in the second, and in the third year he had four pupils. These figures show only too fatally what was the fall of the athletic thermometer. More learned people than I must say whether the system of gymnastics carried on by fixed machinery ever maintains its popularity for a long time, unless it is seconded by athletics such as we now class under that name, and by a certain rivalry.

My brother Nathan, to whom I owe most of what I am and have been in the world, was entered as one of the pupils in the Washington Gardens gymnasium. It must have been in the year 1827, or possibly 1828, that he took me with him there. All that I remember about it is my terror when I had climbed up a ladder and cut off my retreat. I had seen the other boys climb between the rounds and slide down the pole which supported the ladder, and I wished to do this. I got through the rounds, and then was afraid to slide. But a competent teacher came up, instructed me in the business, and I won the high courage by which to loosen my feet from the rounds and slide safely down. I went home to tell this story with delight, but never repeated the experiment.

At the same time — and I think this shows the courage with which our education was carried on — I made my first essays in riding on horseback. My father owned a handsome horse, with

which he took our mother and some one of the children out to ride on half-holidays. On some occasions, another horse, which was called the "Workbench" from his quiet habits, — white, I recollect, — was taken with us, saddled. This was that "we boys" might learn to ride. We were not permitted to ride in the streets in town, and father would ride the horse out so far, while my mother drove the chaise. But once in the country, we mounted, and followed the chaise for the afternoon tour. At five years old I was so small that my feet would not reach the stirrups, and I rode with my feet in the straps which sustained the stirrups. All went well till, in South Boston, as we came home, some boys stoned my horse, and he ran and I was thrown. I remember repeating the experiment, with the same success and failure, and it ended in my poor father having to ride the "Workbench" home, while I ignominiously returned in the chaise, as I had started.

The drift for athletics had swept over the Latin School, also, and the square yard behind the school, which seemed immense, but must have been only thirty feet in each measurement, was fitted up with a vaulting-horse, parallel bars, and so on. But as the fad wore itself out the boys were permitted to destroy these things, and when I entered the school, in 1831, there were only the vaulting-horse and perhaps a pair of parallel bars left; and these gradually disappeared from the curriculum. This playground was the only playground of the school, and was accessible only to the boys in the lowest room. Upstairs, we were confined to a very limited passageway, I might call it, at recess, in which we used to play "tug-of-war," though we never called it by that name. Practically, the recesses were very short, for the simple reason that they did not like to have us in the street.

Earlier than this, I can remember,

when I was only four or five years old, that we looked from the windows of the house out upon the street, to see the sports of the boys there, when rather more liberty was granted them. I think it will amuse the schoolboys of the present day to know that in summer all boys then wore calico gowns during the hot months, cut exactly as a minister's gown is cut now, though without the large sleeves. But this custom had gone by before I was a pupil at the school. I remember distinctly, however, seeing the boys kick their pails to pieces at the end of the school term. They would subscribe for pails in which to keep the water which they wanted to drink in the hot days; and when the term was done, not wishing to leave their pails to their successors, they kicked them about the sidewalk and street until they were ruined.

To this school we repaired at eight o'clock in the morning for the months between April and October, and at nine o'clock from the first of October to the first of April. School lasted till twelve o'clock, excepting for the little boys, who, in the latter part of my time, were "let out" at eleven o'clock. School began again at three, and lasted, in winter as long as there was light, and in summer till six o'clock. I remember the bitter terror which we had one summer afternoon, which must have been in May, 1833, when we were to go and see Fanny Kemble in the evening. As it happened, the school committee chose to come that afternoon for an examination, and we were kept in for the completion of the examination after six o'clock. We sat there terrified, for fear the examination would last until the play began in the Tremont Theatre, hard by. I am afraid the boys of to-day would consider it rather hard lines if they were ever kept at school till the beginning of their theatrical entertainment.

In Mr. Freeman Clarke's autobio-

graphy there is a charming passage about his stay at this school. He does not in the least overstate the admirable democratic effect of the whole thing. We were side by side with the sons of the richest and most prominent men in Boston; we were side by side with the sons of day laborers, I suppose. The odd thing about it is that we did not know, and we did not care, whose sons they were. They were all dressed alike, they spoke equally good English, their hands were equally clean, and all we knew of them was that one fellow was at the head of the class, and one was not. I wish I knew now what was the family or origin of a charming boy named Carleton, — Charles Muzzey Carleton, — who was at the head of my class. He was a pure, manly, upright, gentlemanly fellow, a much better boy than any of the rest of us were, and we therefore chose to nickname him "Piety Carleton." I am afraid we made him very unhappy by the nickname, but he bore himself in just as manly a way in spite of it. If these words happen to fall under the eye of anybody who remembers that boy, I wish I might be told what was his after career.

It was a queer transition time for schools. The present murderous and absurd system of "examinations" was wholly unknown. Each master got along as well as he could with his boys, and the boys got along as well as they could with the master. There was one head-master, a sub-master, and two others, who were called ushers on the printed catalogue, but were never so called by the boys. Whatever the age of these gentlemen, they were always called "old." It was "old Dillaway," "old Gardner," "old Streeter," or "old Benjamin." I now know that the oldest of them was not thirty-five, and that most of them were not twenty-five.

We were changed from room to room, seldom staying in one room more than

three months, but the highest class was always with the head-master. I remember one occasion — I was about ten years old — when, to our delight, we were ordered upstairs from the "English room." We were pleased because it was known that the new master there was very easy, and that the "fellows did as they chose." It was so, indeed. I recollect my amazement when I saw Hancock cross the room without leave, make a snowball from the snow in a pail, and carry it back ostentatiously to place it on the front of his desk. The snow was provided for use on the stove. From this he then made little snowballs with which to pelt the other boys, all without interruption from the master. But other things went on with the same freedom, which were of more import. I was seated next to Hayward, whom I then met for the first time, and who has since been a life-long friend. They were reading Cicero's orations. He asked me what I knew about Cicero; and when I told him I knew nothing, he kindly went into a somewhat elaborate history of his life and analysis of his character as they appeared to a boy of his age. He has forgotten this, but I remember it perfectly. It seems to me that this extempore private lecture must have lasted the whole afternoon. The poor master made no sort of interference with it, probably glad if two of his scholars were doing nothing worse than talking.

But alas, and alas! this paradise of King Log came to an end in a day or two. This amiable gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, was removed, and Francis Gardner was put in his place. For forty years after, he was master in that school, and is now well known as a distinguished classical teacher and editor. That was his baptism in a schoolmaster's life, and a baptism of fire it was. We were afterwards intimate friends, and he told me once that his first month, when he

was bringing those wild-cat boys into order, was the hardest experience of his life.

In the English room, according to the absurd theory of many schools, the whole class was kept together, without any reference to what they knew of the subject. That is to say, we were classed for our knowledge of Latin, and nobody seemed to care how much or how little we knew of arithmetic. I used to do "the sums" and write down the numerical answers in advance, so far as my slate would hold them. I was fond of arithmetic, and so I would be days ahead of the class, which was also the case with Richard Storrs Willis, the eminent musician, who sat by me. He brought to school Kettell's *Specimens of American Poetry*, a book of that time, in three closely printed octavo volumes. We read the three volumes through, and a deal of trash there is in them. Still, it was better than doing nothing; and so I suppose the master thought, for he never interfered.

To me this was all a curious double life. I was on perfect terms of companionship with the fellows in school, in recess and in the few minutes before school. But as soon as school was over I rushed home, without these companions, to join my brother Nathan, who has been spoken of, for the occupations vastly more important, which I will describe in another chapter. The other fellows would urge us to go down on the wharves, as they did. The fathers of most of them were in mercantile life, for Boston was still largely a shipping town. I can remember asking one of them what we should do on the wharves, with a horrified feeling which I have to this day about any vague future entertainment of which the lines are not indicated. He said, "Oh, we can go about the vessels, we can talk with the men." Perhaps they would be landing molasses, and we could dip straws in the bungholes; or once a cask had broken

open, and the fellows had gathered up brown sugar in their hands. To this day, when I hear of persons going abroad or anywhere else in search of an undefined amusement, I imagine them dipping straws into casks of West India molasses, and then drawing those straws through their mouths.

For me and my brother such temptations were idle. Till the last year of my school life we had more attractive work at home. In that year, Edward Renouf, afterward the well-known preacher, told us that he had access to the wood wharves on Front Street, about where the United States Hotel now stands. He said there were no other fellows there. For some reason not known to me, there were no wharfingers or other attendants. With him, and possibly with Atkins, we used to spend hours on those wharves. The Boston reader will please observe that Beach Street means a street on the beach, and that Harrison Avenue, then called Front Street, was the front of that part of the town. Why there were no keepers on those wharves I never asked, and do not know. Whether what we did were right or wrong in the view of magistrates I do not know. I do know that it was morally and eternally right, because we thought it was. That is one of the queer things about a boy's conscience. I do not remember that, till the time when I dictate these words, for nearly sixty years, it has once occurred to me to ask whose was the property we used on these occasions, or what the owners would have said to our use of it. But they did not suffer much, if at all. There were great stacks of hemlock bark, which was then coming into use in winter as kindling for anthracite coal. You could take one of these pieces of bark, three or four feet long, bore three holes for masts, and fit this hull with three masts made from shingles or laths. Stiff wrapping-paper made good sails, and writing-books were big enough for topsails. Then you could

sail them from wharf to wharf, on voyages much more satisfactory than the shorter voyages of the Frog Pond. I do not know but that, with a favorable western wind, one might come out at Sallee, on the coast of Morocco, with the location of which we were familiar from the experience of Robinson Crusoe and Xury.

But this is an excursus which belongs rather to the chapter on amusements. The home rule was absolute, and always obeyed, that we must report at home as soon as school was done. This rule undoubtedly interfered with excursions to the wharves, which, indeed, had my father been a shipping merchant, might have been more frequent. School life of itself had little to relieve it of its awful monotony. Saturday was better than the other days, because we all went upstairs into the master's room to hear the declamations. Every boy spoke from the stage once a month. And here I have heard William Evarts, Fletcher Webster, Mayor Prince, Thomas Dawes, — ah! and many others who have been distinguished since as orators. Phillips, Hillard, Sumner, and the Emersons were a little before my time, but I have seen the prize exercises of all of them among the treasures of the school.

I remember perfectly the first time I spoke. It must have been in September, 1831. At my mother's instigation, I spoke a little poem by Tom Moore, long since forgotten by everybody else, which I had learned and spoken at the other school. It is a sort of ode, in which Moore abuses some poor Neapolitan wretches because they had made nothing of a rebellion against the Austrians. As Tom Moore was himself an Irish patriot who had never exposed a finger-nail to be hurt for the Irish cause, I have since thought that his passion was all blatherskite.

However that may be, I stepped on the stage, frightened, but willing to do as I had been told, made my bow, and began.

"Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!"

I had been told that I must stamp my foot at the words "down to the dust with them," and I did, though I hated to, and was sore afraid. Naturally enough, all the other boys, one hundred and fifty of them, laughed at such an exhibition of passion from one of the smallest of their number. All the same, I plodded on; but alas, I came inevitably to the other line,

"If there linger one spark of their fire, tread it out!"

and here I had to stamp again, as much to the boys' amusement as before. I did not get a "good mark" for speaking then, and I never did afterwards. But the exercise did what it was meant to do; that is, it taught us not to be afraid of the audience. And this, so far as I know, is all of elocution that can be taught, or need be tried for. In college, it was often very droll when the time came for one of the Southern braggarts to speak at an exhibition. For we saw then the same young man who had always blown his own trumpet loudly, and been cock of the walk in his own estimation, — we saw him with his knees shaking under him on the college platform, because he had to speak in the presence of two hundred people. I owe to the public school and to this now despised exercise of declamation that ease before an audience which I share with most New Englanders. This is to say that I owe to it the great pleasure of public speaking when there is anything to say. I think most public men will agree with me that this is one of the most exquisite pleasures of life.

Edward Everett Hale.

TOWNSEND HARRIS, FIRST AMERICAN MINISTER IN JAPAN.

WHO opened Japan to the world, — Matthew Perry or Townsend Harris; the bluff sailor, with a great fleet, or the scholarly diplomatist, without a ship or a soldier? Was it tactics or tact, dramatic display or patient skill?

Between the years 1776 and 1853, in the eyes of foreigners at least, no act of the government of the United States had profoundly affected the world at large. Walter Dixon, an English author, declared that "the national action toward Japan has had a wider cosmopolitan influence than any other act since the Declaration of Independence." That action consisted in sending the brother of the hero of Lake Erie with an armed squadron to demand certain rights of asylum and refreshment. The whale had acted as pioneer of civilization, and had lured American ships and sailors to the distant North Pacific. The "black ships" not only cast ominous shadows on Japanese shores, but left many a wreck and waif. With courage, firmness, time, and patience, a most impressive display of men, ships, and guns, and a consummate skill in the use of their own chosen weapons that amazed even adepts in fuss, brag, and swagger, Matthew Perry won a "brain victory." He secured from the Tycoon and his satellites promise of fair treatment to American sailors, asylum to vessels in stress of weather, and right to buy fuel, provisions, and water. At the suggestion of the able diplomatist, Dr. S. Wells Williams, then secretary and interpreter, — dubbed "Keredomo san" (Mr. But) by the Japanese, because of his frequent use of that particular disjunctive conjunction which so often circumvented them and turned the edge of their smooth assurances, — the "favored nation" clause was inserted. In a word, Williams forged the chief weapon for the

future army of diplomatists. Nevertheless, Perry's treaty was one of friendship only, not of trade or residence. To all suggestions of commerce with their people, or alien stay upon the soil, the Japanese gave flat refusal.

Did Perry really open Japan to the world? So it seemed in 1854. He obtained what our government had asked for, but not what Americans wanted. As eager as "boomers" to occupy lands ceded by Indians were the American skippers, who interpreted the treaty too liberally, to live and trade in Japan. Within fifteen days after our frigates left Japanese waters came the first ship to Yedo Bay, soon to be followed by others loaded with families and Yankee notions, but only to be warned off and hustled out with unloaded cargoes. Departing homeward with maledictions on Perry, these voyagers declared that Japan had repudiated solemn treaties, and at home began to agitate for a stalwart commercial policy.

Whatever lofty motives may have furnished the breath that filled the sails of the American squadron, — and there are even Japanese who call it "*jimpu*," or the divine gale, — money-making was the motor that drove the keels of the traders. The market of Japan *must* be opened. The tip of the wedge being already in the crack, who should swing the beetle and drive home the splitting-iron?

When President Pierce and Secretary Marcy looked about to find the man for the work and the hour, they cast their eyes upon one supremely fitted. This man was Townsend Harris, then fifty years old. This typical American, who came of Welsh stock which had transplanted itself to America with Roger Williams, was born at Sandy Hill, Washington County, N. Y., October 3, 1803. His

mother, grand in character and stately in presence, was his chief educator, although he enjoyed the benefits of a district school. When but fourteen years old, his steps were bent to the great metropolis, and the humble beginnings of his business career were with a druggist in New York. Rising steadily by industry and skill, he became, not as one, by a lucky and prophetic misprint, wrote, "a China-merchant," but a widely known dealer in crockery and earthenware. Trade, however, was not the law of his life, but his necessity. Culture was the dominant purpose. He studied and mastered French, Spanish, and Italian, read by system the best literature, and was a close and constant student of natural history, and an independent observer of stars, plants, and animals. In after life, since he never married, and of necessity spent much time alone, these studies were his joy and solace, and powerfully assisted to keep him the man of chaste mind and body he was. In politics he was a Democrat, always refusing to accept a salaried office, and very influential with the best men of his party. He believed the State should furnish the higher education free to those who wanted it. He agitated for the creation of the New York Free Academy, and despite the powerful opposition of Columbia College won the day. The New York Free College is now nearly fifty years old. For several years he served on the Board of Education, and in 1846 and 1847 was its president.

The death of his mother, reverses in business caused by depression in trade, and other events clustering together gave Mr. Harris a long-awaited opportunity. Winding up his business, he purchased two ships, and resolved to be his own supercargo, while gratifying his taste for travel and adventure. He embarked upon one of those old-fashioned trading voyages, which steamships have rendered no longer possible. For seven years, he visited most of the Pacific

islands, and all the Asiatic countries washed by the Indian Ocean. While studying human nature in every form, his experiences were often striking, and sometimes dangerous. On one occasion he spent the night as guest of a cannibal chief. The palace of grass and reeds, black-lacquered with smoke and soot, was decorated with a dado of human skulls. After supper, the cannibal expatiated on the deliciousness of roast man, and gravely pointed out on Mr. Harris's own person the portions which were most tender and toothsome. For a short time Mr. Harris lived in China, and held the position of American consul at Ning-Po.

Throughout these years the merchant navigator was learning diplomacy at first hand, and studying the arts to which men weak in moral courage habitually resort. Oriental and insular human nature relies more on cunning than on truth. Mr. Harris continually proved the advantage of truth-speaking. He believed that one honest man was a match for ten thousand liars. His attitude toward liars was like his feeling about earthquakes, — he never got used to them. Though himself one of the courtliest of men, he hated with ever-deepening hatred both the liar and the politeness that cloaked the deception. He thought that fine manners were a fine art, but that by deceit it was degraded and its beauty turned to ashes.

Townsend Harris and William L. Marcy, Pierce's able Secretary of State, were close personal friends. Marcy wrote to China, summoning Harris, on the plea of personal friendship, to assume the responsible task in Japan. Hurrying home from China by way of the Red Sea, and completing a voyage round the world, he arrived in New York July 27, 1855, feeling as though he wanted never to leave that city "for two hundred and fifty miles in any direction." After an interview with President Pierce, he was officially appointed July 31, 1855.

The tongue of Holland was the only European language which the Japanese knew anything about, it being the basis of their extra-Asiatic culture. Moreover, the kindly offices and recommendation of the Dutch government had been powerful factors in the success of Perry's mission. Mr. Harris's first need, therefore, was an intelligent young Hollander as secretary and interpreter. This person, through the aid of the Rev. Thomas De Witt, of the Collegiate Reformed Church, he found in Mr. Henry C. J. Heusken, whose widowed mother lived in Amsterdam. He was brave, capable, enthusiastic, and scholarly. He acted as interpreter to the British and Prussian embassies during the treaty-making epoch following the success of his chief. He also found it necessary to instruct the Japanese who called themselves interpreters in modern and genuine Dutch; these tyros having made up their mind that a local mercantile *patois*, two hundred years old, and steadily flowing in Japanese moulds of thought, was the only proper form of speech. Moreover, as they insisted that every word in the Dutch versions of treaties, etc., should stand in the same order as the equivalent in the Japanese, they had to be taught not only a new language, but a new cycle of ideas. As an indispensable element in Mr. Harris's diplomatic success the name of Henry Heusken deserves permanent remembrance. He was assassinated by cowardly swashbucklers in Yedo, January 14, 1861. His tomb, in a Buddhist cemetery in Tokio, is but one of many mournful proofs of the great sacrifice of life attending the change of civilization in Japan.

After a hasty trip through Europe, Mr. Harris waited two months at Pulo Penang for the frigate *San Jacinto*. Though without rank as minister, he was charged with the making of treaties with two countries. He was to follow up Mr. Edmund Roberts's work in Siam, and negotiate a new and enlarged con-

vention. This was all the more difficult, as Mr. Bolestier, his predecessor, had been unsuccessful in 1851, five years before. After a month's interviews, delays, and annoyances of various sorts at Bangkok, his labors were crowned with complete success, and by June 1, 1856, the prow of the *San Jacinto* was headed for Japan.

On the 22d of August, the *San Jacinto*, piloted into the harbor of Shimoda by a native steersman who bore credentials printed in *The Japan Expedition Press*, cast anchor. By the afternoon of the 4th of September the carpenters of the frigate had finished and set up the emblem of office. Here let Mr. Harris's diary give the story:—

"Flagstaff erected. Men form a ring around it, and at 2½ P. M. of this day *I hoist* the 'first consular flag' ever seen in this empire. Grave reflections—ominous of change—undoubted beginning of the end. Qu[ery] if for the real good of Japan. The *San Jacinto* left at five o'clock, saluting me by dipping her flag, which was answered by me, and then she left me 'alone in my glory.'"

As it proved, it was over twelve months before the blue waters of the bay again mirrored on its bosom, from an American war ship, the flag of his home land.

The warmest welcome to the new envoy was given by the mosquitoes, which are described as "enormous in size." To slaughter the army of cockroaches imported from the *San Jacinto* was his first care. With such occupations as opening boxes, suspending mosquito nets, providing eatables, putting in order his house, which was an old Buddhist temple at Kakizaki, a suburb of Shimoda, and transforming its belfry into a pigeon-house, in which his four pairs of pigeons, soon to furnish a meal to the bob-tailed cats of the neighborhood, were installed, he was too busy to be lonely. On the third night he found an ample field for

the exercise of his tastes in natural history. "Hear a curious insect of the cricket tribe to-night; sound was precisely like a miniature locomotive at great speed. Bats in rooms. See enormous 'tête de mort' spider; the legs extended five and a half inches as the insect stood. Unpleasant discovery of large rats, in numbers, running about the house. Light showers during the night."

Sunday over, on which day Mr. Harris, during his whole stay in Japan, would transact no official business, the long diplomatic struggle of one honest man against a host of liars began. Let us here note the forces and the lines of battle. It is no disgrace to the Japanese of to-day that we call attention to the blackness of moral darkness that overshadowed nearly all government dealings in the Japan of the Ansei era. Nevertheless, it is even yet true that lying and licentiousness are the national sins. Both for politeness' sake and for trivial reasons, much intellect is wasted in calling white black, and black white, while official statistics show one divorce to every three marriages as still the rule. In Harris's day, the very government itself being a fraud, built on lies, and liable at any moment to totter to its fall, it needed a buttressing of falsehood to hold it up and stave off the crash. Hence the originality, ingenuity, and energy shown in prevarication impressed Mr. Harris. His record of their lies is appalling. It seemed to him a dissipation of mental power much better put to use in other directions, while the mass and toughness of the fabrications resembled masonry.

Compelled by the force of circumstances to make the Perry treaty, the Yedo government had relapsed into slumber, only to be rudely awakened in pettish ill humor by the promptness of the Americans. Besides, the more wily ones had expected, after making the treaty, to be able to nullify it by their choice of distant or worthless ports. It

was not at first that Mr. Harris discovered what all along the Yedo officers knew, that Shimoda was nearly useless for foreign commerce. Open to the sea, it was shut in by ranges of high hills, and lay near the end of a barren promontory, remote from trade, highways, and markets. Its chief use now is as a stone quarry for the public buildings in Tokio.

In glancing at the historical situation, the dwarf of to-day can see further than could the giant of a generation ago. The more Japanese history is studied, the more is it seen to be in nothing bizarre, peculiar, or anomalous, and the more is it analogous to that of Europe. Sprung, in all probability, from two distinct stocks, the Malay islanders and the immigrants from the Asiatic highlands, the primitive men of Nippon brought with them the rude feudalism which was common to both Corea and Malaisia. The clan of Yamato, becoming paramount over the other inhabitants of Hondo, or the main island, exalted their chief to the rank of the gods. They quelled the Ainos and their aboriginal neighbors with bolts and blades of dogma as well as of iron. It was superior theology as well as improved weapons that won the day in central Japan. In the seventh century, the introduction from China of the centralized system of imperialism, with standing armies, codes of law, boards of government at the capital, and civil governors sent out to the provinces to rule conjointly with the military magistrates, brought the remotest ends of Hondo, Yezo, Shikoku, and Kiu-shiu under the sway of the Awful Gate, or Mikado. These centuries, from the seventh to the twelfth, of the undivided rule of the Emperor—despite the fact that in later generations the Fujiwara, Taira, and other noble families practically barred access to the Mikado, monopolized power and office, and dictated nominations to the throne—are looked upon as the golden age of Japan. Even in

this year of grace 1892, of the (mythical) Japanese Empire the twenty-five hundred and fifty-third, and of actual history possibly the sixteen hundredth, a native philosopher, in an elaborate treatise on ethics, makes the central principle of all morals loyalty to the throne.

In Roman history the development of the Pretorium, which made and deposed emperors and dictated the policy of the empire, has a striking parallel in the Bakufu, or Shōgunate, by which Japan was, with a few brief intervals, governed from A. D. 1184 to 1868. The word *pretorium* meant, first of all, a general's tent; and so did the word *bakufu*, from *baku*, a curtain, such as was used to mark off the general's headquarters, and *fu*, authority or government. In time, the tent inclosed and overshadowed all Japan. The typical product of Japanese architecture, the *yashiki*, or clan-caravansary, of which Yedo was full, was but a wooden tent. Kamakura first, and then Yedo, was the camp city of the Japanese pretorian guard. The Shōgun's central castle, girt with moats and masonry, was surrounded by the wooden tents of his vassals. The camp and the throne, Yedo and Kioto, Shōgun and Emperor, divided the goods of the nation; the former holding the purse and sword, the latter monopolizing divinity and honors.

In theory, all the land belonged to the Mikado, but parallel with the development of duarchy was that of feudalism. After the civil magistracies of the middle ages had been swallowed up in the military offices, the next step was to turn districts into fiefs, and the next to make the feudal allotments hereditary in the families of the Shōgun's nominees. The force of feudalism could no further go when these fiefs were parceled out by the Shōgun without reference to the Mikado's will, and this Iyēyasū did. He further so distributed the lands of his kinsmen and most loyal

vassals that the jealous princes of ancient fame and present power could never combine to overthrow the Shōgunate, or Yedo Pretorium. On the chessboard of Japan, the master move, or "king's hand," has always been to get possession of the Mikado and issue edicts in the name of the Son of Heaven. For two hundred and fifty years, because of the iron hand of Iyēyasū, none had been able to make that move. Further, the country had been so long at peace, under the system which seemed fixed forever, that most people forgot that things had ever been different. Not only was feudalism, with its two foci at Yedo and Kioto, coextensive with the whole empire, but in intensiveness its influence permeated every department of life, even morals and religion. The Mikado, whom none except a few august nobles of the court had ever seen, whose feet never touched the ground, whose palace was a *miya*, or temple, whose countenance was a "dragon's," who was a son of the gods, all men loved. The Shōgun, whose iron hand every man, woman, and child felt and feared, was the one to be reverently obeyed. This was Japanese religion.

With foreigners and all the world excluded by edict; with "the evil sect called Christian" extirpated; with the millions of Japan included and made *adscripti glebæ* by the reduction to ashes of all seaworthy ships, by a ban laid on travel to other lands, and death pronounced upon both passenger abroad and Christian within, Japan was isolated from the shock of change.

The apparition of Perry's fleet had indeed been a nightmare; yet even with two ports open to the "ugly" and "hairy" foreigners, was it not possible to keep things as they were? Could not the aliens' eyes be blinked, the veil be kept over Kioto, and the Mikado still float on "purple clouds" as the "spiritual" Emperor only, and the mystery play be continued? This, on the Japa-

nese side, and from the Yedo point of view, was the problem and set purpose.

Yes, and this pretorian purpose might have succeeded, had there been no students or thinkers in Japan. Unfortunately for the Pretorium at Yedo, men studied history, pondered and wrote, and the pen proved mightier than the sword. In reality, even while Townsend Harris was at Shimoda, could he have had the statistics of men imprisoned, tortured, banished, beheaded, or compelled to commit *hara-kiri* for uttering the truth; could he have seen the list of books purged by the censors, or confiscated and suppressed by the Yedo government; could he have seen the eager students furtively copying with wearisome labor English and Dutch books at peril of reputation and life, while even those who would learn science, or introduce new arts, sciences, or weapons of war, jeopardized their lives, his eyes would have been opened as the lad's at Dothan. Mr. Harris was the bearer of a letter from the President of the United States addressed to "the Emperor" in Yedo. To the American envoy, the idea of there being two Emperors, one "spiritual" and the other "temporal," a figment of the government interpreters, was not perplexing. Such an arrangement was implied in the Perry treaty, and had apparently a close analogy in Siam. A critical student might wonder at two suns in the same system, yet consider rather that sun and moon both furnished light; but which was the fire and which the reflector, Kito or Yedo?

Even a decade of life spent by the American envoy in the morally fetid atmospheres of the East had scarcely blunted the edge of his surprise at the mystery surrounding political affairs in Japan, and especially at the subterfuges daily resorted to, daily exposed, and daily repeated. He was, however, so far forearmed that he resolved on no pretext whatever should the President's

letter leave his hands until deposited by him in person before the Tycoon in Yedo. He knew that the consuming curiosity of the Japanese would be his strongest ally.

The Yedo politicians first tried him with local underlings, but without success; then with officers of higher rank; and finally with special dignitaries sent from Yedo. Then bribes alternated with threats. All were in vain; lubricity and creature comforts, honors and gold, were as empty air. Foiling their pertinacity with patience, and their variegated pretenses with simple truth, Mr. Harris won all his points. The currency question was settled,—the American dollar passed for its true value, and not at sixty-six per cent discount; ships' supplies were honestly furnished; truth in petty matters actually began to be the rule; and, greatest of all, the point of audience and residence in Yedo was, after a year's quibbling, granted.

For over a year this exile from home strained his eyes in vain to behold a national vessel which might bring him dispatches from his government. On the 8th of September, 1857, the sailing sloop of war Portsmouth, eighteen days from Shanghai, brought him money and provisions, but not a word from the State Department. She sailed away on the 12th. Six months more were to elapse before word or ship came. After many more interviews, some stormy and others tedious, an imposing document, five feet long and eighteen inches wide, arrived on the 25th of September. It was signed by five daimios composing the regency. Permission was given to enter Yedo. Here let Mr. Harris speak for himself.

Monday, November 23, 1857. "At eight this morning I started on my journey to Yedo. I went on horseback. The morning was very fine, and the idea of the importance of my journey and the success that had crowned my efforts to reach Yedo gave me a fine flow of spirits. The American flag was borne

before me, and I felt an honest pride in displaying it in this hitherto secluded country. At Nakamura [Middle Village], about one mile from my house, I joined the main cavalcade."

In the procession duly formed according to native etiquette, numbering about three hundred persons, and extending half a mile, went first of all, about four hundred yards in advance, three lads, each bearing a wand of bamboo with strips of paper attached to the top, forming the well-known baton of office. These cried out to the crowds that lined the roadside, "Sh'taniro! Sh'taniro!" — Down (on your knees). The news had got abroad, and a landslide of humanity seemed to have taken place in the direction of the route to Yedo, while to the great city "millions" — so the Japanese officers said — had flocked to see the new thing in Japan, an unarmed foreigner treated with highest honors.

A military officer of rank led the procession proper. Then followed the American flag, escorted by two guards; then Mr. Harris, surrounded by six mounted *samurai*; next the *norimono*, or palanquin, with its twelve carriers and their chief; then the shoe-bearers. A section of slightly less dignity for Mr. Heusken followed. The train of porters, conveying personal effects, presents, legation property, etc., was succeeded by the cook and his following and impedimenta. The trains of the governors of Shimoda, the mayor of Kakizaki, the suburb in which Mr. Harris had lived, the secretaries, etc., elongated the pomp and circumstance beyond anything seen in Idzu since the days of Yoritomo. Indeed, between the long exile with patient waiting, followed by a sudden outburst of splendid triumph, of the mediæval hero, who founded the very political system which Mr. Harris was even then destroying, and the labors and success of the victorious American, there is a striking analogy. Possibly some of the spectators may have made comparison

of the two chief events in that same neighborhood, separated though they were by seven hundred years.

In the procession, the guards, or two-sworded gentry, were clothed in silk, and had the arms of the United States on the right and left breast of their *hatori*, or coats, sewed over their clan or family crests. The private baggage of the minister was covered with black cotton cloth, with the national arms neatly emblazoned. Into each of the packages of presents was stuck a little bamboo staff floating the American flag. Many of the attendants wore the *kami-shimo*, or dress of ceremony, and on the backs of the *norimono*-bearers the imported American eagle overshadowed for the nonce all domestic heraldry.

Making scholarly comparison along the route with Kämpfer's descriptions; for dignity's sake rather than personal convenience ensconcing himself at times in the curtained *norimono*; resisting firmly every attempt to place him on a level with the Shōgun's vassals, the daimios, instead of treating him as the representative of the President of the United States; enjoying the matchless scenery of Hakoné Lake, and the pine-clad mountains ranged around peerless Fuji; noting with interest the swept roads, the gala decorations, the long line of flambeaus which made his cortège during a night journey to Odawara resemble the tail of a fiery dragon; spending the Sunday in rest at Kawasaki, and reading, with Mr. Heusken as his audience and fellow-worshiper, the Prayer-Book service, Mr. Harris entered the outer gateway of the city of Yedo on the afternoon of November 30. As each ward of this camp city was then double-stockaded with stout timber palings, making a series of forts, and "as the authorities were changed every one hundred and twenty yards," the passage of Mr. Harris's *norimono* to the quarters assigned him in the northwestern part of the city resembled that of a

canal boat through successive locks and levels.

"A large proportion of the assemblage wore two swords, showing they were of some rank, and almost all had on the *kami-shimo*, or dress of ceremony. The number admitted into the streets through which I passed formed a rank of five deep on each side of the way. Every cross-street had its stockade closed to prevent too great a crowd, and as I looked up and down the streets they seemed a solid mass of men and women. The most perfect order was maintained from Shinagawa to my lodgings, a distance of seven miles. Not a shout or cry was heard. The silence of such a vast multitude had something appalling in it. Lord Byron called a silent woman 'sleeping thunder.'"

On this day, one of the most significant in the whole history of Japan, the Yedo government was in a fever of anxiety lest some untoward accident or fatal marplot should turn a peaceful scene into one of turmoil and blood. By the use of most stringent measures the people of the surrounding country were kept out of Yedo, and all the inner gates of the city had been closed since the previous evening. Traffic was resumed only after the American envoy was safely housed. Eight "commissioners of the voyage of the American ambassador to Yedo" had been appointed to wait upon Mr. Harris, two of whom — Udono, a high officer of the revenue department, and Hayashi, the learned regent of the university — had served in the negotiations with Perry in 1854. On the next day the Tycoon's chamberlain made a visit of ceremony, and, after greetings in the name of "his Majesty" and congratulations, presented Mr. Harris with *seventy pounds* of bonbons and confectionery in elegant trays.

With only feelings of warmest friendship toward the people of Japan, — now abundantly confessed by themselves, —

Mr. Harris would neither use his position to privately favor a Japanese officer, nor allow him to talk of favors to him. In short, he wished, in this delicate position of a pioneer diplomatist in a hermit nation, to sink his private personality in his public duties.

"In my conversations with the Prince of Shinano to-day [December 1], he enlarged on the difficulties that he had overcome and the great labors he had performed to enable me to come to Yedo. He spoke of his anxious days and sleepless nights; that care and anxiety had taken away his appetite, so that he had become lean in his person, and that his blood had frequently gushed from his nose from his great agitation; that he had done all this from his friendship for me," etc.

"Something of this had been before hinted at, but never so fully expressed as now. I replied that I was duly grateful to him for his friendship for me, but, as he appeared to be under a great error regarding my visit to Yedo, I must now fully explain myself on that point. I told him I came to Yedo as the representative of the United States, and not in my private capacity; that the United States did not ask anything of the government of Japan *as a favor*; that it only demanded its rights; and that nothing would be accepted on the ground of favor," etc.

In this frank and manly way, refusing either to court or to fear personal feeling concerning himself as an individual, absolutely truthful and courteous to all, Mr. Harris gave the tone to further proceedings. Resting as usual on Sunday, December 6, he writes after his devotions for the Second Sunday in Advent: "Two hundred and thirty years ago, a law was promulgated in Japan inflicting death on any one who should use any of the rites of the Christian religion in Japan. . . . What is my protection? The American name alone. That name, so powerful and potent now,

cannot be said to have had an existence then, for in all the wide lands that now form the United States there were not at that time five thousand men of Anglo-Saxon origin."

All preparations completed and etiquette settled, Mr. Harris obtained audience of the Tycoon. In the great council hall sat three hundred daimios and all the high dignitaries of the Bakufu, in ceremonial caps and robes. Of the dress of the chief commissioners and the interpreters the breeches were the chief feature. "They are made of yellow silk, and the legs are six to seven feet long! Consequently, when the wearer walks, they stream out behind him, and give him the appearance of walking on his knees,—an illusion which is helped out by the short stature of the Japanese, and the great width on their shoulders of their *kami-shimos*. The cap is also a great curiosity, and defies description. It is made of a black varnished material, . . . and is perched on the very apex of the head.

"At length, on a signal being given, the Prince of Shinano began to crawl along on his hands and knees, and when I half turned to the right and entered the audience chamber a chamberlain called out in a loud voice, 'Embassador Mer-rican.'" After three advances, three halts, and three bows, Mr. Harris stood about ten feet from the chair on which sat the Tycoon, *Iyésada*. On the right, the daimio of *Bitchiu*, who was the Minister of Foreign Affairs, "and the other five members of the great council were prostrate on their faces; on my left hand were three brothers of the Tycoon prostrated in the same manner; and, all of them being nearly 'end on' towards me, after a pause of a few seconds I addressed the Tycoon."

The American envoy's speech of about one hundred words over, he bowed. "After a short silence the Tycoon began to jerk his head backward over his left shoulder, at the same time stamp-

ing with his right foot. This was repeated three or four times. After this he spoke audibly and in a pleasant and firm voice what was afterwards interpreted to me as follows:—

"'Pleased with the letter sent with the ambassador from a far distant country, and likewise pleased with his discourse. Intercourse will be continued forever.'"

Mr. Heusken now advanced with the box containing President Pierce's letter, the Minister of Foreign Affairs rising and standing by Mr. Harris, who opened the letter sufficiently to reveal the writing, and then, replacing the lid and silk covering made of thirteen red and white stripes, handed it to the minister. Placing the document upon a lacquered stand, the minister fell prone again, and after a courteous bow from the Tycoon Mr. Harris withdrew to the anteroom.

Much pressure had been brought to bear upon Mr. Harris to get him to eat dinner alone in the palace, or with Mr. Heusken. The American offered to partake of it provided one of the royal family or the prime minister would eat it with him. "I was told that their customs forbade either from doing so. I replied that the customs of my country forbade any one to eat in a house where the host or his representative did not sit down to table with him."

After an interview with the council of state and safe arrival at his lodgings, Mr. Harris writes: "The dress of the Tycoon was made of silk, and the material had some gold woven with it, but it was as distant from anything like regal splendor as could be conceived. No rich jewels, no elaborate gold ornaments, no diamond-hilted weapon, appeared. . . . I did not see any gilding in any part, and all the wooden columns were unpainted. Not an article of any kind appeared in any of the rooms, except the braziers, and the chairs and tables brought for my use."

Almost as a matter of course, the

result of a visit to this barren dreariness without his overcoat, Mr. Harris took a violent cold.

After fifteen months of patient toil the American envoy had reached his Mysteriousness the Tycoon. He had enlightened the hermits concerning a few points in that international law which had grown up since Thornrose had fallen asleep and her castle doors had been slammed and bolted. Now began the enlightenment of a nation. Nominally Mr. Harris held daily conferences for months with a set of commissioners. In reality he was dealing with the entire Yedo government. What was each day said in council was discussed in castle and offices, so that, as those closeted with Mr. Harris declared, to keep a secret was impossible. Day after day, for weary months, from noon until long after lamplight, Mr. Harris met the commissioners to explain in detail the whole system of modern national life, to lecture upon political economy, diplomacy, and laws of nations, answering ten thousand questions. With Mr. Heusken, who taught the Dutch interpreters, he had to invent a new language in order to introduce a new world of ideas.

Finally, in February, 1858, the treaty document was ready for signature. It provided for the opening of the ports of Kanagawa (Yokohama), Nagasaki, Niigata, Hiogo, and trade and residence therein, and residence in Yedo and Osaka; it established the extra-territoriality of foreigners and their consular courts, fixed limits of travel, guaranteed religious freedom, and introduced for Americans that general state of things which they have enjoyed and suffered for thirty-four years in Japan. Appended to the fourteen articles of the treaty were various regulations as to custom houses and the laws of seaports.

Long before this time Mr. Harris had begun to suspect that the Yedo government was an empty sham, and that the real ruler of Japan was the Mikado,

whose approval of the treaty must be obtained in order to calm the country. First the learned Professor Hayashi was sent to Kioto. After a month's loss of time failure was reported. Forthwith Hotta, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, departed for the "Blossom Capital." In over two hundred years only two missions from the Yedo government had been dispatched to Kioto, success in both cases following within ten days. In this case Hotta waited, negotiated, exhausted all his resources for fifty days in vain. In the native histories the story is a long one about the vacillations of politics in the court; one day the Emperor's premier declaring by edict "that full powers were given to the Bakufu to deal with the foreign question," and the next "the opinion of the court undergoing a profound change." Of Mr. Harris the native historian says that, rendered impatient by long waiting, "he threatened that, if his time was to be wasted in this way, he would proceed forthwith to Kioto and arrange it [the treaty] himself."

All this time Mr. Harris had used no menace or threats of force, though he had not failed to hint at contemporaneous events in India and China, and at the presence of large British and French fleets in neighboring waters. He showed how much they would gain by inaugurating a commercial treaty granted reasonably and freely, before they were compelled by force to make disastrous concessions. So far was this single man, alone in Yedo, successful that, before leaving for Kioto, Hotta, in the name of the government, gave in writing the pledge demanded by Mr. Harris, and in his letter of February 17, 1858, after stating "the necessity of delaying the signing of the treaty," promised "it should be executed before the expiration of sixty days." After the failure of Hotta's mission to Kioto and his return to Yedo, June 5, and another discussion of the whole subject, in view of

the country being on the brink of civil war on account of the treaty matters, the council of state agreed to the treaty without alteration, but asked postponement of signature until September 4. By this set time the Tycoon hoped "to bring the daimios to reason." The letter of the council of state was duly sent and received, as well as a letter from the Tycoon to the President of the United States, the first to any foreign ruler.

Mr. Harris returned to Shimoda June 18. Exhausted nature giving way, he sank unconscious into a nervous fever, which lasted for weeks. The idea of losing their friend at this crisis of affairs so alarmed the statesmen in Yedo that the Tycoon's own physicians were dispatched to Shimoda, with the intimation that their own lives would be in peril if the American's were lost. As on a former occasion in Yedo, the chief lady of the city, the Tycoon's wife, sent Mr. Harris tempting delicacies prepared by her own hands. With a sword suspended, as it were, over their bowels, and possible hara-kiri in view, the doctors, aided by nature, saved their patient.

Let it be noted, then, that Mr. Harris's success had been already substantially won before news of the humiliation of China by the allied forces had reached Japan, even as it had been begun and was well on its victorious way before even the squadrons had gathered in this part of the world. To this day the unenlightened Englishman believes that the unique success of Mr. Harris, "not a diplomatist, but a plain, honest-hearted gentleman," was "due to the influence he obtained over the Taikoon at a time when the Taikoon and council in Yedo were agitated and alarmed by our second war in 1857, as well as the subsequent opportune arrival of Lord Elgin with a British squadron at Yedo in 1858."

As matter of fact, Japan was already bound by the written promise of the

Yedo government, as early as February 17, to execute the treaty, nor was any attempt made to evade, revoke, or modify the instrument. It was only for the peace of the country and in the hope of obtaining the Mikado's signature (which, however, came not until 1868) that the Tycoon's officers asked even for delay.

On July 23, 1858, the U. S. S. S. Mississippi arrived at Shimoda with the news of peace in China and the coming of the allied fleets. On the 25th Commodore Tatnall appeared in the Powhatan. On the 27th Mr. Harris went to Kanagawa and communicated the news.

For the first time the Yedo government acted promptly and with independence, for the simple reason that there was a man at the helm who dared for his country's good. The memory of *Ii Kamon no Kami* (assassinated March 23, 1861), so long desecrated, is now cleansed from stain by the scholarly labors of *Shimada Saburo*. Unwilling to risk his country's becoming like India or China, *Ii*, the regent and premier, dispatched two commissioners to Kanagawa, who signed the treaty at three P. M. on the 29th. After twenty-one months of mental strain, the sound of as many cannon saluting the Japanese and American flags run up together at the fore of the *Powhatan* was joyful music to Townsend Harris.

With mighty fleets, the British, French, and Russians came later and made treaties, and these were followed by seventeen other nations, but the treaty negotiated by Townsend Harris is the basis of them all.

In Yedo, as American minister, amid murders, assassinations, and incendiarisms, while all his colleagues had struck their flags and retired to Yokohama, Mr. Harris held his position alone, and kept the American colors flying. With intensest sympathy for the brave men who had to suffer and fall with the hoary system to which their loyalty was pledged, he helped with his kindly ad-

vice the Tycoon's ministers as he was able. In due time, he turned over the legation to the Hon. Robert H. Pruyn.

At home, supremely loyal to the Union, he gratified his own heart by presenting in due time the magnificent sword given him by the Tycoon to General U. S. Grant. He lived to see him made "the first President of the free republic" that knew no slaves, and receiving in the White House the ambassadors of the Mikado and of Japan, which no longer knew feudalism or duarchy, united after the civil war of 1868. He died in New York, February 25, 1878.

Townsend Harris intended the treaty he made with the Japanese to be just, honorable, fair; to protect them in their ignorance; to remain in force only during their childhood of experience, but to be revised after July 1, 1872, "if desired by either party."

How Japan has for twenty years suffered "oppression" by treaty, how the provisions have been altered in the interests of European nations and to the detriment of Japan, how her efforts at either revision or redress have been steadily repulsed, how her rights have been trampled upon and her wrongs multiplied by a delay every hour of which is injustice, has been already told by able writers in this magazine. Let now the Japanese speak for themselves through the editor of the *Tokumin no Tomo*, or *The Nation's Friend*. In a recent number of this *Tokio* magazine, he says:—

"Why is the United States the true friend of our nation? We do not need to repeat the story of Commodore Perry at Uraga. Then his procedure involved or manifested not a few elements of disturbance and confusion. We dare not give our gratitude to Commodore Perry for everything he did. We cannot do that. But let us consider the commercial treaty, which, though not in any sense perfect, yet contains the

guarantees of our national interests, which restrict the English, Russian, German, and French powers, so that they cannot go further in their arbitrariness than the limits specified in the treaty. In all this matter who is the influential one? However many patriots there be who demand the revision of the treaties, they ought to shed tears of gratitude for Townsend Harris, the author of the *Ansei* [A. D. 1854-59] treaty. Is it not a fact that he gave us more freedom than than we find in the treaties to-day,—even when we have the National Diet, in which the nation's voice is heard? Though the present tariff is, on the average, less than five per cent, yet in the document drawn up by Mr. Harris this five per cent tariff was limited to steam-machinery, lumber, ships' supplies, coal, flour, zinc, and lead. All kinds of liquors were to be charged thirty-five per cent, while all other things were to pay twenty per cent. These generous arrangements were made by our benefactor. Whether a high tariff is still necessary to our country or not is not now our question. At this moment, we desire only to express our satisfaction with his generous proposition at such a time, when the *Shōgun's* officers were effeminate and ignorant. Had he chosen, he could have done us a most terrible injury, like a lion ravaging sheep. Such an instinct the honest spirit of Townsend Harris commanded him to repress.

"Moreover, he said [in later years] concerning the fiction of law called *jigwai-hoken*: 'The extra-territoriality given to the people of the United States who are in Japan is against my conscience. Ah! am I not to see the day when these unjust treaties shall be abrogated, before I die?' His deep sorrow in the bottom of his heart may be imagined. When we think of those ministers of European powers who have indulged their covetousness, taking advantage of a crisis in our national his-

tory as their opportunity ; when we think of their selfishness and thoughtlessness in availing themselves of the alarm of our people and the timidity of the Shōgun's officers ; when we think of their

making our extremity their gain by overreaching us, we know not what to say. All the more can we see the abounding friendship of the United States for the Land of the Rising Sun."

William Elliot Griffis.

A FLORENTINE EPISODE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART SECOND.

TOWARDS the end of June, the weather, hitherto comparatively cool, with frequent showers, became suddenly warm. The white roads, stretching out so alluringly, beckoning Keith and Phillis to follow, grew whiter still as they settled deep into dust ; the landscape lost color ; in fact, the midsummer heats had begun. The favorite excursion was now to Fiesole by tramway early in the morning, and after lunch and dinner at the Trattoria Aurora they would return in the late dusk to Florence. As they ascended and descended the mountain side, Phillis often asked her companion which one of the walled villas they were passing he would choose for his honeymoon residence. The joke, no matter how stale, could hardly lose its pungency for Keith, when not only the possibility, but the inevitableness, of such a fate grew more real hour by hour. A woman may be irresponsible about the future, but not a man, and he felt that these summer days were fixing his destiny. Did he wish to alter it ? Could he ever let Phillis drift away from him into that world of poverty and makeshift at which she hinted ? Never. She loved Italy ; she had eaten of its fatal fruit, could be happy nowhere else ; and it flattered all his manly instincts that he could keep her in that promised land.

On one of these warm afternoons Phillis was sitting in the lowest circle of the ruins of the Roman theatre at Fiesole,

her sketchbook in her lap. Keith had picked her a handful of poppies, and she had fastened them in the belt of her white linen blouse. Her hat lay tossed on the stones beside her, and as she sat looking up at the engirdling hills, with which Nature herself has amplified the amphitheatre until its highest circles kiss the sky, her features took on an expression which reminded him of a sibyl. He often felt that he saw thoughts in her face which she never uttered to him. Of what was she thinking ? Their eyes met, and his heart beat.

"I am going to make a sketch of you," she called. "It suddenly dawns upon me that, if we were to go our two ways, I have nothing tangible by which to remember you."

"Go our two ways ?" said Keith, startled. "What makes you suggest such a thing ?"

"There are few ideas which, first or last, do not come into my head. I sometimes have glimpses into heaven ; then again, I say to myself it is not Dante alone who has walked in the Inferno."

"Scale any heights you please, but don't go into the depths," said Keith, balancing himself on a fragment of a shaft. "Don't talk of our being separated. I can't bear it."

"Nonsense. There — don't move ! I want to catch that expression. Keith Tresillian, do you know that sometimes you are perfectly beautiful ?"

Her glance and words sent lightnings through his veins, but he knew by the very frankness of her compliment that it meant nothing.

"There is an altar-piece by Titian in the Frari at Venice," said Phillis, as if in a dream, "and out of a dull group looks a boy's face, — oh, such a lovely face!"

"Do you mean that I am like him?"

"No; at this moment you are like Raphael's St. John in the Tribuna. I was thinking about beauty — beauty. What is beauty in a face? What does it mean? What does it interpret? I know a man whose soul is so lovely he ought to be more beautiful than the Antinous, yet he is homely, common-looking, without a fine feature. I was thinking whether I wished he might look like the Antinous. But I do not. Antinous always seems half sulky."

"It is not often," said Keith, "that I have an idea, but I have an idea about the Antinous. When I look at him, I say to myself that I understand him."

"Is it a secret between you two?"

"I don't mind telling you. The pre-sentiment of his early death is imposed from on high. He feels the stirring in him of great powers, but Fate lays her finger on his hope and withers it, like blasted fruit on a green bough. All his victory is to be victorious over death. People quarrel, too, with Achilles for sulking in his tent when he ought to be fighting; but I always pitied Achilles when he said to his mother that, since Jove had made his life so brief, he ought to have crowned it with happiness and honor."

"Did he say that?" said Phillis, her pencil busy. "Whom the gods love die young."

Keith flung up his arms. "Love me not too well, O ye gods!" he cried. "I would not die young."

"Do not move, for the world. I want that pose!" she cried eagerly.

But he soon dropped out of it, ashamed of his freak, and began leaping restlessly

from stone to stone, spouting a medley from Homer, Sophocles, and Byron. Phillis had by this time finished her outline, and was now filling it up with her usual frenzy, and he determined to satisfy a vagrant curiosity by exploring the excavations. All at once he heard a sharp exclamation. Bounding back into the arena, he perceived that a stranger, a man of thirty or more, had joined Phillis, and was addressing her with the air of an old acquaintance, his smiling assurance in singular contrast with her suddenly serious, almost indignant mien.

While Keith stood in doubt whether to advance or recede, the intruder gave a light mocking laugh, with an ironic gesture in his direction, made a motion as of despairing entreaty to Phillis, then ran up the steps, and, pausing on the highest, offered a deep salute, and vanished behind the railing.

By this time Keith had come up.

"So you met a friend?" he remarked, startled afresh by her flushed cheeks and dilated eyes.

"Don't call him a friend," she returned, in a husky voice. "The beast! I detest him! I should like to run a stiletto into him."

"He was impertinent to you!" said Keith, lips, eyes, voice, and clenched fist all instinct with sudden fury.

"He is always impertinent," she replied. "He is one of those men who cannot have an idea about a woman that is not impertinent. But no matter."

"It matters very much. Who is the coward?"

"His name is Rau."

"What countryman is he?"

"A French Creole from Porto Rico. He is the Paris agent of a New York house."

"When did you ever know him?"

"In Paris, two years ago."

"What did he say to you now?"

She grew uneasy as she looked at Keith: his eyes were expanded, his nostrils quivered, his mouth was set,

and the effect was to give a strength and elevation which aggrandized his whole bearing.

"I could n't repeat it, and nothing would induce me to repeat it," she said, drawing a long breath; "and after all, it does not matter."

"It does matter. Who strikes at you strikes at me. You are under my protection."

"How foolish!" she exclaimed petulantly. "I am not in the least under your protection. You have no right to assume such a thing. We are casual acquaintances who have found it convenient to go about together for a few days. Please dismiss it all from your mind, for actually what he said was nothing. Only I have hated the horrible creature for two years, and his presence is offensive to me. I loathe the expression of his eyes and his slimy smile."

Keith had already discovered that Phillis could at need assume the dignity and decision of a mature woman. Now, while he stood looking at her, wounded by her response to his passionate outburst, she changed the subject, and tried to dispel the impression she had given of her humiliation and pain. She showed him the sketch she had made of him, — a sketch, we admit, calculated to humble a young man's pride into the dust; then, observing that his wrath was not appeased, she asked him to climb the hill with her, declaring she had always been curious to see what was on the other side. She had been languid all day, but now a tricky spirit had apparently entered into her. Yet, pretty and coquettish as she was, Keith could not so easily get over the effect of his wrath, and that chill of apprehension like a lump of ice in a glass of fiery wine.

But when they had gained the top of the ridge, she declared that there was nothing to see save hills and more hills, ilexes and olives, all alike dull and dreary. The laughing side of Fiesole

lay towards Florence. Her spirits had flagged; she confessed she was tired, and wanted to go down and sit on the "Strangers' Seat," near the monastery. Luckily, the bench on the high terrace was empty, and she sank down as if exhausted. The straw-workers came up to offer their baskets and fans with smiling importunity, and Keith dispersed them with a franc apiece; and a handful of sous and an imperative "Andate via!" scattered the children who offered bunches of carnations. The Franciscan monks toiling up the ascent cast bright-eyed glances at the two young people. Keith believed that Phillis wished to enjoy the tranquillity which rested over heights and valley. His own first vivid emotion had died away. He leaned over the parapet and gazed across the wide plain where the far-away bends of the Arno were beginning to take the light. The olive-trees beneath him felt the breeze, and broke into a silver ripple. It was a pleasure to tell over the domes and towers of the city, like beads in a rosary. The reddening rays of the sun, as it neared the horizon, divided into broad level bars of rosy light, which made an interchange of shine and shadow, flushing the Campanile and the Duomo, while Santa Croce and the Palazzo Vecchio stood out clear, but rayless.

"Oh, look!" he said, turning back to his companion; but instead of meeting her quick smiling attention he saw quite a different Phillis from the one he had known hitherto. She was huddled into a corner of the bench, her face covered with her hands.

"You are crying!" he exclaimed in bewilderment.

"Of course I am crying," she returned tartly. "Who has more to cry about than I have, I should like to know?"

There seemed to him a note of accusation in her voice.

"Have I done or said anything wrong?" he gasped.

"You are so unfeeling, — everybody is so unfeeling," she sobbed.

"What have I said? What have I done?" he asked, in an agony of remorse. "If I held my tongue, it was because I did not wish to remind you of that scoundrel."

"You were thinking about me. Doubts of my being a proper person rose in your mind."

"Never for an instant."

"Then you have less knowledge of the world than I gave you credit for," she said indignantly, "for I told you that creature was impertinent, and all appearances were against me. The matter is simply this: I once took M. Rau for a gentleman, and found out my dire mistake. That was all. And it would be strange indeed if a girl, not wholly unattractive, should live all alone in Europe for five years, utterly unbefriended, so poor that she cannot extricate herself from awkward *contre-temps* by drawing out a full purse, boarding in pensions where horrid women spy and cackle all day long, or lodging by herself in lonely rooms so high up the *concierge* will take no trouble about them, and never have anything happen. Why, queens on their thrones have been insulted. Nothing can protect a woman against a man's brutality except the safeguard in himself."

"I can protect you," said Keith, that horrible dread once more overtaking him.

"I did not say I wanted you to protect me. I meant only that I hate to be suspected. I have always protected myself. I always shall protect myself. I should scorn to conceal anything if I had actually done wrong. I should kill myself outright if I could not take the world honestly."

"You do!" cried Keith, at his wits' end to say something to soothe her.

"This sort of experience makes me feel as if I were a Pears' soap or an

Epps's cocoa advertisement," she continued. "It is as if I were placarded all over Europe. I loathe myself! I want to enter a nunnery, — hide myself behind grate and veil for the rest of my life."

"Oh, good heavens," Keith murmured, "don't, please don't!"

"I told you I had a fit of homesickness now and then," she faltered, as she looked at him, her thick lashes heavy with tears, her whole face sad, quivering, pallid, yet still dimpled childishly, and more passingly sweet in its distress even than in its laughter. He longed to kiss her, to comfort her, to claim her, to hold her. "At such moments," she went on with a sob, "I feel so thankful that there is somebody in the world who, in spite of all my follies and mistakes, adores me; not out of idle love of amusement, not out of an occasional impulse, but out of a complete faith and knowledge; who held me in his arms when I was a baby; who in spite of all my five years of absence has never for an instant forgotten me."

Keith tingled as if he had been struck a blow. Evidently he was not that man.

"If I said you were like him, you would probably be indignant," she proceeded. "Still, what attracted me towards you at first sight was the expression of your eyes, which reminded me of his. He is a plain man, not dressed by Bond Street tailors. I don't suppose he ever wore a pair of gloves in his life. He never knows what to do with his hands or his legs, yet all the same, in essentials, I have felt there was a likeness between you. You have always been kind to me, — never flippant, never coarse. You have understood that I have a mind, a heart, a soul. Too often I have been treated like a show, baited, as it were, to make myself an amusing spectacle, led on simply to see what my high spirits would bring me to. It is pleasant to be set aglow, but when

the intoxication is past I hate the idea of it. Don't be afraid but that I have my poor moments, like a jelly-fish left by the tide."

Keith was studying her face.

"I can't help being curious about this paragon whom I resemble. Where does he live?" he inquired.

"In Saugatuck, Ohio."

"Is he a brother?"

"No."

"A cousin?"

"Well, a sort of cousin; at least I call him 'cousin David.' Don't ask me to define him. I like simply to feel that he exists, like the bounty of God; that at need I can call him; that he will never fail me while he lives."

Keith experienced a dismay shot through with a genuine pang. Her piercing sweet voice, her tender lips, her lovely eyes, thrilled him, but did he dare to wrestle with this phantom of a "sort of cousin," overcome it, and claim her for his own? He had for days been in the mood to ask Phillis to marry him. He admired her, enjoyed her companionship, and felt tenderly towards her. Of course, being in love with anybody, after his experience with Rose Bellew, was out of the question. As well might a lovely crystal jar broken at the well be restored to flawless perfection. When certain things go to pieces, they go to pieces for good and all, and a young man's heart is one of those things. Still, happy or unhappy, there is a necessity for living on; honor exists and duty exists, and if Phillis would accept a share in his destiny, and they could establish themselves in a white villa guarded by two cypresses and set about with fig and olive orchards, he thought existence might be endurable. He was already interested in Italian agriculture; and how enchanting to study the processes of irrigation, and make little channels to bring water to his terraces and vineyards, while his charming Phillis looked on, the cicadas chirped, and the fountain

splashed! The girl had risen, and they were leaning together over the wall, looking down at the valley, where the sunset lights had changed the Arno into a sinuous track of rose and flame. How easily he might at this moment have broached the subject, except for that spectre of a cousin she had so unfeelingly invoked! Was there actually such an individual, or was he a happy invention? He thought of asking if she had a photograph of him about her.

The monastery bells had been ringing with a sweet wild clangor, but now ceased.

"I don't wonder," she remarked casually, breaking in upon his dubitations, "that women who commit imprudences like to be Catholics. There are so many saints to meet you halfway, if you have a little votive offering ready."

"Let me be your patron saint," Keith returned, with new ardor in his voice. "I will meet you more than halfway."

"I don't wish," she said earnestly, "to do anything wrong. I only like to do what I like, and when people see harm in my actions it simply shows that they have horrid imaginations. The reason I sometimes long to turn Catholic is that Protestantism is so right up and down,—it insists that you shall be either one thing or the other; no rounding off, no tenderness for human infirmity! It is so matter of fact, so masculine!"

"Now I insist," said Keith, with enthusiasm, "that poetry, all-embracing tenderness, large magnanimity, are purely masculine traits. If you want full sympathy, confess your sins to a man, not to a woman."

She burst into a fit of laughter.

"That is so exactly like cousin David!" she said.

Naturally Keith was nettled.

"Meanwhile, I have no objection to dinner or supper," he observed. "Shall we go over to the Aurora?"

She grew nervous on the instant. It

was evident that she had apprehensions of a possible second encounter with the objectionable acquaintance. She suggested that it was high time to take the tramway back to town, where they might sup at Bonciani's.

Every table in the upper dining-room was full, when they entered the place. But some gentlemen were just settling their bill, Angelo, Keith's favorite waiter, hastened to suggest, and if the signora would but sit down in the anteroom for a moment! The signora was glad enough to withdraw into the shadow; indeed, as she saw two men issuing from the room, she even hid her face with a scarf she pretended to be readjusting. Keith did not perceive that the stranger who had vexed Phillis was passing, but the stranger recognized Keith. A few minutes later, when Angelo had summoned the signor and signora to the freshened table, and with his obliging air brought a new *fiasco* of Chianti and the *carta del giorno*, M. Rau peeped in at the door. Keith was giving his order, when all at once his heart came to his mouth. The Frenchman had approached Phillis, and was bending over her.

"Mademoiselle failed to give me her address," he said.

"I am on the point of leaving Florence," she replied.

"Hardly to-night or to-morrow," he persisted, smiling.

"I receive no visitors," returned Phillis, with the same trepidation and air of revolt she had shown in the afternoon.

"That is incredible, incredible. I must find you. I cannot so easily believe that you will deny an old friend like me."

Under his exaggerated deference there was all the time a suggestion of mocking irony.

Keith had risen. "Permit me, monsieur," he said, "to have a word with you outside." He led the way to the

top of the stairway. "Do you understand," he asked calmly, "that I am the companion of the lady whom you addressed?"

"I felicitate monsieur upon his good fortune as much as I envy him," the man replied.

"Permit me, in the name of the lady, to say that she declines your further acquaintance."

"Monsieur could not be so cruel if he understood the claims I have upon mademoiselle. I am an old and most particular friend."

"You have no claims; you are insolent, and I forbid you even to approach her."

Rau smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Is monsieur, then, her husband — her" —

"Evidently you are not acquainted with the ideas or manners of decent people," Keith returned, with disdain. He measured the position of the other as he stood on the top of the shallow stairway. "Via!" he said contemptuously, at the same time raising his foot and giving just sufficient impetus to his kick to send the intruder sprawling down half a dozen steps, where he fell on the midway landing. His companion had been waiting for him in the vestibule below, and now, looking up, saw the scuffle and darted towards Rau, who was regaining his feet with a crimson face, and shaking his clenched fist at Keith.

"I will" — he burst out when his friend caught his arm. "You" — he cried in impotent wrath.

Keith was tugging at the pocket of his waistcoat. He pulled out a card, and with a look of scorn flung it at the two men; then turned and went back to the table, where Phillis was waiting for him with no little disquietude. His cheeks were flushed, his heart was beating violently, he could hardly restrain angry tears, but for the first time in his life he was able to act a part. He par-

ried the girl's questions, persuaded her that nothing was amiss, ate his supper with apparent relish, then sent for a cab and put her into it, promising to meet her at the Uffizi at eleven o'clock the next day.

Left alone on the curbstone, he drew a long breath that did not wholly evidence a sensation of relief. As he stood irresolute somebody clapped him on the shoulder. He turned with a start.

"Why, Mayo!" he exclaimed. "I was just going to look you up."

"To ask me to sup with you?" said Mr. Mortimer Mayo gayly. "All right. I'm your man. It just occurred to me, as I strolled up the street, that if I had happened to have my purse with me I would have had one of Bonciani's cutlets before I went to bed."

"Come in," said Keith. He led the way into the lower restaurant, and sat down in the corner on a cushioned seat against the wall, and drew Mayo to his side. "I want to talk to you," he said, with subdued vehemence. "You are a sort of cousin, and you are, besides, the only man I know in Florence."

"My young friend, you are, I fear, in some scrape," rejoined Mayo, his pointed beard bristling and all his features assuming a look of concern.

"I shall very likely receive a challenge to fight a duel, and in that case may I refer to you as my second?"

"Oh, my dear Keith, what have you been doing?"

"I have done nothing that I regret. I merely kicked a rascal downstairs."

"I suppose it's about that girl. I warned you that with that sort of woman there was invariably plenty of drama."

"She is as noble and sweet a girl as I ever knew in my life," said Keith hotly. "Unluckily, she has been poor and lived about as she could while she devoted herself to art."

"O Art, *Art*! what atrocities are committed in thy name!"

"But that lady's name must not be

drawn into the question," said Keith, with decision.

"Who is the man?"

"His name is Rau. He lives in Paris."

"What did he do?"

"He was impertinent."

"To that — lady?"

"To me."

"What did you do?"

"I told you I kicked him downstairs."

"That was imprudent, I fear, — most imprudent. Nobody likes to be kicked downstairs."

"What I wish to know," Keith proceeded, with growing restlessness, "is whether you will act as my second in case he takes the matter up."

"But I don't know how to be a second. I rather pique myself," Mr. Mayo proceeded plaintively, "on my knowledge of the world, but I have never had anything to do with duels. In fact, they are obsolete. They are talked about only in novels and on the stage."

"Plenty of duels are fought all the time in Europe."

"I don't even feel certain that I know how to load a pistol," said Mayo, more and more staggered as the details of the possible affair presented themselves to his imagination. "I suppose you expect to fight with pistols?"

"I don't object to swords. I've taken lessons in fencing," said Keith moodily.

"Oh, you lamb, you tender lamb! I feel like sprinkling you with mint sauce. You don't realize what you may be in for. Pistols, swords! Did you ever use firearms at all?"

"I have had little or no pistol practice, but I have hunted with a rifle in the Adirondacks, and once, in the Rockies, I killed a bear."

"I'm afraid rifles would be considered wholly out of the question," observed Mayo mournfully. "Oh, what folly it is! For an American, a sensible, matter-of-fact American, with a clear sense of the value of human life, of the beauty of law and order — I mean —

that is, of course — a really civilized American living in a North Atlantic city! Have you gone so far as to reflect that people may be killed in duels?"

"Of course that possibility does exist."

"It is the object of duels. What else are they for? And even in a duel of the tamest description at least one of the principals is sure to be wounded. The idea of being wounded! Horrible! Do you take into account all the abominable, the disgusting contingencies, — surgeons, stretchers? Have you begun to realize what the thing involves?"

"I have not," returned Keith impatiently, "and, what is more, I do not intend to work myself up over accidents which have not happened. What I want to be sure of is that, in case I am challenged, I may send the fellow to you."

"Oh, lord, yes! Send him, of course. I'll stand by you through thick and thin," said Mayo, with a groan.

"Very well. I'm most grateful. Good-night."

"Oh, by the way!" cried Mayo, conscious that he had given the waiter a comprehensive order, "have you any spare silver about you? I thought, as I was ordering for two, and as you generally insist on settling" —

"Oh, of course," said Keith, his hand in his pocket.

"I shall need to keep up my strength," murmured Mayo gently, as he shook hands with Keith in a mournfully affectionate way. Left alone, however, he went at his supper with some zest, pulling down the fiasco of Chianti many a time; yet all the while his thoughts were anxious.

"A duel? What will Mrs. Tresillian say? She will blame me. Blame me? Perhaps Keith will be killed, and I shall be arrested. We may be running a tremendous risk. I have never looked into the Italian laws about dueling. The idea of my permitting myself to be mixed up in this ridiculous mess! It is incredible that, in spite of my experi-

ence of the world, I should be in such a position. So foolish, so reckless! A young fellow, with all the money he wants to spend, setting himself up as a target for a Frenchman to shoot at, — for all I know a crack shot and a hardened duelist, — and all for the sake of a little *diable* of an artist! I won't let myself be exposed to such mischances. I'll warn the police. I'll have Keith watched. I might telegraph to Mrs. Tresillian. She could come in time to stop it. Of course that is the right, the only thing to do. She would never forgive me if I did otherwise."

And before he slept Mr. Mayo did telegraph to Mrs. Tresillian. That is, reflecting that Mrs. Tresillian was an anxious mother, and probably a nervous, delicate, excitable woman, that he had never met her, while he did chance to be well acquainted with Miss Rose Bellew, who was traveling in the same party, he addressed his dispatch to that young lady.

"Break news carefully to Mrs. Tresillian. Keith is on the point of fighting a duel with a Frenchman. In absence of lawful guardians, shall I speak to police? Young lady in the case; quandary; no jurisdiction; dread of interference; need of instructions from interested parties. MORTIMER MAYO."

Keith turned into his bed as soon as he reached the Hotel Europa, feeling that, although it would be of no use to try to sleep, it must bring relief to shut away the light from his throbbing head. But he slept nevertheless: he did not hear the clatter of the market wagons at dawn, the bells of the donkeys, nor the summons to matins, and when he awoke it was seven o'clock. As usual, his first thought was of Rose Bellew; that he was not to see her that day, and that the day she was to brighten for him was never to shine again. Then suddenly he started into a sitting posture, and, staring at the canopy, rubbed his forehead with his

hand. Recollection had smitten him, and the events of yesterday had to be met and marshaled. He tingled afresh at the affront to Phillis. It helped him to accept the consequence of his own acts. Yesterday he had been excited, carried away. He now confessed to himself that there had been some swagger in the pose he had assumed, yet, with simple sincerity of outlook, he could not accuse himself of having gone beyond the necessities of the case. The cad had behaved in a way which could be answered only by a kick, and he had kicked him.

Still, at this moment he was under no glamour, and certain perceptions burned in upon his mind. Miss Phillimore's confession had not been full, but it was evident that she had, at one period, confided in the Frenchman to some degree, until she had been compelled to give him a rebuff, for which he evidently bore her a grudge. Keith could but admit that even the girl's best friend must have ample faith in her indiscretion. So long as a woman has to do with a man willing to interpret her every speech and action chivalrously she is safe; but a *roué*, or even a coxcomb, can easily put an unprotected woman hopelessly in the wrong for her play of innocent coquetry; for it is she who heaps the fagots, and it is he who brings the fire. So long as the world lasts, Keith said with conviction, if a woman aims at enjoying a man's freedom, she must be at least half a man, not show herself a pretty woman from her finger-tips to the way she sets down her feet in their pointed shoes.

For his idea of Phillis had suddenly assumed all the simplicity, the narrowness, the jealousy, of a lover's. Of course she must be his wife; nothing else was any longer possible for either of them. That paragon of a Hoosier might or might not have a palpable existence; but he was four thousand miles away, and could hardly fit into the requirements of the present emergency.

What if a duel came off? What if he should be killed? Would Rose Bellew remember that she had sent him away desperate? He would write her a letter, to be delivered in case of his not surviving the encounter. In strong, simple language he would tell her she had said he was too young, that he had never been face to face with the realities of life, but that here he was face to face with death, the only actual reality for mortals.

What a fool he was, — always rehearsing some *rôle*, but playing no part but that of a dreamer! He must bathe, dress, prepare for visitors. By this time tomorrow, perhaps — He wondered where Florentines fought duels. Were the choice left to him, he would choose the Roman theatre at Fiesole. He remembered the insolent look in Rau's face as he addressed Phillis, and the fury of yesterday returned. He felt that, standing ten paces from the scoundrel, he should not waste his shot in the air. Yet it was hideous to have this confused sense of trouble, shame, and wrath coupled with his belief in Phillis's absolute purity and truth. The conviction lay upon his heart like a dead weight that she had once seemed to encourage Rau as she had encouraged himself; then, having discovered that she was playing with fire, had tried to put it out, and had not been over-successful.

Again Keith said to himself that he lacked energy, concentration, — that he must rise and dress; and now he did get up, go through the processes of his morning toilet, ordering his coffee before he had finished in order to gain time. He told the waiter that he should be in all the morning; then thought of calling him back and explaining that he had an engagement at eleven, but desisted, saying to himself that he was weak, fussy, nervous.

It was by this time nine o'clock. He ate his rolls and drank his coffee hurriedly; then regretted his haste, as he

found himself without occupation. He sat down at the table with the intention of writing to his mother. It was out of the question, however, that he should write letters until he knew what was likely to happen. A knock sounded at the door. It was only the man to take away the breakfast things, but Keith's heart hammered in his ears. However, when, ten minutes later, another knock came, he was glad to find himself perfectly calm. A card was brought him.

M. VICTOR STEINHOF.

Keith directed that the visitor should be shown up. It was, as he expected, the individual who had run to Rau's assistance the night before; a well-dressed, good-looking man of forty, who began talking at once in fairly good English. He said he had been requested by M. Rau to call upon M. Tresillian and suggest that the preceding day had been one of trying heat; at such times the blood goes to the head and the nerves become irritable; in this climate of Italy a man almost has a sunstroke without being in the sun; besides, the Chianti is a fiery wine; one sometimes behaves in a manner not quite satisfactory. In short, M. Tresillian might like a chance to apologize.

"I apologize?" said Keith, whose blood at this moment was certainly all in his head. "I am conscious of the courtesy of the suggestion, but I have nothing to apologize for."

"Softly, softly," said the bland Steinhof. "You are a very young man, traveling perhaps without guardians?"

"I am twenty-five years of age lacking two months," replied Keith.

"Ah, so old? I should not have thought it. Still, twenty-five is young, and there is sometimes a lack of experience; and I may venture to say that when a man is older he has learned to smile and to shrug his shoulders instead of taking the trouble to get into a rage. M. Rau has every respect for the lady.

Although a Frenchman, he has lived in America, and holds the theory — erroneous, no doubt — that American young ladies are very good-natured. He is an old friend of Mademoiselle Phillimore's, and he wished to express his pleasure at meeting her unexpectedly. If her pleasure was not equal to his, it is his misfortune, not his fault."

"I know nothing of M. Rau's past acquaintance with any one. What I object to is his very unpleasant manner in the present."

"Each man has his own manners," said Steinhof.

"M. Rau needs to mend his," Keith returned dryly.

"You are very good to dictate to us what we shall do," said Steinhof, suddenly bristling, "but I came here to insist on an apology from yourself."

"You will have no apology from me," said Keith calmly. "I cannot feel that I was in the wrong. M. Rau may like an opportunity to apologize."

"You understand the alternative?"

Keith shrugged his shoulders.

"Will you name a friend with whom we may discuss the business?" asked Steinhof, with more and more alertness and decision.

"Certainly," answered Keith. He gave Mr. Mortimer Mayo's name and address at the Albergo Vittoria, and Steinhof withdrew with an air of exasperating politeness.

Left alone, Keith stretched himself with a half laugh. His spirits had risen. He left a message for Mr. Mortimer Mayo, and went out to keep his engagement with Miss Phillimore. He had heard the bells ringing all the morning; now, as he walked along the streets, their pealing faltered into sobs, then with a final note they were silent. Everything wore a festival air: niches and shrines were heaped with flowers; crowds had gathered before the Duomo, and he suddenly recalled the fact that this was the day of Florence's patron saint, St. John.

As it was a holiday, of course all the galleries would be closed; his engagement was void. He was glad; it was better that he and Phillis should not meet to-day.

The bishop was alighting from his carriage as Keith reached the cathedral, and almost against his own volition he found himself swept along with the procession into the church, where he was presently seated in the nave, with a clear view of the magnificently decorated altar. The choir was full of canons in vestments of white and gold; acolytes came and went, bearing missals, chalices, and candlesticks. As the rich vibration of the organ voluntary died away, a grand mass of Rossini's began, played by an orchestra, and sung by a great chorus. Keith found himself in a condition of mind and senses to feel the full charm of the splendid ceremonial. He watched the celebrant at the altar; he studied the faces of the priests, stamped in general with distinction and self-confidence. He gazed up into Brunelleschi's dome, and his heart swelled at the thought of the patient, heroic effort of men; that is, of the men who have moulded the world. Ah, what a world! What possibilities it offered for achievement! What privileges for those who did not act, yet could feel with admiration and with sympathy the greatness of other men! How short was even the longest life, how pathetic, how conclusively final, the general decree of death! Yet here he had been almost exulting that he was about to fight a duel. But he was too much under the influence of the music and the service to give himself to a distinctly personal idea. He was diverted by the incessant and serious occupation which the bishop's mitre imposed upon the attendant priest, who was constantly receiving it, then readjusting it on the anointed brows; the waving of the censers before the high dignitary, whose rich robes were parted to receive the clouds of incense, started more problems in Keith's mind than he

could solve; the mystery of the "pax" touched him; the priest who carried the blessing had a sweet illuminated face, and the young fellow felt that his own devouring restlessness, his growing insurrection against the fate hurrying towards him, might be appeased by that laying on of hands.

The music was so piercingly sweet it brought the tears to his eyes. Verses from one of Tourgenieff's prose poems forced themselves upon his mind.

"What shall I think of when it comes to me to die, if indeed I am then in a condition to think?"

"Shall I think of this, — that I have made a poor use of my life, that I have slept it away, dreamed it away, that I knew not how to enjoy its gifts?"

"How? This already death? So soon? Impossible. When I have not succeeded in doing anything, — I have only gathered things to do."

The thoughts conscience imposed began to be unbearable. Keith looked on all sides, to see if, somewhere in the great crowd, there was not some movement, some possible outlet. As his eyes turned this way and that, they suddenly rested on Miss Phillimore's head and shoulders rising above the choir screen at the left. She was evidently standing on her chair, in order to look into the chancel. As usual, she took the eye irresistibly. She challenged observation; he could not remove his gaze from her. It was clear that she had a companion, towards whom she constantly leaned with smiles and whispers. Keith asked himself, with incredulous anger, whether it could be the man Rau. He must satisfy himself about the matter. The trouble of head and brain began again. He hated this suspense, this inaction, this waste of life and feeling. He longed to have the whole affair ended, no matter how.

He had not counted on the density of the crowd. It was impossible to gain a glimpse of Miss Phillimore on his way

out. As soon as he was free of the throngs of people in the square it was time to go back to his hotel, where he had left word for Mr. Mayo he would be between twelve and two o'clock. He found this note awaiting him : —

“ Everything settled ; hope it's satisfactory. To-morrow at nine, outside the Prato gate. Pistols, twenty paces. Very busy. Try to see you before two o'clock.

M. M.”

Keith read the missive over and over. Certainly it was packed full of meaning for him. His brain could not have been entirely clear, for it was impossible to carry all the points in his mind, and he had constantly to refer to the document, when he would repeat, “ Pistols — twenty paces — to-morrow morning, outside the Prato gate, at nine ! ”

It was explicit, yet somehow he felt the necessity of having more details, although of course it was the business of the seconds to spare the principals all the burden of minor arrangements. In spite of the exciting nature of the situation, time hung heavy on his hands. He could settle to nothing until he had had a satisfactory talk with Mr. Mortimer Mayo. Two o'clock finally came, and that gentleman had not appeared. Keith ordered luncheon. He hoped that matters would seem less hazy and unsubstantial when he had reinforced his strength with food and a bottle of Orvieto. Yet, strange to relate, his sense of the painful realities of his position was not deepened by a hearty meal. He felt lighter of heart. As he luxuriously smoked a cigar, it amused him to call up time-honored stories of duels, particularly of encounters between Frenchmen and Englishmen. There was one, in which an Englishman had fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman, over which he chuckled irresistibly, although the particulars had escaped him, save for this desirable climax.

Four o'clock, half past four ! Five

o'clock, half past five ! Still his second did not appear. Keith sent a messenger to the Albergo Vittoria for Mr. Mayo, but word came that the gentleman had been out since eleven o'clock. Keith shrugged his shoulders. After all, he himself had nothing to do save to play out his own part the next morning outside the Prato gate, — a part which it was impossible to rehearse. He decided to dismiss all feeling of responsibility, and to go to San Miniato, leaving word that if Mr. Mayo called he was to follow him thither and dine. He joined the crowd outside, which laughed and buzzed in a happy fashion. Every one turned into the dimly lighted Baptistery, where a few priests were singing an office sitting in their stalls, and another, at the altar, was going through genuflections, attended by an acolyte. The edifice was full of children, who played hide-and-seek round the columns, or were lifted by their mothers to kiss the images of the Madonna and of the patron saint, which were almost hidden in flowers. Keith made his way through the joyous groups, passed out at an opposite door from that by which he had entered, and threaded his way through the constantly increasing crowds as far as the Signoria, where he took the tramway for San Miniato. Here at last he found the tranquillity he had been seeking. He walked up and down the terrace, and half in reverie, and half in haze of mind, watched the lovely colors of the fading day. From the city below rose a soft clangor of bells, sobbing out a final appeal only to recommence with new entreaty. The many-bridged river, the villa-crowned slopes, the white walls of Fiesole, were all a dream within a dream. The engagement for the morrow, his foolish wrath, even Miss Philimore herself, — all had alike become far off, dim, unimportant. It was irksome to think about the absurd imbroglio. His sweep of vision was so wide, his sense of space so unconfined, — for the sapphire and amethystine hills appeared

not to inclose him with horizons, but to lead the eye up to grander vistas, — that he liked simply to look, to feel, to enjoy. Bells went on sounding from the spires, campaniles, pinnacles, and turrets, but they helped to intensify the silence which seemed like a visible presence to fold its wings and brood. Seven o'clock! Where was Mr. Mortimer Mayo? Streams of people began to pass along the walks and terraces, spoiling the solitude. Keith searched the place for his guest, sat down in the restaurant, ordered a dinner which he left almost untouched, then again took his stand at the high angle overlooking the city to wait for the illumination. The sun was setting, and the Arno caught the light in rosy patches, breaking the monotony of the dusky levels. The tiers upon tiers of olive-trees along the slopes grew gray, silvery, weird; the hills deepened through every lovely gradation of blue and chocolate into violet, and the sky faded from rose to daffodil.

Keith's eyes, ranging round the great amphitheatre, fastened by chance on the bronze David. Something plucked at his heart with sudden reminder, and he felt a hot throb of excitement. All day long he had been trying to catch up with himself, as it were, to take hold of himself with his two hands. But this boy's look and attitude, as he measured himself against his destiny, taught him what he, Keith Tresillian, ought to be feeling. Not that he himself could conquer Goliath, or even a pigmy; but if he had an ounce of David's heroism in his veins, he ought to be able to summon a force which would make him a match for the powers he had to contend with. This was no happy shepherd lad, like Donatello's David with his foot on the neck of the giant. This battle was unfought, the victory unwon. Michael Angelo always perpetuated, not the triumph, but the struggle.

The crowd behind pressed tumultuously forward. A galaxy of stars shot

out of the deepening shadows, gemming the lovely outlines of the Duomo and of Giotto's Tower.

"Now did you ever see anything in Ohio equal to that?" said a voice out of the babel, whose every intonation Keith knew by heart.

"Wa'al, no, not exactly."

Keith had turned. Miss Phillimore was just behind him; not looking at him, however, nor even at the illumination, but at a tall man beside her, on whose stalwart arm rested a little bare hand, a hand whose curves Keith had studied by the hour, as it wrought with brush or crayon. He could not withdraw his gaze from the couple, although the fireworks had begun, and the city was enveloped in a rosy blaze, while the Arno mirrored a deadly crimson.

Miss Phillimore soon felt his compelling glance.

"Oh, Mr. Tresillian!" she burst out. "How very odd! I wanted so much to see you! I owe you a thousand apologies for not being at the Uffizi this morning, but my cousin — let me introduce you to Mr. David Norton — reached Florence just after sunrise."

Had Keith shown his real feelings, his blank amazement would have been a comic display. He felt like a dog on the chase whose track has run up a tree. He murmured something, nevertheless, about his pleasure in making Mr. Norton's acquaintance.

"Happy to meet you, sir," that gentleman returned, grasping the young fellow's hand with warmth. "Matty was telling me what a good friend you had been to her this past fortnight, and any friend of hers is a friend of mine."

"It is quite the other way; she has made Florence delightful to me," replied Keith, coerced to respond, though his words seemed to come from a hitherto unknown corner of his brain, where the parts of speech exercised themselves independently of his own thought and will. "I have been waiting for my mother

and her party to join me, and unless I could have carried Miss Phillimore's sketchbook around for her I must have perished of sheer dullness."

"She is going to lay aside that sketchbook now," observed Mr. Norton, in the large, serene way which characterized his look, manner, and speech. "She has got tired of painting at last, and is going back to real life. We are to be married at the American consul's day after tomorrow, and shall hope to see you, Mr. Tresillian. Next day we propose to set out for the lakes and Switzerland, and July 14th we sail from Bremen for home."

While he was speaking a fresh discharge of fireworks sent long streamers of violet-colored flame almost up to the zenith. For a moment, Florence, with its spires, domes, towers, and turrets, set in its encircling hills, shone in a light that never was on sea or land. At the spectacle, the crowd, pressing forward to gain a point of vantage, broke and was scattered like the crest of a wave. Miss Phillimore had withdrawn her hand from the arm of her *fiancé*, and while he was swept in one direction, she and Keith, to whom she happened to cling, were borne in the other.

"Are you surprised?" she asked, looking up into his face with a sad, shy, but candid glance.

"'Surprised' is a word I have used before," said Keith. "I need a new vocabulary. Tell me one thing: were you expecting him?"

"He had written that he was coming for me," she replied soberly. "Of course I could n't be absolutely sure about the date of his arrival."

Keith looked at her as if he would read her heart.

"One more question: have you been engaged to him all this time I have known you?"

"All this fortnight? David says that I promised to marry him when I was seventeen, and now I am twenty-six.

No doubt it was all fixed and settled at the beginning. Everything comes to an end finally, and so has my European experience. Every dog has his day, and I have had mine."

He was certain that there were tears in her eyes.

"But," he murmured, "if it is a sacrifice" —

"A sacrifice?" she repeated. "A sacrifice? Hitherto I have painted wretched pictures; think of me hereafter in Ohio, making butter, looking after hens and chickens, dividing my year by the spring and autumn cleaning."

He whispered her name; he put his hand upon hers, but she threw off his clasp.

"No, no, no," she said, with a little sound, half a laugh and half a sob. "Did you hear him call me Matty? Phillis was just a pretense, like the rest of it. She has gone to be a ghost, never to take body again. My real name is Martha Jane, and plain Martha Jane I shall be to the end of my life. I shall settle down, and like it, no doubt. I have loved him always, he is so good! Although he is not clever or learned, although he has had no experience, although he has certain ideas I am ready to laugh at, and little habits that, by a foolish fastidious taste, I might wish to be different, yet in my real honest heart I render him and all his ideas and traits and ways homage. And the life I shall go back to in Ohio, crude as it is, is the only real life I have or can have, for all my early impressions centre there; with eyes and ears and heart and mind I absorbed them from my infancy; they grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength. We are born only once; we have only one childhood, and that maps out our mental estate for us."

"I want you to be happy," began Keith. "I" —

"I shall be very happy," she interrupted resolutely, "and I am going to make David wildly happy. Here he is."

"I can find you a better place for seeing," said the individual to whom this beatitude was promised, "if you and Mr. Tresillian will come this way, Matty."

They nodded at Keith, expecting him to follow; but after one faint effort he seemed to give it up as hopeless, and, dizzily making his way out of the crowd, sat down on the steps of the statue. He felt as if a limb had been lopped off. He was conscious of a silent, weak rage against himself that he had suffered this thing to happen. He loved Phillis, — that is, he was fond of her, and could have grown to love her, and was ready to swear that she could have loved him; yet he had permitted this possible felicity to drift away, as he permitted everything to drift away from him. By one moment of clear intuition that he had missed a complete and possible felicity he paid his debt to Phillis — that is, to Martha Jane Phillimore — for making him almost happy. She was so witty, so wise, so foolish, so clever, so everything that he required to give zest to his existence. Almost happy! The twinkling rushlight she had offered had sometimes made him content without the full-orbed moon he had once worshipped. Now all was sheer blackness; in his firmament shone no star. And, as if his desolation were not enough, he had a duel on his hands for the next day! Seen in these new lights, the complication was as monstrously false as it was monstrously absurd, full of a grim irony. Had he put his whole head and heart into his half love affair, he might have been willing to endure the results which grew out of the situation, no matter how incalculable. However, if those creeping hours ever passed, if the farce of the next morning's encounter were ever gone through, and he found himself once more awake, alive, he would try to snatch at the realities of life he had hitherto passed by.

He went back to his hotel, feeling

sure that there he should at last find Mr. Mortimer Mayo; but that gentleman went on defeating expectation.

Accordingly, as it was almost midnight, Keith went to bed, giving orders that he should be called at five o'clock, and fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

He was roused by a terrible pounding at the door.

"I am awake," he returned calmly.

"Let me in, won't you?" said Mortimer Mayo. "It is almost nine o'clock."

With a blank horror clutching at his conscience, Keith tottered to his feet, unbolted the door, and stood, tall, lean, disconsolate, in his night gear, staring as if stupefied at his visitor, who entered, sat down, and gave way to irrepressible laughter.

"Is it too late?" Keith gasped.

"Too late to reach the Prato gate? Yes, by an hour."

For a minute there was danger in Keith. He looked ready to fly at Mayo, seize and shake him. Then he relented, but with a crimson face and quivering nostrils began to pace the room.

"What shall I do?" he cried finally, like a creature driven to the wall.

"Do? Nothing to do now," said Mayo cheerfully.

Keith beat his forehead with his hands. His vanity felt the blow.

"It is your fault!" he burst out. "Why did you keep away from me yesterday? And to-day you let me sleep on."

"The people downstairs tell me they tried to rouse you at five o'clock, but could get no answer."

Keith palpitated in every pulse with anger and shame. He longed to break bonds, but knew not on whom to visit his wrath except himself. Such a fiasco! It whipped him like a lash across his tenderest feelings that the story would run about and people would hear of it.

"Come, come, Keith," said Mayo. "Be sensible. Get yourself dressed, and be thankful you are well out of a bad mess. I told you people did not fight duels nowadays."

"But it was all arranged!" shrieked Keith.

"Oh, well, in a way. Steinhof is a right-minded fellow, and he felt that Rau had behaved ill. He said he was always warning the brute that his little civilities would be answered by the pistol or bowie-knife of some irate American. I assured him that if the thing went on they would find themselves in no end of trouble with the authorities."

"Do you mean you gave notice to the police?" Keith gasped.

"I should not have ventured on such a step. So long as it was a mere affair of picnics and sight-seeing I was willing to act *in loco parentis*, but when it came to the question of a duel I thought Mrs. Tresillian's advice ought to be asked."

"And she has come?" said Keith, with a twitching nostril and clenched hands.

"Her representative is here."

"Who, the courier Simone?"

"As I say, her representative reached Florence yesterday afternoon. We had an interview with Rau and Steinhof, and extracted an apology, which will be given you if you will take the trouble to put on some clothes."

"If you will leave me," said Keith, with what loftiness he could assume, "I will dress."

"Then I may inform Mrs. Tresillian's representative that you will soon appear?"

"You may send the fellow to me."

"Oh, I don't allude to the courier."

"Then I suppose it is Colonel Talbot," said Keith, with intense disgust.

Mr. Mayo went out and shut the door, and we will follow his example. Left face to face with what seemed to Keith the most ridiculous passage of his luckless life, he was in no happy frame of

mind. When he issued from his room, his face was pale and a fire burned at the bottom of his eye. He negatived Mayo's proposal of breakfast with no little energy in his accent and disdain in his glance, for he detected a twinkle in the eye of that gentleman.

"Please lead the way," he said.

"Up these stairs," said Mayo, and, tapping at a door, he ushered Keith into a small parlor with a balcony looking out upon the Piazza. "Mr. Keith Tresillian," he announced, "let me introduce you to Mrs. Tresillian's representative." Then, with the tact and discretion which invariably characterized Mr. Mortimer Mayo, he withdrew.

Keith stood gazing. There she was, the girl he had loved before he was old enough to put on knickerbockers, whom he had loved every year since, and should love till he died,—a slim princess of a woman, with eyes of the serenest brilliancy, and the loveliest smile in the world.

"Keith," she said, holding out her hand.

"I expected to find Colonel Talbot," he blurted out.

"No, it is I."

"Do you mean it is you who have made me a laughing-stock?"

"I certainly did not want you to fight a duel."

"You told me I was too young, only a boy. It is consistent, perhaps, that you should treat me like a child, but — but" —

"I did not stop to think of consistency, Keith," she said, now holding out both hands as if in entreaty. Her color came and went; her lips quivered.

"Did my mother send you?" he faltered.

"No; Mr. Mayo telegraphed to me. I did not tell your mother."

"Did you come alone?"

"I had my maid besides Simone."

He tried to make a brave stand against this insidious enemy.

"I suppose I ought to thank you," he said stiffly, in a very low voice. "But a woman cannot perhaps realize what it is for a man to feel that he has been helped out of a position from which there is but one honorable door."

"I assure you, both Mr. Rau and Mr. Steinhof were glad of any excuse. It needed but a word."

"What was that word?" he demanded.

"Mr. Rau said that he could not have presumed to meddle with Miss Phillimore if he had supposed you were her suitor. I told him you were incapable of anything except serious and respectful attentions to a girl." She looked up into his face. "Keith, you see I could speak for you, for once you even put me on a pedestal and worshiped me. You cannot think how deep my sympathy is for this new happiness you have found. I insist that you shall take me to see Miss Phillimore."

"I hardly think" — he began stiffly. She laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Why are you so cold to me?" she asked coaxingly. "Surely not because that foolish duel is off? Those two men started for Venice this morning at six o'clock. It is actually they who ran away. Surely you cannot consider dueling anything but wicked and absurd, and why should you be angry with me simply because I want you to live and be happy?"

"Much you care about my happiness!" he burst out. "I loved you. I had gone on loving and loving you. You knew that you were my conscience, my aspiration, all that I hoped for or cared about. Then when I put it into words, you said I seemed to you a mere boy."

"Certainly you consoled yourself promptly," said Miss Bellew, with spirit. "And since you have so easily consoled yourself, Keith, I will tell you this; it can make no difference now except that it may help you to forgive my interference. You had not been gone a day, scarcely an hour, before I was wretched. I had nobody to turn to. I suddenly found out" —

She met his startled, incredulous eyes, and broke off.

"You found out" — he repeated. His face was transfigured. He had grasped both her hands, and she found further confession difficult. She blushed more and more deeply, her eyes dropping their lids. She tried to turn away.

"Can you mean," he whispered, detaining her, "that you found out you loved me?"

"Of course I loved you," she said, with a sob. "You understood me so well, you ought to have known it all the time — for you saw that — indeed, instead of being my slave, you actually were my master — I" —

A subtle fire ran through his veins. He longed to play with the possibilities of this moment, to test the reality of this strange, sweet confession, now at last that he had her at his mercy. But the revulsion of feeling made him beside himself with joy, and he clasped her in his arms.

"But Miss Phillimore!" cried Miss Bellew.

"I will take you to see her to-morrow morning," he returned, with a low laugh. "She is to be married. She is to marry an excellent man, a man I honor and rejoice in, — Mr. David Norton, of Ohio."

Ellen Olney Kirk.

THE PASSING OF THE BIRDS.

"The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing."
OMAR KHAYYÁM.

By the first of August the bird-lover's year is already on the wane. In the chestnut grove, where a month ago the wood thrush, the rose-breasted grosbeak, and the scarlet tanager were singing, the loiterer now hears nothing but the wood pewee's pensive whistle and the sharp monotony of the red-eyed vireo. The thrasher is silent in the berry pasture, and the bobolink in the meadow. The season of jollity is over. Orioles, to be sure, after a month of silence, again have fits of merry fiving. The field sparrow and the song sparrow are still in tune, and the meadow lark whistles, though rarely. Catbirds still practice their feeble improvisations and mimeries in the thickets along the brooksides as evening comes on, and of the multitudes of robins a few are certain to be heard warbling before the day is over. Goldfinches have grown suddenly numerous, or so it seems, and not infrequently one of them breaks out in musical canary-like twitterings. On moonlight evenings the tremulous, haunting cry, of the screech-owl comes to your ears, always from far away; and if you walk through the chestnut grove aforesaid in the daytime you may chance to catch his faint, vibratory, tree-frog whistle. For myself, I never enter the grove without glancing into the dry top of a certain tall tree, to see whether the little rascal is sitting in his open door. More than half the time he is there, and always with his eye on me. What an air he has! — like a judge on the bench! If I were half as wise as he looks, these essays of mine would never more be dull. For his and all other late-summer music let us be thankful; but it is true, nevertheless, that the year is waning. How

short it has been! Only the other day the concert opened, and already the performers are uneasy to be gone. They have crowded so much into so brief a space, — the passion of a lifetime into the quarter of a year! They are impatient to be gone, I say; but who knows how many of them are gone already? Where are the blue golden-winged warblers that sang daily on the edge of the wood opposite my windows, so that I listened to them at my work? I have heard nothing of their rough *dsee, dsee* since the 21st of June, and in all that time have seen them but once, — a single bird, a youngling of the present year, stumbled upon by accident while pushing my way through a troublesome thicket on the first day of August. Who knows, I say, how many such summer friends have already left us? An odd coincidence, however, warns me at this very moment that too much is not to be made of merely negative experiences; for even while I was penciling the foregoing sentence about the blue golden-wing there came through the open window the hoarse upward-sliding chant of his close neighbor, the prairie warbler. I have not heard that sound since the 6th of July, and it is now the 22d of August. The singers had not gone, I knew; I saw several of them (and beautiful creatures they are!) a few days ago among the pitch pines; but why did that fellow, after being dumb for six or seven weeks, pipe up at that precise moment, as if to punctuate my ruminations with an interrogation point? Does he like this dog-day morning, with its alternate shower and sunshine, and its constant stickiness and heat? In any case I was glad to hear him, though I cannot in the spirit of veracity call him a good singer. Whist! There goes an oriole, a gorgeous creature, flashing from one

elm to another, and piping in his happiest manner as he flies. It might be the middle of May, to judge from his behavior. *He* likes dog-day weather, there can be no question of that, however the rest of the world may grumble.

This is a time when one sees many birds, but few species. Bluebirds are several times as abundant as in June. The air is sweet with their calls at this moment, and once in a while some father of the flock lets his happiness run over in song. One cannot go far now without finding the road full of chipping sparrows, springing up in their pretty, characteristic way, and letting the breeze catch them. The fences and wayside apple-trees are lively with kingbirds and phœbes. I am already watching the former with a kind of mournful interest. In ten days, or some such matter, we shall have seen the last of their saucy antics. Gay tyrants! They are among the first birds of whom I can confidently say, "They are gone;" and they seem as wide-awake when they go as when they come. Being a man, I regret their departure; but if I were a crow, I think I should be for observing the 31st of August as a day of annual jubilee.

A few years ago, in September, I saw the white-breasted swallows congregated in the Ipswich dunes,—a sight never to be forgotten. On the morning of the 9th, the fourth day of our visit, a considerable flock, but no more, perhaps, than we had been seeing daily, came skimming over the marshes and settled upon a sand-bar in the river, darkening it in patches. At eight o'clock, when we took the straggling road out of the hills, a good many — there might be a thousand, I guessed — sat upon the fence wires, as if resting. We walked inland, and on our return, at noon, found, as my notes of the day express it, "an innumerable host, thousands upon thousands," about the landward side of the dunes. Fences and haycocks were covered. Multitudes were on the

ground, in the bed of the road, about the bare spots in the marsh, and on the gray faces of the hills. Other multitudes were in the bushes and low trees, literally loading them. Every few minutes a detachment would rise into the air like a cloud, and anon settle down again. As we stood gazing at the spectacle, my companion began chirping to a youngster who sat near him on a post, as one might chirp to a caged canary. The effect was magical. The bird at once started toward him, others followed, and in a few seconds hundreds were flying about our heads. Round and round they went, almost within reach, like a cloud of gnats. "Stop! stop!" cried my companion; "I am getting dizzy." We stopped our squeakings, and the cloud lifted; but I can see it yet. Day after day the great concourse remained about the hills, till on the 13th we came away and left them. The old lighthouse keeper told me that this was their annual rendezvous. He once saw them circle for a long time above the dunes, for several hours if I remember right, till, as it seemed, all stragglers had been called in from the beach, the marsh, and the outlying grassy hills. Then they mounted into the sky in a great spiral till they passed out of sight; and for that year there were no more swallows. This, he insisted, took place in the afternoon, "from three to four o'clock." He was unquestionably telling a straightforward story of what he himself had seen, but his memory may have been at fault; for I find it to be the settled opinion of those who ought to know that swallows migrate by day, and not by night, while the setting out of a great flock late in the afternoon at such a height would seem to indicate a nocturnal journey. Morning or evening, I would give something to witness so imposing a start.

The recollection of this seaside gathering raises anew in my mind the question why, if swallows and swifts

migrate exclusively in the daytime, we so rarely see anything of them on the passage. Our Ipswich birds were all tree swallows, — white-breasted martins, — and might fairly be supposed to have come together from a comparatively limited extent of country. But beside tree swallows there are purple martins, barn swallows, sand martins, cliff swallows, and chimney swifts, all of which breed to the northward of us in incalculable numbers. All of them go south between the middle of July and the first of October. But who in New England has ever seen any grand army of them actually on the wing? Do they straggle along so loosely as to escape particular notice? If so, what mean congregations like that in the Ipswich dunes? Or are their grand concerted flights taken at such an altitude as to be invisible?

On several afternoons of last September, this time in an inland country, I observed what might fairly be called a steady stream of tree swallows flying south. Twice, while gazing up at the loose procession, I suddenly became aware of a close bunch of birds at a prodigious height, barely visible, circling about in a way to put a count out of the question, but evidently some hundreds in number. On both occasions the flock vanished almost immediately, and, as I believed, by soaring out of sight. The second time I meant to assure myself upon this point, but my attention was distracted by the sudden appearance of several large hawks within the field of my glass, and when I looked again for the swallows they were nowhere to be seen. Were the stragglers which I had for some time been watching, flying high, but well within easy ken, and these dense, hardly discernible clusters, — hirundine *nebulæ*, as it were, — were all these but parts of one innumerable host, the main body of which was passing far above me, altogether unseen? The conjecture was one to gratify the imagi-

nation. It pleased me even to think that it *might* be true. But it was only a conjecture, and meantime another question presented itself.

When this daily procession had been noticed for two or three afternoons, it came to me as something remarkable that I saw it always in the same place, or rather on the same north and south line, while no matter where else I walked, east or west, not a swallow was visible. Had I stumbled upon a regular route of swallow migration? It looked so, surely; but I made little account of the matter till a month afterward, when, in exactly the same place, I observed robins and bluebirds following the same course. The robins were seen October 26, in four flocks, succeeding each other at intervals of a few minutes, and numbering in all about 130 birds. They flew directly south, at a moderate height, and were almost certainly detachments of one body. The bluebird movement was two days later, at about the same hour, the morning being cold, with a little snow falling. This time, too, as it happened, the flock was in four detachments. Three of these were too compact to be counted as they passed; the fourth and largest one was in looser order, and contained a little more than a hundred individuals. In all, as well as I could guess, there might have been about three hundred birds. They kept a straight course southward, flying high, and with the usual calls, which, in autumn at least, always have to my ears a sound of farewell. Was it a mere coincidence that these swallows, bluebirds, and robins were all crossing the valley just at this point?

This question, too, I count it safer to ask than to answer; but all observers, I am sure, must have remarked so much as this, — that birds, even on their migrations, are subject to strong local preferences. An ornithologist of the highest repute assures me that his own experience has convinced him so strongly

of this fact that if he shoots a rare migrant in a certain spot he makes it a rule to visit the place again a year afterward on the same day, and, if possible, at the same hour of the day. Another friend sends me a very pretty story bearing upon the same point. The bird of which he speaks, Wilson's black-cap warbler, is one of the less common of our regular Massachusetts migrants. I count myself fortunate if I see two or three specimens during its spring or autumn passage. My correspondent shall tell the story for himself:—

"While I was making the drawings for the Silva, at the old Dwight house, I was in the habit of taking a turn every pleasant day in the gardens, after my scanty lunch. On the 18th of May, 1887, in my daily round I saw a Wilson's black-cap for the first time in my life. He was in a bush of *Spiræa media*, which grew in the midst of the rockery, and allowed me to examine him at near range with no appearance of fear. Naturally I made a note of the occurrence in my diary, and talked about it with my family when I got home. The seeing of a new bird always makes a red-letter day.

"The next spring, as I was looking over my notebook of the previous year, I came upon my entry of May 18, and thought I would be on the lookout for a black-cap on that date. Several times during the morning I thought of the matter, and after my lunch I sauntered into the rockery, just as I had done the year before. Imagine my start when there, in the very same bush, was the black-cap peering at me; and I found, on looking at my watch, that it was precisely the same hour, — half past one! I rubbed my eyes and pinched myself to make sure it was not a dream. No, it was all real. Of course I thought the coincidence very singular, and talked about it, not only with my family, but also with other people. You must remember that I had never seen the bird elsewhere.

"Well, another spring came round. The 18th of May was fixed in my mind, and I thought many times of my black-cap (I called it *my* black-cap now), and wondered if it would keep tryst again. On the morning of the 18th, the first thing I thought of when I awoke was my black-cap. That forenoon I actually felt nervous as the time approached, for I felt a sort of certainty (you smile) that I should see my bird again. My lunch was hastier than usual, and I was about to sally forth when it flashed across me, 'Suppose the bird should be there again, who would believe my story? Hold! I will have a witness.' I called to Mr. J——, who was at work upstairs, and, after explaining what I wanted, invited him to accompany me. We cautiously entered the rockery, and within a few minutes there flitted from a neighboring thicket into that very spiræa bush my black-cap! I took out my watch. It was just half past one!"

My own experiences in this kind have been much less striking and dramatic than the foregoing, but I may add that a few years ago I witnessed the vernal migration in a new piece of country — ten miles or so from my old field — and found myself at a very considerable disadvantage. I had never realized till then how much accustomed I had grown to look for particular birds in particular places, and not in other places of a quite similar character.

I speak of witnessing a migration; but what we see for the most part (ducks and geese being excepted) is not the actual movement northward or southward. We see the stragglers, more or less numerous, that happen to have dropped out of the procession in our immediate neighborhood, — a flock of sandpipers about the edge of the pond, some sparrows by the roadside, a bevy of warblers in the wood, — and from these signs we infer the passing of the host.

Unlike swallows, robins, bluebirds, blackbirds, and perhaps most of the sparrows, our smaller wood birds, the

warblers and vireos especially, appear to move as a general thing in mixed flocks. Whenever the woods are full of them, as is the case now and then every spring and fall, one of the most striking features of the show is the number of species represented. For the benefit of readers who may never have observed such a "bird wave," or "rush," let me sketch hastily one which occurred a few years ago, on the 22d of September. As I started out at six o'clock in the morning, in a cool northwest wind, birds were passing overhead in an almost continuous stream, following a westerly course. They were chiefly warblers, but I noted one fairly large flock of purple finches. All were at a good height, and the whole movement had the air of a diurnal migration. I could only conjecture that it was the end of the nocturnal flight, so far, at least, as the warblers were concerned; in other words, that the birds, on this particular occasion, did not finish their nightly journey till a little after sunrise. But if many were still flying, many others had already halted; for presently I came to a piece of thin, stunted woods by the roadside, and found in it a highly interesting company. Almost the first specimen I saw was a Connecticut warbler, perched in full view and exposing himself perfectly. Red-bellied nuthatches were calling, and warblers uncounted were flitting about in the trees and underbrush. A hurried search showed blackpolls, black-throated greens, blue yellow-backs, one redstart, one black-and-white creeper, one Blackburnian, one black - and - yellow, one Canadian flycatcher (singing lustily), one yellow redpoll, and one clearly marked bay-breast. The first yellow-bellied woodpecker of the season was hammering in a tree over my head, and not far away was the first flock of white-throated sparrows. After breakfast I passed the place again, and the only bird to be found was one phoebe! Within half a mile of the spot, however, I

came upon at least three goodly throngs, including scarlet tanagers (all in yellow and black), black-throated blue warblers, pine warblers, olive-backed and gray-cheeked thrushes, a flock of chewinks (made up exclusively of adult males, so far as I could discover), red-eyed vireos, one solitary vireo, brown thrashers, with more redstarts, a second Blackburnian, and a second black-and-yellow. Every company had its complement of chickadees. Of the morning's forty species, thirteen were warblers; and of these thirteen, four were represented by one specimen each. For curiosity's sake, I may add that a much longer walk that afternoon, through the same and other woods, was utterly barren. Except for two or three flocks of white-throated sparrows, there was no sign whatever that the night before had brought us a "flight."

Autumnal ornithology may almost be called a science by itself. Not only are birds harder to find (being silent) and harder to recognize in autumn than in spring, but their movements are in themselves more difficult of observation. A few years of note-taking will put one in possession of the approximate dates of arrival of all our common vernal migrants. Every local observer will tell you when to look for each of the familiar birds of his neighborhood; but he will not be half so ready with information as to the time of the same birds' departure. Ask him about a few of the commonest,—the least flycatcher and the oven-bird, or the golden warbler and the Maryland yellow-throat. He will answer, perhaps, that he has seen Maryland yellow-throats in early October, and golden warblers in early September; but he will very likely add that these were probably voyagers from the north, and that he has never made out just when his own summer birds take their leave.

After the work of nidification is over, birds as a rule wander more or less from their breeding haunts; and even if

they do not wander they are likely to become silent. If we miss them, therefore, we are not to conclude as a matter of course that they have gone south. Last year, during the early part of the season, cuckoos, both black-bills and yellow-bills, were unusually plentiful, as it seemed to me. Then I discovered all at once that there were none to be found. After the first of July I neither saw nor heard a cuckoo of either species! Had they moved away? I do not know; but the case may be taken as an extreme illustration of the uncertainty attaching to the late-summer doings of birds in general. Every student must have had experiences of a sort to make him slow to dogmatize when such points are in question. Throughout May and June, for example, he has heard and seen wood thrushes in a certain grove. After that, for a whole month he hears and sees nothing, though he is frequently there. The thrushes have gone? So it would seem. But then, suddenly, they are singing again in the very same trees, and he is forced to conclude that they have not been away, but during their period of mid-summer silence have eluded his notice. On the whole, therefore, after making allowance for particular cases in which we may have more precise information, it would be hard, I think, to say just when our nocturnal travelers set out on their long journey. As the poet prayed Life to do,

They steal away, give little warning,
Choose their own time;
Say not good-night, — but in May's brighter
clime
Bid us good-morning.

Their departure bereaves us, but, all in all, it must be accounted a blessing. Like the falling of the leaves, it touches the heart with a pleasing sadness, — a sadness more delicious, if one is born to enjoy it, than all the merry-making of springtime. And even for the most unsentimental of naturalists the autumn

season has many a delightful hour. The year is almost done; but for the moment the whole feathered world is in motion, and the shortest walk may show him the choicest of rarities. Thanks to the passing of the birds, his local studies are an endless pursuit. "It is now more than forty years that I have paid some attention to the ornithology of this district, without being able to exhaust the subject," says Gilbert White; "new occurrences still arise as long as any inquiries are kept alive." A happy man is the bird-lover; always another species to look for, another mystery to solve. His expectations may never be realized, but no matter; it is the hope, not its fulfillment, that makes life worth having. How can any New Englander imagine that he has exhausted the possibilities of existence so long as he has never seen the Lincoln finch and the Cape May warbler?

But "I speak as a fool." Our happiness, if we are bird-lovers indeed, waits not upon novelties and rarities. All such exceptional bits of private good fortune let the Fates send or withhold as they will. The grand spectacle itself will not fail us. Even now, through all the northern country, the procession is getting under way. For the next three months it will be passing, — millions upon millions: warblers, sparrows, thrushes, vireos, blackbirds, flycatchers, wrens, kinglets, woodpeckers, swallows, humming-birds, hawks; with sandpipers, plovers, ducks and geese, gulls, and who knows how many more? Night and day, week days and Sundays, they will be flying: now singly or in little groups, and flitting from one wood or pasture to another; now in great companies, and with protracted all-day or all-night flights. Who could ask a better stimulus for his imagination than the annual southing of this mighty host? Each member of it knows his own time and his own course. On such a day the snipe will be in such a

meadow, and the golden plover in such a field. Some, no doubt, will lose their way. Numbers uncounted will perish by storm and flood; numbers more, alas, by human agency. As I write, with the sad note of a bluebird in my ear, I

can see the sea beaches and the marshes lined with guns. But the army will push on; they will come to their desired haven; for there is a spirit in birds, also, "and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

Bradford Torrey.

DON ORSINO.¹

XVI.

It was long before Orsino saw Maria Consuelo again, but the circumstances of his last meeting with her constantly recurred to his mind during the following months. It is one of the chief characteristics of Rome that it seems to be one of the most central cities in Europe during the winter, whereas in the summer months it appears to be immensely remote from the rest of the civilized world. From having been the prey of the inexpressible foreigner in his shooting season, it suddenly becomes, and remains during about five months, the happy hunting-ground of the silent flea, the buzzing fly, and the insinuating mosquito. The streets are indeed still full of people, and long lines of carriages may be seen towards sunset in the Villa Borghesa and in the narrow Corso. Rome and the Romans are not so easily parted as London and London society, for instance. May comes, the queen of the months in the south. June follows. Southern blood rejoices in the first strong sunshine. July trudges in at the gates, sweating under the cloudless sky, heavy, slow of foot, oppressed by the breath of the coming dog-star. Still the nights are cool. Still, towards sunset, the refreshing breeze sweeps up from the sea and fills the streets. Then behind closely fastened blinds the glass windows are opened, and the weary hand

drops the fan at last. Then men and women array themselves in the garments of civilization and sally forth, in carriages, on foot, and in trams, according to the degrees of social importance which provide that in old countries the second class shall be made to suffer for the priceless treasure of a respectability which is a little higher than the tram, and financially not quite equal to the cab. Then, at that magic touch of the west wind the house-fly retires to his own peculiar Inferno, wherever that may be, the mosquito and the gnat pause in their work of darkness and blood to concert fresh and more bloodthirsty deeds, and even the joyous and wicked flea tires of the war dance and lays down his weary head to snatch a hard-earned nap. July drags on, and terrible August treads the burning streets, bleaching the very dust upon the pavement, scourging the broad campagna with fiery lashes of heat. Then the white-hot sky reddens in the evening when it cools, as the white iron does when it is taken from the forge. Then, at last, all those who can escape from the condemned city flee for their lives to the hills, while those who must face the torment of the sun and the poison of the air turn pale in their sufferings, feebly curse their fate, and then grow listless, weak, and irresponsible as over-driven galley slaves, indifferent to everything, — work, rest, blows, food, sleep, and the

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hope of release. The sky darkens suddenly. There is a sort of horror in the stifling air. People do not talk much, and if they do are apt to quarrel, and sometimes to kill one another without warning. The splash of the fountains has a dull sound, like the pouring out of molten lead. The horses' hoofs strike visible sparks out of the gray stones in broad daylight. Many houses are shut, and one fancies that there must be a dead man in each whom no one will bury. A few great drops of rain make ink-stains on the pavement at noon, and there is an exasperating half-sulphurous smell abroad. Late in the afternoon they fall again. An evil wind comes in hot blasts from all quarters at once; then a low roar like an earthquake, and presently a crash that jars upon the overwrought nerves; great and plashing drops again, a sharp, short flash, — then crash upon crash; deluge upon deluge, and the worst is over. Summer has received its first mortal wound. But its death is more fatal than its life. The noontide heat is fierce, and drinks up the moisture of the rain, and the fetid dust with it. The fever-wraith rises in the damp, cool night, far out in the campagna, and steals up to the walls of the city, and over them and under them and into the houses. If there are those yet left in Rome who can by any possibility take themselves out of it, they are not long in going. Till that moment there has been only suffering to be borne; now there is danger of something worse. Now, indeed, the city becomes a desert inhabited by white-faced ghosts. Now, if it be a year of cholera, the dead-carts rattle through the streets all night, on their way to the gate of St. Lawrence, and the workmen count their numbers when they meet at dawn. But the bad days are not many, if only there be rain enough; for a little is worse than none. The nights lengthen, and the September gales sweep away the poison-mists with kindly strength.

Body and soul revive, as the ripe grapes appear in their vine-covered baskets at the street corners. Rich October is coming, the month in which the small citizens of Rome take their wives and the children to the near towns, — to Marino, to Frascati, to Albano and Aricia, — to eat late fruits and drink new must, with songs and laughter, and small miseries and great delights, such as are remembered a whole year. The first clear breeze out of the north shakes down the dying leaves and brightens the blue air. The brown campagna turns green again, and the heart of the poor lame cab-horse is lifted up. The huge porter of the palace lays aside his linen coat and his pipe, and opens wide the great gates; for the masters are coming back, from their castles and country places, from the sea and the mountains, from north and south, from the magic shore of Sorrento, and from distant French bathing-places, — some with brides or husbands, some with rosy Roman babies making their first triumphal entrance into Rome, and some, again, returning companionless to the home they left in companionship. The great and complicated machinery of social life is set in order and repaired for the winter; the lost or damaged pieces in the engine are carefully replaced with new ones which will do as well or better, the joints and bearings are lubricated, the whistle of the first invitation is heard, there is some puffing and a little creaking at first, and then the big wheels begin to go slowly round, solemnly and regularly as ever, while all the little wheels run as fast as they can, and set fire to their axles in the attempt to keep up the speed, and are finally jammed and caught up and smashed, as little wheels are sure to be when they try to act like big ones. But unless something happens to one of the very biggest the machine does not stop until the end of the season, when it is taken to pieces again for repairs.

That is the brief history of a Roman year, of which the main points are very much like those of its predecessor and successor. The framework is the same, but the decorations change, slowly, surely, and not, perhaps, advantageously, as the younger generation crowds into the place of the older, as young acquaintances take the place of old friends, as faces strange to us hide faces we have loved.

Orsino Saracinesca, in his new character as a contractor and a man of business, knew that he must either spend the greater part of the summer in town, or leave his affairs in the hands of Andrea Contini. The latter course was repugnant to him, partly because he still felt a beginner's interest in his first success, and partly because he had a shrewd suspicion that Contini, if left to himself in the hot weather, might be tempted to devote more time to music than to architecture. The business, too, was now on a much larger scale than before, though Orsino had taken his mother's advice in not at once going so far as he might have gone. It needed all his own restless energy, all Contini's practical talents, and perhaps more of Del Ferice's influence than either of them suspected, to keep it going on the road to success.

In July Orsino's people made ready to go up to Saracinesca. The old prince, to the surprise of every one, declared his intention of going to England, and roughly refused to be accompanied by any one of the family. He wanted to find out some old friends, he said, and desired the satisfaction of spending a couple of months in peace, which was quite impossible at home, owing to Giovanni's outrageous temper and Orsino's craze for business. He thereupon embraced them all affectionately, indulged in a hearty laugh, and departed in a special carriage with his own servants.

Giovanni objected to Orsino's staying in Rome during the great heat.

Though Orsino had not as yet entered into any explanation with his father, the latter understood well enough that the business had turned out better than had been expected, and began to feel an interest in its further success for his son's sake. He saw the boy developing into a man by a process which he would naturally have supposed to be the worst possible one, judging from his own point of view. But he could not find fault with the result. There was no disputing the mental superiority of the Orsino of July over the Orsino of the preceding January. Whatever the sensation which Giovanni experienced as he contemplated the growing change, it was not one of anxiety nor of disappointment. But he had a Roman's well-founded prejudice against spending August and September in town. His objections gave rise to some discussion, in which Corona joined.

Orsino enlarged upon the necessity of attending in person to the execution of his contracts. Giovanni suggested that he should find some trustworthy person to take his place. Corona was in favor of a compromise. It would be easy, she said, for Orsino to spend two or three days of every week in Rome, and the remainder in the country with his father and mother. They were all three quite right according to their own views, and they all three knew it. Moreover, they were all three very obstinate people. The consequence was that Orsino, who was in possession, so to say, since the other two were trying to make him change his mind, got the best of the argument, and won his first pitched battle. Not that there was any apparent hostility, or that any of the three spoke hotly or loudly. They were none of them like old Saracinesca, whose feats of argumentation were vehement, eccentric, and fiery as his own nature. They talked with apparent calm through a long summer's afternoon, and the vanquished retired with a fairly good grace,

leaving Orsino master of the field. But on that occasion Giovanni Saracinesca first formed the opinion that his son was a match for him, and that it would be wise in future to ascertain the chances of success before incurring the risk of a humiliating defeat.

Giovanni and his wife went out together, and talked over the matter as their carriage swept round the great avenues of Villa Borghesa.

"There is no question of the fact that Orsino is growing up, — is grown up already," said Sant' Ilario, glancing at Corona's calm, dark face.

She smiled with a certain pride, as she heard the words.

"Yes," she answered, "he is a man. It is a mistake to treat him as a boy any longer."

"Do you think it is this sudden interest in business that has changed him so?"

"Of course; what else?"

"Madame d'Aranjuez, for instance," Giovanni suggested.

"I do not believe she ever had the least influence over him. The flirtation seems to have died a natural death. I confess I hoped it might end in that way, and I am glad if it has. And I am very glad that Orsino is succeeding so well. Do you know, dear, I am glad because you did not believe it possible that he would."

"No, I did not. And now that I begin to understand it, he does not like to talk to me about his affairs. I suppose that is only natural. Tell me, — has he really made money? Or have you been giving him money to lose, in order that he may buy experience?"

"He has succeeded alone," said Corona proudly. "I would give him whatever he needed, but he needs nothing. He is immensely clever and immensely energetic. How could he fail?"

"You seem to admire our firstborn, my dear," observed Giovanni, with a smile.

"To tell the truth, I do. I have

no doubt that he does all sorts of things that he ought not to do, and of which I know nothing. You did the same at his age, and I shall be quite satisfied if he turns out like you. I should not like to have a ladylike son, with white hands, and delicate sensibilities, and hypocritical affectations of exaggerated morality. I think I should be capable of trying to make such a boy bad, if it only made him manly, — though I dare say that would be very wrong."

"No doubt," said Giovanni. "But we shall not be placed in any such position by Orsino, my dear. You remember that little affair, last year, in England? It was very nearly a scandal. But then, the English are easily led into temptation, and very easily scandalized afterwards. Orsino will not err in the direction of hypocritical morality. But that is not the question. I wish to know from you, since he does not confide in me, how far he is really succeeding."

Corona gave her husband a remarkably clear statement of Orsino's affairs, without exaggeration so far as the facts were concerned, but not without highly favorable comment. She did not attempt to conceal her triumph, now that success had been in a measure attained, and she did not hesitate to tell Giovanni that he ought to have encouraged and supported the boy from the first.

Giovanni listened with very great interest, and bore her affectionate reproaches with equanimity. He felt in his heart that he had done right, and he somehow still believed that things were not in reality all that they seemed to be. There was something in Orsino's immediate success against odds apparently heavy which disturbed him. He had not, it was true, any personal experience of the building speculations in the city, nor of financial transactions in general, as at present understood, and he had recently heard of cases in which individuals had succeeded beyond their own wildest expecta-

tions. There was, perhaps, no reason why Orsino should not do as well as other people, or even better, in spite of his extreme youth. Andrea Contini was probably a man of superior talent, well able to have directed the whole affair alone, if other circumstances had been favorable to him, and there was, on the whole, nothing to prove that the two young men had received more than their fair share of assistance or accommodation from the bank. But Giovanni knew well enough that Del Ferice was the most influential personage in the bank in question, and the mere suggestion of his name lent to the whole affair a suspicious quality which disturbed Orsino's father. In spite of all reasonable reflections there was an air of unnatural good fortune in the case which he did not like, and he had enough experience of Del Ferice's tortuous character to distrust his intentions. He would have preferred to see his son lose money through Ugo rather than that Orsino should owe the latter the smallest thanks. The fact that he had not spoken with the man for over twenty years did not increase the confidence he felt in him. In that time Del Ferice had developed into a very important personage, having much greater power to do harm than he had possessed in former days, and it was not to be supposed that he had forgotten old wounds or given up all hope of avenging them. Del Ferice was not very subject to that sort of forgetfulness.

When Corona had finished speaking, Giovanni was silent for a few moments.

"Is it not splendid?" Corona asked enthusiastically. "Why do you not say anything? One would think that you were not pleased."

"On the contrary, so far as Orsino is concerned I am delighted. But I do not trust Del Ferice."

"Del Ferice is far too clever a man to ruin Orsino," answered Corona.

"Exactly. That is the trouble. That is what makes me feel that though

Orsino has worked hard and shown extraordinary intelligence, — and deserves credit for that, — yet he would not have succeeded in the same way if he had dealt with any other bank. Del Ferice has helped him. Possibly Orsino knows that as well as we do, but he certainly does not know what part Del Ferice played in our lives, Corona. If he did, he would not accept his help."

In her turn Corona was silent, and a look of disappointment came into her face. She remembered a certain afternoon in the mountains when she had entreated Giovanni to let Del Ferice escape, and Giovanni had yielded reluctantly, and had given the fugitive a guide to take him to the frontier. She wondered whether the generous impulse of that day would bear evil fruit at last.

"Orsino knows nothing about it at all," she said at last. "We kept the secret of Del Ferice's escape very carefully; for there were good reasons to be careful in those days. Orsino only knows that you once fought a duel with the man and wounded him."

"I think it is time that he knew more."

"Of what use can it be to tell him those old stories?" returned Corona. "And after all, I do not believe that Del Ferice has done so much. If you could have followed Orsino's work, day by day and week by week, as I have, you would see how much is really due to his energy. Any other banker would have done as much as he. Besides, it is in Del Ferice's own interest" —

"That is the trouble," interrupted Giovanni. "It is bad enough that he should help Orsino. It is much worse that he should help him in order to make use of him. If, as you say, any other bank would do as much, then let him go to another bank. If he owes Del Ferice money at the present moment, we will pay it for him."

"You forget that he has bought the buildings he is now finishing from Del Ferice, on a mortgage."

Giovanni laughed a little.

"How you have learned to talk about mortgages and deeds and all sorts of business!" he exclaimed. "But what you say is not an objection. We can pay off this mortgage, I suppose, and take the risk ourselves."

"Of course we could do that," Corona answered thoughtfully. "But I really think you exaggerate the whole affair. For the time being Del Ferice is not a man, but a banker. His personal character and former doings do not enter into the matter."

"I think they do," said Giovanni, still unconvinced.

"At all events, do not make trouble now, dear," said Corona in earnest tones. "Let the present contract be executed and finished, and then speak to Orsino before he makes another. Whatever Del Ferice may have done, you can see for yourself that Orsino is developing in a way we had not expected, and is becoming a serious, energetic man. Do not step in now and check the growth of what is good. You will regret it as much as I shall. When he has finished these buildings, he will have enough experience to make a new departure."

"I hate the idea of receiving a favor from Del Ferice, or of laying him under an obligation. I think I will go to him myself."

"To Del Ferice?" Corona started and looked round at Giovanni as she sat. She had a sudden vision of new trouble.

"Yes. Why not? I will go to him and tell him that I should rather wind up my son's business with him, as our former relations were not of a nature to make transactions of mutual profit either fitting or even permissible between any of our family and Ugo Del Ferice."

"For Heaven's sake, Giovanni, do not do that."

"And why not?" He was surprised at her evident distress.

"For my sake, do not quarrel with Del Ferice. It was different then, in the old days. I could not bear it now." She stopped, and her lower lip trembled a little.

"Do you love me better than you did then, Corona?"

"So much better, — I cannot tell you."

She touched his hand with hers, and her dark eyes were a little veiled as they met his. Both were silent for a moment.

"I have no intention of quarreling with Del Ferice, dear," said Giovanni gently.

His face had grown a shade paler as she spoke. The power of her hand and voice to move him had not diminished in all the years of peaceful happiness that had passed so quickly.

"I do not mean any such thing," he said again. "But I mean this: I will not have it said that Del Ferice has made a fortune for Orsino, nor that Orsino has helped Del Ferice's interests. I see no way but to interfere myself. I can do it without the suspicion of a quarrel."

"It will be a great mistake, Giovanni. Wait till there is a new contract."

"I will think of it before doing anything definite."

Corona well knew that she should get no greater concession than this. The point of honor had been touched in Giovanni's sensibilities, and his character was stubborn and determined where his old prejudices were concerned. She loved him very dearly, and this very obstinacy of his pleased her. But she fancied that trouble of some sort was imminent. She understood her son's nature, too, and dreaded lest he should be forced into opposing his father.

It struck Corona that she might herself act as intermediary. She could certainly obtain concessions from Orsino which Giovanni could not hope to

extract by force or stratagem. But the wisdom of her own proposal in the matter seemed unassailable. The business now in hand should be allowed to run its natural course before anything was done to break off the relations between Orsino and Del Ferice.

In the evening she found an opportunity of speaking with Orsino in private. She repeated to him the details of her conversation with Giovanni during the drive in the afternoon.

"My dear mother," answered Orsino, "I do not trust Del Ferice any more than you and my father trust him. You talk of things which he did years ago, but you do not tell me what those things were. So far as I understand, it all happened before you were married. My father and he quarreled about something, and I suppose there was a lady concerned in the matter. Unless you were the lady in question, and unless what he did was in the nature of an insult to you, I cannot see how the matter concerns me. They fought, and it ended there, as affairs of honor do. If it touched you, then tell me so, and I will break with Del Ferice to-morrow morning."

Corona was silent, for Orsino's speech was very plain, and if she answered at all the answer must be the truth. There could be no escape from that. And the truth would be very hard to tell. At that time she had been the wife of old Astrardente, and Del Ferice's offense had been that he had purposely concealed himself in the conservatory of the Frangipani palace in order to overhear what Giovanni Saracinesca was about to say to another man's wife. The fact that on that memorable night she had bravely resisted a very great temptation did not affect the difficulty of the present case in any way. She asked herself rather whether Del Ferice's eavesdropping would appear to Orsino to be in the nature of an insult to her, to use his own words, and she had no doubt that

it would seem so. At the same time, she would find it hard to explain to her son why Del Ferice suspected that there was to be anything said to her worth overhearing, seeing that she bore at that time the name of another man, then living. How could Orsino understand all that had gone before? Even now, though she knew that she had acted well, she humbly believed that she might have done much better. How would her son judge her? She was silent, waiting for him to speak again.

"That would be the only conceivable reason for my breaking with Del Ferice," said Orsino. "We have only business relations, and I do not go to his house. I went once. I saw no reason for telling you so at the time, and I have not been there again. It was at the beginning of the whole affair. Outside of the bank we are the merest acquaintances. But I repeat what I said: if he ever did anything which makes it dishonorable for me to accept even ordinary business services from him, let me know it. I have some right to hear the truth."

Corona hesitated, and laid the case again before her own conscience, and tried to imagine herself in her son's position. It was hard to reach a conclusion. There was no doubt that when she had learned the truth, long after the event, she had felt that she had been insulted and justly avenged. If she said nothing now, Orsino would suspect something, and would assuredly go to his father, from whom he would get a view of the case not conspicuous for its moderation; and Giovanni would undoubtedly tell his son the details of what had followed, — how Del Ferice had attempted to hinder the marriage when it was at last possible, and all the rest of the story. At the same time, she felt that, so far as her personal sensibilities were concerned, she had not the least objection to the continuance of a mere business relation

between Orsino and Del Ferice. She was more forgiving than Giovanni.

"I will tell you this much, my dear boy," she said at last. "That old quarrel did concern me, and no one else. Your father feels more strongly about it than I do, because he fought for me, and not for himself. You trust me, Orsino. You know that I would rather see you dead than doing anything dishonorable. Very well. Do not ask any more questions, and do not go to your father about it. Del Ferice has only advanced you money in a business way, on good security and at a high interest. So far as I can judge of the point of honor involved, what happened long ago need not prevent your doing what you are doing now. Possibly, when you have finished the present contract, you may think it wiser to apply to some other bank, or to work on your own account with my money."

Corona believed that she had found the best way out of the difficulty, and Orsino seemed satisfied, for he nodded thoughtfully and said nothing. The day had been filled with argument and discussion about his determination to stay in town, and he was weary of the perpetual question and answer. He knew his mother well, and was willing to take her advice for the present. She, on her part, told Giovanni what she had done, and he consented to consider the matter a little longer before interfering. He disliked even the idea of a business relation extremely, but he feared that there was more behind the appearances of commercial fairness than either he or Orsino himself could understand. The better Orsino succeeded, the less his father was pleased; and his suspicions were not unfounded. He knew from San Giacinto that success was becoming uncommon, and he knew that all Orsino's industry and energy could not have sufficed to counterbalance his inexperience. Andrea Contini, too, had been recommended

by Del Ferice, and was presumably Del Ferice's man.

On the following day, Giovanni and Corona, with the three younger boys, went up to Saracinesca, leaving Orsino alone in the great palace, to his own considerable satisfaction. He was well pleased with himself, and especially at having carried his point. At his age and with his constitution, the heat was a matter of supreme indifference to him, and he looked forward with delight to a summer of uninterrupted work in the not uncongenial society of Andrea Contini. As for the work itself, it was beginning to have a sort of fascination for him as he understood it better. The love of building, the passion for stone and brick and mortar, is inherent in some natures, and is capable of growing into a mania little short of actual insanity. Orsino began to ask himself seriously whether it were too late to study architecture as a profession, and in the mean while he learned more of it in practice from Contini than he could have acquired in twice the time at any polytechnic school in Europe.

He liked Contini himself more and more as the days went by. Hitherto he had been much inclined to judge his own countrymen from his own class. He was beginning to see that he had understood little or nothing of the real Italian nature when uninfluenced by foreign blood. The study interested and pleased him. Only one unpleasant memory occasionally disturbed his peace of mind. When he thought of his last meeting with Maria Consuelo, he hated himself for the part he had played, though he was quite unable to account logically, upon his assumed principles, for the severity of his self-condemnation.

XVII.

Orsino necessarily led a monotonous life, although his occupation was an

absorbing one. Very early in the morning he was with Contini where the building was going on. He then passed the hot hours of the day in the office, which, as before, had been established in one of the unfinished houses. Towards evening he went down into the city to his home, refreshed himself after his long day's work, and then walked or drove until half past eight, when he went to dinner in the garden of a great restaurant in the Corso. Here he met a few acquaintances who, like himself, had reasons for staying in town after their families had left. He always sat at the same small table, at which there was barely room for two persons; for he preferred to be alone, and he rarely asked a passing friend to sit down with him.

On a certain hot evening in the beginning of August he had just taken his seat, and was trying to make up his mind whether he was hungry enough to eat anything, or whether it would not be less trouble to drink a glass of iced coffee and go away, when he was aware of a lank shadow cast across the white cloth by the glaring electric light. He looked up and saw Spicca standing there, apparently uncertain where to sit down, for the place was fuller than usual. He liked the melancholy old man, and spoke to him, offering to share his table.

Spicca hesitated a moment, and then accepted the invitation. He deposited his hat upon a chair beside him and leaned back, evidently exhausted either in mind or body, if not in both.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear Orsino," he observed. "There is an abominable crowd here, which means an unusual number of people to avoid, — just as many as I know, in fact, excepting yourself."

"I am glad you do not wish to avoid me, too," remarked Orsino, by way of saying something.

"You are a less evil, so I choose you in preference to the greater," Spicca

replied. But there was a not unkindly look in his sunken eyes as he spoke.

He tipped the great flask of Chianti that hung in its swinging plated cradle in the middle of the table, and filled two glasses.

"Since all that is good has been abolished, let us drink to the least of evils," he said; "in other words, to each other."

"To the absence of friends," answered Orsino, touching the wine with his lips.

Spicca emptied his glass slowly, and then looked at him.

"I like that toast," he said. "To the absence of friends. I dare say you have heard of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. Do they still teach the dear old tale in these modern schools? No. But you have heard it? Very well. You will remember that if they had not allowed the serpent to scrape acquaintance with them on pretense of a friendly interest in their intellectual development, Adam and Eve would still be inventing names for the angelic little wild beasts who were too well behaved to eat them. They would still be in Paradise. Moreover, Orsino Saracinesca and John Nepomucene Spicca would not be in daily danger of poisoning in this vile cookshop. Summary ejection from Eden was the first consequence of friendship, and its results are similar to this day. What nauseous mess are we to swallow to-night? Have you looked at the card?"

Orsino laughed a little. He foresaw that Spicca would not be dull company on this particular evening. Something unusually disagreeable had probably happened to him during the day. After long and melancholy hesitation he ordered something which he believed he could eat, and Orsino followed his example.

"Are all your people out of town?" Spicca asked, after a pause.

"Yes. I am alone."

"What in the world is the attrac-

tion here? Why do you stay? I do not wish to be indiscreet, and I was never afflicted with curiosity; but cases of mental alienation grow more common every day, and as an old friend of your father's I cannot overlook symptoms of madness in you. A really sane person avoids Rome in August."

"It strikes me that I might say the same to you," answered Orsino. "I am kept here by business. You have not even that excuse."

"How do you know?" asked Spicca sharply. "Business has two main elements, credit and debit. The one means the absence of the other. I leave it to your lively intelligence to decide which of the two means Rome in August, and which means Trouville or St. Moritz."

"I had not thought of it in that light."

"No? I dare say not. I constantly think of it."

"There are other places, nearer than St. Moritz," suggested Orsino. "Why not go to Sorrento?"

"There was such a place once, but my friends have found it out. Nevertheless, I might go there. It is better to suffer friendship in the spirit than fever in the body. But I have a reason for staying here just at present, — a very good one."

"Without indiscretion?"

"No, certainly not without considerable indiscretion. Take some more wine. When intoxication is bliss it is folly to be sober, as the proverb says. I cannot get tipsy, but you may, and that will be almost as amusing. The main object of drinking wine is that one person should make confidences for the other to laugh at; the one enjoys it quite as much as the other."

"I would rather be the other," said Orsino, with a laugh.

"In all cases in life it is better to be the other person," observed Spicca thoughtfully, though the remark lacked precision.

"You mean the patient, and not the agent, I suppose?"

"No, I mean the spectator." The spectator is a well-fed, indifferent personage, who laughs at the play and goes home to supper, — perdition upon him and his kind! He is the abomination of desolation in a front stall, looking on while better men cut one another's throats. He is a fat man, with a pink complexion and small eyes; and when he has watched other people's troubles long enough, he retires to his comfortable vault in the family chapel in the Campo Varano, which is decorated with colored tiles, embellished with a modern altar-piece, and adorned with a bust of himself by a good sculptor. Even in death he is still the spectator, grinning through the window of his sanctuary at the rows of nameless graves outside. He is happy and self-satisfied still, even in marble. It is worth living to be such a man."

"It is not an exciting life."

"No. That is the beauty of it. Look at me. I have never succeeded in imitating that well-to-do, thoroughly worthy villain. I began too late. Take warning, Orsino. You are young. Grow fat and look on; then you will die happy. All the philosophy of life is there. Farinaceous food, money, and a wife, — that is the recipe. Since you have money, you can purchase the gruel and the affections. Waste no time in making the investment."

"I never heard you advocate marriage before. You seem to have changed your mind of late."

"Not in the least. I distinguish between being married and taking a wife, — that is all."

"Rather a fine distinction."

"The only difference between a prisoner and his jailer is that they are on opposite sides of the same wall. Take some more wine. We will drink to the man on the outside."

"May you never be inside," said Orsino.

Spicca emptied his glass, and looked at him as he set it down again.

"May you never know what it is to have been inside," he said.

"You speak as though you had some experience."

"Yes, I have, through an acquaintance of mine."

"That is the most agreeable way of gaining experience."

"Yes," answered Spicca, with a ghastly smile. "Perhaps I may tell you the story some day. You may profit by it. It ended rather dramatically, so far as it can be said to have ended at all. But we will not speak of it just now. Here is another dish of poison. Do you call that thing a fish, Checco? Ah, yes. I perceive that you are right. The fact is apparent at a great distance. Take it away. We are all mortal, Checco, but we do not like to be reminded of it so very forcibly. Give me a tomato and some vinegar."

"And the birds, signore? Do you not want them any more?"

"The birds? Yes, I had forgotten. And another flask of wine, Checco."

"It is not empty yet, signore," observed the waiter, lifting the rush-covered bottle and shaking it a little.

Spicca silently poured out two glasses and handed the man the empty flask. He seemed to be very thirsty. Presently he got his birds. They proved eatable,—for quails are to be had all through the summer in Italy,—and he began to eat in silence. Orsino watched him with some curiosity, wondering whether the quantity of wine he drank would not ultimately produce some effect. As yet, however, none was visible; his cadaverous face was as pale and quiet as ever, and his sunken eyes had their usual expression.

"And how does your business go on, Orsino?" he asked, after a long silence.

Orsino answered him willingly enough, and gave him some account of

his doings. He grew somewhat enthusiastic as he compared his present busy life with his former idleness.

"I like the way you did it, in spite of everybody's advice," said Spicca kindly. "A man who can jump through the paper ring of Roman prejudice without stumbling must be nimble and have good legs. So nobody gave you a word of encouragement?"

"Only one person, at first. I think you know her,—Madame d'Aranjuez. I used to see her often just at that time."

"Madame d'Aranjuez?" The old man looked up sharply, pausing with his glass in his hand.

"You know her?"

"Very well indeed," replied Spicca before he drank. "Tell me, Orsino," he continued when he had finished the draught, "are you in love with that lady?"

Orsino was surprised by the directness of the question, but he did not show it.

"Not in the least," he answered coolly.

"Then why did you act as though you were?" asked Spicca, looking him through and through.

"Do you mean to say that you were watching me all winter?" inquired Orsino, bending his black eyebrows rather angrily.

"Circumstances made it inevitable that I should know of your visits. There was a time when you saw her every day."

"I do not know what the circumstances, as you call them, were," returned Orsino. "But I do not like to be watched, even by my father's old friends."

"Keep your temper, Orsino," said Spicca quietly. "Quarreling is always ridiculous unless somebody is killed, and then it is inconvenient. If you understood the nature of my acquaintance with Maria Consuelo—with Madame d'Aranjuez, you would see that,

while not meaning to spy upon you in the least, I could not be ignorant of your movements."

"Your acquaintance must be a very close one," observed Orsino, far from pacified.

"So close that it has justified me in doing very odd things on her account. You will not accuse me of taking a needless and officious interest in the affairs of others, I think. My own are quite enough for me. It chances that they are intimately connected with the doings of Madame d'Aranjuez, and have been so for a number of years. The fact that I do not desire the connection to be known does not make it easier for me to act, when I am obliged to act at all. I did not ask an idle question when I asked you if you loved her."

"I confess that I do not at all understand the situation," said Orsino.

"No. It is not easy to understand, unless I give you the key to it. And yet you know more already than any one in Rome. I shall be obliged if you will not repeat what you know."

"You may trust me," returned Orsino, who saw from Spicca's manner that the matter was very serious.

"Thank you. I see that you are cured of the idea that I have been frivolously spying upon you for my own amusement."

Orsino was silent. He thought of what had happened after he had taken leave of Maria Consuelo. The mysterious maid who called herself Maria Consuelo's nurse, or keeper, had perhaps spoken the truth. It was possible that Spicca was one of the guardians responsible to an unknown person for the insane lady's safety, and that he was consequently daily informed by the maid of the coming and going of visitors, and of other minor events. On the other hand, it seemed odd that Maria Consuelo should be at liberty to go whithersoever she pleased. She could not reasonably be supposed to have a

guardian in every city of Europe. The more he thought of this improbability, the less he understood the truth.

"I suppose I cannot hope that you will tell me more?" he said.

"I do not see why I should," answered Spicca, drinking again. "I asked you an indiscreet question, and I have given you an explanation which you are kind enough to accept. Let us say no more about it. It is better to avoid unpleasant subjects."

"I should not call Madame d'Aranjuez an unpleasant subject."

"Then why did you suddenly cease to visit her?" asked Spicca.

"For the best of all reasons, — because she repeatedly refused to receive me." He was less inclined to take offense now than five minutes earlier. "I see that your information was not complete."

"No. I was not aware of that. She must have had a good reason for not seeing you."

"Possibly."

"But you cannot guess what the reason was?"

"Yes, and no. It depends upon her character, which I do not pretend to understand."

"I understand it well enough. I can guess at the fact. You made love to her, and one fine day, when she saw that you were losing your head, she quietly told her servant to say that she was not at home when you called. Is that it?"

"Possibly. You say you know her well; then you know whether she would act in that way or not."

"I ought to know. I think she would. She is not like other women, — she has not the same blood."

"Who is she?" asked Orsino, with a sudden hope that he might learn the truth.

"A woman, rather better than the rest; a widow, too, — the widow of a man who never was her husband, thank God!"

Spicca slowly refilled and emptied his goblet for the tenth time.

"The rest is a secret," he added, when he had finished drinking.

The dark, sunken eyes gazed into Orsino's with an expression so strange and full of a sort of inexplicable horror as to make the young man think that the deep potations were beginning to produce an effect upon the strong old head. Spicca sat quite still for several minutes after he had spoken, and then leaned back in his cane chair with a deep sigh. Orsino sighed, too, in a sort of unconscious sympathy; for, even allowing for Spicca's natural melancholy, the secret was evidently an unpleasant one. Orsino tried to turn the conversation, not, however, without a hope of bringing it back unawares to the question which interested him.

"And so you really mean to stay here all summer?" he remarked, lighting a cigarette and looking at the people seated at a table behind Spicca.

Spicca did not answer at first, and when he did his reply had nothing to do with Orsino's interrogatory observation.

"We never get rid of the things we have done in our lives," he said dreamily. "When a man sows seed in a ploughed field, some of the grains are picked out by birds, and some never sprout. We are much more perfectly organized than the earth. The actions we sow in our souls all take root, inevitably and fatally, and they all grow to maturity sooner or later."

Orsino stared at him for a moment. "You are in a philosophizing mood this evening," he said.

"We are only logic's pawns," continued Spicca, without heeding the remark. "Or, if you like it better, we are the Devil's chess pieces in his match against God. We are made to move each in his own way, — the one by short irregular steps in every direction, the other in long straight lines between starting-point and goal; the one stands

still, like the king piece, and never moves unless he is driven to it; the other jumps unevenly, like the knight. It makes no difference. We take a certain number of other pieces, and then we are taken ourselves — always by the adversary — and tossed aside out of the game. But then, it is easy to carry out the simile, because the game itself was founded on the facts of life by the people who invented it."

"No doubt," said Orsino, who was not very much interested.

"Yes. You have only to give the pieces the names of men and women you know, and to call the pawns society — you will see how very like real life chess can be. The king and queen on each side are a married couple. Of course the object of each queen is to get the other king, and all her friends help her, — knights, bishops, rooks, and her set of society pawns. Very like real life, is it not? Wait till you are married."

Spicca smiled grimly and took more wine.

"There at least you have no personal experience," objected Orsino.

But Spicca only smiled again, and vouchsafed no answer.

"Is Madame d'Aranjuez coming back next winter?" asked the young man.

"Madame d'Aranjuez will probably come back, since she is free to consult her own tastes," answered Spicca gravely.

"I hope she may be out of danger by that time," said Orsino quietly. He had resolved upon a bolder attack than he had hitherto made.

"What danger is she in now?" asked Spicca.

"Surely you must know."

"I do not understand you. Please speak plainly, if you are in earnest."

"Before she went away I called once more. When I was coming away, her maid met me in the corridor of the hotel and told me that Madame d'Aran-

juez was not quite sane, and that she, the maid, was in reality her keeper, or nurse, or whatever you please to call her."

Spicca laughed harshly. No one could remember to have heard him laugh many times.

"Oh, she said that, did she?" He seemed very much amused. "Yes," he added presently, "I think Madame d'Aranjuez will be quite out of danger before Christmas."

Orsino was more puzzled than ever. He was almost sure that Spicca did not look upon the maid's assertion as serious, and in that case, if his interest in Maria Consuelo was friendly, it was incredible that he should seem amused at what was at least a very dangerous piece of spite on the part of a trusted servant.

"Then there is no truth in that woman's statement?" asked Orsino.

"Madame d'Aranjuez seemed perfectly sane when I last saw her," answered Spicca indifferently.

"Then what possible interest had the maid in inventing the lie?"

"Ah, what interest? That is quite another matter, as you say. It may not have been her own interest."

"You think that Madame d'Aranjuez had instructed her?"

"Not necessarily. Some one else may have suggested the idea, subject to the lady's own consent."

"And she would have consented? I do not believe that."

"My dear Orsino, the world is full of such apparently improbable things that it is always rash to disbelieve anything on the first hearing. It is really much less trouble to accept all that one is told without question."

"Of course, if you tell me positively that she wishes to be thought mad" —

"I never say anything positively, especially about a woman, and least of all about the lady in question, who is undoubtedly eccentric."

Instead of being annoyed, Orsino felt

his curiosity growing, and made a rash vow to find out the truth at any price. It was inconceivable, he thought, that Spicca should still have perfect control of his faculties, considering the extent of his potations. The second flask was growing light, and Orsino himself had not taken more than two or three glasses. Now a Chianti flask never holds less than two quarts. Moreover, Spicca was generally a very moderate man. He would assuredly not resist the confusing effects of the wine much longer, and he would probably become confidential.

But Orsino had mistaken his man. Spicca's nerves, overwrought by some unknown disturbance in his affairs, were in that state in which far stronger stimulants than Tuscan wine have little or no effect upon the brain. Orsino looked at him, and wondered, as many had wondered already, what sort of life the man had led, outside and beyond the social existence which every one could see. Few men had been dreaded like the famous duelist, who had played with the best swordsmen in Europe as a cat plays with a mouse. And yet he had been respected as well as feared. There had been that sort of fatality in his quarrels which had saved him from the imputation of having sought them. He had never been a gambler, as reputed duelists often are. He had never refused to stand second for another man out of personal dislike or prejudice. No one had ever asked his help in vain, high or low, rich or poor, in a reasonably good cause. His acts of kindness came to light accidentally after many years. Yet most people fancied that he hated mankind, with that sort of generous detestation which never stoops to take a mean advantage. In his duels, he had always shown the utmost consideration for his adversary, and the utmost indifference to his own interest, when conditions had to be made. Above all, he had never killed a man by accident. That is a crime

which society does not forgive. But he had not failed, either, when he had meant to kill. His speech was often bitter, but never spiteful, and, having nothing to fear, he was a very truthful man. He was also reticent, however, and no one could boast of knowing the story which every one agreed in saying had so deeply influenced his life. He had often been absent from Rome for long periods, and had been heard of as residing in more than one European capital. He had always been supposed to be rich, but during the last three years it had become clear to his friends that he was poor. That is all, roughly speaking, that was known of John Nepomucene, Count Spicca, by the society in which he had spent more than half his life.

Orsino, watching the pale and melancholy face, compared himself with his companion, and wondered whether any imaginable series of events could turn him into such a man at the same age. Yet he admired Spicca, besides respecting him. Boylike, he envied the great duelist his reputation, his unerring skill, his unfaltering nerve; he even envied him the fear he inspired in those whom he did not like. He thought less highly of his sayings now, perhaps, than when he had first been old enough to understand them. The youthful affectation of cynicism had agreed well with the old man's genuine bitterness; but the pride of growing manhood was inclined to put away childish things, and had not yet suffered so as to understand real suffering. Six months had wrought a change in Orsino, and so far the change was for the better. He had been fortunate in finding success at the first attempt, and his passing passion for Maria Consuelo had left little trace beyond a certain wondering regret that it had not been greater, and beyond the recollection of her sad face at their parting and of the sobs he had overheard. Though he could give those tears only one meaning,

Orsino realized less and less, as the months passed, that they had been shed for him.

That Maria Consuelo should often be in his thoughts was no proof that he still loved her in the smallest degree. There had been enough odd circumstances about their acquaintance to rouse any ordinary man's interest, and just at present Spicca's strange hints and half confidences had excited an almost unbearable curiosity in his hearer. But Spicca did not seem inclined to satisfy it any further.

One or two points, at least, were made clear. Maria Consuelo was not insane, as the maid had pretended. Her marriage with the deceased Aranjuez had been a marriage only in name, if it had even amounted to that. Finally, it was evident that she stood in some very near relation to Spicca, and that neither she nor he wished the fact to be known. To all appearance, they had carefully avoided meeting during the preceding winter, and no one in society was aware that they were even acquainted. Orsino recalled more than one occasion when each had been mentioned in the presence of the other. He had a good memory, and he remembered that a scarcely perceptible change had taken place in the manner or conversation of the one who heard the other's name. It even seemed to him that at such moments Maria Consuelo had shown an infinitesimal resentment, whereas Spicca had faintly exhibited something more like impatience. If this were true, it argued that Spicca was more friendly to Maria Consuelo than she was to him. Yet on this particular evening Spicca had spoken somewhat bitterly of her; but then, Spicca was always bitter. His last remark was to the effect that she was eccentric. After a long silence, during which Orsino hoped that his friend would say something more, he took up the point.

"I wish I knew what you meant by 'eccentric,'" he said. "I had the ad-

vantage of seeing Madame d'Aranjuez frequently, and I did not notice any eccentricity about her."

"Ah, perhaps you are not observant, or perhaps, as you intimate, we do not mean the same thing."

"That is why I should like to hear your definition," observed Orsino.

"The world is mad on the subject of definitions," answered Spicca. "It is more blessed to define than to be defined. It is a pleasant thing to say to one's enemy, 'Sir, you are a scoundrel.' But when your enemy says the same thing to you, you kill him without hesitation or regret, — which proves, I suppose, that you are not pleased with his definition of you. You see, definition, after all, is a matter of taste. So, as our tastes might not agree, I would rather not define anything this evening. I believe I have finished that flask. Let us take our coffee. We can define that beforehand, for we know by daily experience how diabolically bad it is."

Orsino saw that Spicca meant to lead the conversation away in another direction.

"May I ask you one serious question?" he inquired, leaning forward.

"With a little ingenuity you may even ask me a dozen, all equally serious, my dear Orsino. But I cannot promise to answer all or any particular one. I am not omniscient, you know."

"My question is this. I have no sort of right to ask it, — I know that. Are you nearly related to Madame d'Aranjuez?"

Spicca looked curiously at him.

"Would the information be of any use to you?" he asked. "Should I be doing you a service in telling you that we are or are not related?"

"Frankly, no," answered Orsino, meeting the steady glance without waver.

"Then I do not see any reason whatever for telling you the truth," returned Spicca quietly. "But I will give you

a piece of general information. If harm comes to that lady through any man whomsoever, I will certainly kill him, even if I have to be carried upon the ground."

There was no mistaking the tone in which the threat was uttered. Spicca meant what he said, though not one syllable was spoken louder than another. In his mouth the words had a terrific force, and told Orsino more of the man's true nature than he had learnt in years. Orsino was not easily impressed, and was certainly not timid, morally or physically; moreover, he was in the prime of youth, and not less skillful than other men in the use of weapons. But he felt at that moment that he would infinitely rather attack a regiment of artillery single-handed than be called upon to measure swords with the cadaverous old invalid who sat on the other side of the table.

"It is not in my power to do any harm to Madame d'Aranjuez," he answered, proudly enough; "and you ought to know that if it were it could not possibly be in my intention. Therefore your threat is not intended for me."

"Very good, Orsino. Your father would have answered like that, and you mean what you say. If I were young, I think that you and I should be friends. Fortunately for you, there is a matter of forty years' difference between our ages, so that you escape the infliction of such a nuisance as my friendship. You must find it bad enough to have to put up with my company."

"Do not talk like that," answered Orsino. "The world is not all vinegar."

"Well, well, you will find out what the world is in time. And perhaps you will find out many other things which you want to know. I must be going, for I have letters to write. Checco! my bill."

Five minutes later they parted.

XVIII.

Although Orsino's character was developing quickly in the new circumstances which he had created for himself, he was not of an age to be continually on his guard against passing impressions; still less could it be expected that he should be hardened against them by experience, as many men are by nature. His conversation with Spicca, and Spicca's own behavior while it lasted, produced a decided effect upon the current of his thoughts, and he was surprised to find himself thinking more often and more seriously of Maria Consuelo than during the months which had succeeded her departure from Rome. Spicca's words had acted indirectly upon his mind. Much that the old man had said was calculated to rouse Orsino's curiosity; but Orsino was not naturally curious, and though he felt that it would be very interesting to know Maria Consuelo's story, the chief result of the count's half-confidential utterances was to recall the lady herself very vividly to his recollection.

At first his memory merely brought back the endless details of his acquaintance with her, which had formed the central feature of the first season he had spent without interruption in Rome and in society. He was surprised at the extreme precision of the pictures evoked, and took pleasure in calling them up when he was alone and unoccupied. The events themselves had not, perhaps, been all agreeable, yet there was not one which it did not give him some pleasant sensation to remember. There was a little sadness in some of them, and more than once the sadness was mingled with something of humiliation. Yet even this last was bearable. Though he did not realize it, he was quite unable to think of Maria Consuelo without feeling some passing touch of happiness at the

thought; for happiness can live with sadness, when it is the greater of the two. He had no desire to analyze these sensations. Indeed, the idea did not enter his mind that they were worth analyzing. His intelligence was better employed with his work, and his reflections concerning Maria Consuelo chiefly occupied his hours of rest.

The days passed quickly at first, and then, as September came, they seemed longer instead of shorter. Orsino was beginning to wish that the winter would come, that he might again see the woman of whom he was continually thinking. More than once he thought of writing to her, for he had the address which the maid had given him, an address in Paris, which said nothing; a mere number with the name of a street. He wondered whether she would answer him; and at last, when he had reached the self-satisfying conviction that she would, he wrote a letter, such as any person might write to another. He told her of the weather, of the dullness of Rome, of his hope that she would return early in the season, and of his own daily occupations. It was a simply expressed, natural, and not at all emotional epistle, — not at all like that of a man in the least degree in love with his correspondent; but Orsino felt an odd sensation of pleasure in writing it, and was surprised by a little thrill of happiness as he posted it with his own hand.

He did not forget the letter when he had sent it, either, as one forgets the uninteresting letters one is obliged to write out of civility. He hoped for an answer. Even if she were in Paris, Maria Consuelo might not, and probably would not, reply by return of post. And it was not probable that she would be in town at the beginning of September. Orsino calculated the time necessary to forward the letter from Paris to the most distant part of frequented Europe, allowed her three days for answering, and three days more for her

letter to reach him. The interval elapsed, but nothing came. Then he was irritated, and at last he became anxious. Either something had happened to Maria Consuelo, or he had somehow unconsciously offended her by what he had written. He had no copy of the letter, and could not recall a single phrase which could have displeased her, but he feared lest something might have crept into it which she might misinterpret. But this idea was too absurd to be tenable for long, and the conviction grew upon him that she must be ill or in some great trouble. He was amazed at his own anxiety.

Three weeks had gone by since he had written, and yet no word of reply had reached him. Then he sought out Spicca and asked him boldly whether anything had happened to Maria Consuelo, explaining that he had written to her and had got no answer. Spicca looked at him curiously for a moment.

"Nothing has happened to her, so far as I am aware," he said, almost immediately. "I saw her this morning."

"This morning?" Orsino was surprised almost out of words.

"Yes. She is here, looking for an apartment in which to spend the winter."

"Where is she?"

Spicca named the hotel, adding that Orsino would probably find her at home during the hot hours of the afternoon.

"Has she been here long?" asked the young man.

"Three days."

"I will go and see her at once. I may be useful to her in finding an apartment."

"That would be very kind of you," observed Spicca, glancing at him rather thoughtfully.

On the following afternoon Orsino presented himself at the hotel and asked for Madame d'Aranjuez. She received him in a room not very different from the one which she had made her sitting-

room during the winter. As always, one or two new books and the mysterious silver paper-cutter were the only objects of her own which were visible. Orsino hardly noticed the fact, however, for she was already in the room when he entered, and his eyes met hers at once.

He fancied that she looked less strong than formerly, but the heat was great and might easily account for her pallor. Her eyes were deeper, and their tawny color seemed darker. Her hand was cold.

She smiled faintly as she met Orsino, but said nothing, and sat down at a distance from the windows.

"I heard only last night that you were in Rome," he said.

"And you came at once to see me. Thanks. How did you find it out?"

"Spicca told me. I had asked him for news of you."

"Why him?" inquired Maria Consuelo, with some curiosity.

"Because I fancied he might know," answered Orsino, passing lightly over the question. He did not wish even Maria Consuelo to guess that Spicca had spoken of her to him. "The reason why I was anxious about you was that I had written you a letter. I wrote some weeks ago to your address in Paris, and got no answer."

"You wrote?" Maria Consuelo seemed surprised. "I have not been in Paris. Who gave you the address? What was it?"

Orsino named the street and number.

"I once lived there a short time, two years ago. Who gave you the address? Not Count Spicca?"

"No."

Orsino hesitated to say more. He did not like to admit that he had received the address from Maria Consuelo's maid, and it might seem incredible that the woman should have given the information unasked. At the same time, the fact that the address was to all intents and purposes a false

one tallied with the maid's spontaneous statement in regard to her mistress's mental alienation.

"Why will you not tell me?" asked Maria Consuelo.

"The answer involves a question which does not concern me. The address was evidently intended to deceive me. The person who gave it attempted to deceive me about a far graver matter, too. Let us say no more about it. Of course you never got the letter?"

"Of course not."

A short silence followed, which Orsino felt to be rather awkward. Maria Consuelo looked at him suddenly.

"Did my maid tell you?" she asked.

"Yes, since you ask me. She met me in the corridor, after my last visit, and thrust the address upon me."

"I thought so," said Maria Consuelo.

"You have suspected her before?"

"What was the other deception?"

"That is a more serious matter. The woman is your trusted servant. At least you must have trusted her when you took her" —

"That does not follow. What did she try to make you believe?"

"It is hard to tell you. For all I know, she may have been instructed, — you may have instructed her yourself. One stumbles upon odd things in life, sometimes."

"You called yourself my friend once, Don Orsino."

"If you will let me, I will call myself so still."

"Then, in the name of friendship, tell me what the woman said!" Maria Consuelo spoke with sudden energy, touching his arm quickly with an unconscious gesture.

"Will you believe me?"

"Are you accustomed to being doubted, that you ask?"

"No. But this thing is very strange."

"Do not keep me waiting; it hurts me!"

"The woman stopped me as I was going away. I had never spoken to her. She knew my name. She told me that you were — how shall I say? — mentally deranged."

Maria Consuelo started and turned very pale.

"She told you that I was mad?" Her voice sank to a whisper.

"That is what she said."

Orsino watched her narrowly. She evidently believed him. Then she sank back in her chair with a stifled cry of horror, covering her eyes with her hands.

"And you might have believed it!" she exclaimed. "You might really have believed it — you!"

The cry came from her heart, and would have shown Orsino what weight she still attached to his opinion, had he not himself been too suddenly and deeply interested in the principal question to pay attention to details.

"She made the statement very clearly," he said. "What could have been her object in the lie?"

"What object? Ah, if I knew that!"

Maria Consuelo rose and paced the room, her head bent and her hands nervously clasping and unclasping. Orsino stood by the empty fireplace, watching her.

"You will send the woman away, of course?" he said in a questioning tone.

But she shook her head, and her anxiety seemed to increase.

"Is it possible that you will submit to such a thing from a servant?" he asked in astonishment.

"I have submitted to much," she answered in a low voice.

"The inevitable, of course. But to keep a maid whom you can turn away at any moment" —

"Yes, but can I?" She stopped and looked at him. "Oh, if I only could! If you knew how I hate the woman!"

"But then" —

"Yes?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you

are in some way in her power, so that you are bound to keep her always?"

Maria Consuelo hesitated a moment.

"Are you in her power?" asked Orsino a second time. He did not like the idea, and his black brows bent themselves rather angrily.

"No, not directly. She is imposed upon me."

"By circumstances?"

"No, again; by a person who has the power to impose much upon me. But this, — oh, this is almost too much! To be called mad!"

"Then do not submit to it."

Orsino spoke decisively, with a kind of authority which surprised himself. He was amazed and righteously angry at the situation so suddenly revealed to him, undefined as it was. He saw that he was touching a great trouble, and his natural energy bid him lay violent hands on it and root it out if possible.

For some minutes Maria Consuelo did not speak, but continued to pace the room, evidently in great anxiety. Then she stopped before him.

"It is easy for you to say 'do not submit,' when you do not understand," she said. "If you knew what my life is, you would look at this in another way. I must submit, — I cannot do otherwise."

"If you would tell me something more, I might help you," answered Orsino.

"You?" She paused. "I believe you would, if you could," she added thoughtfully.

"You know that I would. Perhaps I can, as it is, in ignorance, if you will direct me."

A sudden light gleamed in Maria Consuelo's eyes, and then died away as quickly as it had come.

"After all, what could you do?" she asked, with a change of tone, as though she were somehow disappointed. "What could you do that others would not do as well, if they could, and with a better right?"

"Unless you will tell me, how can I know?"

"Yes, if I could tell you."

She went and sat down in her former seat, and Orsino took a chair beside her. He had expected to renew the acquaintance in a very different way, and that he should spend half an hour with Maria Consuelo in talking about apartments, about the heat, and about the places she had visited. Instead, circumstances had made the conversation an intimate one, full of an absorbing interest to both. Orsino found that he had forgotten much which pleased him strangely now that it was again brought before him. He had forgotten most of all, it seemed, that an unexplained sympathy attracted him to her, and her to him. He wondered at the strength of it, and found it hard to understand that last meeting with her in the spring.

"Is there any way of helping you without knowing your secret?" he inquired in a low voice.

"No; but I thank you for the wish."

"Are you sure there is no way? Quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

"May I say something that strikes me?"

"Say anything you choose."

"There is a plot against you. You seem to know it. Have you never thought of plotting on your side?"

"I have no one to help me."

"You have me, if you will take my help; and you have Spicca. You might do better, but you might do worse. Between us we might accomplish something."

Maria Consuelo had started at Spicca's name. She seemed very nervous that day.

"Do you know what you are saying?" she asked, after a moment's thought.

"Nothing that should offend you, at least."

"No; but you are proposing that I

should ally myself with the man of all others whom I have reason to hate."

"You hate Spicca?" Orsino was passing from one surprise to another.

"Whether I hate him or not is another matter. I ought to."

"At all events, he does not hate you."

"I know he does not. That makes it no easier for me. I could not accept his help."

"All this is so mysterious that I do not know what to say," said Orsino thoughtfully. "The fact remains, and it is bad enough. You need help urgently. You are in the power of a servant who tells your friends that you are insane and thrusts false addresses upon them, for purposes which I cannot explain."

"Nor I either, though I may guess."

"It is worse and worse. You cannot even be sure of the motives of this woman, though you know the person or persons by whom she is forced upon you. You cannot get rid of her yourself, and you will not let any one else help you."

"Not Count Spicca."

"And yet I am sure that he would do much for you. Can you not even tell me why you hate him, or ought to hate him?"

Maria Consuelo hesitated, and looked into Orsino's eyes for a moment.

"Can I trust you?" she asked.

"Implicitly."

"He killed my husband."

Orsino uttered a low exclamation of horror. In the deep silence which followed, he heard Maria Consuelo draw her breath once or twice sharply through her closed teeth, as though she were in great pain.

"I do not wish it known," she said presently, in a changed voice. "I do not know why I told you."

"You can trust me."

"I must, since I have spoken."

In the surprise caused by the startling confidence, Orsino suddenly felt that his capacity for sympathy had

grown to great dimensions. If he had been a woman, the tears would have stood in his eyes. Being what he was, he felt them in his heart. It was clear that she had loved the dead man very dearly. In the light of this evident fact, it was hard to explain her conduct towards Orsino during the winter, and especially at their last meeting.

For a long time neither spoke. Orsino, indeed, had nothing to say at first, for nothing he could say could reasonably be supposed to be of any use. He had learned of the existence of something like a tragedy in Maria Consuelo's life, and he seemed to be learning the first lesson of friendship, which teaches sympathy. It was not an occasion for making insignificant phrases expressing his regret at her loss, and the language he needed in order to say what he meant was unfamiliar to his lips. He was silent, therefore, but his young face was grave and thoughtful, and his eyes sought hers from time to time, as though trying to discover and forestall her wishes. At last she glanced at him quickly, then looked down, and at last spoke to him.

"You will not make me regret having told you this, will you?" she asked.

"No. I promise you that."

So far as Orsino could understand the words meant but little. He was not very communicative, as a rule, and would certainly not tell what he had heard, so that the promise was easily given and easy to keep. If he did not break it, he did not see that she could have any further cause for regretting her confidence in him. Nevertheless, by way of reassuring her, he thought it best to repeat what he had said in different words.

"You may be quite sure that whatever you choose to tell me is in safe-keeping," he said. "And you may be sure, too, that if it is in my power to do you a service of any kind, you will find me ready, and more than ready, to help you."

"Thank you," she answered, looking earnestly at him.

"Whether the matter be small or great," he added, meeting her eyes.

Perhaps she expected to find more curiosity on his part, and fancied that he would ask some further question. He did not understand the meaning of her look.

"I believe you," she said at last.

"I am too much in need of a friend to doubt you."

"You have found one."

"I do not know. I am not sure. There are other things" — She stopped suddenly and looked away.

"What other things?"

But Maria Consuelo did not answer. Orsino knew that she was thinking of all that had once passed between them. He wondered whether, if he led the way, she would press him as she had done at their last meeting. If she did, he wondered what he should say. He had been very cold then, — far colder than he was now. He now felt drawn to her, as in the first days of their acquaintance. He felt always that he was on the point of understanding her, and yet that he was waiting for something which should help him to pass that point.

"What other things?" he asked, repeating his question. "Do you mean that there are reasons which may prevent me from being a good friend of yours?"

"I am afraid there are. I do not know."

"I think you are mistaken, madame. Will you name some of those reasons, or even one?"

Maria Consuelo did not answer at once. She glanced at him, looked down, and then her eyes met his again.

"Do you think that you are the kind of man whom a woman chooses for her friend?" she asked at last, with a faint smile.

"I have not thought of the matter."

"But you should, before offering your friendship."

"Why? If I feel a sincere sympathy for your trouble, if I am" — he hesitated, weighing his words — "if I am personally attached to you, why can I not help you? I am honest and in earnest. May I say as much as that of myself?"

"I believe you are."

"Then I cannot see that I am not the sort of man whom a woman might take for a friend, when a better is not at hand."

"And do you believe in friendship, Don Orsino?" asked Maria Consuelo quietly.

"I have heard it said that it is not wise to disbelieve anything nowadays," answered Orsino.

"True; and the word 'friend' has such a pretty sound!" She laughed, for the first time since he had entered the room.

"Then it is you who are the unbeliever, madame. Is not that a sign that you need no friend at all, and that your questions are not seriously meant?"

"Perhaps. Who knows?"

"Do you know, yourself?"

"No." Again she laughed a little, and then grew suddenly grave.

"I never knew a woman who needed a friend more urgently than you do," said Orsino. "I do not in the least understand your position. The little you have told me makes it clear enough that there have been and still are unusual circumstances in your life. One thing I see. That woman whom you call your maid is forced upon you against your will, to watch you, and is privileged to tell lies about you which may do you a great injury. I do not ask why you are obliged to suffer her presence, but I see that you must, and I guess that you hate it. Would it be an act of friendship to free you from her, or not?"

"At present it would not be an act

of friendship," answered Maria Consuelo thoughtfully.

"That is very strange. Do you mean to say that you submit voluntarily?"

"The woman is a condition imposed upon me. I cannot tell you more."

"And no friend, no friendly help, can change the condition, I suppose?"

"I did not say that. But such help is beyond your power, Don Orsino," she added, turning towards him rather suddenly. "Let us not talk of this any more. Believe me, nothing can be done. You have sometimes acted strangely with me, but I really think you would help me if you could. Let that be the state of our acquaintance. You are willing, and I believe that you are. Nothing more. Let that be our compact. But you can perhaps help me in another way,—a smaller way. I want a habitation of some kind for the winter, for I am tired of camping out in hotels. You who know your own city so well can name some person who will undertake the matter."

"I know the very man," said Orsino promptly.

"Will you write out the address for me?"

"It is not necessary. I mean myself."

"I could not let you take so much trouble," protested Maria Consuelo.

But she accepted, nevertheless, after a little hesitation. For some time they discussed the relative advantages of the various habitable quarters of the city, both glad, perhaps, to find an almost indifferent subject of conversation, and both relatively happy merely in being together. The talk made one of those restless interludes which are so necessary, and often so hard to produce, between two people whose thoughts run upon a strong common interest, and who find it difficult to exchange half a dozen words without being led back to the absorbing topic.

What had been said had produced a decided effect upon Orsino. He had come expecting to take up the acquaintance on a new footing, but ten minutes had not elapsed before he had found himself as much interested as ever in Maria Consuelo's personality, and far more interested in her life than he had ever been before. While talking with more or less indifference about the chances of securing a suitable apartment for the winter, Orsino listened with an odd sensation of pleasure to every tone of his companion's voice, and watched every changing expression of the striking face. He wondered whether he were not perhaps destined to love her sincerely, as he had already loved her in a boyish, capricious fashion which would no longer be natural to him now. But for the present he was sure that he did not love her, and that he desired nothing but her sympathy for himself, and to feel sympathy for her. Those were the words he used, and he did not explain them to his own intelligence in any very definite way. He was conscious, indeed, that they meant more than formerly, but the same was true of almost everything that came into his life, and he did not therefore attach any especial importance to the fact. He was altogether much more in earnest than when he had first met Maria Consuelo; he was capable of deeper feeling, of stronger determination, and of more decided action in all matters, and though he did not say so to himself he was none the less aware of the change.

"Shall we make an appointment for to-morrow?" he asked, after they had been talking some time.

"Yes. But there is one thing I wanted to ask you" —

"What is that?" inquired Orsino, seeing that she hesitated.

The faint color rose in her cheeks, but she looked straight into his eyes with a kind of fearless expression, as though she were facing a danger.

"Tell me," she said: "in Rome, where everything is known and every one talks so much, will it not be thought strange that you and I should be driving about together, looking for a house for me? Tell me the truth."

"What can people say?" asked Orsino.

"Many things. Will they say them?"

"If they do, I can make them stop talking."

"That means that they will talk, does it not? Would you like that?"

There was a sudden change in her face, with a look of doubt and anxious perplexity. Orsino saw it, and felt that she was putting him upon his honor, and that, whatever the doubt might be, it had nothing to do with her trust in him. Six months earlier he would not have hesitated to demonstrate that her fears were empty; but he felt that six months earlier she might not have yielded to his reasoning. It was instinctive, but his instinct was not mistaken.

"I think you are right," he said slowly. "We should not do it. I will send my architect with you."

There was enough regret in the tone to show that he was making a considerable sacrifice. A little delicacy means more when it comes from a strong man than when it is the natural expression of an over-refined and somewhat effeminate character; and Orsino was rapidly developing a strength of which other people were conscious. Maria Consuelo was pleased, though she too was perhaps sorry to give up the projected plan.

"After all," she said thoughtlessly, "you can come and see me here, if" —

She stopped and blushed again, more deeply this time; but she turned her face away, and in the half light the change of color was hardly noticeable.

"You were going to say 'if you care to see me,'" said Orsino. "I am glad you did not say it. It would not have been kind."

"Yes, I was going to say that," she answered quietly. "But I will not."

"Thank you."

"Why do you thank me?"

"For not hurting me."

"Do you think that I would hurt you willingly, in any way?"

"I should rather not think so. You did once."

The words slipped from his lips almost before he had time to realize what they meant. He was thinking of the night when she had drawn up the carriage window, leaving him standing on the pavement, and of her repeated refusals to see him afterwards. It seemed long ago, and the hurt had not really been so sharp as he fancied that it must have been, judging from what he now felt. She looked at him quickly, as though wondering what he would say next.

"I never meant to be unkind," she said. "I have often asked myself whether you could say as much."

It was Orsino's turn to change color. He was young enough for that, and the blood rose slowly in his dark cheeks. He thought again of their last meeting, and of what he had heard as he shut the door after him on that day. Perhaps he would have spoken, but Maria Consuelo was sorry for what she had said, as well as a little ashamed of her weakness, and she immediately turned back to a former point of the conversation, not too far removed from what had last been said.

"You see," said she, "I was right to ask you whether people would talk. And I am grateful to you for telling me the truth. It is a first proof of friendship, — of something better than our old relations. Will you send me your architect to-morrow, since you are so kind as to offer his help?"

After arranging for the hour of meeting Orsino rose to take his leave.

"May I come to-morrow?" he asked. "People will not talk about that," he added, with a smile.

"You can ask for me. I may be out. If I am at home, I shall be glad to see you."

She spoke coldly, and Orsino saw that she was looking over his shoulder.

He turned instinctively, and found that the door was open and Spicca was standing just outside, looking in, and apparently waiting for a word from Maria Consuelo before entering.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE BENEDICTION.

ALL the village was astir while the hours were yet dark. Before the outlines of the chalets were distinguishable upon the hillside, fires were aglow on the hearths of their windowless kitchens as in central hollows of the earth, and, in the chill of the August morning, preparations for the day were going forward. The clouded night passed by imperceptible degrees to a clouded dawn, and the sun concealed his rising; but it did not rain, and there was no question of postponement. At half past four a service was held in the church, and at five the church bell rang out anew over the forming of the procession. The occasion was one which partook of the double nature of festival and pilgrimage; for the procession had a stiff climb before it of two hours to the top of a mountain pass, and a descent into the high valley beyond, where it was to assist at the benediction of the cows, already grazing there — it is to be hoped not wholly unblest — for three summer weeks.

The church stood midway of the village, on a little terrace above the street, a simple stuccoed pile, with a pointed steeple cased in new shining tin. Beside it huddled the village graves, not a numerous company, marked by black crosses, some of wood, others of wrought iron, tilted at all angles, and garlanded with immortelles and wreaths of tissue paper. The service over, white-veiled women came out of the porch and grouped about a large white-and-gilt banner; the rest of the congregation followed, and

the terrace was soon alive with figures moving in and out, the masses of white showing pure and cool, with gray shadows, against the gray walls in the early clouded light. Each found a place at last in the procession, which, when formed, consisted of the entire adult population of the village, with the exception of the infirm and those whom some special necessity kept at home. It could not measure its length in the churchyard, but it was not very imposing in extent, for all that; for Fins Hauts has scarce a foothold on its own mountain side, and the proportion of space which it occupies on the earth's surface and in the geographical census is of extreme modesty. The herald and vanguard of the procession was a small boy armed with a dinner bell, which he rang with lusty solemnity at regular intervals. He was followed by the young girls and unmarried women, wearing large square veils of white linen. The foremost carried the white-and-gilt banner, — no light weight considering the destination of the band; but the maiden to whom it was entrusted, the younger of the two Demoiselles C., who presided over the household destinies of our pension, walked erect, with placid Puritan countenance, under this "burden of an honor," and had evidently no desire to relinquish it. There were some pretty faces under the stiff linen veils, and many more pleasing and wholesome ones, with that expression of great simplicity, good sense, and a sort of reticent sweetness

which greets us everywhere in Switzerland, especially in the French cantons, and which, in the rarity of any striking distinction of feature or coloring, may be taken as a gracious substitute for a national type of beauty.

After the maidens came the choristers and young men, with a red banner bearing the image of St. Sebastian, and a shrine mounted on a pole, wherein a prim doll Virgin stood, with the Child in her arms, behind curtains of lace paper; then the *curé*, walking in the centre of his flock, in red robe, with open book and chaplet; next the married men, each hat in hand; and lastly the matrons, each with a basket on her arm containing the bread for the breakfast. The women wore no distinctive peasant costume, no bright bodices or gay skirts, but gowns of neutral gray, brown, or dull blue, and wide graceful straw hats bound with black ribbons. The gala hat of the canton of Valais, a monument of gilt lace, is rarely found nowadays in the mountain districts, being, fortunately, beyond the slender resources of the people.

Small though it was, and subdued in color, the Fins Hauts procession satisfied the eye, and the spirit also: it was simple, touching, reverent. As it moved through the churchyard, one or another of the participants turned aside to bow the head and make the sign of the cross before some special grave, acknowledging in the nearest loss the universal mystery and omnipotent law; and two by two, singing as they went, they descended the slanting path from the terrace and turned into the village road.

The road from Vernayaz to Chamonix which passes through Fins Hauts is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland, having more charm and variety than the nearly parallel route, more often chosen by tourists, from Martigny over the Tête-Noire; but much of its loveliness, alas, will soon become a memory, if the railroad fiend, who is already eying it speculatively, should succeed in

fastening his claws in its mountain flanks. It is a narrow road and very steep, the only vehicle that can be used on it being a little one-horse carriage with low wheels, holding one or two persons. The economical tourist is apt to be rather taken aback at first by the demand made by the tariff at Vernayaz of fifty francs for the day's journey to Chamonix in this modest conveyance, with a proportionate charge for a small cart to carry trunks. The rate is considerably less for parties of three or four, though in such cases an extra carriage has to be sent. Even the solitary traveler, however, by the time he has reached his noonday halt at Fins Hauts, is becoming convinced that the stout little horse and his driver, both of whom have walked all the way, are earning their money, and that the sum does not require comparison with a New York hack fare to appear a reasonable one. It is a delightful route for pedestrians, — for those of uphill tastes, at least; for to get the full sense of its scenery it should be traversed from the Rhone Valley towards Chamonix. The ascent begins immediately after leaving Vernayaz. On either side of the valley's broad smooth level a line of mountains rises abruptly, almost precipitously, without a break or a beguiling foothill. Our road plunges right at one of these walls* of wild rock and forest, mounts in sharp zigzags up its front, crossing the descending torrent no less than forty-eight times, allowing backward views over the valley, vistas of the perilous-looking steps ascended, and of the lacing of little bridges over the stream above; then it strikes across the top of the ridge to the picturesque village of Salvan, nestling among its orchards, — a place with little breadth of prospect, but famous as a centre for excursions, and especially as a starting-point for the ascension of the Dent du Midi. After leaving Salvan it takes to the woods again, and later, in their depths, is seized for a moment in the

roar and dampness of the Cascade du Triège, which falls seething through a series of rocky wells, then gathers itself for a final descent close to the bridge, and rushes away under its high stone arch to join the Trient in the ravine below. A pause of a few moments gives time for ascending the steps leading to the waterfall, and allows the horse to stand tranquilly on the bridge, amid damp and noise, and munch oats from a wooden crib. Then forward again into the silence of the forest, and up a long ascent, with views of stern, rugged mountains rising above the road and over against it, — mountains to which the traveler's relation changes every few minutes. There is something very fascinating to the intellect in this kaleidoscopic action of a mountain range; in the mighty individuality of a mountain which merges itself, as we approach it, in other individualities and threatens to disappear, yet is always there, clear, vigorous, inalienable.

At the highest point of the road after it has emerged from the forest and crossed a rocky ledge, the traveler comes suddenly in sight of Fins Hauts lying directly before him, with its steep hay-fields running up on the right to a ridge of alp and gray rock dominated by the Bel Oiseau Mountain, and descending on the left to a ravine with a torrent rushing through it, too far below to be heard. The forward view, up the ravine, terminates in the abrupt stern precipice of the Perron and the broad shoulders and sharp peaks of the Aiguilles Rouges, at the entrance of the Chamonix Valley, symmetrical in outline, ruddy in color, and often streaked and powdered with summer snow. On the left-hand side of the valley, directly opposite the village of Fins Hauts, a break in the row of dark mountains allows the torrent to receive a tributary stream descending straight from the Glacier du Trient, and discloses to view the glacier itself crowned by a dome of snow. The Tête-Noire

road avails itself of this opening to descend from the Col de la Forclaz, and, curving round the pine-clad mountain from which it gets its name, runs for a time parallel to the Vernayaz road on the other side of the valley. They descend to meet, as Emerson says men do; the tryst being at the village of Châtelard, which is reached from Fins Hauts by a staircase of zigzags similar to the one above Vernayaz. The approach to the Chamonix Valley, facing its glaciers, is therefore the same for both routes, but the wild changeful picturesqueness of the Vernayaz road is its own; it catches the first view of Mont Blanc immediately after leaving Fins Hauts, and in striking through that village it has chosen the higher and more open side of the valley, and passed one of the loveliest spots that a handful of houses can cling to.

On entering Fins Hauts from Vernayaz the road goes through what is called "the tunnel," formed by the upper stories of the chalets which meet above the highway. Farther on, beyond the church, it walks up against a wall, and, as if taken by surprise, turns at a right angle. It is nowhere wide, and at one or two places so narrow that a halt of one of the little carriages blocks the way even to an unencumbered foot passenger.

There was not room in the village for procession and spectators, so we started in advance, and after walking for a few minutes gained a point of vantage in a little ascent, where we paused and turned to watch its approach. The only level in sight was the road, which was sliced out horizontally along the edge of the mountain, following the curves of its modeling, and lying white against its newly shorn brown slopes, like a peeled line on a russet apple. Between us and the village this pale line was four times bisected by the whiter lines of slender torrents, visible all their length from the heights above, leaping downward in the short grass with a directness which was

varied, not by loiterings, but by little accelerations of haste, petulant curves, and overlapping plumes of spray.

Along the white road, past the white torrents, came the white-veiled procession, singing and praying by turns, winding with the windings of the way, and blessing unconsciously the whole rugged landscape as it passed. When it reached us, the women with veils went by with downcast eyes, feeling themselves set apart for the service of the Church and of the day; but those of the men and matrons whom we knew had a smile and a nod of recognition for us, or a word of greeting, after which they resumed their beads and murmured prayers. The momentary interruption, simple and kindly as it was, took away nothing from the impressiveness or religious significance of the scene. Nor did it lose, to my mind, by the recollection of a conversation in which one of the women had said to me but a few days before: "You Protestants have an easier religion than we. You do not have so many services, so many things required of you." Does not one source of the strength of the Catholic Church, in its dealings with the poor and the toiling, lie in the fact that, while it presents religion to them as a distraction and a consolation, it also imposes definite and easily understood duties closely associated with sacred rites and higher promises? You will hear many a murmur against the necessity of work from peasants who toil faithfully all the days of their lives. This woman gave one little sigh to the obligations of her faith; but she had the faith, and lived up to it as to the labor of the day.

It was verily a service of body and soul that was performed that day by the Fins Hauts procession, — performed in a spirit of reverence and joyousness; and that not by members of a religious order; but by the whole hard-worked population of a little mountain village. Think of every one of them, young and old, walking steadily upward for two hours on a

rough, stony path without ceasing from their alternations of singing and praying! Their pace was so rapid that we who took no part in these exercises had difficulty in keeping up with them. It seemed hardly possible that those shrunken, weather-beaten old women could be capable of a performance requiring such lung power; but we remembered that the entire hay crop of the region had just been cut and raked by these same villagers, men and women alike, on slopes so steep that the operation was a little like standing on the eaves to rake down the roof of a high-gabled house, and had then been carried, every spear of it, on their heads to the hay chalets where it was stored for the winter. Having worked thus, they were strong to celebrate and to worship by climbing the steep path through the woods that folded up their little procession, and stretched it out again by zigzags; changing constantly the relations of white veils and red and gilt banners to the vivid greens of the soft, deep moss which covered the great stones and boulders massed in confusion between the rough trunks of the pine-trees. After leaving the woods we came to a group of four or five dark brown chalets on a ridge, with a torrent coming down beside them, conducted through wooden pipes into troughs for the cattle. The weather was still gray; Mont Blanc was hidden from view, and the Glacier du Trient had an ashen look under the cloud that covered the white dome behind it; but we knew well what a lifting of the mists, if it had taken place, would have disclosed from that point. The chalets wore a familiar, hospitable look. Only a short time before, we had spent the night there; climbing up through the woods with a lantern, sleeping for three or four hours in a hayloft, and coming out at three o'clock to stand shivering by the torrent and watch the first faint light in the sky, and then the wonderful rose touching the summit of Mont Blanc, and creeping

slowly downwards over its snowy breast, and then the fire on the glacier as the light struck it from between the dark mountains. The sun does not hold all his levees on the Righi, though he has there his largest audience.

The procession was ahead of us as we climbed up towards the Col de la Gueulaz. We had fallen into talk, of the sort that slackens the pace, — talk that is like reverie, leading nowhither, glancing where it lists, searchingly or idly. We tried to bridge with our thoughts the gulf which lies between participant and looker-on in such a scene; to put ourselves for an instant in the place of a mind to which it was no mere spectacle, but a natural and harmonious part of life, — a mind akin, no doubt, to that which, in times gone by, painted naive, adorable frescoes on the walls of Italian churches. How can it be so near to the cultivated, skeptical mind of to-day that we are penetrated through and through with the feeling of those old frescoes, unable to look with dry eyes at the white-veiled procession coming towards us on the winding road, or mounting through the deep-mossed woods; and, being so near, how can it be so remote? Must comprehension pay for all its dearly prized gains by constant and inevitable loss? Or even is comprehension itself often but a perception and sense of things lost, or a compensation for things not to be found? And then we came back from the abstract and the human to the strange scene about us, for we were going up the last ascent to the Col on a road made all of large broken stones, with the rocks of the Bel Oiseau above us on the one hand, and on the other, across a ravine, the mighty precipice of the Perron, with great clouds veiling and unveiling its stern brow. Clouds were gathering, too, about the narrow defile ahead of us which formed the summit of the Col, up which the procession was just climbing. The mist swept across its rear in puffs of white and gray, till

the line of white veils and banners, and even the sturdy mountaineers behind, seemed made of its substance, though each figure was perfectly distinct. Two by two they mounted the rocky way under the sheer gray wall to the top of the defile, and then dropped, two by two, over its edge, as abruptly, yet quietly, as if they had stepped down into an *oubliette* of soft mist. In a moment the last figure had disappeared, and only the long streamers of gray and white mist remained sweeping across the rocky edge, to curl round the mountain and disappear in their turn.

And the wonderful contrast when we reached the top! It was indeed abrupt as an *oubliette*, the descent by steps rough-hewn in the rock to the green valley below. A little valley it was, oval in shape, perfectly flat, with a placid, shallow stream flowing through it, and walls of rock, or almost equally sheer alp, on all sides. The sun had burst forth at last, and sent a long band of yellow light across the level verdure; and the procession was moving straight along this band of light as in a path of glory, the white veils gleaming splendidly, the sturdy russet-clad forms all warm and alive.

On descending to the valley we passed a little chapel on a green knoll. It could hardly have been more than five feet high. It had a decorated altar shut behind a grating. The procession had not halted there, but had gone on to the group of chalets beyond. On the outer wall of one of these chalets was a shrine garlanded with rhododendrons and other Alpine flowers, and presided over by a little blackened Virgin of carved wood. A short service had been held there before we arrived, after which the procession had broken up, and the people were busy over the preparations for breakfast. A fire was made in one of the chalets, and a huge caldron, one of those used for cheese-making, was set over it for boiling the milk. Boiled milk and white

bread — the latter a luxury — formed the peasants' breakfast. Their usual staff of life was a sort of black bread, which was baked for the whole village in a large oven once in three months. Meat was a rarity. They often started off for the fields on a breakfast of this black bread with butter or cheese and milk, and their noonday meal sometimes consisted of Indian-meal mush with milk and a piece of cheese. Yet they did not look ill nourished, and I saw no signs of the diseases which a too scanty diet could hardly have failed to produce.

The benediction was their peculiar festival. They were the hosts and hostesses of the occasion, discharging the duties of the office towards their foreign guests with a natural grace and kindliness. Some of the women invited us to join them, as they sat in little groups on the grass, offered us bowls of milk, and entertained us with pleasant talk of hay crops, of the long mountain winters, and the various labors and customs. Among themselves they spoke in the Valaisian *patois*, a dialect related to both the French and Italian languages; but they also spoke excellent French, expressing themselves very correctly and with a pleasing accent. They were an interesting people to talk with, well mannered, intelligent, ready to answer questions, and full of questions to ask in their turn about the distant land we came from. "Are they all Protestants in your country?" one sweet-faced woman asked me. "Oh, no," I replied. "There are many Catholic churches. The Catholics have equal rights with the Protestants." "But that is strange to have both in the same country." "Why, no," I said. "It is like Switzerland. You are all Catholics in the Valais, but in Vaud they are Protestant, and in the canton of Neuchâtel both religions are supported by the state." "That is true," she said. "I had never thought of it. We have both;" and added, probably rather from an instinct of politeness than from con-

viction or meditation, "The great thing is to live well."

Sometimes the questions were frankly personal. We were always asked our ages, and learned in return those of our interlocutors. They were interested in comparing their modes of farming with ours. Were there any mountains in the country where I came from? Was the haying the same as with them? Was it a beautiful country? They were surprised to hear that we did not cultivate to the same height on our mountain slopes, nor cut every wisp of grass round the edge of a precipice, nor raise a patch of wheat the size of a dining-room table for the sake of the straw to make hats. It must be a rich country that could dispense with these efforts. They asked about wages and the cost of living. The former might have inspired a desire to emigrate, if the latter had not been too much of a shock to their ideas. They had no conception of earnings large enough to justify such outlay. The amount of money which passed through their hands in the course of a year must have been a very small one; and although, to people leading a life of such thrift and labor, there was a glamour about the notion of gaining, they had a deeper realization of the pain of spending.

It would be presumptuous and absurd to attempt any generalizations on the character of these peasants upon the data of a few weeks' intercourse. Everybody knows how the summer boarder, however well treated, is held at arm's length by the resident population even of a little New England village. In Europe, the line of demarcation between rural and urban folk is deeper and more impassable, although the intercourse between them is often friendly, and in Switzerland at least is marked by an equality of tone greater than that which prevails with us. Count Tolstóy is perhaps not far wrong in his ideas of getting at the people. The peasants

may well wonder or smile at a man who wants to play at work without the obligation upon him; but the fact remains that their world is governed by work, and that people who have things without visibly working for them belong to another world. If a native of their own country, not of peasant birth or associations, is necessarily a trifle alien from them, how much more one of another nationality! For difference of race, which lies deep, is bridged by cultivation, by habits of intercourse, and by personal sympathy, but is sure to be felt most strongly in relations with that class which is most truly national, most attached to local forms and customs, and least cognizant of the world outside. No, a tourist cannot pretend to know the true mind and inward bent of the people, as he learns to know the landscape and the mountain paths. With all his communicativeness, the peasant has a reticent side in intercourse with those who are not of his own race, class, and persuasion. He has his mental corner cupboard under lock and key. His true self is no more to be recklessly parted with than his bit of coin. A habit of courtesy, which is yet not servility, suggests to him the necessity of giving an answer agreeable to his interlocutor rather than one expressive of his own point of view, which he is perhaps not used to expressing. In giving my impressions of my Valaisian friends, I must speak as one who feels and honors their reserves; as an observer who can give no full or complete results of study, still less pronounce a final judgment upon the human beings in any canton or sphere whatsoever.

The strongest impression made upon me by intercourse with these and other peasants in Europe is that of a great simplicity of character as compared with a rural population in our own country. The aforementioned reticence of the peasant is no contradiction of this, for simplicity has its reserves as well as artifice, and the simplest things in the

world are not always the easiest to understand; often the more complex and involved ones force themselves nearer to our consciousness. Life to the European peasant is less complex, because more clearly defined, than to the New England farmer. The outward conditions of existence are practically the same for the whole village: it is not a life into which half the population have drifted by chance, and which they expect to give up for something else; it is the life which their fathers have led before them, which they themselves expect to lead to the end of the chapter, and to hand on to their children. There is less loneliness than with us, less eccentricity and morbidness, and there are no such cases of mental alienation due to other than physical causes. The peasants have their noses to the grindstone; practical questions and actual happenings fill their horizon. They are not so sturdily independent in money-matters as our country people, but here it must be remembered that the conditions are different; that with them the pennies count, that wages are low, and that there has always been what may be called a greater interdependence of classes, a greater demand for small services on the one hand, and for small rewards on the other. They live more frankly and constantly before the eyes of their neighbors, peasants and strangers, than our farmers are ever called upon to do, but they do not seem to live to the same degree with a view to their neighbors' opinion. They take things more simply, and are virtuous or vicious more as a matter of course. During half of every year their country is invaded by hordes of beings who spend without working (the poorest tourist comes for the nonce, however innocently, into this category), and who take possession of the whole landscape before the face of men and women who work from year to year without getting aught to spend. That the peasants go on their way with so little heed to these interruptions speaks some-

thing for their independence of character. Except in certain parts of the Oberland, where it has been introduced by lavish tourists and become an unmitigated nuisance, begging is little known in Switzerland. The peasants are often intelligent, but rarely exhibit smartness or cleverness, qualities which abound among the poorest rural populations of our own country. Numbers of New England farm boys become successful men of business, inventors, even clever artists, for one peasant who leaves his plough; but when we come to count the gains of a country's literature or art, we find here and there in Europe an imagination growing up amid these slow, hampered conditions, with the clods sticking to its roots and the prose of hard fact rubbed into its poetry, and the result is something that we can call great. Nature sacrifices a great many points and small effects to a larger end.

While we sat on the grass and talked, the cattle were waiting for their benediction, grazing meanwhile on the other side of the rivulet, the tinkle of their bells coming to us across the valley. After a while it was proposed that we should go over and view them, as each of our entertainers wished to show us her cow. So we strolled across to the boggy meadow where they were feeding, to be introduced to one after another of the large-eyed creatures, and to hear the record of their yieldings in milk, their calving, their haps and mishaps, their idiosyncrasies and good qualities. The benediction service was to be held at the little chapel, and each peasant was to pay for one or more masses, according to his means, for his own cow. Our offers to contribute in special cases towards a mass were declined. Only those who had cows, they said, needed to pay. Not with the money of the stranger could the blessing of God be bought.

About the chapel was gathered a lovely group, the white-veiled women kneeling, nunlike and devout, with their rosa-

ries in their hands; the other villagers, men and women, either kneeling or sitting in groups on the grass. The curé stood before the door—he was taller than the building—and said mass. Beyond, at a little distance, were the cattle feeding by the stream; and above the alp covered with rhododendron bush, from which almost the last flowers had been stripped to decorate the altar, the gray rocks of the Bel Oiseau running up into the gray sky. That still little Barbarine valley had been the scene, far back in history, of a fierce battle; probably a fight for rights of pasturage between the people of Salvan or Fins Hauts and the Savoyards. The peasants told us about it. Like old Kaspar, they had forgotten

“All about the war,

And what they killed each other for,”

but related with awe that there were many slain, “and their bones are lying here under the grass.” And for many a year it has been the annual custom for the whole village to repair thither, and for masses to be said for the safety and welfare of the cattle sent up there to graze through the mild weather.

The masses over, the procession formed again to climb the steps up to the Col and descend to Fins Hauts. As it passed under the high rocks near the top of the Col, a herd of mountain goats fell into line beside it, and ran along with it a little way, — delicate creatures, small, lithe, and brown, like chamois, confiding and tame as lambs. Two of them mounted a rocky pinnacle beside the path, and, standing poised in chamois attitude on its almost pointed top, where a green bush waved like a plume, looked down at the procession passing by. A procession of *braves gens*, of simple, kindly hearts: may they find year by year, for themselves and their cattle in the Barbarine valley, the blessing which they earn by the year's toil as well as by the annual climb, with prayer and song, over the Col de la Gueulaz.

QUATRAINS OF AUGUST.

I. *August.*

SHE bends, a woman, o'er the shrunken brook,
 And reads her image, queenly grown and fair;
 Yet dwells a wistful sadness in the look
 That sees her vanished girlhood mirrored there.

II. *Corn.*

Drawn up in serried ranks across the fields
 That, as we gaze, seem ever to increase,
 With tasseled flags and sun-emblazoned shields,
 The glorious army of earth's perfect peace.

III. *Dormant Bulbs.*

Still damp with earth I hold them in my hand,
 These things that were red tulips in the spring;
 And swift the thought we may not understand
 Shoots through my brain and leaves me wondering.

Charles Washington Coleman.

THE PERSIANS OF ÆSCHYLOS.

IN a preceding essay,¹ intended as an historical introduction to the present subject, it was mentioned that early in the fifth century B. C., probably soon after 494, the tragic poet Phrynichos produced at Athens a drama entitled *The Capture of Miletos*. For the information we are indebted to a passing allusion by Herodotos. In spite of a discouraging reception on one other and undoubtedly a subsequent occasion, Phrynichos ventured to exhibit a purely historical tragedy. This, and something more, we learn from the introductory remarks, or "hypothesis," of an ancient commentator, which in the manuscripts of Æschylos is found prefixed to *The Persians*. The scene of Phrynichos' play,

also, was laid at Susa. It had a prologue, spoken, or at least opened, by a slave, who was engaged in preparing the seats for the council meeting of the Persian elders. In the course of this prologue, moreover, which was probably a soliloquy, the defeat of Xerxes was mentioned. The resemblance to Æschylos' play, which already becomes evident, extended to the opening words. The first line of Phrynichos' tragedy ran,

"These are the Persians' seats, who came of old."

This drama was called *Phœnissæ*; that is, *The Phœnician Women*. The men of Phœnicia were actually serving on Xerxes' fleet in 480 B. C., in which year the scene is of course laid. Whether the women were supposed to be present in

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1892.

the Persian capital, as slaves, hostages, or captives, we are not told. The tragedy of Phrynichos was evidently performed at an earlier date than Æschylos' drama. Indeed, the opening sentence of the hypothesis accuses Æschylos of plagiarizing his Persians from the rival poet's Phœnissæ. The fragmentary and tantalizing nature of our information regarding the entire history of the Greek drama is aptly illustrated by this example. We know nothing positively, beyond what is already stated, as to Phrynichos' play.

But Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles, says that the latter was choragos — that is, took his turn, as rich men had to do, at paying the cost of representing a group of tragedies — on a certain occasion when Phrynichos was the poet. Themistocles, as was usual, set up an inscribed tablet to commemorate the victory of Phrynichos over his rivals. Plutarch repeats the inscription, and the mention of the archon — the usual Athenian method of designating a year — fixes the date as 476 B. C. It is not stated what plays were performed.

Now, it is unlikely that such a drama as the Phœnissæ was acted in 479 B. C., when a large part of Xerxes' army was still within Thermopylæ. It might have appeared, however, in any year between that date and 472, when Æschylos' Persians was first brought out.

It remains, therefore, a surmise, though a most attractive and credible one, that the Phœnissæ was one of the plays offered in 476. It has been ingeniously argued, further, that the chorus was made up of Phœnician women, because the exploit of Themistocles against the royal fleet was made prominent in the plot, to the neglect of Aristides' valuable services on the same day, and the next year at Platæa.

It is really a pity that these "fruitful conjectures," as a German scholar

¹ If an Englishman wished to write a descriptive and declamatory tragedy on the battle of Flodden, he would without doubt follow

would call them, will probably never be actually proved true. It would then be easy to see the motives which prompted Æschylos, in his turn, only four years later, to bring the same subject upon the stage. Æschylos naturally belonged, in Athenian affairs, to the conservative side, of which Aristides was still the foremost representative. It is certainly worthy of remark that both the exploits of Aristides are made the most of in the Æschylean play; the battle of Platæa in particular being, as we shall see, dragged into notice by a rather violent dramatic device. Themistocles' deeds are not belittled, it is true, but it is noticeable that no Grecian chieftain is mentioned by name, or even distinctly alluded to. On the whole, it seems highly probable that our play actually was to some extent, though not in any unartistic or unworthy sense, a political stroke, and a counter-argument to a drama written for Themistocles by Phrynichos. Both the rival leaders, as well as thousands of veterans of the war and other eye-witnesses of the sea fight, were no doubt present in the theatre when the drama was performed. This is the best possible guarantee that the poet aimed at accurate treatment of all the local and well-known features of his plot, at least.

It would not be difficult to discern the motives which prompted both tragic poets to transfer the scene of their plays to Persia. The Greek drama was not, despite its name, one of action, but consisted of little more than effective declamation in costume. It would never have occurred to an Athenian that a mimic representation of the sea fight at Salamis, or of any great battle, could be put upon the stage, — unless indeed it were the comic stage. There was no place in Hellas itself to which the tidings could be brought, in the play, with good dramatic effect.¹ Furthermore, any account

the example of Aytoun's ballad, and lay his scene in the Scottish capital.

of the struggle from the lips of Greeks could hardly avoid the tone of excessive exultation, which was regarded as most offensive to the Hellenic gods. Xerxes, in his insolence and pride, was the chief tragic figure, defying Zeus, like the mythical Salmoneus and Capaneus.

There is very little indication in the drama, however, of familiarity with Persian customs and beliefs. The theology and moralizing of the chorus would shock no orthodox Greek. Indeed, the very costume of its members was unquestionably the regular tragic dress, over which were doubtless worn some more or less accurate insignia of their assumed character. There is not much of what we call "local color" in the play, and that little is not remarkable for its accuracy. As to the entire treatment of Darius, we must go further; for his effectiveness as a character in the drama is secured by a deliberate suppression of the most familiar historic facts.

Our play differs from most later ones, and indeed even from that of Phrynichos, in having no prologue, beginning at once with the entrance of the chanting chorus. It is, moreover, hardly practicable to divide *The Persians* into a regular succession of episodes or acts, with intervening choric songs, such as are clearly marked in the fully developed Athenian drama. The original choral element is still very prominent in this early tragedy. The play divides itself most naturally into three sections: the first culminating in the detailed account of the defeat at Salamis, delivered by the messenger; the second embracing the appearance of Darius's ghost and his prophetic allusion to Platea; the third signalized by the appearance of Xerxes himself. It is the gravest fault of the drama, as a work of art, that of these three main divisions of the subject the first was to the original auditors, and is still to us, incomparably the most interesting of all, while the last is the least effective. Indeed, the effort of the poet and the dignity

of the dramatic action both fall off unmistakably in the closing scene.

The well-known theatre of Dionysos, on the southern side of the Athenian Acropolis, was not completed until late in the fourth century B. C. There is no trace of stone constructions of an earlier date. Throughout the golden period of the Greek drama, the fifth century, the spectators sat on wooden benches upon the hillside, and any arrangements made for the actors were probably of an equally temporary character. In our play, the palace of the Persian king was represented at the back of the scene. At the spectators' right was visible Darius's funeral-mound, and perhaps also something to indicate that the city of Susa lay in that direction. Whether there was a stage, elevating the actors proper above the level of the orchestra in which the chorus appeared, is still a subject of the fiercest controversy. The writer ventures to suggest that the palace may have been approached by two or three steps, as was the case with a Greek temple, while the orchestra indicated the ordinary level of the street or open square in front of the royal abode.

The twelve members of the chorus, representing the venerable councilors of the king, enter from the right, as if coming from the city, to the anapestic movement of their marching song.

Chorus (entering). These are they who the
Faithful are called
Of the Persians that forth into Hellas are gone.
And the warders are we
Of the sumptuous home, whom because of our
rank
Xerxes our lord, the monarch himself,
Of Darius the son,
To govern the country selected.

And concerning the homeward return of our
king,
And of his army equipped in gold,
With evil forebodings exceedingly stirred
Is my spirit, and crieth within me.

For all of the vigor from Asia sprung
Is departed and gone;

And neither a horseman nor messenger yet
The town of the Persians approaches.

Even so early the note of anxious foreboding is struck, and the same tone is heard more and more persistently, despite the utmost apparent effort to maintain a spirit of proud confidence in the invincible host. Here begins an enumeration of the chief divisions of the royal array.

Cho. They from Agbátana forth have fared,
From Susa, and out of the ancient hold

In the Kissian land,
Some upon horses, and others on ships;
And the infantry march
In solid and martial column.

Amístres and Artáphrenes,
Megabátes and Astaspes too,
The Persians' chiefs,
The great king's subjects, and kings themselves,
Speed onward, commanding the mighty array,
Archer-warriors, riders of steeds,
Fearful to see, and dread in the fray
For the steadfast faith of their spirits;

Both Artembáres delighting in steeds,
And Masístes, and that bowman good
Imaios, and Pharandákes too,
And the driver of horses Sosthánēs.

These barbarous names, with their broad "Italian" vowels, sounded as formidable and unfamiliar to Athenian ears as they do to our own. They were, in fact, largely invented by Æschylos for that very purpose, though a few actually appear in Herodotos and other chroniclers of the century.

Cho. Yet others the mighty all-nourishing Nile

Has sent us: Sousiskánes born
In the land of Egypt, the sources' lord,
And he who in sacred Memphis rules,
Arsánes the great, and he who commands,
Ariomárdos, in Thebes the Old;
And the dwellers in marshes, the rowers of ships,
Dreaded, in multitude countless.

It will be remembered that Egypt had revolted in the last years of Darius, and

¹ For those who cannot suffer the absence of rhyme in such passages, the present translator

had since been reconquered by Xerxes. Hence its appearance here in the imposing catalogue of the king's forces.

And the Lydian's throng, to luxury bred,
Follow, who all the race include
That dwell on the mainland, whom Arcteus bold,
And Mitrógathes, the kingly chiefs,
Lead from Sardis, abounding in gold,
As they ride upon many a chariot forth;
Troops with quadruple and sixfold steeds,
A most terrible sight to be looked on!

"The race that dwell on the mainland" is the very delicate allusion of our poet to a most painful fact. The recently subjugated Greek cities of Asia and the adjacent islands had furnished, under dire compulsion, a large portion of Xerxes' fleet. They had since been for the most part liberated by the forces of the Delian league, of which they gladly became members; and now, at the great spring festival of Dionysos, representatives from many of those cities may have been sitting in the Athenian theatre and listening to this very song. They could not share in the pride with which such reminiscences filled every Athenian heart; but the tragic poet does not wound the tender feelings of his city's guests.

Omitting a stanza or two, we may add the last measures of the anapestic march:—

Thus is the flower of the men who dwelt
In Persia gone,
And over them all the Asian land,
That bred them, in eager yearning groans,
While parents and wives from day unto day
For the lengthening time are in terror.

The anapests end here, and the councilors have doubtless reached their proper position, facing the palace, expectantly awaiting the appearance of Atossa, the queen mother. Yet before she comes forth they chant a long series of lyric stanzas in more elaborate choral metres, which an English version can hardly reproduce.¹

refers once for all to Professor Lewis Campbell's version of Æschylos, published in 1890.

Cho. *Now the town-destroying royal army
To the neighborland has crost,
Passing, on a raft with linen fastened,
Athamantid Helle's stream.
Like a yoke their many-bolted pathway
On the water's throat they set.*

Helle, the daughter of Athamas, was one of the two children carried off by the golden-fleeced ram of the familiar myth. She fell from the ram's back in mid-air, and was drowned in the strait that divides the continents, which from her took the name Hellespontos.

The reader of Herodotos will recall the story of the bridges. The first one constructed was quickly carried away by the current, whereupon Xerxes caused the "bitter and treacherous river" to be cursed and scourged. Fetters were also thrown into the stream, at the king's command. There was even a story that he sent men to brand it as a royal slave. Though Herodotos rejects this detail as incredible, it is quite as characteristic as the rest.¹ The two bridges over which the army safely crossed were subsequently constructed by the Phœnicians, who were also the most skillful among the workers on the great canal dug behind Mount Athos.

Cho. *Many-peopled Asia's eager ruler
Drives his wondrous flock
Into all the earth, in twain divided,
On the land and sea as well
Trusting to his firm and harsh commanders ;
He, the godlike man of golden race !*

The phrase "harsh commanders" is, perhaps, a significant detail. It was customary for Persian officers to drive their men, presumably those of alien and subjugated races only, with scourges into battle. The "golden race" is an allusion to the story of Danaë, the mother of Perseus, from which hero the ruling caste in Persia were believed to trace their descent. Of course the idea was purely a Greek invention, suggested by the similarity of names.

¹ The Theban renegades who went over to the king at Thermopylæ were promptly sub-

Cho. *With the deadly serpent's darksome look
From his eyes he gazes ;
Many-handed, lord of many ships,
Drives his Syrian car ;
Leads against the race renowned as spearmen
Hosts with arrows armed.*

This contrast between the spear and bow as the favorite arms of Greece and Persia is often insisted on in our play. The long pikes of the Spartan infantry in particular were really an important element of superiority in the field.

Cho. *Yet our mighty stream of men to stem
None is found so famous,
None with firmest barriers may withstand
That unconquered wave ;
For resistless is the Persian army,
Stout of heart their folk.*

*For from the gods hath Destiny
Of old received her power,
And on the Persians are imposed
Tower-sacking wars to wage,
The battle-rush of charioteers,
And overthrow of towns.*

*And they have learned to look upon
The sacred watery tract,
When under gusts impetuous
The wide-wayed sea is gray,
And put their trust in slender ropes,
In vessels bearing men.*

But the very mention of the unfamiliar sea brings dread afresh to the hearts of the aged Persians. The next stanza is unmistakably in the minor key.

Cho. *Yet a god's deceitful craft
Who of mortal men may shun ?
Who is of so nimble feet,
Master of a leap so light ?
Atë, with her gentle mien,
Lureth man into the toils,
Whence it is not possible
That a mortal shall escape.*

This tone of anxiety does not grow lighter before the long ode closes, a few stanzas farther on, with these lines : —

Cho. *Tears and longing for their husbands
Fill the Persian women's couches ;
Each one, grieving for her lord,
Having sent her eager husband
Forth to war, bereft remains.*

jected to the same indignity of branding, "beginning with the general."

In such passages the English reader will without doubt be reminded of old Allan-bane's vain effort to draw from his harp, for Ellen's sake, a strain of joyous hopefulness:—

"I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe;
And the proud march, which victors tread,
Sinks in the wailing for the dead."

The old men now evidently take their seats in the portico of the palace, until they rise again, a moment later, to receive Atossa.

Cho. But come, ye Persians, taking our seat
In this ancient abode,
To meditation discreet and profound
Let us turn, and the need is approaching!

What, indeed, has befallen for Xerxes our king,
Of Darius the son,
From a race that has given a name unto ours?
Is the bended bow the victorious force,
Or is the strength
Of the keen-tipped spear more mighty?

At this point, Atossa, widow of Darius, and regent during her son's absence, is brought out in her palanquin from the palace.

Cho. But, behold, our monarch's mother doth bring
A light to our eyes as that of the gods.
My queen, I do thee obeisance.

It is fitting, moreover, that we should all
In words of greeting address her.

This, accordingly, the councilors proceeded to do, but the anapests, which had been resumed for a few lines, are again dropped. The dialogue proceeds for some time in long trochaic lines. This metrical form is an unnatural and therefore a difficult mould for English sentences, but in the early Greek tragedy, as Aristotle tells us, it was the favorite metre of the dialogue, though later displaced by the iambic trimeter. Its presence here is of course an added proof, if any were needed, of the early date of our drama.

Cho. O my queen, most high in station of
deep-girded Persian dames,

Xerxes' venerable mother, hail to thee, Darius' wife.

Spouse unto a god of Persians, mother to a god art thou,
— If the ancient evil genius hath not injured yet the host!

Atossa. This is why I come, departing from the halls with gold adorned,
And the common bridal chamber of Darius and myself:

Anxious doubt my heart is gnawing. But to you the tale I'll tell,
Who am nowise free from terror for myself, beloved friends,
Lest our mighty wealth may flee our threshold, and may overturn

All the bliss Darius builded, not without the aid of gods.

Such the twofold troublous thought that vaguely in my breast abides:

That abundant treasure, lacking men, is not in reverence held,

Nor on men bereft of treasure shines the light as suits their strength.

Yet our wealth may not be doubted, for our Eyes my terror is;

Since the presence of the master as the house's eye I hold.

Therefore, since affairs are standing so, O Persians, prove yourselves

In this question my advisers, venerable faithful ones.

Cho. Know thou well not twice thou speakest, sovereign lady of our land,

Wheresoe'er in speech or action we have power to lead the way;

Seeing we are indeed devoted whom thou call'st as counselors.

In the following passage the familiar iambic metre appears for the first time in the play. Readers interested in questions of metrical form will notice, without further remark, how the iambs alternate with trochees in the conversational portions of our tragedy.

Atossa. 'Mid many nightly visions evermore

I dwell, since, marshaling his host, my son, Seeking to spoil the Ionians' land, is gone.

But so distinctly none did I behold

As this past night. And I will tell it you.

Methought two women, beautifully drest,

Of whom the one in Persian robes was clad,

And one in Dorian, to my sight did come:

In stature noblest far of all that live,

And in their faultless beauty; of one race,

Sisters; but one had her allotted home

On Grecian earth, and on barbarian one.

Some strife arose, as I did think I saw,
Between these two. My son, perceiving it,
Restrained and soothed them. To his chariot
He yoked the twain, and on their necks he set
The collar. One took pride in this attire,
And held her mouth submissive to the rein.
The other strove, rent with her hands apart
And tore perforce the harness of the car,
Despite the bit, and broke the yoke in twain.
My son fell; and beside him stood his sire,
Darius, pitying him. But Xerxes, when
He saw him, rent his robes about his form.

The dream of the dowager queen is intended to be easy and certain of interpretation. It is remarkable, however, that the Greek poet represents the Persian and Greek nations as sisters, and alike faultless in face and figure; that is, as the two noblest nations of the earth. He could of course know nothing of that actual community of origin among the so-called Aryan nations which is now so well established; nor is it likely that the resemblances in the two languages were of a kind to strike a Grecian ear. Perhaps the mythical descent of the Persians from the Greek hero Perseus may have influenced this passage to some extent. But it has been remarked elsewhere that Herodotos also shows a large appreciation of Persian character.

Atossa continues:—

This, in the night, I say that I beheld.
But when I had arisen, and dipt my hands
In the fair-flowing spring, I neared the shrine,
With hand prepared to the averting powers
To pour libations, who such rites may claim.

I saw an eagle fleeing to the hearth
Of Phœbos. Dumb with fright I stood, O
friends.

And then a hawk I saw, that with full speed
Assailed him on the wing, and tore his head
With talons. He no otherwise appeared
Than cowering.

These are fearful things for me
To view, for you to hear. For know ye well,
My son, victorious, were a marvelous man;
And, failing, need not answer to the state,
But, if he live, shall rule no less the land.

This humiliation of the royal eagle by the baser bird is also a portent whose meaning can hardly be missed. Despite

the defiant tone of these closing words, or indeed all the more for that, both the dream and the actual occurrence of the morning serve their dramatic purpose, and the cloud of foreboding hangs yet more darkly over the royal home. We seem already to hear, as it were, the coming feet of the messenger of woe.

Cho. We desire not to affright thee, mother,
overmuch by words,
Nor to embolden; but, approaching with thy
suppliant prayers the gods,
If thou sawest aught of evil, pray that they
may this avert,
But the good may be accomplished, for thine
offspring and for thee,
For the state, and all thou lovest. Next 'tis
fitting that to Earth
And the dead thou pour libations, and in meek-
ness this beseech:
That thy lord Darius, whom thou saidst thou
sawest in the night,
Blessings send from under earth to daylight
for thy child and thee,
But the contrary thereof be buried and in
darkness veiled.
Thus from my prophetic soul in meekness
have I counseled thee,
And we trust that every way the issue shall be
well thereof.

The expression "prophetic soul" intimates that the aged leader, who here and elsewhere speaks for the council, foresees clearly the evil which is at hand.

During this and other passages those on the stage no doubt turned their eyes often toward the tumulus of Darius.

Atossa. Why! a kindly first expounder of
these visions, for my son
And his house, in truth art thou, who utterest
thy decision thus.
May the end indeed be happy! And whatever
thou hast bid
All we to the gods will offer, and the loved
ones under earth,
When we to our dwelling pass: but this I
wish in full to learn,
O my friends, where on the earth men say the
town of Athens is.

There is a certain improbability in this inquiry and the ensuing conversation, at so late a time. In the same manner, the Homeric Helen, in the tenth year of the Trojan war, points out to Priam the chief

heroes of the beleaguering host. Such license is, however, constantly necessary, in order to bring effective material within the dramatist's limits. We can easily imagine with what applause the Athenian audience received some of the following lines.

Cho. Far away, where at his setting lordly Helios vanishes.

Atossa. Yet the longing seized indeed my son to hunt this city down?

Cho. Ay, for so the whole of Hellas would be subject to the king.

With this emphatic compliment should be compared the statement of Herodotos to the same effect, quoted in the previous paper. It would be too curious to ask how the councilor chances to be so well informed. He may himself have served against the Athenians in former years.

Atossa. Such a mighty multitude of men is in their army, then?

Cho. Such a host as has accomplished many evils for the Medes!

The evils alluded to are especially the destruction of Sardis and the rout at Marathon. The intimation that the power of the Athenians was not dependent on mere numbers would not be lost upon the poet's auditors.

Atossa. What have they beyond this? Is there wealth sufficient in their home?

Cho. They possess a silver spring, a treasure-chamber in the earth.

This highly poetical metaphor is the earliest reference we have to the silver mines in southern Attica, which had enabled the Athenians to equip the great fleet for the war with Xerxes.

Atossa. Is it, pray, the bow-spied dart that in their hand is eminent?

Cho. Nay, not so, but firm-held pikes, and harness that a shield affords.

Atossa. Who is shepherd over them, and despot of the multitude?

Cho. Servants of no mortal master, nor his subjects are they called.

Atossa. How, then, may they make a stand against invading enemies?

Cho. So, that they destroyed Darius' great and glorious armament!

Atossa. For the parents of the absent bitter thoughts thy words provide.

Cho. But methinks full soon exactly all the story thou wilt know;

For the speed of yonder man makes evident his Persian race,

And he brings some certain tidings, good or evil things to hear.

So the messenger, for whom we have been waiting, now enters from the left; that is, from a foreign land, according to the conventions of the theatre. It will be profitable to study attentively the manner in which we have been prepared for his arrival. Of action proper the play can, in the nature of things, have little or none, the actual contest being already decided and beyond the limits of the drama. It is only by leading up to the catastrophe that anything like a culmination of interest can be attained.

In the scene which ensues, the messenger's long report is skillfully broken up into four chief divisions, and even here there is some effort to maintain the interest of the hearers by a certain retardation of the most vital information.

Messenger (entering). O towns of all the Asiatic land,

O Persian earth, and mighty port of wealth,
How at one blow your great prosperity
Is quelled! The Persians' bloom is fall'n and gone!

Ah me! 't is ill to be the first to tell
Of ills. Yet all our woe must I unfold.

Persians! the whole barbarian host is lost!

Cho. *Grievous, grievous strange calamities!*
Weep, O Persians, learning this disaster.

With this couplet begins a *kommós*, or *threnody*, the messenger responding with two-line speeches to the frenzied lamentations of the chorus.

Mess. Ay, that is wholly come to pass.
This day

Of safe return I had not hoped to see.

Cho. *All too long the life we live doth seem,
Hearing in our age this woe unhop'd-for!*

Mess. I who was there, not hearing others' tales,

Persians, would tell the evils that were wrought.

Cho. *All in vain, alas!*

Missiles manifold commingled

Out of Asia came

On the Grecian land divine!

Mess. With corpses miserably slain were filled

The Salaminian shores and neighborland !

Cho. *Woe ! Our dear ones' forms*

Drowned and tost upon the waters

Even in death were borne

On their mantles wide outspread !

Mess. Naught did our bows avail, but all the host

Has perished, conquered by the foes' attacks.

Cho. *Utter loud a fateful cry,*

Piteous, for the Persians evil-starred,

Who in all most wretchedly have fared !

Woe is me, the host is lost !

Mess. O Salamis, most hated name to hear !

Ah ! how I groan when Athens I recall !

Cho. *Dread is Athens to her foes !*

Well may we remember how she made

Utterly bereft and husbandless

Many a Persian dame !

Atossa, meanwhile, has regained such composure as befits her rank, and now asks the question she most dreads to hear answered.

Atossa. Long am I mute, — ill-fated, overcome

By woes ; for this disaster is beyond

All words, or questioning as to our mishaps.

Yet mortal men must needs endure the griefs Which gods bestow. But all our loss unfold.

Speak steadfastly, though thou bemoan our woes.

Who is not dead ? Who of the chiefs are we

To mourn, since he, to hold the sceptre set,

Has left, by perishing, his post unmann'd ?

Mess. Xerxes yet lives, and looks upon the sun.

Atossa. Great light unto my house thy words have brought,

And out of darksome night the shining day.

Mess. Artémbares, chief of ten thousand horse,

Lies smitten by the rough Silenian strand ;

And by a spear thrust chiliarch Dádakes

With nimble leap went plunging from his ship.

So many captains do I now recall ;

Yet of our many griefs I announce but few.

Of this speech the reader has here been spared more than twenty lines, containing as formidable a list of barbaric names as had occurred in the opening chant.

Atossa. Alas ! these are the crowning woes I hear ;

To Persians cause for shame and shrill lament.

— But tell me this, returning once again, How great the number was of Grecian ships, That with the Persian armament they dared To join in battle and in deadly strife.

Mess. So far as numbers went, know well, in ships

Stronger was the barbarian ; for in all

On the Greek side were but three hundred sail,

And ten selected ones apart from them.

A thousand was the multitude, I know,

Which Xerxes led, and twice an hundred more

And seven, exceeding swift : so runs the tale.

Thou dost not deem us weaker for the fight ?

Atossa. Yet even so some god destroyed our host,

Loading with an unequal fate the scales ?

Mess. The gods preserve the goddess Pallas' town.

Atossa. Is, then, the town of Athens undestroyed ?

Mess. While her men live she is a bulwark firm !

If the messenger has an even higher appreciation of Athenian prowess than the spokesman of the chorus displayed just before, we must remember that his experience thereof is both more recent and more severe.

Atossa. But how began the battle of the ships ?

Tell ! Who commenced the fight ? Was it the Greeks,

Or my son, trustful in his vessels' throng ?

Mess. A dæmon or avenger came, O queen, I know not whence, and all the harm began.

For a Greek man from the Athenian host

Arrived, and this to Xerxes said, thy son :

That if the dusk of the black night should come,

The Greeks would tarry not, but leap upon

Their vessels' decks, and turning various ways

Would save by a clandestine flight their lives.

The allusion is of course to the famous message of Themistocles, carried by Sikinnos, who had been the instructor of the statesman's sons. Still, by those not already familiar with the incident, it might hardly be noticed that these words could not refer merely to one of the numberless deserters who had streamed into Xerxes' camp ever since he entered Thessaly. At any rate, there is no hint that this man had been sent by a Greek commander. It is a singu-

lar fact that the messenger was dispatched in broad daylight.

And he, when this he heard, did not perceive

The Greek man's craft, nor envy of the gods,
But unto all the captains thus proclaimed :
" When the sun burns no longer with his rays
The earth, but darkness holds the tracts of air,
Array the mass of ships in treble line
To guard the exits and the roaring straits,
And others in a ring round Aias' isle."

— Since if the Greeks should shun their evil fate,

Devising with their ships some secret flight,
His captains all were doomed to lose their heads.

Such words he spake from his exultant heart,

Nor knew what from the gods should come to pass.

They, not disorderly, with submissive heart
Prepared their supper, and each mariner
Round the well-fitted pin his oar made fast.
But when the splendor of the sun had waned,
And night came on, each master of an oar
Aboard his vessel went, and each marine.
The lines of war ships one another hailed :
And then, as each was stationed, they set sail,
And through the night the admirals arrayed
Upon the waters all their armament.

The night was passing, and the Grecian host
By no means sought to issue forth unseen.
But when indeed the day with her white steeds

Held all the earth, resplendent to behold,
First from the Greeks the loud-resounding din
Of song triumphant came ; and shrill at once
Echo responded from the island rock.
Then upon all barbarians terror fell,
Thus disappointed ; for not as for flight
The Hellenes sang the holy psalm then,
But setting forth to battle valiantly.
The bugle with its note inflamed them all ;
And straightway with the dip of plashing oars
They smote the deep sea water at command,
And quickly all were plainly to be seen.
Their right wing first in orderly array
Led on, and second all the armament
Followed them forth ; and meanwhile there
was heard

A mighty shout :

" Come, O ye sons of Greeks,
Make free your country, make your children free,

Your wives, and fanes of your ancestral gods,
And your sires' tombs ! For all we now contend ! "

And from our side the rush of Persian speech
Replied : No longer might the crisis wait.

At once ship smote on ship with brazen beak ;
A vessel of the Greeks began the attack,
Crushing the stem of a Phœnician ship.
Each on a different vessel turned his prow.
At first the current of the Persian host
Withstood ; but when within the strait the
throng

Of ships was gathered, and they could not aid
Each other, but by their own brazen bows
Were struck, they shattered all our naval
host.

The Grecian vessels not unskillfully
Were smiting round about ; the hulls of ships
Were overset ; the sea was hid from sight,
Covered with wreckage and the death of men ;
The reefs and headlands were with corpses
filled,

And in disordered flight each ship was rowed,
As many as were of the Persian host.
But they, like tunnies or some shoal of fish,
With broken oars and fragments of the wrecks
Struck us and clove us ; and at once a cry
Of lamentation filled the briny sea,
Till the ' black darkness ' eye did rescue us.

The number of our griefs, not though ten
days

I talked together, could I fully tell ;
But this know well, that never in one day
Perished so great a multitude of men.

There has been no point in this thrilling account where it appeared seemly to interrupt the messenger. Moreover, for a final discussion of all the questions connected with the battle of Salamis, it is only necessary to refer to the paper by Professor Goodwin, printed in the first volume of papers of the American School at Athens. It has been generally stated by modern historians that the Persian ships crept into the bay of Salamis on the night succeeding Themistocles' warning, and lined the entire shore of the bay on the Attic side, where they were discovered at daybreak facing the Athenians across the narrow waters. Such an evolution is utterly impossible, and indeed absurd. The strait is in one place hardly thirty-five hundred feet wide, and a dangerous shoal here reduces the width of the channel to barely eighteen hundred feet. That such a movement, with all the attendant noise and confusion, could have escaped the knowledge of the Greeks is in itself incredible. Numberless details in the

story of Herodotos are irreconcilable with such a theory of the battle. It is not necessary, however, to seek information outside the account of Æschylos, who in such a matter as this is an unimpeachable — and happily also an unmistakable — witness to the truth. Xerxes simply blocked up the “exit and the roaring strait” on the side toward Piræus, and at the same time sent a force of ships around Salamis to close the avenue of escape to the westward. In the eastward strait the battle occurred. This explains the statement of Herodotos, that the wakeful Themistocles learned first from Aristides that the king had followed his advice. This is also the reason why the Greeks, as Æschylos says, were not visible to the Persians until they came forth to battle. An attentive reading of the messenger’s speech can leave no doubt in any unprejudiced mind.

The whole essay of Professor Goodwin should, however, be studied carefully. He endeavors, finally, to prove that every word of Herodotos is consistent with the same view of the movement of Xerxes. In this matter, the student may still retain the impression that Herodotos has here, as in other cases, only vague and inaccurate ideas as to the topography of the field, and expresses himself with corresponding vagueness and inexactness. His statements, even if actually opposed to the account of Æschylos, would have, on such a point as this, simply no weight whatever.

Of the real terror and the divided counsels among the Greeks we hear nothing from Æschylos. It was not necessary that his Persian messenger should know of these things, nor mention them if he did know. Nor was it a subject which the dramatist’s audience would care to have recalled. The silence of the poet in no way discredits the account of the historian.

But the messenger has much more to tell.

Atossa. Alas! a mighty sea of woes has broken

On Persians and the whole barbarian race!

Mess. Now this know well, not yet the half of ill

Is told. Such suffering and disaster came On them as even doubly these outweighed.

Atossa. What fate could be more hostile yet than this?

Tell us, what was that evil chance which yet Again, and weightier yet, the host befell?

Mess. Those Persians who were in the prime of life,

Noble of soul and eminent by birth, And ever first in faith unto their lord, Have basely perished by an inglorious fate.

Atossa. Ah, wretched me in this disaster, friends!

But by what fate say’st thou they were destroyed?

Mess. There is an isle in front of Salamis, Small, insecure for ships, haunted by Pan, Who loves the dance, upon its watery strand. Thither he sends these men, that when the foe Whose ships were lost should safely reach the isle

They might destroy the helpless host of Greeks, And rescue friends from out the briny straits.

He read the future ill! for when the god Gave glory in the sea fight to the Greeks, Mailing that very day in brazen arms Their bodies, from their ships they leaped.

The isle

They encircled round about, so that our men Had no escape. Many with stones were crushed

Hurled from the hand, and from the bowstring fell

The darts upon them and destroyed their life. Finally rushing in with one accord

They struck, they hacked the limbs of wretched men,

Until they quite destroyed the life of all.

And Xerxes groaned to see the depth of woe. (He had a seat in view of all the host, Upon a lofty hill beside the sea.)

He rent his clothes, and shrilly wailed aloud; To the land force he straightway gave command,

And sent them off in flight disorderly.

Such, with the former loss, have we to mourn.

This exploit of Aristides and the Athenian infantry has been alluded to already, both in this and in the previous essay. Whatever the motive, dramatic or political, the importance of the incident has certainly been exaggerated by our poet. It did not “doubly out-

weigh," nor nearly equal, the decisive defeat of the Persian fleet. Nor should the poet have implied so close a connection as the closing lines are meant to indicate between the massacre on Psyttaleia and the retreat of Xerxes. The king was indeed greatly terrified by all the events of the day, and on the next night dispatched his fleet from Phaleron, the harbor of Athens, to make at once for the Hellespont and guard the bridges. His children also were sent back to Asia on shipboard. He himself, however, waited several days before moving toward the north with the land forces.

It may be added here that the island of Psyttaleia lies just outside the eastward strait between Salamis and Attica. Xerxes would not, then, have landed a heavy force there to intercept Greeks escaping from sinking ships, unless he expected his foes to make a stand, if anywhere, in the narrow channel, where the current might carry the crippled vessels still somewhat farther out. The movement would have been hardly intelligible, if the king held the Athenians already actually surrounded, and cooped up in one or both of the little horseshoe-shaped inlets on the Salaminian side of the narrow landlocked bay.

Atossa. O hateful dæmon, who beguiled of sense

The Persians! Bitter recompense my son
Won from famed Athens! The barbarians
Whom Marathon had slain did not suffice!
My son, who vengeance thought to wreak on
them,

Drew down so great a multitude of woes.
But say which vessels have escaped their doom,
And where thou hast left them. Canst thou
clearly tell?

Mess. The captains of the vessels which remained

Set off in headlong flight before the wind.
The other troops in the Bœotians' land
Perished, a part by the refreshing springs,
When weak with thirst, and from exhaustion
some.

But we passed on into the Phocian land,
To Doris, and the Maliac gulf, to where
Spercheios waters with his kindly stream
The plain. The Achaian realm received us
next,

And towns of Thessaly, in lack of food.
And there indeed the greatest number died,
By thirst and famine; for these both were
there.

Unto Magnesia came we, and the land
Of Macedonians, to the Axios' ford,
The marshy brake of Bolbe, Mount Pangæon,
And the Edonian tract. That night a god
Roused an untimely storm, and wholly froze
The sacred Strymon's current. Some who ne'er
Regarded gods before made then their vows
With prayer, adoring earth and heaven. But
when

The host, invoking oft the gods, had ceased,
They crossed upon the path of solid ice.
And whoso of us started ere the rays
Divine had been sent forth came safely
through;

For with its beams the sun's bright flaming disc
Heated with fire and broke midway our path.
They fell on one another. Blest was he
Whoever quickest lost the breath of life.

But they who won their safety, and survived,
Hardly traversing Thrace, with mighty toil,
Are come escaping — but not many are they —
Unto a friendly soil. The Persian state
Should wail, lamenting the land's dearest
youth.

True words are these; but much I leave
unsaid,
Of sorrows sent on Persians by the god.

The knowledge here displayed of the geography of the northern Ægean has convinced some German scholars that Æschylos must have served in the Thracian campaign under Kimon, the son of Miltiades, about 476 B. C., when the stronghold of Eion, on the Strymon, was besieged and wrested from the Persians. There is no detail, however, of a kind not equally well acquired at second-hand. As for the freezing and sudden thawing of the Strymon, it is said to be quite incredible, at the time when Xerxes must have reached its banks. The battle of Salamis apparently occurred about September 10, and the entire retreat of the king as far as the Hellespont occupied only forty-four days. The silence of the prose chroniclers leads us to regard this incident as purely a poetic invention.

The whole account of Xerxes' retreat has been overlaid by later writers with

romantic and harrowing details. Macedonia and Thrace had no doubt been swept clean by the army on its westward progress, a few months before, and in the present confusion and haste there must have been much suffering and heavy loss, especially among the troops of the tributary subject nations. But a single well-authenticated fact dissipates all the accounts of extreme privation, at any rate of Xerxes himself and his Persians. The corps of Artabazus, sixty thousand strong, was appointed to cover the retreat as far as the Hellespont. These troops then retraced their steps over the same line of march, suffering serious loss on the way in an assault upon Potidæa, and still mustered forty thousand men actually under arms for the decisive battle at Plataea, the next autumn.

Cho. O trouble-giving Power, how heavily
Thou hast trampled upon all the Persian race!
Atossa. Ah, wretched am I, that our host is
slain!

O thou clear visions of my nightly dreams,
How plainly didst thou show to me our woes!
But ye did judge exceeding foolishly.

Yet, since your words have so been ratified,
First I desire to pray unto the gods;
Then, fetching a libation from my home
To give the dead and Earth, I will return.
I know the deed already is wholly done,
Yet for the future may this still avail.
'T is fit that you, in view of these events,
Give faithful counsel to your faithful lords.

Comfort my son, if he ere my return
Come hither, and escort him to his home,
Lest ill be added to the present ills.

With these words Atossa reënters the palace, and the messenger also withdraws, no doubt passing off to the spectators' right, as if seeking his home. The space of time required until Atossa can prepare her libation and return is occupied with a mournful interlude of the chorus. Beginning with anapests, they glide off as usual into the paired lyric stanzas called strophes and anti-strophes. Of the six stanzas a selection will suffice, as the action, if so it may be called, makes no step forward.

Cho. Now troops and mariners
The ships, with equal wings,
Dark-prowed, have borne, alas!
The ships have slain, ah me!
The ships, in that most deadly fray,
Through the Ionians' hands.
And hardly did our lord
Himself, as we are told,
Escape across the many plains
And troubled ways of Thrace.

Fiercely torn by waves, alas!
By the voiceless children — woe! —
Of the stainless sea their forms are rent.
Homes bereft their masters mourn.
Aged men bewail,
Hearing all the tale of misery,
Griefs by gods imposed.

Throughout the land of Asia now,
Men own no more the Persian rule;
No longer do they tribute bring
To our imperious sway;
Nor bending humbly to the ground
Will they submit, for wholly lost
Is now our royal power.

This declaration that Persia's hold on the subject races is broken must be wholly prophetic, as no news save the tidings of Xerxes' own defeat can as yet have arrived. But in the Athenian theatre, as an allusion to the liberation of the Ionians, it would be promptly understood, and perhaps enthusiastically applauded.

After this intermezzo Atossa again appears, coming forth from the palace. She is now walking, and her attendants bear the offerings mentioned just below.

Atossa. Whoso with sorrow is familiar, friends,
Knows that when once a wave of trouble breaks
On mortals everything arouses dread.
But when the god is kindly, we believe
That the same power will always guide our fate.

For me already all is full of fear.
The gods' ill will before mine eyes appears,
A cry, but not of triumph, in my ears.

Such terror at our woes affrights my soul.
Therefore this way, with no conveyances
Or luxury, as before, forth from my home
I come, and unto my son's father bring
Gracious libations, soothing to the dead:
Milk, white and sweet, drawn from a sacred cow;
Bright honey, made by her who toils among
The flowers; and water from a virgin spring;
And, drink unsullied from a mother mild,
This gladdening liquor of the ancient vine.

The yellow olive, in whose foliage life
Flourishes ever, sends its odorous fruit ;
And here, the offspring of all-bearing Earth,
Are plaited flowers.

But aid, O friends, with hymns
These offerings for the dead, and summon up
Divine Darius. To the gods below
I bring these honors, which the Earth shall
drink.

These libations are in accord with Hellenic usage. Indeed, a similar though somewhat simpler offering to the shades is made by the Homeric Odysseus when he visits the underworld. The actual summoning forth of the departed monarch from his tomb, in broad daylight, was no doubt accepted somewhat more easily because represented as occurring in the far Orient, then, as now, the home of the marvelous.

Atossa is already pouring her gifts upon the ground beside Darius's tomb, and the venerable councilors, with ever-increasing vehemence, unite in beseeching the dead king to appear. As their excitement waxes, they pass once more from anapestic recitative to choral songs. Here again a selection of passages from the long ode will satisfy the reader.

Cho. But ye, O sacred Chthonian powers,
Hermes, and Earth, and thou, monarch of
ghosts,
Send from below his soul to the light.
For if yet a cure for our sorrows he knows,
He alone of the dead might reveal it!

*Yet do thou, O Earth, and ye
Other lords of those who dwell
Underground, bid come to us
That divine and glorious one,
Susa-born, the Persians' god !
Send him upward. Such an one as he
Never yet in Persian earth was hid. .*

*For by the deadly miseries of war
Never did he his men destroy.
Like unto gods in counsel was he called
Of Persians, and godlike he was,
Since well his host he guided. Yea !
Our lord, our ancient lord, draw near !
Come to the summit of thy tomb.
Thy sandal, saffron-dyed, upraise,
Thy kingly tiara's crest reveal.
Come, O benignant sire, Darius, come !*

At last the ghostly king really appears at the top of the mound, visible, doubtless, at full length, from saffron sandals to kingly tiara. The latter is the peculiar symbol of his rank. One of the noblest remarks in the *Anabasis*, from the lips of the most ignoble Persian to whom history introduces us, is, "Only the great king can wear the upright tiara on his head, but any man may wear it on his heart."

The ghost has more life and manliness in him than any other character in the play, and holds his own with ease against Hamlet's father or any other spirit that treads the boards. The real Darius of history is also a noble and inspiring figure ; but the resemblance between the two is slight. Like the Cyrus of Xenophon's romance, this is merely an ideal monarch, on whom is bestowed an illustrious historic name. The best known facts regarding the father of Xerxes are, in this imaginative picture, not merely ignored, but reversed.

The reader should note the first words of the ghost, which show clearly that he has no idea of events occurring on the upper earth. The importance of this point will be seen presently.

Ghost of Darius. O true and trusted, comrades of my youth,
Ye Persian elders, what befalls our state ?
Groaning and torn and beaten is the earth.
With dread I see my wife beside my tomb ;
Yet kindly her libations I received.
Ye also, standing near my tomb, lament,
And, with soul-summoning incantations, shriek
And call me piteously.

To issue forth
Is hard, the more since gods beneath the earth
Are readier to receive than to release ;
But yet, prevailing over them, I come.
But haste, lest I for tardiness be blamed.
What is the Persians' new and heavy grief ?

Cho. I am awed to look upon thee,
I am awed to speak unto thee,
In my ancient dread of thee !

Ghost. Yet, since to thine incantations hearkening, from below I come,
Not with any tedious words, but speaking with
all brevity,
Tell me everything completely, putting off thy
dread of me.

Cho. *Ah, I dread to do thy bidding,
And I dread to speak before thee
Bitter words for those we love.*

Ghost. Since the ancient awe and reverence
with thy spirit doth contend,
[*To Atossa*] Aged partner of my couch of wed-
lock, venerable dame,
Ceasing from these incantations and laments,
distinctly speak.
The calamities are human which for human-
kind befall.

Many evils from the sea, and many from the
land as well,
Come to pass for mortal men, if all too long
their life extends.

Atossa. Thou who all men hast surpassed in
fortune and in happiness,
Since, so long as thou didst look upon the sun-
shine, enviable
Thou hast passed a blest existence 'mid thy
Persians, like a god,
Now I envy thee thy death ere thou our depth
of woe hast seen.
All the story, O Darius, shalt thou hear in
little time.

Wholly ruined are the fortunes of the Per-
sians, one might say.

Ghost. How? Did pestilence befall, or civic
strife within the state?

Atossa. Nay, but round the town of Athens
was our army quite destroyed.

Ghost. Who among my children led an ex-
pedition thither? Speak!

Atossa. Xerxes the impetuous, leaving all
the mainland desolate.

Ghost. Did the wretched man by land or
sea this foolish trial make?

This "foolish trial" was in fact made
by Xerxes most reluctantly, in obedience
to Darius's dying injunctions, and for the
purpose of avenging the shameful repulse
at Marathon in the father's time. The
latter fact, at least, has been plainly
stated by Atossa in the scene with the
messenger.

Atossa. Both at once. The advance was two-
fold of the double warlike force.

Ghost. How did such a mighty army on the
land have power to pass?

Atossa. By his skill he yoked the strait of
Helle, and secured a path.

Ghost. This he fully brought to pass, and
fettered mighty Bosphoros?

This confusion of the names Helles-
pont and Bosphoros occurs in Sophocles'
Ajax, also, but it is a most fatal slip for

Darius to make in this connection. He
himself had, thirty years before, bridged
the real Bosphoros, and passed over it to
an invasion of Europe hardly less disas-
trous than the one his son had since led.

Atossa. Thus it was. Upon his mind per-
chance some higher power laid hold.

Ghost. Ay, some power divine did come, in-
deed, to make him so unwise!

Atossa evidently does not share the
awe felt by the council for her liege lord
King Darius, alive or dead. A little
later she advances for her royal son the
familiar excuse of "bad advisers." But
here she fearlessly intimates that it is
only the issue that gives the ghost wis-
dom to condemn the act.

Ghost. What hath unto them befall'n that
ye lament them thus aloud?

Atossa. Through the beaten naval force the
army is destroyed as well.

Ghost. So then all the host has by the spear
been wasted utterly?

Atossa. Yes, and all the town of Susa mourns
its loss of citizens.

Ghost. Woe is me! That brave protection
and the allied warlike host!

Atossa. And the Bactrian folk has perished.
Not a graybeard yet survives.

Ghost. Wretched monarch! How has he
destroyed the youth of our allies!

Atossa. Xerxes only, it is said, deserted, or
with comrades few—

Ghost. How and where has met his end?
Or is there any hope of life?

Atossa. — Passed with joy across the bridge
that on two continents is set.

Ghost. And has reached in safety this our
land? Is that the very truth?

Atossa. Yes, the clear report makes certain,
nor is any doubt herein.

Ghost. Ah! The oracles' fulfillment swiftly
came, and on my son

Zeus imposed the issue of the prophecies. But
I declared

After many days the gods would cause these
things to come to pass.

Yet whenever one himself makes haste a god
doth help him on.

Now it seems a fount of troubles hath for all
our friends been found.

In his youthful pride, my son, unknowing, hath
these words fulfilled:

He who hoped he should restrain the flow of
holy Hellespont

Like a bondsman, with his fetters, Bosphoros,
current of the god,

And reduced the way to order, and with hammer-beaten chains

Bound and shaped that mighty pathway for his mighty host of men,

Who, a mortal, thought, not wisely, he might conquer all the gods,

Even Poseidon! How was this not madness of the soul that came

On my son?

I fear me lest my mighty toil-worn hoard of wealth

May become for men a spoil of whoso first shall seize thereon.

The notion that a doom, in itself inevitable, may be postponed by piety or hastened by folly is not an un-Hellenic belief. Herodotos even reports, with evident earnestness and full faith, the following reply of the Delphic Apollo to Cræsus's complaints of ingratitude after all his princely gifts: "The god, by urgent intercession with the Fates, had procured the postponement of Sardis's downfall for three years beyond the appointed time. A further delay, until the time of Cræsus's children, he had pleaded for in vain." Such ideas spring, apparently, from an earnest effort to reconcile a belief in the irresistible power of fate with that consciousness of freedom in action which persistently asserts itself in the heart of man.

Some have thought that the allusions in this passage to fetters, chains, etc., may have grown in the course of the next half century, through misunderstanding, into the stories concerning Xerxes' childish rage against the Hellespont, which are repeated, with some incredulity, by Herodotos.

Atossa. Xerxes the impetuous learns such lessons through his intercourse With unrighteous men. They said that thou didst with the spear acquire For thine offspring store of wealth; but he, in his unmanliness, Fought at home his battles, adding to his father's treasure naught. Hearing often such reproaches from the mouths of evil men, He determined on this march and expedition into Greece.

Ghost. Therefore by them a mighty deed is wrought,

Most memorable, such as re'er before Hath made our city Susa desolate, Since sovran Zeus this privilege bestowed, That over Asia, nurse of flocks, one man Should rule, and hold the sceptre of control.

(I omit here a somewhat prolonged sketch of the earlier rulers of Persia. It is not essential to the drama, and not valuable as historical evidence.)

Xerxes, my youthful son, has youthful thoughts, And my directions he remembers not.

For this know well, companions of my age, We all who heretofore secured this power Have not been seen to work so much of woe.

Cho. What then, O lord Darius? Whither turns

Thy speech's end? How shall the Persian folk Fare as best may be in this crisis yet?

It might seem that this appeal is merely to the wisdom acquired by Darius from experience during his long earthly life. But he takes on, more and more distinctly, from this time forward, an omniscient and prophetic tone. This cannot be reconciled with his inquiries when first summoned forth. It would be absurd to say that his ignorance then was only assumed, or that his faculties are now first fully aroused. It is with dramatists as with others who have essayed to recall the spirits of the departed: they do not know how to control and dismiss them betimes. A similar inconsistency in Dante, regarding the amount of knowledge possessed by disembodied souls, was pointed out by the writer in his maiden essay in these pages. As to Æschylos, it is sufficiently clear that he saw here an opportunity for effective allusion to the final struggle at Plataea, which did not occur until the year after Xerxes' flight. To this temptation he yielded, and that is our gain. The inconsistency with earlier passages in the play he has not removed. The political motive which may have influenced him at this point has been already discussed.

Ghost. If ye march not against the Hel- lenes' land,

Not though more numerous be the Median host. The very country fights as their ally.

Cho. How say'st thou so? How does it fight with them?

Ghost. Slaying by famine the too numerous hosts.

Cho. But we a picked light-marching force will raise.

Ghost. Not even the army tarrying in the lands

Of Hellas now shall win its safe return.

Cho. What say'st thou? Shall not all the Asian force,

Coming from Europe, cross the Hellespont?

Ghost. Few out of many, if one should trust at all

The oracles of gods, who sees what now Hath happened; for not part, but all accords. If these be true, he trusting empty hopes Has left that chosen multitude behind. They wait, where with his stream Asopos floods

The plain, enriching the Bœotians' land. There crowning woes remain to be endured, Rewards of insolence and godless thoughts, Since, entering Grecian lands, they did not fear To spoil the statues, burn the fanes, of gods. Razed are the altars. Images divine, Hurlled from their bases, in confusion lie. So they, who evil wrought, endure no less, And more shall suffer, since not yet the deeps Of ill are reached, but still it gushes forth. So great the stream of blood that shall be shed By Dorian lances on Plateæ's soil.

To the third generation heaps of slain Shall dumbly to the eyes of men proclaim Not overproud should be a mortal's thoughts. Presumption blossoming matures the fruit Of madness, whence it reaps a tearful crop. Beholding such atonement for this sin, Remember Greece, and Athens! Nor let one Disdain his present lot, nor overturn, Striving for more, his great prosperity. Zeus is of too presumptuous haughtiness The punisher, an auditor severe.

Therefore, to prudence thus divinely warned, Instruct ye him with wise admonishings To sin no more through haughty insolence.

Thou, Xerxes' mother, venerable and dear, Pass to thy home, and taking fit attire Go meet thy son; for in his agony Of misery, on all his body hang The tattered shreds of his resplendent clothes. But do thou gently soothe him with thy words; Thee only, I know, will he endure to hear. I to the gloom of earth below depart.

Ye, aged men, be cheered, although in woe, Giving your soul to pleasure day by day, For wealth is nowise helpful to the dead.

Cho. Full many present woes, and yet to fall
On the barbarians, I have grieved to hear.

Atossa. How many grievous ills, divine one, come

To me! yet this disaster gnaws me most,
To hear of that dishonorable garb
Which covers my son's body round about.
But I will go, and raiment take from home,
And will endeavor then to meet my son.
My dearest I will not desert in ills.

Already the dignity of the tragedy is rapidly falling off. The extravagant anxiety as to Xerxes' tattered garments, the advice to the old men to enjoy life while they may, reconcile us to the departure of the kingly spirit immediately after these words. There is little remaining which deserves our serious attention. The lamentations upon the mimic scene are more and more evidently mere echoes of the exultation felt by the actual audience of Athenians.

The chorus, being now left alone, chant a stasimon, or ode, of seven stanzas, devoted entirely to the praise of King Darius. The two opening stanzas are:—

Cho. *Woe! a great and happy civic life
Once did we enjoy,
When, a venerated, self-contained,
Gentle monarch, yet invincible,
Like a god, Darius ruled the land.*

*First, a glorious army we displayed;
While as towers secure
Were our laws, and guided all aright.
Safe from toil or risk our homeward march
Led us from our wars rejoicing back.*

Then follows a list of the elder king's conquests, wherein are mentioned, however, almost solely Greek cities and islands. The close of the ode makes perfectly clear that this catalogue of Hellenic communities is introduced expressly to remind the Athenians how the contest with the Persians had proved to be a war for the liberation of their brethren to the eastward. After mentioning the cities of the Asian mainland, and the islands that line its shore, the chant continues:—

*The mid-sea wave-girt isles he conquered, too,
Lemnos, and Icaros' home,*

*Rhodos and Cnidos, and the Cypriote towns
Paphos, Soli, and her
Whose mother-city, Salamis as well,
Is cause of these laments.*

(Salamis in Cyprus was believed to have been colonized from the famous little island of the same name.)

*In the Ionians' domain,
The prosperous cities filled with Greeks
He in his wisdom ruled.
His was a force invincible
Of warrior men, and allied troops
Of every race combined.
All these now clearly by the gods
Against us turned have we to bear,
And by disasters on the sea
We mightily are quelled.*

We have now reached the nine hundredth line of *The Persians*, and though the play is unusually brief even for an Attic tragedy, — much shorter than a single act in some of Schiller's dramas, — yet the remaining one hundred and seventy verses might easily be spared. The closing scene, which is chiefly lyrical, is marked by no action save the entrance of Xerxes at the beginning, — in the fresh attire with which Atossa went to intercept him, — and the withdrawal of both monarch and council into the palace at the end of the play. The text of this entire passage is singularly devoid of poetic invention. The language is extravagant, and often quite incoherent. The music evidently grows tumultuous; the gestures and the alternating outcries of king and councilors express an ever wilder frenzy of despair.

The opening words of the king, as he enters, strike the tone of vain repining and self-reproach.

Xerxes. Ah me!
Ill-fated am I who have attained
This detestable doom most unforeseen.

¹ These last lines are perhaps consciously echoed in a speech of one of Euripides' characters, whom some of us must still regard as an unkingly dastard, even though our eloquent and thrice-welcome English guest makes it a test of our literary judgment that we shall appreciate his heroic quality! Admetos, returning from his wife's funeral, exclaims: —

So cruelly hath some god assailed
The race of the Persians! What must I endure?

For the force of my limbs has been paralyzed
At beholding the band of my townfolk here.
I would, O Zeus, that along with the men

Who are passed away
By the lot of death I were hidden.¹

A few of the more coherent passages in the scene will fully content the reader. Such outbursts as this of the chorus are clearly meant to enforce the contrast with (the idealized) Darius: —

Our country's youth the land bewails;
They have by Xerxes been destroyed,
Who with Persians Hades filled; for passed
Unto Hades are many, the flower of the land,
Slain by the bow; for a multitude
Unnumbered of men has been destroyed.
Ah, woe is me for the noble array!
And the Asian land, O king of the realm,
Has been terribly, terribly humbled.

Indeed, Xerxes promptly confesses in reply.

Xerxes. Here am I, ah me, most wretched,
Curs'd at birth, and proved indeed
To my fatherland a bane!

Presently the chorus inquires for the various chieftains by name.

Cho. Cry aloud and ask of all:
Where the throng of other friends;
Where are they who by thee stood,
Such as Pharanadákes was,
Susas, Psammis, Pélagon,
Dótamas, Agdábata,
And as Sousiskánes, who
Left Agbátana behind?

Xerxes. Wretched ones, I left them there,
Fallen from their Tyrian ship
By the Salaminian shore,
Tossing on the cruel strand.

The next two queries of the chorus contain equally formidable lists of Persian names. Our readers will endure their omission the more readily since the ancient councilors have already heard

"Why didst thou prevent me from casting myself
Down into the hollowed trench of her grave,
And lying in death by the brave one's side?"

In each case, the repiner has shrunk back of his own accord from the death fearlessly met by others for him. In neither do we deserv any such valor as we desire to see glorified or imitated.

the fate of most of those they mention graphically announced by the messenger not an hour before, and they are now merely harrowing their own feelings and rousing the remorse of the king. The last sixty verses are simply alternating single-line outcries, largely interjections, and scarcely capable of translation. When the king actually passes in, and the council, with the words

I will escort thee with grievous laments,

follows, we can but draw a long breath of relief.

The first impulse of the critic, in treating such a passage, is to acquit the poet of responsibility, by assigning it to the later adapter, the interpolator, or some such convenient if imaginary scapegoat. In the present case, this way is apparently barred by the only nearly contemporary piece of evidence in regard to the reception accorded our play. In Aristophanes' audacious comedy, the *Frogs*, there is a scene in the underworld, where Dionysos is comparing the claims of Æschylos and Euripides, having arranged to bring back the worthier, that his own festivities may not lack a competent tragic poet. The scene contains a large amount of valuable literary criticism. In the course of it Æschylos stoutly asserts:—

“Then when my *Persians* I afterward wrote, I taught that men should be eager
To be always victorious over their foes,—
for a valorous action I honored.”

And Dionysos chimes in:—

“I, at least, was delighted to hear the tale in regard to the death of Darius,
And the chorus straightway clapped so their hands, and shouted together *iaioi!*”

We hardly know what to do, it is true, with this bit of evidence. Either the text or Dionysos' memory is defective. We hear nothing in our play as to Darius's death. Perhaps a slight change in a preposition would give a reading which could be rendered—

from the lips of the dead Darius.

It is further curious that nearly every other imaginable Greek equivalent for “alas” occurs in these last sixty lines, but no manuscript offers us *iaioi*. Still, the inference is plain and safe that the populace—Dionysos is the people's god—were delighted with these extravagant lamentations. We shall perhaps have to acknowledge, too, that they were a deliberate concession of the great poet to the taste of the groundlings.

It is often stated that in Æschylos' time the tragic writers regularly exhibited three dramas closely connected in plot, followed, as a concession to popular conservatism, by a comic afterpiece, in which the traditional chorus of satyrs could be fittingly introduced. This assertion, however, oversteps in one respect the limits of our fragmentary knowledge. On two occasions we hear mentioned the names of dramas, offered by other poets than Æschylos, which show unmistakably a natural union of subject, at least among the three serious plays; and four such “trilogies”—the word itself is apparently of later origin—can be assigned with certainty to Æschylos himself. Many efforts have been made to demonstrate a similar association in other cases; but these arguments, based as they are upon the meagre fragments or mere titles of the lost plays, cannot reach any satisfactory conclusions. A statement to the effect that Sophocles set the fashion of contending with “drama against drama” is usually interpreted to mean that he first broke the thread of connection between his three tragedies; for that three were still offered throughout the fifth century, by each contestant, is sufficiently clear from our evidence.

As to *The Persians*, the hypothesis already mentioned tells us that it was preceded by the *Phineus*, and followed by the *Glaucos*. *Phineus* is the king and soothsayer who was visited by the

Argonauts. The latter drove away his less welcome guests, the Harpies. In return, the king gave the adventurous voyagers prophetic guidance and advice as to their future course. Remembering that Herodotos regards the Argonautic expedition as an earlier act in the struggle between Europe and Asia, we shall easily see how these prophecies may have been extended, in Æschylos' play, so as to cover the Persian wars, and to foreshadow plainly the next drama of the group. It has been suggested that these are the very prophecies mentioned by the ghost of Darius as well known to him. We may add that Herodotos was largely under Athenian influences, and may have acquired this very belief in the significance of the Argonautic expedition more or less directly from Æschylos. This is, however almost wholly conjecture. As to the Glaucos, we can hardly be said to know anything. A satyr-drama entitled Prometheus, we are told, closed the performance. It was, of course, not connected in plot with the preceding plays, though such a connection can be demonstrated in several cases, and may have been for a time the rule.

We are glad to be assured of the important fact that Æschylos won the first prize on this occasion. His success was far from being a matter of course. Our poet was forty years old, and had been a dramatist for fifteen years when he first attained this honor. At a little later date, again, Sophocles, on his first appearance, defeated his veteran rival. Moreover, *The Persians* was apparently regarded as the most notable play of the group. We hear from several sources that it was afterward reproduced by the poet himself at the Syracusan court. We have seen that Dionysos, in Aristophanes' *Frogs*, testifies to the popularity of the tragedy. Indeed, the passage from the *Frogs* reads as if Aristophanes and his audience were familiar with the drama. If so, it must have been repeat-

edly performed in the Athenian theatre, as its first production was about thirty years before the birth of Aristophanes, and almost seventy years earlier than the appearance of the *Frogs*. Its survival to modern times, also, must be regarded as an indication of a deliberate preference by later generations of Greeks.

All this only renders yet more remarkable the important fact to which it is desirable, in closing, to call the reader's attention, namely, that no further attempt was made to bring upon the tragic stage, in any form, the events of recent history. That Æschylos always felt himself to be first of all a citizen of Athens, even his art being subordinate to the duties of patriotism, will hardly be questioned. It is to be conceded, also, that in later tragedies of his, notably the *Seven Against Thebes* and the *Eumenides*, certain passages were applied directly by the audience, perhaps with the poet's approval, to events and persons of the day. But just at this stage, and even after so signal a triumph, Æschylos, and his rivals and successors as well, felt the danger of violating what must always be maintained as the chief canon of art, — that it exists for the creation of the beautiful.

That comedy, under Aristophanes, dealt most directly and mercilessly with Athenian politics and politicians is well known. But comedy aims at amusing, perhaps at instructing, through vivid delineation of the grotesque. The comic playwright, therefore, can hardly hesitate to lay hold upon contemporary events, upon familiar characters, in short upon whatever is local and best known, as his own peculiar birthright.

A tragedy did not, indeed, necessarily imply to the Greeks, as it usually does to us, a plot ending unhappily, or with the death of leading characters. There are dramas, even among the few we yet have, which close as happily as *The Tempest* or *The Winter's Tale*. As a well-known example the *Tauric Iphi-*

genia may be cited, though Sophocles' Philoctetes is equally in point. Indeed, a certain tone of calmness, an approach to reconciliation after strife, characterized the close of the most painful plots, such as the Oresteian trilogy, which we still possess, and the group of tragedies based on the myth of Prometheus, of which the surviving play was probably the first. Nor was the use of grotesque and unheroic characters, especially as a foil to nobler natures, wholly unknown. The soldier who so exultantly leads Antigone before the king, the watchman crouching doglike on Agamemnon's palace roof, the fussy old nurse of Phædra in the Hippolytos, may be recalled in this connection.

Nevertheless, the tragic poet, fully conscious of his office as the artist of the beautiful, felt, and rightly felt, that his

creations should be set, as it were, upon a pedestal, above the turmoil and the outries of the passing day. Despite this one unquestioned success, he was aware that the path entered upon in this historical and patriotic drama was a dangerous one, and it was followed no farther. On the contrary, the tradition confining tragedy to subjects drawn from the mythical age regained such strength that even Euripides made no attempt to break through it. So much the more should be our gratitude for the preservation of this idealized and yet most truthful picture of the proudest hour in Athenian annals, embodied in a play which maintains a lofty tragic dignity from the beginning almost to the close, and which is throughout informed by a spirit of pious faith and heroic endeavor befitting a great and growing race.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE REVIVAL OF ART.

In a former paper in this magazine, on the relations between journalism and culture of the higher literary qualities, I had occasion to quote Emerson's golden sentence on the relation of culture to worldly success, "Whilst all the world is in pursuit of power, and of wealth as a means of power, culture corrects the theory of success;" and another, less important as a lesson, but not less true, "I think sculpture and painting have an effect to teach us manners and abolish hurry," as to which maxim much might be said if it would be listened to, and if there is in our national temperament the root of a veritable artistic development. Emerson has been called the American Plato by more than one critic, and there is, in fact, a curious parallel between the two minds, not in the general resemblance, but in the possession of certain fundamental truths, especially concern-

ing the spiritual types which lie behind the mere physical phenomena. Both were insensible to the forms of art; both felt the verity and importance of the law of which art is only a form of manifestation. Plato felt the reality of the great spiritual harmonies, of which those of art are the faint reflections, so completely that the phenomena of them had no power over him. Emerson felt the intellectual correspondence of the same verities, and the possible value to general culture of the artistic form of them; but to the distinctions which make art, as apart from the facts which it employs, he paid no attention. Plato had no place in his community for the artist. Emerson, in a time and state of society in which nature has brought art nearer to the daily life of men, through the invention of landscape-photography, etc., remained all his life insensible to the

qualities of art in a remarkable degree. He felt nature as the ancient Greeks seem to have felt her, apart from the human subjective uses of her; and this trait in the mental conformation of a man so typical of the race which seems to be evolving the type of civilization which threatens to characterize the next phase of human development is a phenomenon which invites study. We talk a great deal about art, and spend a great deal of time and money on it, but it is a serious question if art has any more hold on the American mind, or any more share in American culture, than alchemy or astrology. When I say that it is a serious question, I mean not only that it is one that may have serious import, but that it may be seriously held in the negative as well as positive, and seriously debated. But to debate it, to maintain either the negative or the positive, it is necessary to understand with precision what art means; and if, in the grave deliberations the subject may call up, it should be discovered that it is a necessary part of modern culture, this understanding must be applied to the system of education devoted to it.

I do not recognize the ignorant and substantially superstitious respect, often amounting to reverence, for the artist, and begetting an impulsive patronage of him, as implying or leading to a knowledge of art; it is a feeling strong in proportion to the ignorance of art in the individual, and is a phenomenon of the religious nature, a shadow of the lingering reverence for a creator, and, as given to art, is strongest in weak minds. It is that which impels so many to think they must "do something for art;" leads to some intelligent, but more unintelligent, patronage of it by individuals, schemes of art schools and art education by communities, in which the patronage of artists and fostering of art are confounded, — sometimes identified, sometimes mistaken the one for the other, to the injury of both. The general result

is academies and similar institutions with exhibitions, and schools of art on the model of that of South Kensington: the latter, of all ever conceived by the mind of man, the most disastrous to the possible development of a true art; the former, the most powerful stimulant to the most superficial qualities of any art, — competitions in which the display of the most evident and shallow technique determines success, rather than the possession of the finer faculties of the artist, and from which the real artist shrinks with an aversion proportioned to the subtlety, refinement, and spirituality of his art. The artist is no more entitled to respect or charity, much less to reverence, than any other brain-worker. That he excites our wonder by feats of legerdemain, *tours de force*, tricks of the brush, or audacities of technique is due purely to our ignorance, and counts for the artisan, not for the artist. In true art, the means are so completely subordinated to the end that they are not, and ought not to be, noticed. Nor is fidelity to nature any more the standard to which we should bring our critical measures to be tried; the photograph is truer to nature than any art can be, and is yet the very antipodes of art. Yet these are the qualities which determine the exhibition success, the fame and fortune of the artist; and by the theory of success determine the nature of the education of the artist so far as the public has anything to do with it. The dominant virtues in the general estimation and in the success of these collective exhibitions are, first, clever brush-work; and second, fidelity to the facts of nature. With these ideals in view, the education in art of our public, and to a greater or less extent of our artist, is shaped. If the general public is content, it is an argument to strengthen the case of those who maintain that the uses of art are matters of the past, and that of its finer qualities, as of its true methods, we are in equal ignorance and indifference.

And yet we have under our eyes, and held up to our admiration, the products of the two great schools of the past, the Greek and the Italian Renaissance, which all thoughtful students of art recognize as beyond modern rivalries; these with the contemporary Japanese, in which, with an antipodal difference of motive and temperament, the fundamental system is the same, and the success due to the same processes of thought and work as those of the Greek and Italian schools.¹ These processes are absolutely antagonistic to those of the modern schools without exception, the difference between the latter being rather one of processes and handiwork than in conception of the purposes of art. The English school is, with very few but most notable exceptions, only an aggregation of more or less clever amateurs; the German is a mistaken philosophical worship of the mass of matter we call the world, and humanity, without a trace of imagination or spirituality; the French, of the moment, while technically at the head of modern art, is but the apotheosis of brush-work and the speculum of the surface of things, as devoid of vitality, as cold and sterile, as the surface of the moon; and ours, so far as it goes, seems to be based on the French, and so predestined to superficiality, if not to power. It is useless to call up men like J. F. Millet, Théodore Rousseau, and two or three more: they are voted out of the scheme of to-day, and form no part of the French system, any more than Watts, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti of the English. These are survivals of a condition of the human intellect which, though once normal, has ceased to be so. The reason is to seek.

The steady degradation of art, almost without distinction of form, with only rare and isolated recurrences of the true spirit, from the sixteenth century to the day we live in, demands an

¹ I may add to these the unique and admirable school of landscape in England which

explanation which shall indicate the remedy, if the study of art is to be healthily revived. As an evolutionary problem, it is one of the most interesting, and not the least important, in the history of culture. Its solution is indicated more or less clearly by the analogies of every branch of the history of thought, and is shown with absolute precision in the philosophy of the arts taken collectively, in their individual history in which the law of evolution is shown, and, if we would study it, in the development of the individual artist; it is visible in music, in poetry, in the dance, in sculpture, and in painting, — sister arts where true arts, and as such subject to the same laws, and in fact only various forms of the same passion, that of expressing our emotions in rhythmic forms, of manifesting in communicable and sympathetic modes and ideal types the absolute and individual self. If the arts, born of one motive, appear in diverse guise, it is because each of our faculties demands a distinct appeal, and, for the satisfaction of its peculiar emotion, a distinct language. In each and all the artist is a creator, borrowing the language of nature only when it serves his purpose; but he is in no wise her clerk or mirror, — that is the mission of the scientist.

Poetry and music have their motives and methods so rooted in our spiritual natures that they can be degraded only by sensuality; but even then the art may keep its fineness, because, after all, the most intense sensuality has its roots in the spiritual nature, and it is only in its escape from the divine order and precedence that its vice lies. The dance we may consider a dependence of music; and these are immortal, in no peril of extinction. It is only to sculpture and painting that death can come; that form of death that keeps a body and loses the soul. Materialism is the deadly enemy began with J. Varley, and was stifled by the naturalistic movement.

of all the arts; but music and poetry cannot be materialized: they are born in human emotion, and will only die with it. Painting and sculpture are materialized by slavery to the facts of nature. They draw their language, the prime elements of their creation, from a visible world, so full in its vocabulary that the artist cannot escape from the suggestion of its terms, if he would be understood. Color is, and in its highest expressions can only be, subjective, to be treated like music, orchestrally; but the element of form is necessarily dependent on nature for the intelligibility of its terms and types, the artist having only the faculty of exalting and refining her forms into what we recognize as the ideal. The essential condition of all the arts of design becoming true art is in their being expression, not imitation; that their statements and imagery shall be evolved from the mind of the artist, not copied from natural models, be creation, not repetition; and in the degree that this condition is fulfilled does the work become more or less purely a work of art. The form of materialism which menaces the arts of design is therefore science. The antagonism is inexorable, but logical, and the position cannot be escaped from. Photography is the absolute negation of art; and if to-morrow it could succeed in reproducing all the tints of nature, it would only be the more antagonistic, if that were possible, to the true artistic qualities. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" and though artistic creation does not involve the creation of the prime material, no more does, so far as science teaches, the creation of the world; the old material takes new forms, that is all. The idealist gets his materials from nature, but he recasts them in expression; the realist, who is no artist, repeats them as he gets them. This is the fundamental distinction in all design; the copyist is not an artist.

It is this, and not the choice of sub-

ject, or the more or less decided tendency of a painter or a school, which constitutes the distinction between "high" or true art and "low" or spurious art; the test is not in fidelity to nature, but to one's own self. Giotto and Turner, Orcagna and Blake, Phidias and Michelangelo, are alike types of the highest attainment; the modern realistic, or, more exactly, naturalistic painters, the incident and costume painters of whatever school, are at the other end of the scale, more or less redeemed by purely technical power, but by no measure of it to be raised to the higher rank. Not that the distinction can be drawn sharply, so that we can in every case say that painters shall fall in one or the other category; but just in the proportion that an artist depends on his model or the actual material furnished by nature is he removed from pure art. Nature is a noble mistress, and there is nothing degrading in the most absolute subjection to her; but let us not, for that, confound the distinctions the recognition of which lies at the bottom of sound criticism. The painter whose devotion to nature is such that he never leaves or varies from her may be, and is likely to be, a happier man than if he were a true artist; but he is not an artist, any more than a photographer is one. Michelangelo studied the human figure profoundly, probably more intensely than any modern painter, and worked from the knowledge he had acquired; but it is on record, and is shown by the internal evidence of his work, that he never worked directly from the model in his matured works. Giotto very certainly never used the model at all, and Turner never could paint from nature. To men of this type the external image disturbs the ideal, which is so complete that it admits no interference; as Turner is reported to have said, "Nature put him out," and this is a true condition. In Blake it was so developed that it became a morbid vision.

If art is to be revived, we must

understand the law of its evolution, and the element of our nature from which it draws its vitality, and not waste energy and existence in trying to make figs grow on thistles, or art at schools borrowed from South Kensington. Some one said, long ago, what is to the profound student of religions a fundamental truth, "the nearer the church, the further from God;" and in strict analogy with this I may say, the nearer to nature, the further from art. This does not hinder that the church may become the guide to divine wisdom, as nature may lead to art, though never through slavery; but, to state it broadly, the subjection of reason to authority, or individual emotion to the hard-and-fast aspects of the physical world, is utterly antagonistic to the individuality which is the end of the development of the man or the artist. As religion was made for man, and not man for religion, so art was not made for nature, but nature for art, looking at the matter from the artist's point of view. The modern conception of the arts of design is that they are intended as the mirror of nature; the ancient and true one, that they were the outcome of the emotions, aspirations, and imaginative or spiritual conceptions of the artist. To the old master the facts of nature were the vocabulary of his language, to the new they are the types of his achievement; the former employed her forms to define his visions, the latter only mimics them; the former expressed an idea, the latter imitates a surface. Art has changed its public, forgotten its origin, and is no longer the teacher of humanity, the message of the gods, but the sycophant of vulgarity and ignorance, or, at its best, — and would it were never worse employed! — the servant of science.

He who accepts nature as the supreme authority, from which no appeal can lie, may be a scientist, but never an artist. To the latter she offers suggestions, but lays down no law. When what she

brings him suits his purposes, he builds it in; when not, which is the general case, he hammers it into his own shape. Her facts are accidents, and what he wants is the very truth, the ideal.¹ If from the beginning his visions do not surpass the actualities he sees about him, if the passion of expression has not laid hold of him before the love of nature awakens in him, there is little or no probability of his having in him the material of success. The evolution of the individual follows the general law; and that, in all art, is that invention precedes imitation. Pure decoration with arbitrary forms, generally geometrical, precedes the representation of natural objects. This passion for decoration and the harmonious arrangement of forms, sounds, colors, or movements is the essential element of all art. The love of nature is a distinct and completely subordinate element. Without the recognition of this law, the development of a true and progressive art, the foundation of a school, is impossible. In music, the absolute subjection of the objective to the subjective, to the complete concealment of the former where it exists, makes the law clear to the dullest mind; in poetry, it is equally clear to those who have the ear for form, even if sometimes confused by those who confound the dignity of thought with the perfection of form, or, as in Whitman, mistake the material for the form, and ignore the essential distinction between prose and poetry; but in painting and sculpture, the modern doctrine ruinously, as earnestly and eloquently maintained by Ruskin, gives the objective the absolute supremacy, making fidelity to nature the standard of excellence in art, completely reversing the artistic law. Until this heresy is recognized for what it is, pure fallacy, the arts of design can never be cultivated on the true basis.

¹ The ideal of art is the perfection of form, but in nature all forms are accidental and imperfect.

What, then, is to be done to bring about a healthy revival of art on a foundation of education which shall secure its continued vitality? I am supposing, for the sake of my argument, that this is desirable, and that the modern mind has a need of this form of art. The first thing to be done is to banish from our criticism the false standard, and admit the possibility of a work of art being the better the less it is like nature (I do not say that divergence from nature is necessarily an approach to art, but that it may be so; in any case, the fidelity to nature has no relation whatever to the quality of the art), and to establish as the very foundation of the system of education that only the impression of nature is to be aimed at, even if it is in contradiction to the facts, and that memory and the record of impression are to be put in the first place in the acquisitions of the artist. We cannot go back to the childlike simplicity of all archaic art, with its dominant unsophisticated rendering of the central idea, and its slow normal and evolutionary attainment of perfection. We know too much of the fruit of the tree of knowledge to accept it in its greenness. Science has already too much forereached on art for the latter to begin again, as it began in the days of Greek myths and the Italian reawakening, and as all archaic art has in all the circumstances which excite the creative impulse; that is, with the simplest, most direct expression of a dominant idea, and without reference to any non-essential facts, time and ripening knowledge adding, step by step, the deficient traits. What is to be done must be done with the recognition that we have been on a false road, on which we cannot now return, but must find the best cross-path to regain it. The simple satisfaction with which the artist in the childhood of art, as the child in his art, saw grow under his eye the image of his thought is replaced by a mixed emotion in which the knowledge

of the non-essential is too large a part to be slighted in the record.

In this process we must return to the springs of art, the many-channeled Castaly where the artist of whatever vein slakes his thirst. The law is the same for all: the young poet trains his rhythmical sense by the reading of the best verse; the young musician, in the music of his predecessors. The artist of form cannot escape from the law; he must begin by the study of art, not nature. If the emotion which inspires him is not supreme over all fact, remoulding, even suppressing or reversing it at need, casting it fused into the mould of his conception; if he does not accept the evolutionary law and absorb what went before him, his work will scarcely become art. The distinction is radical, and decides the very life of work or worker; it makes the difference between science and art, poetry and prose, music and talk, dance and locomotion; and the system of education which does not recognize and work from the distinction is doomed to eternal futility. From this there is no escape.

I appeal to the history of art. The earliest work of the great Greek school is scarcely distinguishable from the archaic work of all barbaric tribes; rude attempts to make visible an ideal, mostly of its conceptions of Deity, in which it is impossible not to see the analogy with the first efforts of children to shape resemblance of the things they love. This was, and is, invariably the presentation of conceptions, not studies from an object. The ideal was slowly worked out by the universal process of evolution, generation after generation working out the same problem of the ideal; the pupil carrying the work of his master a little further, as he perceived the incompleteness of what had been done before, but always in the sense of more perfect expression; finally arriving at a perception of nature idealized, the perfect types of beauty which no later epoch has redis-

covered. To the thorough student of Greek art it is brought home, by a thousand details of internal evidence, that this slow attainment of perfection was the result, not of any system of copying nature, but of the gradual evolution, through centuries, of the perception of the ideal of form, attained through the simultaneous development of technical refinement and the power of retaining passing impressions of nature, and through the reaction of these on each other.

The caviler will say that it matters not how the facts of nature came into the work, — it was nature, after all, which furnished the forms, — and that the most perfect of the Greek works are those which are most like nature. But this is not true in fact, and is utterly false as generalization. Nature never furnishes a perfect form, and supplies us with no criterion by which we can distinguish the more from the less beautiful. Nature tends to perfect beauty when she is regarded as a whole, but some of the noblest Greek statues contain violations of anatomical truth which no modern French sculptor would dare be guilty of, but which were intentional and necessary to the beauty of form and expression. The artist found the lines and forms he wanted; where the anatomy came right, it was because his memory was precise and tenacious, and the facts did not interfere with his ideal form. He saw the god in his imagination, and gave him the form of highest beauty as he conceived it; and when, in later days, he saw the athlete in action, his trained memory retained the forms that gave the figure its expression. He knew nothing of anatomy or the function of the muscles, which, in the science of his day, were only the cushions which protected the bones, in which all strength was supposed to lie. His vision of what was on the surface was undimmed by theories of what was underneath, and his powers of observation of every variation and characteristic of external form,

and his retention of what he saw, were so highly developed that the use of the model was superfluous; his vision of the ideal was truer than the actuality of flesh and blood. This might seem incredible did we not know that it was the case with Michelangelo, who worked on the marble without even a clay model to guide him.

Taking the entire course of Greek art from the most archaic period down to the Pergamean school, we see that the development of the perfection of form was so slow as to be recognized only as an evolution, and no internal evidence of the direct copying of nature is to be found in the whole field; but when the intentional fidelity to nature becomes evident, as in the Dying Gladiator (although the *pose plastique*, which is the shadow of coming death to all art, is not yet apparent), universal criticism recognizes that art is in its decline; fidelity to facts has begun to shoulder the perception of beauty, and the reign of the ideal has come to an end.

The same phenomenon appears in the history of the Italian Renaissance. Life had long lain fallow of art. The decay following the decline of all motives of art in Greece, Rome, and Byzantium, consequent, perhaps, on the moral and political debasement, had brought all the arts to one dead level of mechanical achievement. Byzantine art is the synonym of all that is most mechanical and prescriptive, but with the possessions of its technique much was prepared for a revival. Out of the sleep of centuries came the new birth, not, as the fables run, from the inspiration of a single man or from a recognition of nature, but from the general awakening of the intellectual and moral life of Italy. Cimabue was only one of its manifestations. Sienna, if we had her record, might come before Florence, and certainly in her Duccio was superior to the master of Giotto, — I am even inclined to believe, not inferior to Giotto

himself. But in Giotto we have the sum of all the qualities which told in the revival. What we find in his art is what we find in the early Greek, with something beyond, due to the evolution of humanity at large to a fuller life and a wider range of faculties; but it is an art of the ideal, not of the model; pure expression, in which the faculty of imaginative vision appears in a startling power, and in which there is the clearest internal evidence that he never used the model. His ideal differed from that of the Greek as the mediæval Italian did from the fellow-citizen of Pericles; and the ideal of the Renaissance was not that of physical perfection, but of spiritual glory and struggle, — not of the Apollo, but of the Christ. The intellectual processes are, however, the same. If in the work of Giotto the internal evidence of the purely ideal method be obscured, it is abundant in that of his pupils and immediate successors, whose absolutely subjective method is beyond dispute. From Giotto onward there is a steady development in the direction of a larger comprehension of the qualities of the art and a fuller grasp of its alphabet; though while in Giotto every detail is a part of his story, and in his successors they become more or less conventional symbols, the underlying idea is the same. The undivided purpose of the work was the expression of the idea which inspired the artist, never the representation of nature except as a part of the vocabulary.

The climax of this ecstatic art came in Fra Angelico, — not a great imagination, but a wonderful visionary, whose pictures are probably the most perfect expressions we have of the purely subjective art, produced under the exaltation of religious emotion, and drawn from what the artist believed to be revelations of the heavenly world, and actually seen by him. The work of William Blake was probably as purely subjective; but there seems to me a taint of

insanity in the vision, not the pure ecstasy, kept in Fra Angelico a consistent element by the intensity of his religious passion, but in Blake replaced by an abnormal obsession. In the work of Fra Angelico's great pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli, I find for the first time the evidence of the direct and prosaic reference to nature for certain facts, forms, and the real semblance of the personages with whom the artist came in contact, and who became to a large extent the *dramatis personæ* of his pictures; but Gozzoli only made drawings from the person, which he used as memoranda when working on the picture. After him the practice became general to draw from the figure, and in some cases from cast draperies; but it is only in Fra Filippo that we find the study of types from the every-day world for the sacred personages, and not till long after that do we find the posing of the figure for dramatic action; while actual painting from life in the final work is not indicated till we reach the Carracci, in their so-called revival of art, which was really the death-blow to it. It is probable that Raphael and Titian drew their portraits directly from life on the canvas in the preparation, on which they afterward got their color without the model; and in the case of Titian we have not only the internal evidence, but that of tradition, to show that he did not paint from nature in the modern way, but on the basis of an accurate likeness, done in monochrome, followed by his general scheme of color in the conventional technical method, borrowed from Bellini and continued through the Venetian school till its close. All through the great period of the Renaissance the figures were evidently drawn from knowledge, in many cases acquired by the most severe drawing from nature; but the design was made from that knowledge, not from the model, which served merely for the better understanding of the subject. What the Greeks did we

do not know by direct tradition, but we know that the absurd legends of their composing figures from the various members of different individuals, a leg from one and an arm from another, can have had no foundation in fact. No one who knows the *modus operandi* of the artistic mind can be in doubt as to that; no ideal image, even of a landscape, can be constructed in that way. The true idealist is he who, having the most complete knowledge of nature, uses her materials freely for his own purposes. She has her laws, and the idealist learns and obeys them.

The mental operations of the copyist and those of the idealist are diametrically opposed, whether the former copies nature or the work of another artist. With the copyist there is a constant measuring, comparing, a process of balancing in the mind far more laborious than the process of expression of a conception found in the imagination or memory. A modern school of painting has assumed the title of "impressionist," apparently ignorant of the fact that all true art is impressionist in the proper sense of the term, as all naturalistic representation is science, and not, strictly speaking, art at all. The majority of people nowadays prefer the latter: they know, more or less, what resembles what they see and what they like. This world, familiar to them, may be worthier than that of the idealist and artist; that is a matter of taste, not of discussion. But let us not confound terms and definitions: if what we want is art, let us understand its character; if what we want is nature, let us recognize the fact and have done with it, but not wander in uncertainty as to what we are talking about.

Much of the confusion in the world of general thought on the subject of the *ideal* is due to the confusion between the two accepted meanings of the word. The broad and comprehensive, and therefore the primary, meaning is the designation of what is present to the

imagination as opposed to the palpable and materialized, — the theory of the thing as opposed to the accomplishment of it; the secondary meaning is something which is produced in conformity to that hypothetical perfection, because, as we recognize the imperfection of actual things, we admit that we must seek a perfect image in the regions of imagination, that is of ideas. But when we come to scientific discussion of the nature of art, we must recur to the primary use of the term, and recognize that whatever is the embodiment of a mental conception is ideal; and in any possible combination of the ideal and the actual, that part of the combination which makes it art is that which it owes to the mind of the artist, and not that which it derives from the material world. When, then, we propose to cultivate art by setting the would-be artist to painting from nature directly, we take a road which may in time permit him to become an artist, but which is not the true and direct way, and which may, indeed, divert him entirely from his aim, and is not therefore to be advised as the basis of an art education, though it may be that best adapted to an education in what I will designate as scientific graphics, and the only method for men who have no ideal faculties. The essential conditions of a true art education are, the cultivation above all other faculties of those of rapid observation and retention of the significant facts, and putting before the eye the essential truths of what was seen, memorizing the flitting panorama of nature, and training the power of conception and the imagination by exercising and depending on them. Hamerton has given some most interesting observations on the method of memorizing as a system of art-training, and the history of modern art is full of cases of the power to be so attained. To work from knowledge of the reality of things, rather than from information of their superficial aspects, is the end to be

kept in view; to get rid of the model so far as possible is the first step to the right education, dependence on the model the obstacle to it. The shadow of science is the eclipse of art.

I do not know that the revival of art is of any importance to humanity. I admit the possibility of its utter inutility to the spiritual or intellectual evolution of the race; of its having finished its work as an agent in that evolution, and having, in general, a purely historical value. I perceive in the study of its history that there have been epochs in which it served only to gratify vanity and ostentation, and it seems to me that we are now in such an epoch; but as in the past these morbid conditions have had reactions of healthy life, it is not permitted from an historical parallel to conclude that the future does not contain an art as genuine as any in the past. But two things must be noted by the philosophical student, namely: that the great evolutions of true art have always had their origin in some general passion supervening on the love of decoration, no fiat of ruler or official forcing-process ever having succeeded in initiating one; and that they have invariably been followed, and been stifled, by naturalistic tendencies. Nature has in every case killed art. The devotion to naturalism has, in all the past schools, been recognized by thoughtful criticism as the "decline of art." The reason is evident. The servile study of nature supersedes the exercise of those faculties on which I have shown the successful pursuit of art to depend; the vulgar taste applauds what it can understand, — the superficial aspect of things, imitation, illusion, etc.; and the Academies, Royal and National, the various societies, in their exhibitions and search of popularity, follow and confirm the vulgar opinion, which can never be otherwise than grossly ignorant; and only the artistic genius of inflexible fibre resists the current, and is generally ignored. The annual exhibitions are

the grave of all that is best in art: individuality of the finer kind, refinement, simplicity which is a form of religion, and pure intellectual purpose, — these are trampled out by the eager feet of those who give a morning to the study of the work of a year, are unrecognized in the competition of brilliant technical surfaces, and are finally buried in the ignorant comment of the hurried daily press, compelled to pronounce judgment without consideration, and generally without the most elementary knowledge of the subject. No labor of any human worker is ever subjected to such degradation as is art to-day under the criticism of the daily paper. Now and then a true artist fights his way to his proper place by sheer intellectual power and patient endurance; but others, as true in aim, if of minor force, are never recognized.

Under the hypothesis, then, that art is to be revived and cultivated, the study of the works and methods of the genuine schools of art in past times is of the highest and primary importance, — is, in fact, the foundation of our schools to be. The mimicry of ancient forms, the adoption of antique or mediæval themes, the affectation of a manner that was spontaneous to a mind that came to activity under influences utterly diverse from those under which we live, have nothing to do with art, and in no wise aid us. Whether the Greeks believed in the gods whose images they carved, or the Cinquecentists in the holy men and women they painted, is to us utterly immaterial. What they have given us is the method by which they attained excellence in art, and the law at the root of it. That their faith had anything to do with that excellence I do not believe, or that any revival of such faith is necessary for a new art. The history of art does not indicate it, and the biographies of the artists deny it. What the old art teaches, in whatever form it took, is that the art is in the

artist, and not in nature; and from Archermos to Praxiteles, as from Cimabue to Raphael, the development is one of accumulating knowledge going hand in hand with an increasing skill and technical resources, in which the evidence is unmistakable to those who can read it that the study of nature was indirect, and that scientific knowledge of things never came to disturb the order of ideal creation. The Greek sculptor was not cursed by a knowledge of anatomy, and after Michelangelo had introduced it the sculpture of Italy became a mere muscular inanity. We cannot now go so far as to ignore anatomy, but we can cease to study it, and recognize no more of it than the Greek could see and show, — no more of it than is necessary to express the idea that animates us; remembering always that fidelity to the conception is the first obligation of art, fidelity to nature a secondary matter, and sometimes counterindicated by the primary law, and out of the question.

But when all this is admitted, there remains the grave question which no individual can answer, but a race and an epoch, — Does the world want art any longer? Has it, in the present state of human progress, any place which will justify the devotion to it of the class of minds which once found in it the enthusiasm of their youth and the content of their ripe years? Is it with the race, as with the individual, that

“There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe’er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see
no more ” ?

And must we be content, like the apostle of nature, the passion and exaltation of the youth of humanity being outgrown,

to look back at what the bloom time has left us, and

“rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind ” ?

No one can admit that the human intellect is weaker than it was five or twenty centuries ago; but it is certain that if we take the pains to study what was done five centuries ago in painting, or twenty centuries ago in sculpture, and compare it with the best work of to-day, we shall find the latter trivial and 'prentice work compared with the ordinary work of men whose names are lost in the lustre of a school. The distinction is not one of mental calibre, for now and then we see arise an individual of as strong and marked an artistic mind as any but the two or three supreme men of the past; but their best work (and none are more willing than they to admit it) is but amateurs' accomplishment beside the certainty and comprehensiveness, both in vision and execution, of even minor masters of the great times. We come continually across pictures that have for generations been attributed to Raphael, to Titian, or to Michelangelo, and find that they are but the work of men of whose existence we have barely a record. A shallow critic would say that this proves the master was overrated; the truth is, there was, in the time when that work was done, a great current of artistic tendency which swept smaller men into the inspiration of the greater, and exalted their powers. Now the current is in another direction, and the greater men, who in Titian's day would have been his equals, are left in the shallows and quicksands, stranded for want of a pilot or a favorable current.

Then, little men, inspired by the Zeitgeist, painted greatly; now, our great men fail to reach the technical achieve-

ment of those little men. There is not one living painter who can paint a portrait as a Venetian painter of A. D. 1550 would have done it; only one, in my knowledge, who has the same feeling for it. If we go to the work of wider range, the Campo Santo of Pisa, the Stanze, the Sistine Chapel, the distance becomes an abyss; the simplest fragment of a Greek statue of B. C. 450 shows us that the best sculpture of this century, even the French, is only a happy child-work, not even to be put in sight of Donatello or Michelangelo. The reason is simple. The early men grew up in a system in which the power of expression was taught from childhood; they acquired method as the musician does now, and the tendency of the opinion of their time was to keep them in the good method. Beginning as apprentices, they grew to be masters; art was not a diversion, but a serious occupation, to which fathers sent their sons at eight and ten years of age, and they learned to express ideas as soon as ideas began to form, and before they had begun to notice the surfaces of things; and having acquired the power to express thought, power grew as the thought enlarged. We begin late as amateurs; we see surfaces, and contemporary taste likes surfaces, but nothing serious; we lean on the model, and cannot escape it because we dare not risk to be caught out of drawing; the conception is never clear because we never trust it, and we must compare our work, touch by touch, with the model; we are never free, and we end in *pose plastique*, the caricature of art. The purely mechanical habit of reproducing the thing set before us, deferring to scientific exactitude as if it were authority in art, has little by little extinguished in the modern mind the sense of the ideal, just as an absorption in the material life, in its insatiable and ever-increasing claims, stifles, and finally entirely eliminates, the spiritual faculties. If there be no vital relation be-

tween the two, there is at least an analogy. I shall not discuss the question whether religion — by which I mean the spiritual life, not a creed or a church — is necessary to human progress or happiness, any more than I should maintain that art, in its highest acceptation, is so; but I have the clearest perception of the truth that, in the one case as in the other, the devotion to the material stifles the ideal. The natural sciences, the model, Fact, — which is accident, fidelity to nature, to use the common term, — are the negation of the ideal and the extinction of the perception of the beautiful, which are in turn the highest witnesses of the spiritual life. Few men love nature more than I do, and few have spent time in more patient and reverential record of her material features by the most scrupulous copying of landscape; but I recognize that if I had ever possessed the higher gifts of the artist, this devotion to the shell of nature would have been the most efficient method for their extinction.

I know of nothing more melancholy, to one who has gone through the university of art, the silent schools of the long-past centuries, — Greece, Tuscany, Venice, Holland of the Van Eycks, and Germany of Dürer, — than to walk through a modern art exhibition and hear the comments of a public which, if not wise, is the only one art has to look to; the enthusiasm for the superficialities and unintelligent reproduction of a world of accidents, spending its admiration on tricks of the brush and curiosities of texture, while the genuine expressions of artistic feeling, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, soon to be forgotten as well, are passed with a joke or a sneer of incomprehension as affectations or absurd archaisms, or, what is almost as fatal in education in art, respected not because they are the result of the real art motive, but on account of some incidental characteristic of the artist, an eccentricity which is attributed to a

peculiarity of vision or the discovery of a new process of painting. But this is the condition of public appreciation not only in England and America, but even in France, where the national temperament is most favorable to the development of æsthetic feeling.

As I have said, no individual can answer the question I have asked, — Do we want art any longer? But if I were called on to answer my own question, I should say, No! We want portraiture, because the leading motive in the majority is vanity, and the highest virtue domestic affection. For the awakening of the highest artistic faculties we have neither the desire nor the ability. We understand vaguely what is like nature, and we confound the representation of nature with art. People who take to art in the feeling that it is a better amusement than any other are too far advanced in life to acquire a really noble execution, just as they would be in music; and they always depend on nature because it is the easiest way to get along. The establishment of schools, in the old and true sense of the word, where the training should begin with the development of the intellect, and correct habits of working should be acquired before the critical faculties are at work, in which a regular apprenticeship should be gone through, the process by which alone a master can be made, is, in the present state of things, impossible. If in some more or less remote future a reaction should follow the present temper, and art find a new world, we may have prepared the way for it by the recognition of its true principles, and, above all, the clear understanding that its fundamental law is that in its sphere art is supreme, and nature only its bricks and mortar. So long as we confound fidelity to nature with excellence in art we ignore that law.

I had written thus far when I showed my paper to Mr. G. F. Watts, R. A., who wrote the following comment, which

he permits me to print. I do so gladly, for his views have an intrinsic value, as the conclusions of one whom I am compelled to regard as the profoundest thinker on art with whose opinions I am conversant.

"I agree so much with the general tenor of your article that it is what I am always saying. There are two or three points I might wish to discuss upon the question of art education. Certainly I do not think modern art education a good one, but I think education in art necessary. The language of art is not quite a natural one, since it is not possessed by all. The great artist, like the great poet, may forget his means as he forgets himself in his work; but to do this his means must be entirely sufficient. When Wordsworth wrote the *Intimations of Immortality*, he never had to think of his grammar or his spelling: such a necessity must have crippled his utterances. The soldier fighting for his life does not think about the rules of fence, but, for the perfect handling of his weapons, he has had to learn to use them. The greatest art must deal with the human figure; the strongest appeal to humanity can be made only through humanity. Michelangelo was not a better artist for giving twelve years to the study of anatomy, — perhaps the worse; but a very considerable knowledge of and acquaintance with the structure of the human frame are absolutely necessary, — an acquaintance difficult for him to acquire in northern climates and in modern times. The artist acquainted with the human structure through the medium of his restricted observation alone will find himself in the position of the musician who composes by ear. This may suffice for his melody, but without knowledge of counterpoint he will not be able to set down in writing the complications of his harmony. Painting from the model is a thing I entirely disapprove of, — I never do it and have never done it, never set-

ting up the model in a fixed position, though referring to it occasionally when knowledge or memory may be at fault; but there should be no hesitation for want of knowledge, and the more elevated the intention, the more necessary that there should be no obvious violations of grammar in art. Also, I think that you should make it understood that you admit that even painting from still life, and subjects where dexterous imitation and beautiful workmanship are interesting and pleasing, is still art in a degree and worthy of praise, as all things done conscientiously are: this, while you rightly insist that reality is fatal to the dignity of higher endeavor. . . . I should not like my method of study to be misunderstood; though not painting from the model, I do not depend upon knowledge, still less memory, alone, but, for example, get any one who may be about to lend me a wrist or an elbow, not merely in the position required, but turning the joint about, not to copy, but to refresh my knowledge. This is probably what Phidias did with greater opportunities. I do the same thing, — that is to say, study more than I have immediate occasion to represent when painting a portrait. For example, if I am painting a full-face, I endeavor to learn the profile, that I may not depend

on the light and shadow alone for the form of the features. I do not hesitate to repeat that I consider the painting from the model in a set position a pernicious practice, but the study of nature is another thing, and cannot be dispensed with. . . . I think you may have remarked that I purposely avoid display of anatomical knowledge in my figures, and all reference to creeds in my subjects."

These views of the great artist are in no wise in conflict with those I have tried to expound, though, as he writes in the nature of a general approval, he dwells on the points on which he desires to qualify my statements; but I do not exclude a lower form of art, which I have noted as "law, or spurious art," and the excellence of which is in the perfection of its means, not in the nobility of its ends, and to be respected, as we should respect a versifier whose grammar and diction were faultless, but who was quite devoid of poetic inspiration. Nature is noble, and the most scrupulous rendering of her, in every attainable aspect, is worthy commendation as handicraft; but even here we are in a way which leads to the antipodes of the true and supreme art, — that of the ideal, the creative. There is one honor of the hand and another of the brain, and they rarely go to the same work.

W. J. Stillman.

THE PROMETHEUS UNBOUND OF SHELLEY.

II.

THE MYTH OF THE DRAMA.

IN many a detail the meaning of the *Prometheus Unbound* eludes us; yet in great outlines it may be traced. Shelley takes as his starting-point the old story of Prometheus as found in the drama of *Æschylos*. Prometheus, the Titan, has

stolen fire from heaven to benefit the race of man. Jupiter, in revenge, nails him high on a cliff of Caucasus, where he hangs through æons of pain. He possesses a secret, with which he refuses to part, which, if revealed, would ward off from Jupiter some unknown and terrible danger. These broad and simple facts Shelley adopts from the old Greek myth; then, with an audacious license

born of the Revolution, he modifies, enlarges, innovates, to suit his own desires, till the glowing phantasmagoria of his poem bears slight resemblance to the grave and simple outlines of Æschylos.

When the drama opens, Prometheus, great protagonist of humanity, hangs on his mount of torture, high above the outspread world. But he is not alone. Sister-spirits, Ione and Panthea, fair forms with drooping wings, sit watchful at his feet. They may be with him; another presence, dearer than theirs, is denied. Asia, their great sister, the beloved of Prometheus, waits afar in sorrow; and the bitterest element in the suffering of the Titan is the separation between himself and her. Prometheus, we say, is the protagonist of humanity. More specifically, and perhaps more accurately, he is the Mind of Man. Asia is the Spirit of divine Love, from whom man, in his exile, has become divided, yet without whom thought is powerless. To Shelley, this spirit of celestial love and beauty is supremely manifest through nature; so Asia, in a loose but very real way, is identified in his thought, as Aphrodite was identified to the Greeks, with the creative and informing spirit of the natural world. Ione and Panthea, "messengers between the soul of man and its ideal," represent the spirit of desire which we call Hope, and the power of spiritual insight and wisdom which, however Shelley would have shrunk from the term, we may best designate as Faith.

The first act may be entitled the Torture of Prometheus. The agony which Jupiter has power to inflict shall reach its bitter climax here. The drama opens with a great soliloquy of Prometheus, flung upward to the midnight sky:—

Monarch of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits
But One, who throng those bright and rolling
worlds

Which Thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this Earth
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom
thou

Requiest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,

And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,
Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

The mood of Prometheus, however, is not bitter. Disciplined by æons of silent pain, he has attained a new point of development. At the moment of his capture, he had hurled defiance at Jupiter, his foe, in a terrific curse. This curse he would now recall. Hatred has left his soul; even the words of wrath and contempt he has forgotten. Let them be repeated, that he may revoke them, and remain free from the taint of revenge. But it is in vain that he calls on mountains, springs, and whirlwinds, — yes, on the Earth, his mother — to repeat the curse to him. They remember it well; repeat it they dare not. Nay, between the Earth and Prometheus there is alienation. He exclaims:—

Why scorns the spirit which informs ye, now
To commune with me?

Man and nature are at strife; or if not at strife, the old frank communion between them is disturbed. Prometheus cannot understand the "inorganic voice" of his mother.

Obscurely through my brain, like shadows
dim,

Sweep awful thoughts.

He feels that baffling sense of a language half understood which haunts the human mind as, in the development of civilization, man travels daily farther from the east. At last, up from a strange underworld of shadows, the world of memory or imagination, the Phantasm of Jupiter himself arises, proud and calm, and pronounces the dread words. We have here, of course, the suggestion that the doom of evil is self-ordained; and the curse is simply the statement, or prophecy, of inexorable law.

Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this curse,
 Ill deeds; then be thou damned, beholding
 good;

Both infinite as is the universe,
 And thou, and thy self-torturing solitude.

An awful image of calm power
 Though now thou sittest, let the hour
 Come, when thou must appear to be
 That which thou art internally;

And after many a false and fruitless crime,
 Scorn track thy lagging fall through boundless
 space and time.

This curse reads like the enlargement
 of the doom of Satan, as given in Para-
 dise Lost.

"That with reiterated crimes, he might
 Heap on himself damnation."

Yet, though the curse is only the expres-
 sion of law, Prometheus would revoke
 it. The higher conception, that concep-
 tion of forgiveness which interrupts all
 causal unity, has come to him. He re-
 calls the curse.

Prometheus. Were these my words, O Par-
 ent?

The Earth. They were thine.

Prometheus. It doth repent me: words are
 quick and vain;

Grief for awhile is blind, and so was mine.
 I wish no living thing to suffer pain.

The Earth, unable to accept the higher
 law, is filled with anguish, convinced that
 the withdrawal of the curse is the signal
 for the entire subjugation of Prometheus.
 Really, we have here, in the magna-
 nimity of the Titan, the first step in
 the series of actions which occupies the
 drama, and by which the redemption of
 humanity is worked out. Jupiter, how-
 ever, shares the misconception of the
 Earth. Cognizant, doubtless, on Olym-
 pus, of all that passes on the mount,
 and believing that Prometheus is at last
 ready to relent, he sends Mercury, the
 Spirit of Compromise, swiftly down, to
 extort the longed-for secret, and, if the
 Titan prove still rebellious, to inflict new
 pains. Mercury pleads, reasons, and at
 last tries to intimidate with obscure hints
 of a horrible torture to come; but Pro-
 metheus repulses him with words of lofty
 scorn and invulnerable will. Forgiveness

has implied no weakening of his firm
 integrity.

Mercury. Oh, that we might be spared: I to
 inflict

And thou to suffer! once more answer me:
 Thou knowest not the period of Jove's power?

Prometheus. I know but this, that it must
 come.

Mercury. Alas!

Thou canst not count thy years to come of
 pain?

Prometheus. They last while Jove must reign;
 nor more, nor less

Do I desire or fear.

Mercury. Yet pause, and plunge

Into Eternity, where recorded time,
 Even all that we imagine, age on age,
 Seems but a point, and the reluctant mind
 Flings wearily in its unending flight,
 Till it sink, dizzy, blind, lost, shelterless;
 Perchance it has not numbered the slow years
 Which thou must spend in torture, unreprieved?

Prometheus. Perchance no thought can count
 them, yet they pass.

Mercury. If thou mightst dwell among the
 gods the while

Lapped in voluptuous joy?

Prometheus. I would not quit

This bleak ravine, these unrepentant pains.

Mercury. Alas! I wonder at, yet pity thee.

Prometheus. Pity the self-despising slaves of
 Heaven,

Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene,
 As light in the sun, throned. How vain is talk!
 Call up the fiends.

Ione. O sister, look! White fire
 Has cloven to the roots yon huge snow-loaded
 cedar;

How fearfully God's thunder howls behind!

Mercury. I must obey his words and thine.
 Alas!

Most heavily remorse hangs at my heart!

Then comes the great scene of the
 agony and temptation of Prometheus,
 — a scene which can be compared to
 the greatest scenes of torture in the
 whole literature of the world. There is
 nothing in Job, in Hamlet, in the Di-
 vine Comedy, more terrible than this.
 Throngs of Furies, awful forms of dark-
 ness, surge upward from the abyss. They
 press around Prometheus, a stifling, evil
 crowd.

The ministers of pain, and fear,
 And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate,
 And clinging crime.

They taunt him, they revile, they torture ;
 nay, they enter his very being, and live
 through him, like animal life : —

Dread thought beneath thy brain
 And foul desire round thy astonished heart ;
 thus giving the nearest suggestion of sin
 that the drama affords. Their shadowy
 and horrible shapelessness enhances the
 shuddering fear with which they inspire
 us. We feel them to be in truth emanations
 from the evil abysses of human
 nature, messengers of spiritual despair.
 The suffering which they inflict is the
 deepest and subtlest that the soul can
 know. The first Furies, who enter the
 mind of Prometheus and whisper foul
 thoughts within, are supplemented by
 others who reveal to him the tragedy of
 human history. And the heart of the
 tragedy lies in the sneering suggestion,
 the true Mephistopheles thought, that
 the highest hopes and noblest impulses
 of man lead only to bitter sorrow and to
 degraded sin.

Fury. Tear the veil.

Another Fury. It is torn.

Chorus. The pale stars of the morn

Shine on a misery, dire to be borne.

Dost thou faint, mighty Titan ? We laugh
 thee to scorn.

Dost thou boast the clear knowledge thou waken'dst
 for man ?

Then was kindled within him a thirst which
 outran

Those perishing waters ; a thirst of fierce fever,
 Hope, love, doubt, desire, which consume him
 for ever.

"Most progress means most failure,"
 writes Cleon, the exponent of weary
 paganism, as he summarizes the conclusion
 of the ages in Browning's clear-cut
 poem. Swinburne, in the bitter chorus
 of invective against the most high gods
 which marks the climax of *Atalanta in
 Calydon*, expresses the same wisdom of
 this world in passionate cadence : —

"Thou hast given man sleep, and smitten sleep
 with dreams,

Saying, Joy is not, but love of joy shall be ;

Thou hast made sweet springs to all our
 pleasant streams,

In the end thou hast made them bitter with
 the sea."

To apprehend the full force of the
 suffering of Prometheus, we must remember
 that all the progress of his "beloved
 race" in knowledge and in hope
 is due to him ; that for his service to
 men he hangs "withering in destined
 pain." This service the Furies now
 present as a curse, not a blessing, to
 mankind. To support their triumphant
 claim, they reveal to Prometheus two
 visions of the future, conceived by Shelley
 as the central moments of the world's
 history, — the Crucifixion of Christ and
 the French Revolution. They show him
 Christianity "become a curse" to mankind
 through religious wars and persecutions ;
 they show him the bright hopes of the
 French Revolution quenched in bloodshed.
 During these visions, Ione and Panthea,
 who have so far supported the Titan by
 their songs and their presence, veil their
 faces. Faith indeed glances for one instant
 at the Christ figure, then hides her eyes in
 woe. Thus bereft of hope and faith,
 Prometheus meets his torture in awful
 solitude. Yet, though his soul is sorrowful
 unto death, it is not conquered. To the
 temptation of despair he does not yield,
 if despair mean the loss of inward loyalty
 to truth and right. It is striking that
 the last words of the Furies, the climax
 of torture for the pure and noble soul,
 are the mere enumeration of the common-
 places of daily life. Not the dramatic
 crises of the world's history, but the
 trivial facts of constant experience,
 seem to Shelley the crowning embodiment
 of evil. But even here Prometheus
 conquers, through patience and
 unflinching courage.

Fury. Behold an emblem : those who do
 endure

Deep wrongs for man, and scorn, and chains,
 but heap

Thousandfold torment on themselves and him.

Blood thou canst see, and fire ; and canst hear
 groans :

Worse things unheard, unseen, remain behind.
Prometheus. Worse ?

Fury. In each human heart terror survives
The ruin it has gorged : the loftiest fear
All that they would disdain to think were true.
Hypocrisy and custom make their minds
The fanes of many a worship, now outworn.
They dare not devise good for man's estate,
And yet they know not that they do not dare.
The good want power, but to weep barren
tears.

The powerful goodness want : worse need for
them.

The wise want love ; and those who love want
wisdom ;

And all best things are thus confused to ill.
Many are strong and rich, and would be just,
But live among their suffering fellow-men
As if none felt : they know not what they do.

Prometheus. Thy words are like a cloud of
wingèd snakes ;

And yet I pity those they torture not.

Fury. Thou pitiest them ? I speak no
more ! *[Vanishes.]*

Prometheus. Ah woe !

Ah woe ! Alas ! pain, pain ever, for ever !
I close my tearless eyes, but see more clear
Thy works within my woe-illumèd mind,
Thou subtle tyrant ! Peace is in the grave :
The grave hides all things beautiful and good.
I am a God and cannot find it there,
Nor would I seek it : for, though dread re-
venge,

This is defeat, fierce king ! not victory.

The sights with which thou torturest gird my
soul

With new endurance, till the hour arrives
When they shall be no types of things which are.

The baffled Furies have vanished in
rage ; and now gather to console the
Titan a troop of exquisite spirits. These
spirits see the soul of goodness in things
evil, as the Furies saw the soul of evil
in things good. They are the Spirits of
the Human Mind, bearing

the prophecy

Which begins and ends in thee ;

that is, in the mind of man. They sing
of Courage, which could not exist were
no battles to be fought ; of Self-sacrifice,
which springs from pain alone ; of Wis-
dom and of Imagination, witnesses to a
diviner day that is to be.

The gentle songs of these spirits
soothe, although they cannot cheer, the
exhausted soul of the sufferer. He
sighs.

I would fain

Be what it is my destiny to be,
The saviour and the strength of suffering man ;
Or sink into the original gulf of things.
There is no agony and no solace left ;
Earth can console, Heaven can torment no
more.

Thus the Titan hangs, weary, yet at
peace. The morning slowly dawns ; and
we leave him as his wistful thoughts turn
towards Asia and towards love.

If the first act is the Torture of Pro-
metheus, the second may be called the
Journey of Asia. It is around her fig-
ure that action now centres ; and the
scenes in which the myth is unfolded
are poetically the most wonderful in the
Prometheus Unbound. The verse shines
with spiritual meaning, profound yet elu-
sive. It dazzles us like the sky at sun-
rise, yet, like the sky at sunrise, purges
our eyes to clearer sight. At the be-
ginning of the act Asia is alone. We
find her waiting in an Indian vale, whose
luxuriant beauty contrasts with the bleak
ravine where Prometheus suffers. Yet
Asia, too, is sorrowful, though her sor-
row is passive. Separated from the hu-
man soul which gives her life, she lan-
guidly waits and dreams. She is to be
aroused from her passivity, to learn that
love's mission is not only to endure, but
to act, and through action to save the
world. The season is spring, the mo-
ment sunrise. Asia expects Panthea, the
Spirit of Intuition or of Faith which ever
mediates between the soul of man and
its ideal.

Asia. From all the blasts of heaven thou
hast descended :

Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which makes
Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes,
And beatings haunt the desolated heart,
Which should have learnt repose : thou hast
descended

Cradled in tempests ; thou dost wake, O
Spring !

O child of many winds ! As suddenly
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet ;
Like genius, or like joy which riseth up
As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds
The desert of our life.

This is the season, this the day, the hour;
At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister
mine,
Too long desired, too long delaying, come!

Hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

[*Panthea enters.*]

I feel, I see
Those eyes which burn through smiles that
fade in tears,
Like stars half-quenched in mists of silver
dew.

Belovèd and most beautiful, who wearest,
The shadow of that soul by which I live,
How late thou art! the spherèd sun had climbed
The sea; my heart was sick with hope, before
The printless air felt thy belated plumes.

Panthea has strange dreams to narrate, — dreams of mystic meaning that summon to an action unknown. As she speaks, the soul of Love grows troubled. In the eyes of Faith she reads a double vision. First is the dream of fulfillment: Prometheus free, joyous, the consummation of her desire. Second comes the dream of progress; and as she beholds it the impulses of her own brooding heart become clear to her.

Asia. As you speak, your words
Fill, pause by pause, my own forgotten sleep
With shapes. Methought among the lawns
together

We wandered, underneath the young gray
dawn,

And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the
mountains,

Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind;
And the white dew on the new-bladed grass,
Just piercing the dark earth, hung silently;
And there was more which I remember not:
But on the shadows of the morning clouds,
Athwart the purple mountain slope, was written

FOLLOW, O, FOLLOW! as they vanished by;
And on each herb, from which Heaven's dew
had fallen,

The like was stamped, as with a withering fire.
A wind arose among the pines; it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of
ghosts,

Were heard: O, FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW
ME!

And then I said, "Panthea, look on me."

But in the depth of those belovèd eyes
Still I saw, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

Echo.

Follow, follow!

Panthea. The crags, this clear spring morning,
mock our voices,
As they were spirit-tongued.

Nature, which has been but the passive reflection of the beauty of love, becomes charged with spiritual significance. It stings with hunger for full light; it murmurs a message, half understood, of a task that awaits, a reward to be won. We are here, in the drama of spiritual evolution, at the great point of the awakening of consciousness. Driven by an imperious inward stress, Asia must hence, she knows not whither. Unseen echoes summon her.

In the world unknown
Sleeps a Voice unspoken;
By thy step alone
Can its rest be broken;
Child of Ocean!

Asia seizes the hand of Panthea; and together Love and Faith set forth on their long journey, — a journey which is to lead them into all depths of human experience, and which, in truth, though they know it not, is to be a pilgrimage of redemption. In the next scene we find the sister-spirits wandering through a dark forest, typifying, doubtless, the mysteries of human experience. Chorus of unseen spirits chant exquisite lyrics, which, perfect nature-poems, yet symbolize and suggest the life of the senses, the emotions, the reason, and the will. Soon, — though how much of earthly time has been taken by this journey we may not tell, — Asia and Panthea stand on the summit of a lofty mountain. They can advance no farther by their own strength; the next stage of their progress is to be a descent to the secret abysses of being, and this descent they can accomplish only when, abandoning self-guidance, they yield in meekness to spirit forces not their own. A troop of spirits gathers from out the shining mists that surge around the peak; they seize the unresisting forms

of Love and Faith, and bear them downward to the awful abode of Demogorgon, the unseen Fate who dwells in darkness.

To the deep, to the deep,
Down, down!
Through the shade of sleep,
Through the cloudy strife
Of Death and of Life;
Through the veil and the bar
Of things which seem and are,
Even to the steps of the remotest throne,
Down, down!

We have bound thee, we guide thee;
Down, down!
With the bright form beside thee;
Resist not the weakness,
Such strength is in meekness
That the Eternal, the Immortal,
Must unloose through life's portal
The snake-like Doom coiled underneath
his throne
By that alone.

This descent of Asia to the cave of Demogorgon recalls the descent of Faust to "the Mothers," the mysterious roots of things, in the second part of Faust; it recalls yet more forcibly the fairest myth of the ancient world, where Psyche descends to the shades of Avernus.

Asia and Panthea now stand in the presence of an "awful darkness" which is yet "a living spirit." This shapeless, vital Darkness, which Shelley describes by negatives charged with imaginative awe, is Demogorgon, the most bewildering yet one of the most essential personages of the drama. He is Fate. He is also a great many other things, but it will suffice for the present to call him the unconscious Reason, which is the deepest innate governing principle of human life. Before this oracular Darkness Asia now stands, and questions. She asks a solution of the deepest problems of life, — asks, and in a sense is answered. In this scene, which is the dramatic centre of the poem, Shelley expounds to us his own thought concerning the problems of human destiny. Asia first asks Demogorgon to name the supreme ruler of the world; and this

question he half answers, half evades, in approved metaphysical fashion.

Panthea. What veiled form sits on that ebon throne?

Asia. The veil has fallen.

Panthea. I see a mighty darkness
Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom
Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,
Ungazed upon and shapeless; neither limb,
Nor form, nor outline; yet we feel it is
A living spirit.

Demogorgon. Ask what thou wouldst know.

Asia. What canst thou tell?

Demogorgon. All things thou dar'st demand.

Asia. Who made the living world?

Demogorgon. God.

Asia. Who made all
That it contains? thought, passion, reason, will,
Imagination?

Demogorgon. God: Almighty God.

Asia. Who made that sense which, when the
winds of spring

In rarest visitation, or the voice
Of one beloved heard in youth alone,
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears which dim
The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,
And leaves this peopled earth a solitude
When it returns no more?

Demogorgon. Merciful God.

Asia. And who made terror, madness, crime,
remorse?

Demogorgon. He reigns.

Asia. Utter his name: a world pining in pain
Asks but his name: curses shall drag him down.

Demogorgon. He reigns.

Asia. I feel, I know it: who?

Demogorgon. He reigns.

Asia then gives a long account of the upgrowth of society, of the services rendered to man by Prometheus, and of the relations between Prometheus and Jupiter. At the end she puts the crucial, the central question, — the question which, from the beginning of human time, has lain heavy on the heart of Love, — Is the supreme ruler of the world evil or good? What is the nature, what the source, of evil? The answer of Demogorgon is profoundly significant.

Asia. Whom calledst thou God?

Demogorgon. I spoke but as ye speak,
For Jove is the supreme of living things.

Asia. Who is the master of the slave?

Demogorgon. If the abysm
 Could vomit forth its secrets — But a voice
 Is wanting, the deep truth is imageless;
 For what would it avail to bid thee gaze
 On the revolving world? What to bid speak
 Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance and Change? To
 these

All things are subject but eternal Love.

Asia. So much I asked before, and my
 heart gave
 The response thou hast given; and of such
 truths

Each to itself must be the oracle.

Thus the answer of Reason to the central problem of human existence does but corroborate the yearning intuition of the heart. Love supreme, love eternal, triumphant over fate, time, occasion, chance, and change, — this is the deepest word the human reason deigns to speak. Shelley's message here is the message of all true poets. "*L'Amor, che muove il sole e l'altre stelle*" is ever the burden of their song. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* is the representative poem of the middle of the century as *Prometheus Unbound* of its earlier years. Utterly different as are the two poems in structure and spirit, their truth is the same; immortal Love is sung by both alike; love discerned immortal by the first yearning of the eager heart, proved immortal only by the dark and lonely journey through soul-experience.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove,"

cries, Tennyson; and the thought is the thought of Shelley, strengthened and defined in the more modern poet by centring the immortal Love in a personality rather than in an abstraction. If Shelley expressed the highest faith of the first of the century, and Tennyson of its central years, Robert Browning is the accepted leader of our thought and faith to-day. We find in him the same note, more triumphant, carried forward, as Shelley could not carry it, save by one swift hint, into eternity.

"No! love which on earth amid all the shows
 of it
 Has ever been known the sole good of life
 in it,
 That love, ever growing here, spite of the
 strife in it,
 Shall arise, made perfect, from Death's re-
 pose of it,
 And I shall behold Thee, Face to face,
 O God, and in Thy light retrace
 How in all I loved here, still wast Thou."

The speculative questions of Asia are answered. There remains the question of fact. She seeks to know the fate of Prometheus and herself, and demands the hour of redemption. The answer comes in deeds, not words. Swiftly appears a vision of the cars of the Hours. One waits for Demogorgon, one for Asia. The awful form of Demogorgon mounts the car of darkness, and is borne away, while Asia and Panthea, transported to the shining chariot, are whirled more swiftly than the lightning to a mystic mount. Then comes the consummation of the drama. Asia is transfigured before us. Her being shines with a strange radiance so intense that Panthea trembles before it, — so intense that it hides her from view. A voice, the voice of Prometheus, is heard chanting to her a worshipful lyric, the highest expression alike of Shelley's genius and of his faith.

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire; then screen them
 In those looks, where whose gazes
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
 Through the vest which seems to hide
 them;
 As the radiant lines of morning
 Through the clouds, ere they divide them;
 And this atmosphere divinest
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
 Like the fairest; for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendor,
 And all feel, yet see thee never,
 As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of earth! where'er thou movest
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
 And the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,
 Till they fail, as I am failing,
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

With Asia's responsive song, of almost equal beauty and of profound spiritual significance, the act concludes. This song is too long to be given here. In it, says William Rossetti, "the soul, transported into idealism by melody, muses upon the indefinable possibilities of existence, prenatal and preter-lethal, — the world of spirit before birth and after death."

The apotheosis of Love is the climax of the spiritual action of the drama. In the third act we witness the fall of Jupiter and the liberation of Prometheus. Jupiter has just married Thetis. The child of this union — here is the secret which Prometheus has so persistently withheld — is to destroy his father. Strange child! for in truth he is no other than an incarnation of Demogorgon. In the car of darkness he ascends to the resplendent throne of the world's ruler and pronounces doom. Scorn avails nothing; the weapons of the gods are futile; futile, thunderbolts and prayers. The curse is fulfilled, and, in a passage of superb condensation and vitality, Jupiter confesses his defeat, while, from high heaven, he sinks into the abyss.

Detested prodigy!

Even thus beneath the deep Titanian prisons
 I trample thee! Thou lingerest?

Mercy! mercy!

No pity, no release, no respite! O,
 That thou wouldst make mine enemy my judge,
 Even where he hangs, seared by my long re-

venge,

On Caucasus! he would not doom me thus.
 Gentle, and just, and dreadless, is he not
 The monarch of the world? What then art
 thou?

No refuge! no appeal!

Sink with me then.

We two will sink on the wide waves of ruin,
 Even as a vulture and a snake outspent
 Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,

Into a shoreless sea. Let hell unlock
 Its mounded oceans of tempestuous fire,
 And whelm on them into the bottomless void
 This desolated world, and thee, and me,
 The conqueror and the conquered, and the
 wreck

Of that for which they combated.

Ai! Ai!

The elements obey me not. I sink
 Dizzily down, ever, for ever, down.
 And, like a cloud, mine enemy above
 Darkens my fall with victory! Ai! Ai!

Hercules releases Prometheus, who, reunited to Asia, enters upon an existence of limitless freedom and perfect love. The Spirit of the Hour speeds, proclaiming redemption, over land and sea; and, with a long passage describing the joyful effects of his tidings, the act concludes.

The fourth act was an afterthought, but one which we could ill afford to miss. It is a triumphant chorus of rejoicing. All powers of the earth and air, of the natural and the spiritual world, unite in a wondrous pæan that for depth and variety of music, for beauty of imagery, for the expression of rapturous gladness, finds no parallel in English verse. It is to music rather than to literature that we must look for the analogues of such poetry as this.

Even in this brief outline the significance of the myth of the Prometheus Unbound must have become fairly clear. It is evident that the drama has for its theme the redemption of humanity, and that the theme is conceived under the influence of the new democratic faith. Let us now glance a little more closely at some of the characters, and at the means by which redemption is accomplished.

Prometheus and Asia, Panthea and Ione, are probably clear enough. Jupiter, the evil power, it is, however, easy to misconceive. We must beware of considering him the abstract power of moral evil. To Shelley, his significance is perhaps mainly political. A few lines near the conclusion of the third act give the clue to him: —

Those foul shapes, abhorred by god and man,
Which, under many a name and many a form,
Strange, savage, ghastly, dark, and execrable,
Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world.

As we have seen, he derives his power from Prometheus. He thus stands for all those institutions, civil or religious, which were once the true expression of human will, but which, as the centuries pass, become effete though powerful forms, with an innate tendency to repress progress. Mr. Rossetti considers that Jupiter represents the anthropomorphic god, a delusion of the human mind; but surely he is much more than this. "Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prisons," — these, in one grand composite, including as they do all forms by which man has projected into society the authority of law, unite in the idea of Jupiter. To Shelley, as we have seen, the soul of man is essentially good and pure; evil, an accident of the outer life, inheres exclusively in that outward authority which checks the free play of impulse. The evil Jupiter thus conceived is a shadowy creature enough. We feel that he loses all but a nominal existence when Prometheus, in forgiving him, ceases to respect him. He pronounces his own doom, and by his own weight he falls; never possessing our imagination except in the instant of his destruction. In the marriage of Jupiter with Thetis, Shelley seems to suggest the overweening arrogance in which a political tyranny invests itself with the pomp of false glory, and which always precedes its overthrow. The form of Demogorgon, assumed by the child of this fateful union, is the most difficult in the whole drama to apprehend; but we can see one or two simple ideas for which he stands. In his aspect as child of Jupiter and Thetis, Demogorgon undoubtedly means revolution, — that revolution which always follows the marriage of unrighteous power to overweening display. Historically, Todhunter ingeniously suggests that Demogorgon stands

for the critical and destructive thought of the eighteenth century, which, nurtured by an artificial civilization, became the force by which that civilization was overthrown. As to the more general conception of Demogorgon, we can neither define nor understand it, because Shelley doubtless meant him to represent that background of inscrutable mystery in existence which is at once the source and negation of all our knowledge. He has been compared to the Hegelian Absolute, and any one who enjoys the suggestion may get what he can out of it. The most useful way to think of him is as the Principle of Reason; reason, not indeed omniscient, but the best instrument man possesses for the approach to absolute truth. Lying deep in the unconscious life of humanity, this Reason is passionless and passive; yet now and again it will be roused, it will arise, and, appearing in time under the guise of some relentless phase of thought, will sweep down the old, and sink once more into silence.

We are ready now to discuss the process by which, in the myth of the young Shelley, redemption is worked out. The preparation is twofold: the purification of the mind of man from all taint of revenge; the awakening of the heart of man to responsibility and action. The act of redemption also has a twofold aspect, negative and positive; the negative is embodied in Demogorgon, the positive in Asia; and the whole action finds dynamic power in the scene in the cave of Demogorgon. The overweening arrogance of Jupiter is indeed the obvious cause of his overthrow; but there is a more potent cause, hidden in the secret mysteries of being. For, in the abode of darkness, Asia and Demogorgon have met. Love has questioned ancient Wisdom; and it is only after this interview that the "mighty shadow" floats upward from his throne to the throne of Jupiter. Surely, the poet means to image to us the profound truth,

that it is only through contact with emotion that abstract thought can be roused to action, and can appear in the sphere of practical life, a vital force. We have here a clear suggestion of that revolutionary process by which the frigid and inert reasoning of Voltaire and his kin, becoming charged with passion, overthrow the former world.

Thus the self-destruction of evil is accomplished, and on the negative side the process is complete; but in the evolution of the myth there is a positive aspect of far greater beauty. Not only by the overthrow of evil, but by the active force of good, is the end attained. Through Asia, spirit of celestial love, shall redemption be achieved,—Asia, the Light of Life, highest embodiment in Shelley's poetry of that ideal towards which his worship ever ascends. If Reason must be charged with passion before it can prevail, so Love, on the other hand, must become instinct with wisdom ere it can be made manifest in that glory which shall save the world. The interview in the awful darkness is a crisis to Asia as well as to Demogorgon, even though wisdom can but reiterate the primal instinct of love. After this interview Love is transfigured. Its rosy warmth pervades the whole creation, and its force is revealed triumphantly supreme. This is the crowning act through which, in the mystery of creation, the redemption of Prometheus is achieved.

Thus, by a double process, destructive and constructive, by revolution and by love, is set free the human soul. At this point the *Prometheus Unbound* ceases to be great. When the drama turns from hope, endurance, endeavor, to picture fulfillment, it drops into bathos. Sentimental and empty, guilty of that worst of æsthetic sins, prettiness, is Shelley's description of the ideal state. After their titanic throes, their radiant achievement, Prometheus and Asia are united; and we look for some hint of progressive and

inconceivable rapture to form the conclusion of the drama. No such hint is given. They retire to a cave; there, after the fashion of an imitation pastoral, they spend their lazy days in the enjoyment of sentiment and art. For a regenerate humanity Shelley has no message. His ideal is radically unprogressive,—the return to a golden age of insipid innocence rather than the advance into new regions of spiritual and material conquest.

Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree,

is his humanity of the future; and the thought and the poetry in which the coming life is described are equally flat.

In part, this descent into bathos is of course inevitable. Descriptions of the millennium are always futile. Even the Apocalypse deals only with reticent and reverent symbol, and all uninspired Utopias, from Plato's Republic to News from Nowhere, send us back with renewed zest to the miseries of the present. Yet the peculiar weakness of Shelley's ideal is especially interesting, because it marks the exact limits of his age. The revolutionary conception had two defects: it ignored Law and it ignored God. The *Prometheus Unbound* is weak, first, because it has no hint of the modern scientific conception of evolution; second, because of the vagueness of its religious ideals. To revolutionary thought, salvation was to be achieved by a sudden overthrow of tyrants rather than by a progressive development of better out of worse. The thought of law is abhorrent to Shelley, and the invertebrate society described in the third act of the *Prometheus Unbound* is the natural result of a state of pure anarchy. Anarchy as an ideal ought to have been made impossible for us to-day by the teachings of modern science. There is, moreover, a spiritual as well as a scientific lack in the drama. The interpretation of evil is hopelessly superficial; it ignores not only the scientific aspect of

evil as arrested development, but also the far deeper and truer aspect of evil as sin. To represent outward authority as the only source that hampers the free purity of man is simply to be false to fact. The absence in the drama of any outlook towards immortality, or any suggestion of the divine Fatherhood, is the final source of its weakness. Shut off from any hope of endless growth towards infinite perfection in the hereafter, shut in upon himself with no definite ideal towards which he can strive and no spiritual strength on which he can rely, it is small wonder that man, as depicted by Shelley, is a creature of no personality, — scarcely higher, except for his æsthetic aspects, than an amiable brute.

The crudity of the Prometheus Unbound thus belongs to the Revolution; its strength is largely, though not entirely, from the same source. When we look at the poem as a whole, the surface inconsistencies, the disappointing conclusion, vanish from our thought, and leave a work of resplendent insight. The weakness is of the intellect; the strength is of the spirit. Far above its crude convictions soared the clear faith of the new democratic ideal. This faith is eternal. It has a profound love for hu-

manity, a sympathy for all the woes of a suffering world. Such love, such sympathy, burn on every page of the Prometheus Unbound. It is full of a passion for freedom. Such passion irradiates the drama. Above all, it breathes the spirit of a deathless hope; and the serene assurance that evil shall be conquered by the might of love is the soul of Shelley's poem. Through every line sounds a hope that can neither falter nor repent, supreme in torture, triumphant over despair. The verse is suffused with the light of it, and gleams with the radiance of dawn. The Prometheus Unbound is a poem of the sunrise.

The point of one white star is quivering yet
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains.

Attainment in the drama there is none; of rest it has no message. It is a cloud-capped morning vision, with something of the elusiveness, the swift transitions, the shining mystery, of the cloud. As such we must receive it. The age was one of promise, not of achievement, and we wrong its greatest poem when we search it for something which the age could not bestow. The Prometheus Unbound is the drama of hope.

It remains in a final paper to treat of this drama as a work of art.

Vida D. Scudder.

FURNESS'S THE TEMPEST.

THE history of Shakespearean criticism is a record of strange pedantries and prejudices as well as of rare learning and imaginative insight. For more than two hundred years scholars have been investigating the limits, laws, motives, and mysteries of Shakespeare's works, each generation witnessing fresh attempts to sound the deep but dazzling darkness that has surface beneath surface, and to compass the clear infinite

by all kinds of methods, from verbal emendation and antiquarian illustration to philosophical theories and metrical tests applied by a purely arithmetical process. When the follies and superfluities of Shakespearean criticism are remembered, it is hardly matter for surprise that it is the fashion in many quarters to gird at Shakespearean editors and commentators, and to sneer at them as unnecessary evils. Stupidity and

presumption have undoubtedly made some of them tiresome and ludicrous enough, but those who are inclined to dismiss all Shakespearean criticism as mere pedantry and folly will do well to consider what Shakespeare's works would be without the careful critical recension of the most capable scholarship. Shakespeare, so far as we know, edited none of his own plays. The first copies of them appear to have been printed surreptitiously from imperfect manuscripts; it was not until seven years after the poet's death that the First Folio was published by two of his fellow-actors, in days when there was no revision of proof-sheets other than that of the printing-office. Small wonder that Shakespeare's works have come down to us in a condition of such manifest and admitted corruption that it is only competent scholarship and critical acumen that can render them intelligible!

Nowhere do we see more clearly the necessity and importance of Shakespearean criticism, and at the same time the immense amount of Shakespearean comment, than in a variorum edition of the poet's works. Here we find along with the text the various readings of previous editions of authority and interest, and the notes and comments that the variorum editor deems worthy of preservation. In the course of this century three such editions of Shakespeare's plays have been published, and of these two are conspicuous for worth and importance: the variorum of 1821, edited by Boswell, son of Johnson's biographer, and the great Cambridge edition of 1863, edited by Messrs. Glover, Clark, and Wright. The activity and advance of Shakespearean criticism during the last fifty years have rendered the variorum of 1821 sadly antiquated and inadequate; and the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare's works is a complete variorum only as to readings,

not as to notes and comments, and has this further deficiency, that, while it gives the readings of all the old editions, it omits to note the adoption or rejection of them by the various editors. In consequence of this, an important element in estimating these readings is wanting; for in the case of disputed passages it is always well to see at a glance on which side lies the weight of evidence.

These defects of the Cambridge edition and the great mass of valuable critical matter that has accumulated since 1821 have made a new variorum edition of Shakespeare's works a literary necessity. It is this great need that Mr. Furness has set himself to supply, and the thorough and scholarly way in which he is carrying through his enormous undertaking ought to silence that carping at Shakespearean editors of which we hear so much. Eight handsome octavo volumes of this new variorum have for some time had their place on our bookshelves, and a ninth, containing *The Tempest*, is now before us.¹

A Shakespearean editor, to be perfect, would need to unite in himself more qualifications than perhaps would be required of a man in any other editorial capacity. Ability to take infinite pains, philological acquaintance with Elizabethan English, intellectuality, knowledge of human nature, mastery of the science of verse, imaginative insight, conscientious judgment, inspired good sense, and unfailing good humor are but a few of the qualifications that we should look for in our ideal editor, and we think that we find these in finer balance in Mr. Furness than in any other Shakespearean editor with whose work we are acquainted. The ninth volume of his variorum is a fresh example not only of his marvelous industry and painstaking research, but of his wide range of knowledge, excellent taste, mastery of all possible shades of

¹ *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*. Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. Vol.

appreciation, and perfect freedom from prejudice, presumption, and that "acrimony of scholiasts" of which Dr. Johnson wrote so wittily in the brilliant preface to his edition of Shakespeare's works.

It is one of the characteristics of Mr. Furness as an editor that he obtrudes himself on the attention of the reader as seldom as possible. He introduces many editors and many commentators, but very rarely does he introduce himself. In the preface, however, which forms a singularly graceful and appropriate introduction to the most magically beautiful product of Shakespeare's genius, we have such touches of delicate and appreciative criticism as make us regret the self-restraint and self-repression that have led Mr. Furness to give us so much of every one else and so little of himself. These few sentences in the preface, like the fragments of criticism left by Charles Lamb, make us long for more of that sympathetic and imaginative reading between the lines which is true criticism and interpretation, and is all alive with a joyful sense of creative activity.

Few plays have afforded the material for as voluminous an amount of comment as *The Tempest*, but in all the interesting annotations and criticisms to be found in the appendix of the volume now before us there is nothing that more clearly reveals the poetic insight born of sympathy and imagination than the remarks that Mr. Furness makes on Caliban. "In some respects," said Coleridge, "Caliban is a noble being," and, feeling the truth of this, Mr. Furness, in a few sentences, winsome with charm and quiet beauty, takes a broader and loftier view of the weird offspring of Sycorax than any other critic has done. He dwells on the human and poetical side of Caliban's character, which the general and abhorrent repulsiveness of his nature has caused so many to overlook. "It has become," says Mr. Furness, "one

of the commonplaces, in criticisms on the play, to say that Caliban is the contrast to Ariel (sometimes varied by substituting Miranda for Ariel), and that as the tricky sprite is the type of the air and of unfettered fancy, so is the abhorred slave typical of the earth and all brutish appetites. . . . Is there, then, nothing to be said in favor of Caliban? Is there really and truly no print of goodness in him? Kindly Nature never wholly deserts her offspring, nor does Shakespeare. . . . Why is it that Caliban's speech is always rhythmical? There is no character in the play whose words fall at times into sweeter cadences. . . . When Caliban says that it was his mistress who showed him the man in the moon with his dog and his bush, what a picture is unfolded to us of summer nights on the enchanted island, where, however quiet lies the landscape in the broad moonlight, every hill and brook and standing lake and grove is peopled with elves, and on the shore, overlooking the yellow sands where fairies foot it feathily, sits the young instructress deciphering for the misshapen slave at her feet the features of the full-orbed moon! . . . It was by Miranda's pure loveliness and rare refinement that the soul of poetry was distilled out of that evil thing. Without this poetic feeling in Caliban, and its expression, whence would come our knowledge of the pervading life of enchantment which, by Prospero's wand, has converted that 'uninhabited island' into the one magic isle of our imaginations, forever floating in unknown summer seas?"

Of all Shakespeare's plays, *The Tempest* is one of the best in the way of text that has come down to us. It shares with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* the excellence of being printed with more correctness than any other play in the First Folio. The *cruces* are singularly few in number. One of these—the word "scamels," in Act II. Scene ii.—affords Mr. Furness

opportunity for genial comment, twinkling through which we see that spirit of strong sense and rich humor that goes far to explain his success as a Shakespearean editor: "What 'scamels' are, or are not, may be learned from the portentous notes on the word, extending to two pages, wherein there has been proposed as a substitute every article of food known to man which begins and ends with *s*, from 'shamois' to 'sea-owls.' For my part, I unblushingly confess that I do not know what 'scamels' are, and that I prefer to retain the word in the text, and to remain in utter, invincible ignorance. From the very beginning of the play we know that the scene lies in an enchanted island. Is this to be forgotten? Since the air is full of sweet sounds, why may not the rocks be inhabited by unknown birds of gay plumage, or by vague animals of a grateful and appetizing plumpness? Let the picture remain, of the dashing rocks, the stealthy, freckled whelp, and in the clutch of his long nails a young and tender scamel." This is pleasant and sagacious, — a happy summing up of the two pages of "portentous notes" and suggested emendations of previous editors. The only occasion on which Mr. Furness shows the slightest impatience in dealing with the work of his predecessors is in his recapitulation of the evidence regarding the date of composition of *The Tempest*. "Is there any really valuable end," he asks, "to be gained by an investigation into the years when Shakespeare wrote this play? Is there any possible intellectual gain in the knowledge of the exact date? As a mere intellectual exercise an elaborate investigation may prove beneficial; but a second-rate drama, by an insignificant poet, will serve this purpose quite as well as *The Tempest*." We venture to suggest that, as it may not be considering too nicely to conjecture a profound personal meaning in *The Tempest*, it is a matter of deep interest to know as nearly as possible

the date of its composition. It was a natural and graceful fancy which assumed the last lines spoken by Prospero to be likewise the last completed work of Shakespeare. The play has something in its spirit of the nature of a solemn vision. Its atmosphere is one of reconciliation and forgiveness. As we leave the enchanted island, ringed round by the mysterious sea, there lingers in no nook or corner any memory of an inextinguishable evil. Everywhere is the breath of a free and gracious spirit. That *The Tempest* seems to express Shakespeare's highest and serenest view of life is surely sufficient reason for inquiry as to when in his life-history he attained to this clear and solemn vision.

An interesting feature of the appendix of the volume is a summary of the arguments of the German critics in support of the theory that the source of the plot of *The Tempest* is an old German comedy, *The Fair Sidea*, by Jacob Ayer, which was unearthed eighty years ago by Tieck. As it is still commonly asserted in many quarters that Shakespeare, in writing *The Tempest*, borrowed directly from the work of the Nuremberg notary, and as *The Fair Sidea* is not easily accessible, Mr. Furness has given a translation of it, an examination of which will show that, while there may be one or two points of contact, there is really no ground common to the two plays. The most careful investigation has revealed no drama, story, or legend which was used by Shakespeare as the foundation for *The Tempest*, except the not improbable personal relation by Strachey of Sir Thomas Gates's disastrous voyage. The play, in its ethereal beauty as of summer air, remains the fairy offspring of an enchanted sire.

No Shakespearean editor has worked on a scale so grand as that of Mr. Furness. The rare balance of qualities that he brings to his work constitutes what is almost infallibility of judgment. As we rise from the perusal of this

latest volume of the new variorum, and place it beside its fellows on the shelves, we express the earnest hope that he may have health and energy to complete the great work which thus far he has executed with brilliant success; and may he long have the help

of him to whom he alludes with such grace and feeling in the closing words of the preface: "The aid afforded by the hand whose cunning ninety years have not abated is here gratefully and reverently acknowledged by the white-haired son."

MATILDE SERAO'S IL PAESE DI CUCCAGNA.

AMONG recent Italian novels, Matilde Serao's *Il Paese di Cuccagna*¹ seems to us worthy of notice less for excellence in workmanship than for the theme itself, — the Neapolitan lottery, — and the evident knowledge with which it is treated.

Signora Matilde Serao may be briefly described, to those who do not know her work, as an Italian follower of M. Zola. Like most neat and handy definitions of the kind, this one errs on the side of incompleteness. Matilde Serao's talent is eminently Neapolitan, and has far too rank and luxuriant a growth to allow her to bend it into any given form, even if she chose. Still, some of her most ambitious efforts have been modeled on the programme of M. Zola. Thus, she has analyzed and apostrophized journalism in Riccardo Joanna, parliamentary life in *La Conquista di Roma*, the life of Neapolitan girls in *Il Romanzo della Fanciulla*, and now, in this her latest book, the important part that the state lottery plays in the life of the people of Naples.

Realism and analysis have had their day, it is now rather the fashion to say; all that was said for them as the typical and noble form of artistic expression of a democratic and humanitarian age was mere exaggeration of the moment; our twofold longing for more mystery, more

simple, direct, light-hearted story-telling, is not the natural swing-back of the pendulum, but the reaction of our better selves. MM. Zola, Bourget, Maupassant, and other exponents of the principle have, unfortunately for them, lived and flourished at a time when their talents were unavoidably diverted into profitless back-waters.

The representative works of the men in the first rank may be trusted to take care of themselves. As for the others, it seems hard to believe that the demand for them, born of the widened sympathies and sociological interest of the age, should be as short-lived as the demand for romances of the Rhine or for the articles known as dress-improvers. Yet there is no knowing; each age feels and decrees its own standpoint to be the only true centre of gravity.

One thing is pretty certain, however: if the analytical novel or picture of life is destined to live, its votaries must learn the art of condensation. We may have a good healthy general curiosity as to the inner life of alien races and all sorts and conditions of men; we do not care, unless we are specialists, to give too much of our time to gratifying it. And specialists in psychology are least likely to put up with all the vices and inconsistencies of the realistic school: the word-painting, protracted far beyond the possibility of producing one impression or calling up a picture, which ought

¹ *Il Paese di Cuccagna*. Di MATILDE SERAO. Milano: Treves. 1891.

to be its aim ; the falsifying of evidence ; the straining of points and creation of situations to suit the programme ; the long descriptions of frames of mind, which somehow do not emit the spark of psychological insight.

I suppose we must have schools of fiction as well as masterpieces, but then let them be schools, keep in touch with the times, and apply the study of psychology to the presentment of their subject and the æsthetic capabilities of the reader as well as to the analysis of frames of mind and forms of society. Æsthetics as a science is more and more tending that way in Germany itself, but the modern school of fiction, that professes to deal with nothing but realities, still very often fails to see that the surest way to reach its goal is to study the art of making its realities *seem* real.

These reflections have been irresistibly suggested by the reading of Signora Matilde Serao's *Il Paese di Cuccagna*. It seems sad to think that so much loving observation should count for nothing in the long run ; that this picture of the inner workings of a complex and curious form of society should have no more lasting worth than the fanciful products of the romantic school. Yet such is probably its destiny, just because the contributions of permanent value are imbedded in the vices and mannerisms of the school, in this case accentuated rather than smoothed over by the peculiar temperament and style of the writer. Matilde Serao is nothing if not Neapolitan ; Neapolitan in activity and fertility of imagination, in vivacity of story-telling power, and in quickness and warmth of sympathy, but Neapolitan also in carelessness of construction and lack of stylistic sense. She has practiced the technique of her craft after the fashion of the realists, but the very discipline she has chosen to undergo has been full of pitfalls for her ; her style abounds in mannerisms, and her word-painting, often admirable, is only too

often of what may be termed the "ready-made" type.

Yet, in spite of all these faults, the book is a deeply interesting one. On the whole, no book has been written lately that so helps foreigners to realize what the lottery really means to the people of Naples ; how inextricably it is confused with their superstitions and passions and prejudices ; how it pervades all classes of society, and vitiates the whole mass with its own inherent poison and the parasite evils that spring up round it. The state of things *Il Paese di Cuccagna* depicts seems as hopeless as it is sad, and it would be well if this book might be more generally read, and give foreigners some notion both of the reality underlying all these picturesque superstitions and this animated local color, and of the difficulties that the much-abused Italian government has to deal with.

Il Paese di Cuccagna is, as may be imagined, less a story than a kind of shifting panorama of Neapolitan figures and scenes. The author has made the adventures of her personages a pretense for describing Naples, the sights and scenes of Naples, at all possible times and seasons. Some of these descriptions are wearisome to excess, but read the description of the festival of San Gennaro, — of the procession through the streets, and the growing excitement of the crowd in the church as *credo* after *credo* is repeated in vain, the miracle still hangs fire, and the precious blood remains congealed in the vessel ; and I think you will agree with me that no mere outsider could so show us the curious intertwining of real fervor with gross superstition in the imaginative Neapolitan mind.

Superstition is indeed the dark shadow that lurks in every corner of the picture. All gamblers are superstitious, and Neapolitan gamblers doubly and trebly so ; and we are shown how every form of superstition, absurd, religious, or cabalis-

tic, gathers round the lottery. A good deal of the interest in the book turns on curious or tragic instances of the belief that certain persons, either in virtue of devout and immaculate lives, or through the agency of some mysterious power, or for some unexplained reason, are *assistiti*; that is, gifted with the power of "seeing" the "good" numbers. The tragedy of the book, told with real pathos, turns on the sad fate of Donna Bianca Maria, the last of the Cavalcanti, the martyr to the insane passion of her father, the old Marchese. Not content with pawning or selling everything in the house, he becomes possessed by the idea that his pale, patient, devout daughter is an *assistita*, and could, if she chose, retrieve the fortunes of the house of Cavalcanti. He refuses her hand in marriage to the man whom she loves, and who loves her and would save her; he persecutes her with exhortations, till she becomes a prey to hallucinations which are but fuel to the flame of his madness, until finally she is attacked by brain fever and dies.

The professional *assistiti* do not, of course, give the numbers they dream in so many words, but in oracular utterances, such as, "The camellias will soon be in bloom on the mountain by the seashore," or "It rains, but the sun will appear at midnight." There is a special "key of dreams," but the true meaning of the inspired utterances of those who are verily *assistiti* is recondite, and revealed only to the eye of faith. Even ordinary mortals can, under special conditions, dream numbers. If these numbers are not drawn, it is a sign either that something is wanting in the con-

juncture of circumstances, or that evil spirits have drawn a film before the eyes of the dreamers. Spirits, good and evil, are firmly believed in; the *assistiti* are so called because they are assisted by a special attendant spirit, whose behests must be implicitly obeyed if he is to remain favorable.

The web of imposture thus cleverly spun breaks sometimes, however, as in the case of Don Pasqualino Feo, one of the central figures of the book, who is at last imprisoned, starved, and ill treated by his exasperated followers, bent on extorting the right numbers by foul means, as the fair ones have been found to be of no avail. Among the persecutors are men of the world and of the learned professions.

Next in importance to the *assistiti* are the whole tribe of bloodsuckers, great and small, pawnbrokers, and keepers of the *giuoco piccolo*, or illicit lottery. There is no reason to believe that all these figures are not drawn from life, and as necessary factors in the life of Naples as the author represents them to be. They are necessary; people must know where to go, when Friday comes round, to find money for gambling. And gamble they must, all these people who have but once been lured on by a vision of the land of Cockaigne. They have all their fortunes to make or to retrieve, sinking ships to save, ugly scores to pay off; and there is no method so speedy, and if you but have patience, so sure, as the lottery. And so they go on, until moral and financial bankruptcy overtakes them all, while the land of Cockaigne is still as distant as ever.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Art. Letters of Samuel Johnson, LL. D., corrected and edited by George Birkbeck Hill. In two volumes. (Harpers.) Dr. Hill's enthusiasm is unflagging. To the six stately volumes of his edition of Boswell's Life he now adds two uniform volumes containing all the scraps of Johnson's letters which he could collect from all quarters, excepting those included in the Life, which are, however, entered in chronological order by title. The longest letters are those descriptive of his Scottish travels, written to Mrs. Thrale; but whether long or short, the letters are in the main characteristic and illuminating. The affectionate side of Johnson's nature is especially brought to light. Dr. Hill's notes are full and entertaining, though occasionally repetitious. He makes a natural mistake, which a slight investigation might have corrected, when he fancies Copp's Hill in Boston to take its name from "cop," an eminence. Instead, the worthy William Copp must be credited. — James Russell Lowell, an Address, by George William Curtis. (Harpers.) In this little book Mr. Curtis has given a truly admirable outline of Lowell as a patriotic American. He leaves out of view, with but incidental mention, Lowell's great contribution to literary history and criticism, but he could scarcely have dwelt upon this side of his subject without slighting that view which was more appropriate to the occasion, an address in Brooklyn upon Washington's and Lowell's birthday. — Selections from Lucian, translated by Emily James Smith. (Harpers.) The *Haleyon*, The Sale of Lives, The Cock, and half a dozen other selections make up this volume; and the work seems to be well done, in spite of an academic gravity in the translation as far off as possible from the lively Lucian himself. The introduction is devoted partly to a life of the author; and partly to a plea that Lucian be taken quite simply, at first hand, and not in the light (if light it be) of the various theories about him. The volume will serve as a good introduction to a writer whom many might not otherwise know. — The Stones of Venice, Introductory Chapters and Local Indices (printed

separately) for the Use of Travellers while staying in Venice and Verona, by John Ruskin. Brantwood Edition. (Merrill.) These two valuable volumes are made still more valuable by the rearrangement of the chapters of the old edition (with some omissions) in a more consecutive form in accordance with Mr. Ruskin's wishes, by Professor Norton's introduction, and by the many notes that Mr. Ruskin has added to the original text. These notes are delightful for their frankness; as when, after saying that "the coast sank into one long, low, sad-colored line," Ruskin adds in a note: "Nonsense. I might as truly have said 'merry-colored.' It is simply the color of any other distant country." The alphabetical Venetian Index, of more than one hundred and fifty pages, enables the reader of artistic taste to see those things in Venice "which it is a duty to enjoy, and a disgrace to forget." To such an one this edition is indispensable. — The Early Renaissance, and Other Essays on Art Subjects, by James M. Hoppin. (Houghton.) Mr. Hoppin, who is professor of the history of art in Yale University, has collected in this volume a dozen papers and lectures and studies upon the subject which gives the title to his volume: Principles of Art, Tendencies of Modern Art, French Landscape Painting, Murillo, Art in Education, Art and Religion, Bourges Cathedral, The Zeus-Altar of Pergamon, Critique of a Greek Statue, The Masterpiece of Scopas, Hellas. He writes with a strong interest in his subjects, from the point of view of the historian and the philosopher rather than of the technical critic, and his work stimulates the mind looking for the relation of art to life.

History and Biography. Life and Letters of General Thomas J. Jackson, by his wife, Mary Anna Jackson. (Harpers.) General Jackson's military career has been pretty fully outlined by professional writers, and his character on its main lines has been fairly well presented. This volume by his wife shows him in his more intimate personal relations, and helps greatly to perfect the conception of his character, and to account for the profound affection which

he inspired in his soldiers. Mrs. Jackson has written unreservedly, and though some may shrink from the unveiling, there can be little doubt that the book will long stand as a contribution to the knowledge of a man whose personality will always be conspicuous in any full narrative of the war for the Union. — *Cardinal Manning*, by Arthur Wollaston Hutton. (Houghton.) The author of this volume, first an Anglican, became later a Romanist; he is, we believe, no longer a member of that communion. This accounts for his point of view, which allows him to have an understanding of both phases of the cardinal's career, and enables him also to point out, with a somewhat caustic pen, the respective weaknesses of both churches. But be this as it may, his book is really interesting, — all the more so from the author's very candid manner in writing it. To any one, therefore, who wishes to gain in less than three hundred pages a good idea of what Manning stood for, in English religious life, this book may be unhesitatingly recommended. — *Jerusalem, the Holy City, its History and Hope*, by Mrs. Oliphant. (Macmillan.) Mrs. Oliphant is always surprising in the amount of varied work she is able to do both quickly and well. Her *Jerusalem* would have been for many persons a good achievement to show for five years of toil. While we should not place this new book on a plane with her *Makers of Florence* in charm, she gives us, in something over five hundred pages, a clearly told story of Jerusalem from the time of David, on through the days of Solomon and the kings of Judah, the prophets, the return and restoration, to the birth of our Lord and the ending of the Jewish dispensation. It is not alone a history that is written, however, for to the mind of the writer the closing scenes of the life of Christ bring into the story much devotion of that simple, sincere, earnest sort that is characteristic of Mrs. Oliphant. The introduction will interest many persons who do not care for the subject of the book, for it is Mrs. Oliphant's half-passionate, half-humorous protest against the assumptions of the so-called higher criticism as applied to the Old Testament. She declines to take the word of the critic in researches in which he has "formed his theory before he began to inquire into his subject." The writer's clear woman's-wit has seldom been

seen to better advantage than in this clever preface. The book is illustrated, and, like all that comes from Macmillan, is printed in the simple yet distinguished fashion characteristic of that house. — *The Story of Jane Austen's Life*, by Oscar Fay Adams. (McClurg.) Practically all the materials that exist for a life of Miss Austen are to be found in the memoir written by her nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen-Leigh, fifty-two years after her death, and in the collection of letters edited by her grandnephew, Lord Brabourne, fifteen years later. All beyond this is but inference and conjecture. The title of Mr. Adams's volume exactly characterizes it, for, unlike some of her recent biographers, his concern is mainly with the novelist herself, and only incidentally with her works. Though he could add nothing to our knowledge of Miss Austen's charming personal qualities and uneventful life, his visits to the places where that life was spent have enabled him to give some interesting local details which will be welcome to her readers. We notice that while he alludes to a possible attachment between Miss Austen and "Mr. Tom Lefroy," he says nothing of the pathetic love-story told by Mr. Austen-Leigh in the second edition of his memoir, which makes certain passages in *Persuasion* seem like veritable expressions of personal feeling.

Fiction. *A Capillary Crime, and Other Stories*, by F. D. Millet. (Harpers.) We cordially recommend Mr. Millet's book to the lover of short stories. The tales deal chiefly with tragic or curious phases of artist life, and the author is not afraid of dramatic incident. The stories are well told, in a straightforward, simple way, and from a thoroughly healthy-minded, manly point of view. One characteristic is their apparent truthfulness; and the proportion of fact to fiction is naively confided to the reader in a pleasant epilogue at the end of the book, which Mr. Millet modestly calls *The Bush*. We are seldom able to quote the proverb which furnishes him with this title more justly than in connection with this companionable volume. — *The Heresy of Mehetabel Clark*, by Annie Trumbull Slosson. (Harpers.) A dialect story of New England. The heretic heroine is a young woman, whose Calvinistic tenets, steadfastly held to through youth, are later overthrown during a severe illness.

From that time on, her views of what constitutes religion become too spiritualized to be apparent to the church members of her village, to whom she becomes as an heathen and a publican. Her story—and it is a touching one—is told by an old farmer, not of her way of thinking; and this is done with considerable literary skill. But heroines in theological eclipse are becoming so alarmingly common that we confess to being a little tired of their woes.—*Peculiar People*, by Samuel Phelps Leland. (Aust & Clark, Cleveland.) An attempt at a story, the scene laid in 1860 in the Southwest; the author's intention being apparently to discuss communistic theories of the Owen type, and to show through the characters of his story how true religion and true love refute such doctrines.—*Pine Valley*, by Lewis B. France. (The Chain & Hardy Co., Denver, Col.) A couple of frontier stories, told by a writer who has clearly a strong feeling for the nature in which his stories are set, and a humane sympathy with the rude life which he portrays. The stories are somewhat allusive in treatment, but they have considerable vigor, and their slightness of structure leads one to wish the writer might lay aside the form of fiction and write direct narrative.—*With Edge Tools*, by H. B. Taylor. (McClurg.) The story, if so invertebrate a creation can be called such, deals with the attempt of a New York club man, who has slain his thousands, to slay also his ten thousands in the person of a Chicago merchant's wife. It is a wicked, wicked effort, told by a man who we venture to say never was in a club house in New York, and knows wickedness chiefly by the feeding of a somewhat feeble imagination upon the husks of erotic literature. The virtue and vice alike in this book are to be reprehended as quite fictitious.—*The Fate of Fenella*, by Helen Mathers, Justin H. McCarthy, Frances Eleanor Trollope, etc. (Cassell.) In the prefatory note to this volume the publishers state that "they offer the reading public a genuine novelty. The idea of a novel written by twenty-four popular writers is certainly an original one. The ladies and gentlemen who have written *The Fate of Fenella* have done their work quite independently of each other. There has been collaboration, but not consultation. As each one wrote a chapter, it was passed

on to the next, and so on until it reached the hands of Mr. F. Anstey, whose peculiar and delightful humor made him a fitting choice for bringing the story to a satisfactory close." To every clause of this unique statement the critic agrees—in a Pickwickian sense; and he congratulates the publishers on having discovered twenty-four *littérateurs* who have indeed done their work quite independently of one another. It is also true that the task of writing the last chapter of this far too lurid tale must have furnished Mr. F. Anstey with sensations peculiar, if not delightful.

Philosophy and Ethics. *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, an Essay in the Form of Lectures, by Josiah Royce. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* have already had a taste of this volume in the two papers on Hegel and Schopenhauer printed in this magazine. Interesting and valuable as they were independently, they create a deeper interest when read in the continuous thought of the book. Dr. Royce's sincere earnestness of quest is veiled sometimes under an almost whimsical airiness of tone, and the reader, who is not a hearer, occasionally grows a little restless under the chase he is led in beating the bush; but no one who is willing to think on themes of universal avail can well resist the charm of this persuasive, wide-sweeping philosophic survey. The concrete plan by which the progress of ideas is viewed in the light of successive philosophic lives is admirable, and in his connection of the doctrine of evolution with the development of metaphysical philosophy Dr. Royce has gone far to bring together what thinner minds have thought to rend asunder.—*Homilies of Science*, by Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) A collection of editorial articles which had for their common purpose the inculcation of true ethics through the suggestion of scientifically declared facts. There is a sincerity in the writer's mind which at once attracts the reader; and whatever may be the limitations of his religious creed,—limitations which appear to be the effect of a warped early training,—the ideals which he holds are lofty, and the demands which he makes upon himself are stringent. The book ought to serve as a tonic for persons afflicted by flabbiness of thought.—Dr. William James has abridged his two stately

volumes into a small handbook on Psychology, for the American Science Series, Briefer Course (Holt); but he is an author of too much zest and of too fertile a mind to have contented himself with a mechanical abridgment, and thus this volume contains not only new material, but a fresh statement of the author's position. The frankness of his expression is one of the great charms of this writer, and the reader who takes up the book to glance at it as a textbook is very likely to linger over its pages because of their directness of appeal to his interest, and the candor with which the writer speaks his mind out. — The Philosophy of Locke, in Extracts from The Essay Concerning Human Understanding, arranged, with introductory notes, by John E. Russell. (Holt.) The first volume in the series of Modern Philosophers, edited by E. Hershey Sneath. The method employed is to give the Essay in its most essential parts, and to preface it with a biographical sketch, and a brief, condensed statement of Locke's philosophy and its influence. Dr. Russell is very happy in his condensation; in his examination into the influence of Locke, he confines himself necessarily to the relation to philosophy, and very briefly intimates that a logical sequence would land one in Kant rather than in Hume. It is a pity that he could not have amplified this statement. — Another volume in the same series is The Philosophy of Reid as contained in the Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense, with Introduction and Selected Notes by E. Hershey Sneath. Dr. Sneath's method consists in taking Reid's most representative work and bringing it within the space prescribed by the series by omitting certain less important sections. He points out Reid's relation to his predecessors, especially to Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, and his influence on his successors, notably Dugald Stewart and Sir William Hamilton. The subject has special interest for the older philosophical readers in this country, because of the prominence of the Scotch school in

the academic philosophical studies of the middle of this century, under the guidance of Presidents Hopkins, Porter, and McCosh, whose influence was communicated to the large number of Western colleges which sprang from the loins of New England.

Economics and Sociology. The Platform, its Rise and Progress, by Henry Jephson. In two volumes. (Macmillan.) By the term "platform" Mr. Jephson does not mean the pronouncement of a political party; he does not even refer to that use of the word, and his two volumes are devoted exclusively to the study of the growth in power of public assemblies, outside of Parliament, given over to the delivery of political speeches or the discussion of public questions. His work is an interesting narrative of the expanding power of free speech in England. Beginning with the most conspicuous origin in open-air religious assemblies during the period of Whitefield and Wesley, he traces the development of public gatherings for the expression of opinion and the registration of popular judgment down to the present day. His work is therefore a history of public discussion from about 1760, and throws a strong side light upon modern English history. Such a work would be practically impossible if devoted to American history, so difficult is it to separate free speech out of legislature from speech within. — The Industrial and Commercial History of England, by James E. Thorold Rogers; edited by his son, Arthur G. L. Rogers. (Putnams.) Mr. Rogers took up his subject in these lectures topically rather than chronologically, but this is of less consequence since we have his Six Centuries of Work and Wages. To the non-professional reader the lectures have an interest beyond that which attaches to more systematic work, in the vivid personality of the writer, with his keen thrust at shams, his brusque arrogance, his habit of hard hitting, and the humane instinct which constantly issues out of the discussion of economic questions.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Passing
of the But-
terflies.

THE migratory habit of our birds has been so long a matter of observation and of precise record that it is one of the most commonly known facts in natural history ; we expect the appearance and disappearance of each kind at stated times, and in their local lists our naturalists distinguish between the "summer residents" and the "winter residents." It is quite otherwise with other winged creatures, such as our butterflies ; and yet they also appear and disappear at stated periods, and that, too, not simply when winter intervenes to check all their activities, but within the summer itself,—a particular kind appearing say in June, gradually diminishing in numbers, and then disappearing altogether, only to burst upon us again in August in numbers quite as large as before. Butterflies are far shorter-lived creatures than birds, and this fluctuation in their numbers, this yearly double advent on the stage, is easily explained, and is known to be caused in many cases by the fact that in such cases two (or it may be more) generations of butterflies are produced the same season, the parents dying before the young are matured.

This is known to be the case in so many instances that it has been taken without question as a perfectly simple explanation of all. The reasoning is natural, but is it justified ? Undoubtedly it was the passage of birds in flocks which first drew attention to their migrations, but we now know that many birds migrate which may be said never to be seen migrating, so stealthily and in such small numbers do they appear and disappear. Now butterflies are not so social, like birds, and do not company in pairs, so that, apart from their lesser conspicuity, their migrations, if any, would be far less readily detected than those of the least known birds. That their powers of flight would suffice for a very considerable migration is unquestionable ; butterflies have repeatedly been taken hundreds of miles from land. The prevailing winds of spring and autumn would aid their movements. That in many parts of the world vast swarms of single species have been seen moving steadily in a specific direction, not

always with the wind, is on record ; the great swarms of the thistle butterfly which in 1879 invaded Europe, even pushing as far north as Finland, were believed to have come from Africa.

Let us stop a moment to consider to what the migration of animals is in general due. Food and temperature are without doubt the direct agencies. Just as the secular ebb and flow of the ice of glacial times caused the winged inhabitants of our Northern States to move slowly northward and southward, driven from the fields the struggle for existence had compelled them to venture upon, only again and again to occupy and lose them, so now the advancing and retreating winter's cold, on a lesser scale, plays annually the same part. Be fruitful and multiply and *occupy the land* is the law to each species.

The physical conditions being nearly the same for both birds and butterflies, why may we not look to find among the latter some instances, at least, of that same instinct for migration so pronounced in the former ? Now we have among our butterflies one kind in which, from certain features in its history and structure, we might more reasonably look for such a phenomenon than in most others ; and could it be proved of this, the way would be opened for future inquiries concerning many others. It is one of the commonest and showiest butterflies of the United States,—our milkweed butterfly, well known to every boy collector. Not one of our butterflies exceeds it in powers of flight. Within our knowledge, it has spread from this continent over the Pacific Ocean to Australia and Java, and eastwardly to the Atlantic borders of Europe, from England to Portugal and the Azores. This may be, probably has been, due in part to accidental transportation by vessel, but its spread among the Pacific islands shows that a flight of five hundred miles is easily accomplished. Again, it belongs to a distinctively tropical group of butterflies, and is itself *par excellence* a tropical insect, and its appearance at all in our Northern States is almost an anomaly ; yet every season it is found in Canada, and has even been credibly reported from Hudson Bay and

the Athabasca region beyond. Further, its history is known sufficiently to leave no possible doubt that in our winter season it exists only in the perfect stage, or butterfly. Now, nearly if not quite every one of our hibernating butterflies has been found at one time or another in its winter quarters in crevices, under eaves, in sheds and garrets, in old walls and hollow trees; yet this butterfly is twice as large as, and far more conspicuous in color than, any one of them, and has never been detected in hibernation. Butterflies of this species which have passed the winter in the extreme South, which they do, for aught we know to the contrary, upon the wing, are invariably dull colored and battered (as are hibernating butterflies of all kinds), and even in flight can readily be distinguished from the butterfly from the same season's chrysalis. If the butterfly lived through the winter in our northernmost States, we ought to see such individuals in the spring, but no instance of their occurrence in Canada has ever been recorded, and two or three individuals at most have ever been heard of in New England. In New England, our ordinary hibernating butterflies come out in March, April, and early May, but the milkweed butterfly does not appear until June, and then in fine livery.

Where, then, do these June butterflies come from? Why may they not have flown hither from the South? We know that the opposite movement takes place. Enormous flocks of the milkweed butterfly have repeatedly been recorded, containing myriads upon myriads of individuals, clustering at nightfall upon trees to such an extent as to change their color and to bend the weaker twigs. These clusters invariably occur in the autumn, and are accompanied by movements *en masse* in the daytime, which have also been many times recorded, and are invariably found to take a southern direction. The first of our naturalists to collect the evidence for this migration remarks, "There is a southward migration late in the . . . season in congregated masses, and a northward dispersion early in the season through isolated individuals." This, I believe, expresses precisely the state of the case, though the northward movement has not been so definitely determined as is necessary to conviction, nor have the limits within which the butterfly continues on the

wing throughout the winter (as it is reported to do in Florida) ever been at all determined; but the facts of its history, too numerous even to summarize here, render it highly probable that the hibernating butterflies fly northward in the spring, depositing their eggs upon the way, some here, some there, up to about the latitude of New York. To accomplish this extreme distance from Florida, the butterfly would have to fly no faster than a man walks, counting only the daytime, and deducting half of that for bad weather. The progeny of these, when matured, not only raise another brood in the same territory, but fly still further north to New England and Canada and lay their eggs. This second brood of the season's butterflies are the only ones that are ever reared in the northernmost regions; and in the latter part of the season they congregate and migrate to or beyond the region where their parents were born, as do the young birds. Taking this view, we may regard northern examples of this butterfly, indeed probably those of most of the country, as mere interlopers, vagrant tropical butterflies feeling their way northward for wider pastures, immigrants seeking new homes only to retrace their steps with the close of the year.

Snails and Carnations. — While witches spin about their fires on the chilly Brocken, the Romans turn out for a gay carousal in the open spaces around the Lateran, and hold a nocturnal feast as fantastic as the fabled pageants of the East. In ancient times, Midsummer Eve was spent in vigil and prayer, to ward off the witches and evil spirits who might, on this night, disfigure and maim sleeping mortals. Tradition says that two gaunt female forms wander ever in the heavy shadows of the hoary basilica, murmuring two never answered questions. One asks, "Wherefore didst thou do it?" to which the younger mournfully retaliates, "Why didst thou command it?" And these two, Herodias and her daughter, are foremost of the witches who haunt the 23d of June.

From the swift-descending southern twilight until four o'clock in the morning, the streets and roads leading to St. John Lateran are thronged with crowds of all classes, on foot and in carriages, but it is mostly to the poorer folk that this festa is dear. Lanterns and extra lights are swung out along

the ways, and every wineshop is thrown open with a wealth of illumination and sound that turns the dingy little dens into concentrations of merriment and good cheer. A burr of guitars, a tinkle of mandolins, the wandering notes from a concertina, give that delicious sense of comradeship with the people which is possible only under the open sky. You turn the corner of the Lateran, at last, and a brilliant scene reveals itself: the leafy avenue leading to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, which formerly lent mystery and Rembrandtesque gloom to the sight, is now leveled to the ground, but night veils the hideous modern tenements in the background, and St. John's statued façade is still limned against the dark vault overhead; away off into illimitable space stretches a flashing, flaring tract of lanterns, torches, candles, lamps, and gas jets, only confined on the right hand by the dark girdle of the city wall and battlemented gate, over which a full rising moon sheds her benevolent, serene radiance. On either hand of the ever-moving throng are long lines of booths and stands, decked, piled, massed, with more carnations than you have ever read of, thought of, dreamed of, making a veritable apotheosis of the rich flower which exhales in its luxuriant fragrance all the charm of Roman summers. Where can such riches come from? Has some sudden magic wand changed all viler things into this crimson, snowy, and rosy fringed beauty? With the scent of carnations is mingled that of lavender, tied up into countless neat cones for the linen presses of good housewives; and sheaves of the same herb are thrust in among the gorgeous pinks, like gentle, faded old spinsters standing amid luscious, glowing young belles. When I hear strangers speak with contempt of the "garlic-eating Italians," I wonder whether they know what a really decorative plant garlic is, growing up on its tall slender stem into a delicately shaded lilac bloom. It is a faithful charm to ward off witches, so on St. John's Eve bunches of garlic, five or six feet high, frame in the bowery stands, and purchasers wave their green lances gayly over the heads of the crowd. The place is resonant with cries of cockade and jumble venders, toys which cackle (offered in stentorian tones by the salesman as "American hens"), earthenware bells, fitful music, and young laughter; and the air is laden with

the strange aroma of mingled garlic, resin, carnations, tallow, lavender, and flaming oil lamps. After the long flower lane you come to a vast area closely set with tents, booths, and shanties, where all the world goes for supper. In these temporary taverns there is rare feasting on roast kid, frogs, salads, coffee, and ices, but most of all on the great dish of the night-stewed snails, the modern substitute for the Baptist's locusts. Big green bowls are heaped high with the shining brown shells, which have been cooked in oil, and the wine flows fast and free. This is cooking for the *plebs*; pretentious people have their snails more daintily fried and boiled without the shells, at home. Over these booths are familiar, and sometimes rhymed, invitations to the passers-by, as well as exaggerated eulogies on the good wine within. At every few yards stand deal tables upon which are stretched out enormous roasted pigs spitted on long poles; most popular, to judge by the rapid way their brown juicy flanks are sliced off by the dealer.

Not being an orthodox Roman, you do not succeed in swallowing more than two or three snails, sup instead on the roast kid, salad, and Frascati wine which need no apprenticeship, and turn your face homewards ere the moon has yielded to the sun. As you pass, the Colosseum is deserted and still, for the Romans no longer go there with brooms, as their grandfathers did, to give passing witches a shove and a fling; the witches of our modern day, it is said, have abandoned their besoms to ride instead on telegraph wires. As you climb your steep stair, you stumble over a broom and a dish of salt, set there by some old woman who hopes the dread dames, tarrying to number the straws and count the grains, will be overtaken by the approach of dawn. You drop to sleep, your thoughts a medley of broken legs, garnet blooms, and seething snails, while the little children across the *vicolo* are dreaming of the customary gift they will carry their godmother on this day of St. John, first baptizer, and patron of all godparents.

—One of the curious things in a gold country is the widely different manner in which men proceed, under different conditions, with the search after gold. Even the least venturesome of us understands by this

At a New Zealand Dredging-Station.

time something of the characteristics of a "rush." Digger stories have at least fairly well acquainted one with the life of a gold field; but the system of quartz-crushing, and again this patient mechanical dredging, brings in quite a new order of things. Here there is no rush; nothing is left very much to any individual effort or enterprise. Dredging is decided upon at some ore-bearing river mouth or lake, and a company is formed to charter a dredge. So many men are employed, so much sand is passed through per day, without pause, without excitement. The old restless business of gold-seeking is turned here into a commonplace rational industry.

Yet, after all, there must be some things not quite commonplace, if one could put them into artistic form, about the life lived amongst such varied and characteristic colonial scenes. I date this from the banks of Lake —, in which our dredge is stationed for the present, with all about it a regular little colony, either working for it, or supplying the needs of those who work. Only ten miles to the south along the sea beach there is another dredge, worked by another colony, which admits of a great deal of Sunday visiting and exchange of politenesses in various ways between our staff and theirs. Further south still there is a third at work, but at such a distance, and so separated from us by rough country, that with this we can hold little intercourse. The men employed are either lodged in the dredge itself, or quartered with settlers in the neighborhood. The officers, if they may be called so, usually chum together in some hut within hail of their charge. Only one, the manager of the lake dredge, is lucky enough to possess a wife, — my cousin Margaret, with whom, in her first Christmas time from home since her marriage, I have come to spend my summer holiday.

Their cottage stands, bleakly placed, on a strip of land between two waters. In front we look out over the lake, with its smooth face churned up daily, by inches, it seems, in that wide space, by the dredging operations, or in bad weather, when work has to stop, all torn and beaten into waves by the storm wind. At the back, it is only a few minutes' run to the sea beach, down which I myself make continual excursions in search of fine seaweed or shells. How often I have pitied poor Alton Locke, the

London tailor, in his nature-starved longing "only once in my life to pick up a shell"! This is not, indeed, like one beach I know of in the North Island, near Wellington. To think of that is like a glimpse backward into the ecstatic child-dreams which led us straight to an Eldorado of birds' nests or Elysian Fields of wonderful mushrooms. Seriously, one can pick up shells there by hundreds, if one likes, with the greatest ease imaginable, and each beautiful enough to satisfy even one's dreams. Here on this southern beach it is different. The shells get scattered only thinly here and there, and often are broken long before they reach us by the great roll of waves upon the reef. Still, some precious things are cast up safely at times to add to my collection, and day after day I search for "sea-born treasures," while the dredge goes droning on like some great Tom Tiddler of the lake "picking up gold and silver." Then there are walks at all times, by the lake or the seashore, with all kinds of beautiful effects of moonrise and sunset, shade or shine; or through uncleared marsh land, where the path makes its circuitous way through a wilderness of nigger-heads and flax-bush; or along the inland road, the only good road by which vehicles may come, — watched for very anxiously indeed, sometimes, on the days when we expect stores from the far-away township, and extra visitors or some household miscalculation may have left us on short commons of flour or tea. Often, again, we ride, my cousin and I,

"With the salt sweet foam on our lips and the wind in our hair."

Altogether there never was a holiday so entirely and utterly enjoyable, if only it were *not* for the wind. But the wind! There is always some wind in New Zealand, but here it is something too unmerciful. It is the height of the summer, too, but all pretty muslin and print frocks stay in my trunk, and neither indoors nor out have I had the slightest need so far for any change except from riding-habit to a comfortable little walking-dress of blue serge. I go veiled and jacketed down the beach, taking care to avoid superfluous ribbon-ends or streamers, and come in all blowzed and weather-beaten, and fuming with impatient anathemas against the south, yet so invigorated, all the same, that I begin to see why my

cousin, a town-bred being, like myself, when she agreed to cast in her lot with Hugh and make a home for him in the wilderness, has grown into a new strength and comeliness. Happiness and this aggravating, health-giving fresh air have made a stronger woman of her than ever before, in spite of a little roughing it. We do not forget fresh air indoors, either. The wooden cottage, of amateur building, has warped and shrunk, and now lets the wind in through inch-wide cracks between the boards. This would scarcely be a desirable residence for delicate persons, or for any one to be ill in. But we are well, so we laugh at "rough weather," and at night vie with one another in ingenious contrivances against draughts and to keep the candles steady, and somehow none of us take cold. Of course it is not cold, at least now in December, only so wonderfully and continually windy.

Should illness occur, there is a doctor only a rather rough twenty miles' ride away, — a clever man, though, poor fellow, he has fallen a victim, in the way that too often happens, to the hard work and mental isolation of these up-country practices. There goes a saying in the neighborhood about him: "If you find the doctor drunk, you are all right, — he will be sober by the time he gets to the case; but catch him sober and he's bound to get drunk on the way." Another medical authority in the district is a wise woman, who goes her rounds, staying at one cottage after another to doctor or nurse, as the case may require. Little ones come, helped into the world by her attention alone, and the mothers are washing and scouring as usual a fortnight later. There are some flourishing families about the lake, as I find when I ride round returning calls upon the stranger from Christ Church. One of our visits was paid to the school, — one of those splendidly managed state schools by which the colony now carries free education to the remotest parts of the island, — which collects all the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed children for miles around.

I have been amused, in these visits, to notice the mixture of race, which I suppose is a natural feature in a country of immigrants. We are south of Otago, the province of Scotchmen, so a large proportion of the settlers in the neighborhood are

Scotch. Across the lake there is a Norwegian family; farther on towards the township there is quite a little settlement of Danes. Dan O'Connell, stoker of the dredge, and two more of the men employed there represent the Irish element; and at the lighthouse the keeper and his wife are Germans, fair-haired and slow of speech. All are so thoroughly colonialized by this time, however, that differences are slight enough, and all, whether in cottage, or *so-hari*, or farmhouse, show the warm hospitality and friendliness which are a fine feature in the roughest up-country life. All, too, I fancy, show a little special tenderness for Margaret, who as a young wife, coming down among them with her town ways and pretty frocks and bridal table furniture, caused rather a sensation both of admiration and pity amongst these kind hearts. "Not another lady within forty miles!" people at home prophesied in horror, when she departed. Well, I suppose it is true that one misses a little community of interest in books, music, town thinkings and discussions; but I am not sure it is not good for a time to be compelled, as Thoreau would say, "to front only the essential facts of life." Women meet, too, I think, and content one another more easily upon the purely human ground than men; and if Margaret may have perhaps a little mind loneliness to contend with, I feel sure, at least in any household within a long ride's distance from the lake, there will be no lack of helpful friends, or of true womanly gentleness and sympathy.

A Correction. — In a paragraph of the Contributors' Club in the June issue, under the head of Teeth set on Edge, it was erroneously stated that "John Bright's sister, with her Quaker husband, Frederic Lucas, became a Romanist." A relative of the Bright family wishes to correct this statement by giving the information that the husband of John Bright's sister referred to was Samuel Lucas, and that both she and her husband remained earnest members of the Society of Friends to the end of their lives.

Anger — — "No, I do not object to being made very angry occasionally. Downright anger brings with it a certain moral revivification, is a sort of electric storm. I feel more alive for some time after."

"I wonder to hear you say so. Anger has quite the opposite effect upon me. It is *severa indignatio*, and it lacerates the heart. The sensibilities are flayed alive. In my experience, anger is a true passion, a suffering. Carried to its extreme, it reacts in moral exhaustion and syncope. I can never understand what people mean when they warn you that they are 'dangerous' if their anger is aroused. I am never less so. When I am angry, my hand trembles, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth; I can do nothing, say nothing."

"Nevertheless, I should be half afraid of your kind of anger. The afterpiece is apt to be tragic. You are angry to have been made angry."

"But my anger never does any harm abroad. I suffer it, — no one else."

"There speaks a Spartan soul. You let the vicious little fox prey upon your own vitals, before you will discover to any one the fact that the unworthy passion of anger has overtaken you. It is a matter of pride, perhaps, as much as of benevolence that forbids one's wreaking wrath outwardly."

"It is not one poor little fox, but a menagerie of wild beasts that I have to deal with, when I am thrown into the arena with Anger. You see I do not find in this passion the energizing agent you describe. I would be slow to receive anger, and would part with it as quickly as possible. I cannot afford to be angry."

"If you are slow to anger, you are sure to keep it long. I have — or rather, I did have — an Indian-dispositioned friend. Ugh! how I dreaded his still rages! Metaphors of heat are not suitable to express what they were like. Think of the last day in December, towards evening and just before the final setting-in of winter: the bare ground freezes white; the very foot-paths in their windings look rigid; the great limbs of the trees cleave with the intense but silent cold as night comes on. His anger was like that, — an all-winter campaign. After the breaking-up and final thaw, — if they ever came, — nothing was the same as before. *His* anger was slow to gather, but, once it began, it never ceased acquiring until it became a formidable and insoluble concretion. I grew impatient with him. I used often to say, 'Oh, be angry and done with it!' Instead of ignoring promptly, as I should have done,

when sufficient provocation was given, he would always wait to see whether there was more to come; or he would hold off, on the chance of having been mistaken, or from some chimerical notion of giving the offender an opportunity to retract the offense. It was only when thoroughly convinced that the case was one for 'righteous indignation' that he would let his *Erinnyes* loose."

"I don't see why he was not in the right. There certainly should be a justification of anger, if one indulges in it at all."

"Oh, but anger should be a generous, spontaneous passion, according to my way of thinking. It should n't wait to 'get a good ready.' By the time this individual concluded to receive the heaven of wrath, the other, or others, concerned in the matter had passed on to a different standpoint. The occasion was outlawed. The cause was cold."

"Oh! . . . Was this 'Indian-dispositioned friend' of a constant nature?"

"His great virtue was constancy, — so all admitted."

"I should have hated to give such an one cause for anger."

"You would have hated to be the object of that anger. I do assure you, it was most uncomfortable."

"Apropos of what we have been saying, may I read some verses I picked up the other day? They might have been written by your Indian-dispositioned friend, in a fit of revulsion against the temperament which you deplore.

TO ANGER.

Come thou quickly,
Execute thy bitter will,
Let thy bolts fly thickly, —
Red gleams at every portal and window-sill!
Just or unjust, thy quiver spend.
Come quickly, and quickly make an end;
Be past, and Peace my house may visit still!

Oh, delay not!
Be not slow to search, to inquire,
To apprehend! Oh, stay not,
Causes weighing, till thine be found entire!
For so thou wilt become my doom,
And cruelly through long years consume,
Thou merciless, up-pent, unwinnowed Fire!

Could the writer have been your whilom friend?"

"Something very like this I have heard him say. [*Silently.*] How long he harbors his grievance, and I hold him no grudge, I'm sure!"

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THE STORY OF A CHILD.

I.

"My own opinion is," said Mrs. Dale, "that he heard they were coming to Old Chester again, and he felt that his presence would be an embarrassment to her, and so went away. Very properly, I'm sure; it shows very nice feeling in a person like Mr. Tommy."

"Well, perhaps so," Mrs. Wright agreed; "but I don't know why he should shut up his little house, and go away, dear knows where, just because she is to be in Old Chester for the summer. Suppose he was foolish when she was here before; I don't know but what it shows a little conceit on Mr. — on his part, to think that his presence makes any difference to Jane — I mean to her." Mrs. Wright corrected herself nervously, glancing at the little figure curled up on the steps of the porch.

Mrs. Dale raised a cautioning finger. "Children do understand things in the most astonishing way," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Wright said quickly. "I did n't mean to mention names, I'm sure. But it is so awkward to have the apothecary shop shut up, and have to go to Willie King's for one's medicines, all because Jane Temple — Oh, dear me!" ended Mrs. Wright blankly.

"She did n't hear you," Mrs. Dale assured her; "it's almost her bedtime,

and she will go in, in a few minutes. But do be careful, dear Susy."

Mrs. Wright, who despite her forty-five years was still in the bubbling in consequence of youth, said nervously, "Oh, my gracious, yes! I did n't mean to. Only, the Temples have n't been in Old Chester for four years, and I'm sure that is time enough for him to have forgotten that he was ever so foolish as to think of — of *her*," said Mrs. Wright, swallowing the name; "and I'm sure she never encouraged him."

"Of course not," Mrs. Dale agreed.

"They are talking about Mr. Henry Temple's sister," the child on the steps reflected; "and they are talking about Mr. Tommy Dove going away and leaving his house all shut up. They have to talk about those things because they are grown up."

In her heart she pitied them, but not too deeply to disturb the joy of that delicious melancholy that a child feels in the summer twilight. She put her head down on her arm and looked up into the branches of the locust-trees, standing, sentinel-like, on either side of the porch. She followed with her eyes the curious outlines of the gnarled and twisted limbs as they were drawn against the violet of the evening sky. She knew those outlines well; they met and crossed in a way that suggested the arm and clenched hand of an airy giant imprisoned by the growing branches. She had, long ago, fashioned a story

to suit the tree picture. She said to herself that when her grandfather died this hand was stretched out to rob her of her grandmother, too, but that the wrinkled branches of the friendly trees had caught it and held the giant fast; when the wind blew she could hear him whispering and complaining, but the faithful trees still kept him a prisoner, so that he could do no harm. The thought that he might ever escape made her shudder; it occurred to her that it would be wise to do something to keep the trees friendly; perhaps water them every evening?

Such plans led her far away from the talk of the grown people. She did not hear Mrs. Wright say that if only "he" had been in a different walk of life she would have been glad enough to have had "her" marry him. "Her life in her brother's family can't be very happy," said Mrs. Wright; "her sister-in-law is such a wretched invalid that she, poor dear, has to give herself up to the housekeeping and to those two children. She ought to have a home of her own. Of course she would be lonely, but an unmarried woman must expect to be lonely." Mrs. Wright said this with as much severity as a plump woman can; she tried to have Christian charity for every one, but, being happily married herself, she found it hard to excuse Jane Temple's single life.

"Yes," Mrs. Dale admitted briefly, and then added, "but it is better to be lonely than to wish to be alone. If she had married a man so different from herself, she might have come to that."

The child, sensitive to the change in her grandmother's voice, looked up, and her little forehead gathered in anxious wrinkles; she thought she would like to take Mrs. Dale's hand and kiss it, and say, "Don't be sorry!" She listened for some comment from Mrs. Wright, but none came. How still they were, these two, sitting in the darkness! The full skirt of her grandmother's silk dress looked as though it

were carved out of black marble, and above it glimmered whitely the old solemn face that she loved and feared; Mrs. Wright's comfortable form seemed to melt into mystery; and suddenly, as she looked at the two motionless figures, all the intangible dumb terrors of childhood began to rise in her throat. Oh, if they would only speak; if she could hear some other sound than the high faint stir of the leaves above her, and far away, below the terrace, the prolonged note of a cicada!

"Suppose," she said to herself, her eyes widening with fright, — "suppose that all of a sudden grandmother's head and Mrs. Wright's head were to roll off, and roll down the steps, right here, beside me!" Her breath caught in a sob of terror. The vision of the rolling heads frightened her to the last point of endurance; she could not trust her voice to say good-night, but darted down the steps, and ran, her knees trembling under her, along the path to the back of the house. She knew that the servants would be in the kitchen; yawning, very likely, over the good books Mrs. Dale provided for their edification, or rocking and sewing in stolid comfort, but alive — speaking! In her rush along the dewy path, the child had a ghastly thought of a dead world, herself the only living thing in it; but this was followed by the instant reflection that, under those circumstances, she might walk into the queen's palace and put on a crown; this thought was so calming that when she reached the women she had no desire to throw herself into Betsey's arms, as she had planned to do, declaring that she would be a good girl forever afterwards. This promise had seemed to Ellen necessary as a bribe to Something; but, her passionate fright over, the impulse faded, and she was content to pin Betsey's shawl around her waist, and walk up and down the kitchen with a queenly tread, absorbed in visions of future if solitary greatness.

The two ladies upon the porch were rather relieved by her flight, though Mrs. Wright checked her kindly gossip long enough to say, "Why, what is the matter with Ellen?"

"She has gone to tell Betsey to put her to bed, I suppose," Mrs. Dale said. "Dear me, Susy, she is a great care. I wish she were like your Lydia, quiet and well behaved. I often think I'm too old to train a child; and she is very like her mother. Poor Lucy was not brought up according to our ideas, you know."

"She reminds me of Dr. Dale, sometimes," said Mrs. Wright, who was conspicuous in Old Chester for always saying the wrong thing.

Mrs. Dale's face hardened. "I only wish she may grow to be like my dear husband in — in amiability."

"Oh, dear me, yes!" cried Mrs. Wright, with an exuberance that betrayed her. "Dear Dr. Dale!"

Mrs. Dale bowed her head.

The thoughts of both these women were on Dr. Eben Dale, — one with honest pity, the other with the scorch of mortification and anger. He was dead, the brilliant, weak old man, — dead, and escaped from his wife's fierce rectitude. In their youth she had harassed him with the passionate spur of exacting love, but later that had been exchanged for contempt. And then he died. No one guessed her grief, covered as it was by bitterness, and yet no one knew her fear of that joyous and imaginative temperament which had made it easy for him to go wrong, and which she saw repeated in her grandchild.

When Mrs. Wright said that little Ellen was like her grandfather, Mrs. Dale's heart contracted; she lost her interest in Jane Temple's affairs; she began to examine her conscience as to whether she was doing her duty to the child. It seemed to her that her husband was looking at her from Ellen's eyes, — looking and laughing, as though

he and she took up the old quarrel again.

"Like her grandfather!" Mrs. Dale's thin old hands clasped each other in a tremulous grip. "Oh — no — no!" she said to herself. "Oh, if my Heavenly Father will only give me grace to train her for Him!"

II.

Old Chester is a hundred years behind the times; so, at least, it is assured by its sons and daughters who have left it to live in the great world, but who come back, sometimes, for condescending visits to old homes. The town lies among the rolling hills of western Pennsylvania, — hills which have never echoed with the scream of the locomotive, but are folded in a beautiful green silence, broken only by the silken ripple of little streams which run across the meadows or through the dappled shadows of the woods.

There is not much variety in Old Chester. The houses are built in very much the same way: broad porches; square rooms on either side of a wide hall that runs from the front door to the back; open fireplaces like black caverns under tall wooden mantelpieces. In all the gardens the flower-beds are surrounded by stiff box hedges, and all the orchards are laid out in straight lines.

The people are as much alike as their houses: they read the same books, go to the same church, train their children by the same rules, and are equally polite, reserved, and gently critical of one another.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the village is the way in which the children are brought up. In Old Chester young persons are supposed to be seen, and not heard; they are taught that when they have the privilege of being in the company of their elders and betters it is to profit by example

and be grateful for advice. Thus they early perceive that their opinions are of no importance, — a perception which adds greatly to the comfort of grown persons.

In spite of this admirable system, there has been more than one black sheep in the village. There was Eben Dale himself, although his youth dated so very far back that perhaps his maturity should not be quoted against Old Chester. Henry Temple, too, had not turned out well, except in a worldly way; and the worldly way was of small importance in Old Chester. Indeed, without quite putting it into words, the village felt a little lack of gentility in Henry's undoubted wealth; and that, added to his change in politics, and his indifference to church matters, and his willingness to live in the great world instead of the village, was enough to make Old Chester say that he had "not turned out well." "Such a pity that his father was so lenient with him!" people said, and waited calmly for some Nemesis to overtake him; it being a peculiarity of Old Chester to believe that an overruling Providence agreed with it in questions of desert.

There had been one instance of over-severity in the village, but only one, and that not among the families of importance. This was in the case of Mr. Tommy Dove, the apothecary. His mother had ruled him with an iron rod until his forty-seventh year; then death pushed her from her throne, and left Mr. Tommy free, except indeed for the restraint of tenderness, which death, kindly but untrue, left in her place. Yet he soon rallied into self-reliance, — "remarkably soon," Old Chester commented disapprovingly; for within three months after her death he took advantage of his liberty to go gadding about the world, leaving his patrons to get their medicines where they might.

Dates were remembered chronologically in the village. "Dr. Dale gave up practice the winter that the first Mrs.

Drayton died;" "Henry Temple voted the wrong ticket the year there was a snowstorm when the apple-trees were in bloom;" and "Mr. Tommy's first ill-regulated action in mysteriously leaving town took place the summer that Henry Temple and his family were here."

Mr. Tommy was hardly important enough to gossip about, but Mr. Temple was; and, incidentally, his children were discussed, for spoiling Richard and Euphemia was another of his sins. Not even his sister's efforts to train them could make up for his shocking carelessness, people said. That Miss Jane did her best was plain enough; but Miss Jane was gentle and timid and self-distrustful, as every unmarried woman should be, and the children, unfortunately, were like their father, headstrong and self-satisfied. So how could she discipline them?

Beside, the summer of the Temples' first visit, — the summer Mr. Tommy had disappeared, — Miss Jane had a small happiness and interest of her own, which no doubt claimed the thought that might have been given to Effie and Dick. It was not a very exciting happiness; only a pleasant talk now and then with Mr. Dove, or an occasional call from him in those fragrant summer evenings. They would sit alone, these two elderly persons, in the dimly lighted drawing-room, hearing a murmur of talk in the library across the hall, or starting with a fright which neither of them understood if a door opened and closed, or if Mr. Henry Temple's voice were heard in the hall. Mr. Dove had dared to give Miss Temple a bunch of flowers, once; and once, too, had embarrassed and touched her by bringing her a little green crape shawl which had belonged to his mother. It was all very harmless and very pleasant; when, suddenly, Old Chester learned with astonishment that its apothecary had gone! Of course the reason could not long be concealed: Mr. Tommy, the

village declared, aghast and disapproving, but grateful for a bit of gossip, — Mr. Tommy had made love to Jane Temple!

But that was four years ago, and Mr. Tommy, who returned as soon as the Temples left the village, had behaved so properly ever since that his presumption was not remembered against him, until now, when they were coming back again, a second abrupt and mysterious departure brought it all to mind.

"So foolish in Mr. Tommy," every one said severely, and looked at Jane Temple to see how she took it. Miss Temple took it calmly. There was a quick, surprised glance at the closed house standing in its neglected garden, and a little heightened color in her cheek when she went to Willie King's to have one of Mrs. Temple's prescriptions filled. Perhaps she was too busy for any embarrassment, or regret, or wonder: her sister-in-law's health was an absorbing anxiety; Effie's lessons had to be looked after; Dick needed her to keep his fishing-lines in order; Mr. Temple was so good as to let her be of use in his literary work to the extent of copying manuscript for him. Beside, there was a certain occupation in the mere delight of being back again in her old home, among old friends. This quiet, old-fashioned living, which afforded Mr. Henry Temple much diversion, was dear and sacred to her. There was nothing droll to her ears in being called a "girl;" it gave her a pathetic happiness to have Mrs. Dale apologize for speaking of a delicate subject in her presence. "I forgot you were here, my dear," Mrs. Dale said; and Miss Jane blushed, properly and prettily, and felt comforted and cared for. She knew more of the great, indifferent, vulgar world than Mrs. Dale ever dreamed of, but she cast down her eyes unaffectedly when the older woman apologized for speaking of the misconduct of a village girl. She wished she might draw Dick and Effie into this

tranquil life which so refreshed her. She looked at these two young persons, and pitied them because they did not know Youth. Here, in Old Chester, how carefully Youth was guarded! It was still protected and considered when maturity had set its mark about soft lips and gentle eyes. It was done by snubbing, Henry Temple said, but Miss Jane never felt snubbed; she saw only kindly protection in the condescension which so amused her brother, and her elderly starved heart basked in it with great content. She was so modest, so grateful, that her friends were pleased to say of her that Jane had no "airs." This most satisfying praise could not be given to the rest of the Temple household; the two children were especially "airy," and "snubbing" became a matter of duty to all thoughtful persons. "That unfortunate Temple child," Old Chester said, in speaking of Effie, "must really be reproofed." The reproof was only the rebuke of a grave manner and a discreet indifference to what she said and did, but it astounded and irritated the child. To hear herself addressed, on the rare occasions when she was noticed, as Euphemia instead of Effie — for Old Chester did not approve of nicknames — filled her with childish rage.

"My name's Effie; I don't like to be called Euphemia," she always retorted glibly; and she gave her opinion of Old Chester, in this connection, with great freedom and force to Ellen Dale. "How queer and old-fashioned everybody is here," she said, "and how funny to be called Ellen; it's such an ugly name! Why don't you make your grandmother call you Nellie?"

"Make" her grandmother! Ellen, who was really a year older than the fine young lady who addressed her, shivered; yet there was no Old Chester child so quickly influenced by Effie Temple as she.

All the children had received Effie with admiration, and even a little fright. Ellen and her dearest friend,

Lydia Wright, talked about her in lowered voices. They felt vaguely that there was something naughty in thinking too much of the strange little girl, whose hair hung over her eyes and waved loosely about her shoulders, who possessed two rings, and who never wore aprons. One morning, soon after Effie's arrival in Old Chester, Ellen whispered to Lydia behind her spelling-book, at school, that if she would come down to the fence of the east pasture that afternoon she would be there, — "and tell you something about *her*," she ended mysteriously.

Lydia opened her round eyes very wide and shook her brown curls. "May be my mother won't allow me to go down to the east pasture, Ellen."

"But if you just happened to be walking there," Ellen tempted, "and I happened to be walking on my side of the fence? It is n't like visiting; I guess we need n't ask leave."

"Well," said Lydia doubtfully.

"If you *should* be there, and you should bring your sewing, I'd do it for you," Ellen enticed; "only, of course, may be I won't be there."

"Well," said Lydia again, but with more firmness.

"Mother did n't say I must n't," she assured herself, when, in the afternoon, silencing her conscience with casuistry learned from her friend, she ran across a sunny meadow, through an orchard, waist-deep in blossoming grass, and reached the east pasture. Two poplars, one on either side of the fence, dropped flickering shadows through the sunshine, and their smooth trunks offered comfortable supports to any one who climbed up and sat on the fence, as Ellen was doing now.

"Why!" said she, affecting vast astonishment. "Where are you going? Won't you stop a minute and talk?"

"Why, Ellen," faltered the other, "you said" —

"I *happened* to be walking along here," Ellen interrupted, frowning, —

it was so stupid in Lydia to forget to make believe. "I saw you coming, and I waited a little while. It is n't visiting."

"Oh, no," Lydia assented weakly. "I — I brought the handkerchief to hem, Ellen. You said you would," she ended, with a confused air.

"Oh, I don't mind doing a little for you," Ellen returned, in an obliging manner; she ignored the arrangement, but she did not ignore the work.

Lydia reached the handkerchief up to her, and then climbed on the fence and settled herself comfortably against her poplar. Ellen whipped a thimble out of her pocket and began to sew very fast. "She's coming to our school until it closes, and when it does she is to have a governess."

"Oh!" cried Lydia. There was no need to say who was coming. To the two children Effie Temple was the only person of importance in Old Chester.

"She does n't want to," proceeded Ellen. "I heard grandmother tell Mrs. Drayton so. Grandmother said it showed how she was brought up, that anybody knew or cared what she wanted. Grandmother said she was *spoiled*!"

"Oh, my!"

"But she's coming, any way. And, Lydia, do you know, she talks French!" Lydia was speechless. "They're coming to tea to our house to-morrow night, and she's coming. And grandmother said I might have my tea-set on the bench on the side porch, — just Effie and me. I wish grandmother would invite you."

"Won't she?" Lydia asked anxiously.

"No," Ellen assured her, sighing. "I guess I'll go home now and fix my tea-set for to-morrow night. I wonder if she'll like to play hollyhock ladies, or hear stories? Do you suppose she'll like stories? I'll tell her lots. I'll tell her what happened to me when I was a little girl and was sick."

Lydia knew this story well, but she could not resist asking for it again, and listening, with delightful shudders, while Ellen cheerfully, her hands clasped around her knees, staring up into the branches above her, related, circumstantially, and with that pride in illness which children feel, how she had taken lots of medicine, and got worse, and worse, and worse, and *worse*; and then at last they thought she was dead, and she was put into a coffin and buried,—here she paused to quake with terror, not at her bold untruth, but at the picture she had conjured up; and how she had “escaped,” — and thus, and thus. Neither child believed this marvelous tale, but it was true to both. Midway in her fiction Ellen stopped to say, “Oh, Lydia, do you know any French at all?”

It was not often that Lydia occupied the proud position of instructor to Ellen, so it was a happy moment when she said: “Yes, I do; I know ‘How do you do, this morning?’ My brother told me.”

“Oh, tell me,” Ellen begged; and Lydia generously said something which sounded like “Coma-voò port ah voo, set mattan?” Her pleasure at giving Ellen information almost made her forget the vague and gnawing consciousness that she had done wrong in coming out without permission.

III.

That tea party was an event in Ellen’s life. To begin with, she had a quarrel with Betsey Thomas, who was dressing her.

“I don’t want to wear a white apron; it’s too babyish. I won’t! So there!”

“You will,” Betsey assured her briefly, holding out the hated garment.

Ellen stamped and opened her lips for some outcry, but there was a sound in the hall outside the door, and she only drew a sobbing breath and waited;

she knew that slow rustle of her grandmother’s dress. As for Betsey, she hailed it with delight.

“If you please, ma’am,” she said, as Mrs. Dale entered, “Ellen won’t put on her apron.”

“Grandmother, I don’t see why I should wear an apron. I’m going on twelve, and Effie doesn’t have to, and” —

“That is enough, Ellen.”

Mrs. Dale’s hair, soft and white as spun silk, was caught back by little tortoise-shell combs, and fell in three short, thick curls on either side of her face; she wore a turban made of snowy muslin, and the bosom of her black satin gown was filled with the same soft whiteness, crossed in smooth folds and fastened with a small pin in a silver setting. Her delicate old hands were covered with rings, most of them with strands of hair beneath dull glass. She looked at her little granddaughter critically. “Tie her hair back with a brown ribbon, Betsey Thomas,” she said, and Ellen involuntarily put up her hands to protect the pink band which held her straight brown locks smoothly in place. Ellen wore her hair, as did all Old Chester little girls, parted in the middle and cut short behind her ears. It was so thick that it made her head look like a mop.

Even Betsey regretted the order about the pink ribbon. “She wants,” the maid explained afterwards to the cook, “to make that child just as old-fashioned as if she was fifty, I do declare! And that little Effie all dressed up, and banged, and all that! There! I did pity our Ellen.”

Ellen pitied herself, but submitted to the brown ribbon with only a quiver of her little red upper lip. She gave a despairing glance in the long glass, and saw a small, sturdy figure in a green frock, — a frock reaching nearly to her ankles, and made very simply, with only a frill in the neck and sleeves for trimming; she saw the

white dimity apron, its tabs pinned up on each shoulder; then, rosy cheeks, big troubled eyes, and the brown ribbon tying back the straight silken brown hair. That straight dark hair was Ellen's greatest cross. Many, many times she had added to her prayers the petition that it might grow light and curly, or that she might own a frizzled yellow wig; and she had painfully eaten many crusts of bread, having been told by some deceitful disciplinarian that to eat crusts would make her hair curl. Perhaps she would have been happier had she known that Mrs. Dale, watching that glance into the mirror, was saying to herself, "How much better my little Ellen looks than that furbelowed Temple child!" But Mrs. Dale would never have told Ellen that she looked nicely, lest the knowledge should make her vain.

When Ellen saw the "Temple child," with her yellow hair and her white dress and blue sash, she had a moment of that intense anger which only childhood knows. She grew white, and her grandmother, perceiving the change of color, said to herself that she was glad to see the child show a little shyness. Generally Ellen was too modest to be shy, though Mrs. Dale did not make that distinction in her thoughts. As for Effie, she was neither modest nor shy.

"Oh, how do you do?" she said, and took Ellen's limp hand in hers with the most matter-of-fact and grown-up politeness. Then Mrs. Temple spoke kindly to Ellen, and murmured something about her dear dead mother; and Miss Jane kissed her, and said she hoped she would come to see Effie often.

"If grandmother will allow me," Ellen answered, her anger ebbing as she spoke.

"Now, Ellen," observed Mrs. Dale, "take your little friend to the side porch. Have you put out your tea things? Euphemia, you and Ellen are to take tea on the side porch."

Ellen was quite joyous by this time, and took her guest's hand with smiling haste. Effie looked blank. "Are we to go away?"

"Oh, we are going to have a good time; we're going to have tea all by ourselves. Come, we must set the table!"

There was a bubble of happiness in Ellen's voice. She had forgotten the brown ribbon, and the plain frock, and her wrath. One could not be angry when one could drink tea on the side porch, where the jasmine was blooming on the lattice, and where one had one's own china dishes, and small cakes baked to fit them.

Effie stared at her. "Does your grandma make you set the table? How horrid! We have servants. I thought your grandma was rich?"

"Rich?" said Ellen. "I don't know. Don't you think it's fun to put out your own china? It's mine, you know. See! isn't that teapot pretty?"

Effie admitted that it was; but she looked at it with a bored irritation. "How queer not to go to supper with the grown people!" she said.

The table on which Ellen spread her cloth was really only a wide bench at one end of the porch. It was so low that the children sat on hassocks instead of chairs. Through the long hall, from the front porch, they could hear the voices of the company; but here all was quiet, save for their own chatter.

"Let's get some roses for the table," Effie suggested, beginning to be interested.

"Oh, yes!" cried Ellen, and then hesitated. "But I didn't ask grandmother."

"Do you have to ask? Why, I should just tell the gardener to get me bushels, if I wanted them."

"Would you?" said Ellen wistfully. "I have to ask."

"Well, I think that's perfectly

dreadful!" Effie sympathized, emphasizing her words in a way that was quite new to the other child. Indeed, many things were new to Ellen. By the time the little feast was over she had learned much that she had never suspected. She was told that Betsey ought to call her "Miss Ellen or Miss Nellie; Ellen is awful. I'm going to call you Nellie, or Nettie; how would you like Nettie? Ellen is *dreadful!*" She was assured that she looked awfully queer with her hair parted and cut so short, and with no bang; and also that it was funny to wear an apron, — although, indeed, she knew that, she said. And then she confided the story of the afternoon.

"I would n't stand it!" cried Effie. "I would n't let anybody rule me that way! I'd — why, my goodness, I think your grandmother is awfully cruel."

Ellen gasped.

"You poor little thing," Effie went on, "it's perfectly shameful, the way they treat you. Well, never mind, I'll take care of you; only you *must* have some spirit. Watch me, and I'll show you how to act. Here, Betsey! give Miss Nellie some more cake."

Betsey was "that dumfounded," as she told the cook afterwards, that she "did n't hardly know what to say;" what she did say, looking severely at Ellen, was, "Eat your pudding, and don't talk," which Ellen scarcely deserved, being speechless with astonishment. She was thinking to herself, "What will Lydia say when I tell her about it at recess to-morrow?" But she helped Effie to the pudding, and suggested that they should make believe that the little mounds of rice on their plates were mountains, and the brown, soft raisins hidden in them were the bodies of travelers buried in the snow, and they themselves were noble St. Bernard dogs, searching, at terrible risk, to save imperiled lives. To do this made the simple dessert

delicious to Ellen, who, in eating each frozen traveler as soon as he was found, was not disturbed by any sense of incongruity. But she had so far profited by Effie's example that when Betsey reproved her for leaving some rice upon her plate, with the remark that it was wicked waste, and that some poor child would like to have it, she had the courage to retort that she did n't see what good it would do the poor child if she ate the rice.

"So there!" Effie added, to encourage her.

"And from that minute," Betsey Thomas used to say, "I took a dislike to that young one!"

Effie's indignation at her hostess's hard lot was very impressive to Ellen; Lydia had never seemed to be so sorry for her, she thought. But although it was interesting to talk about herself, she felt that politeness demanded that she should entertain her guest, and so, when tea was over, she reluctantly interrupted Effie's sympathy to ask her if she would like to play martyrs.

"Martyrs?" said Effie, with an unflattering readiness to change the subject. "What is it? I don't know; yes. Is it forfeits, or anything like that? I like forfeits, but I don't want to play any old improving game."

"It is n't a game," Ellen explained; "it's just — martyrs. Lydia and I play it. Come down in the garden and we'll make them. Do you think you could be a martyr, Effie?"

"Well, you are the queerest girl!" was all Effie vouchsafed to say.

The two children ran across the lawn and down between the box-edged borders to a group of hollyhocks, standing like slender spires against the yellow sunset. Ellen's face was grave and eager as she chose the flowers she wanted, but Effie was not certain whether to be contemptuous or interested.

A splendid crimson blossom was the first one to be picked. "That is the mother of the family," said Ellen,

explaining. A pale rose came next. "That's the eldest daughter." This white one is a bride, and she has consumption; and this little yellow one is a little girl, like me."

"Martyrs!" said Effie, with unaffected contempt. "I never heard of anything so silly."

"You wait," Ellen answered mysteriously. She sat down on the grass, and, carefully pulling off the furry calyx of each gorgeous blossom, she bent the silken petals back with careful touches, and then, plucking long blades of grass, tied what she called "sashes" about the waists of her floral dolls; after that, a stalk of grass was thrust through each of these high-shouldered ladies, and there were their arms stretched out at right angles. The feathery pistils made stately head-dresses for the four little persons who were to die for a principle.

Then the children went back to the house, and pushed four matches down into the mossy line between the flag-stones of the path, and tied a martyr to each little stake, heaping bits of twigs as fagots about their devoted forms. By that time Effie was as absorbed as Ellen. Ellen told the "story" of the play, but, as Effie was company, she applied the fire,—the "torch," Ellen called it. "And they said, 'If you will recant,' " Ellen recited, the bride's silvery white robe shivering at the touch of the flame, — " 'if you will recant, you shall have all the money you want, and a palace to live in.' But the lovely lady shook her head, and said, 'I won't,' and so they burned her up." Ellen's lip quivered as she reached this point in the story. The fresh flowers did not burn well, and their prolonged suffering made her so unhappy that, suddenly, she scattered the tiny brands and rescued them.

"Oh, my!" she said, "I'm glad I didn't live in Bloody Mary's time. I wouldn't have liked to be burned. I know it's wicked, but I wouldn't.

I tried it, to see if I could, and — I *could* n't," she ended in a shamed voice.

"How did you try?"

"Well, I put my hand in the candle, like Cranmer."

"Well?"

"I — I took it out again. Oh, I hope there won't be any more persecutions. I get so scared thinking about it!"

"You're the funniest girl!" Effie declared.

Ellen was silent. It seemed to her that she had been very silly to cry because she had not been able to keep her blistering finger in the candle flame. After a while, she said in a low voice, "Did you ever read Persecutions in Spain? There's a lot about martyrs in it. It scares me."

"What do you read it for, then?" Effie inquired, not unnaturally; but she could not help being interested when Ellen told her of beautiful nuns walled up alive in dreadful dungeons, and she was constrained to say she would read it some day.

"It would be nice to play walling up," Ellen said meditatively. "We have a brick oven round by the kitchen door; we could crawl in and pretend to be walled up?"

Effie was enchanted with the thought, and the two children hurried, in the fading light, to the old oven. It had a turtle-like back, and stood on three squat brick legs. Bread had been baked in it that day, and it was still faintly warm, and the smell of fresh bread mingled deliciously with the pungent scent of wood smoke. There were traces of ashes about its cavernous mouth, and Ellen pushed in the fire-rake and drew out some charred brands.

Effie had no suggestions to make, but she assented eagerly to all Ellen's plans.

"They used to leave some food for the nuns, when they buried 'em alive,"

said Ellen, "so we must put in a loaf of bread and a ewer—it always said in the book a 'ewer'—of water. But who will wall us up? That wooden square is the door, and Betsey puts this rake-handle against it to keep it up when the bread is in. But we can't do that when we get inside?"

"Oh, I'll do it," Effie said: "you get inside, and I'll do it."

This seemed very unselfish on Effie's part. Ellen hesitated, but the temptation was too great, and she crawled into the open mouth of the oven. Then Effie propped the door in place with the rake-handle, and the martyr, curling herself up to fit the small space, folded her hands upon her breast and composed herself for an ecstasy. "I'll sing a hymn," she called out in a muffled voice,—"the martyrs always sing hymns. But I think I'll eat my bread first." She crammed some bread into her mouth, and continued dramatically, "I must save this bread,—I must make it last as long as I can; but I will never recant,—never!"

Effie really shuddered at the tone, and was about to tear open the tomb, when, unfortunately, Betsey Thomas appeared, to tell Ellen that it was her bedtime. Betsey cried out, and scolded, and pulled the ash-covered Ellen from her martyr's grave and into the house, to her intense mortification and anger.

"You go right straight to bed!" said Betsey. "My! just look at you! Well, you can't go on the porch to say good-night. I'll tell your grandmother; see if I don't, you naughty girl, you!"

In the midst of the tirade Effie slunk away, and Ellen battled with the servant alone. But in the end she went upstairs to bed, and cried, and thought of what Effie had said of the hardness of her life, and prayed a great deal, with that bitter piety which is a form of resentment and is not confined to adolescence. She looked at

her arm, which Betsey had gripped with plump fingers while expressing forcible opinions, and saw a faint red mark. She decided to show this mark to her grandmother, but was dismayed to see that the redness was disappearing, and so pinched it a little, that it might bear witness to Betsey's behavior.

As she lay in her little bed, looking out at the fading sky, where suddenly, between the branches of the pear-tree, a star shook and then burned clear, she could hear the murmur of voices, and sometimes a little low, pleasant laughter; and she reflected that Effie was with the grown people, while she had been sent to bed!—sent to bed and *pinched*! Oh, how miserable she was! How cruel her grandmother was to oblige her to go to bed at half past eight, like a baby, while Effie stayed downstairs with the company!

Ellen realized that her eyes were wet, and she shut them tightly, so that the tears would show upon her lashes; her grandmother, when she came to her bedside, as she did the last thing every night, should see that Ellen had been crying, and then she would feel badly. Ellen turned over on her back, so that the pillow should not dry the tears, and determined to lie awake to note the effect upon Mrs. Dale. She extended her arm, too, with the sleeve of her night-gown well pushed up above the fading illustration of Betsey's unkindness. The thought of Mrs. Dale's remorse began to soften her, and then—

But it was morning, and Betsey was saying, "Come, get up, Ellen, or you'll be late for worship." And all the room was full of sunshine, and it was not until an hour later that she remembered her wrongs.

IV.

The friendship between Ellen and Effie grew, in those pleasant summer

days, very rapidly. They saw each other constantly, and, as though that were not enough, corresponded by the aid of something that they called a "telegraph," — a string from the window of Ellen's bedroom to the big locust-tree just within Mr. Temple's grounds. At first Ellen's feeling for Effie had been ecstatic devotion; she knew for at least a week the tremulous pangs of bliss and pain, the rankling stab of jealousy, the spur of the desire for approbation, the impulsive and ingenious flattery of the lover, — all that goes to make up what is called falling in love. And then her idol shattered the idealization with a wholesome squabble, and Ellen came down to commonplace friendship, in which in games and fancies she was first. In the generosity of her imagination she told Effie of a plan she and Lydia had of digging up a great stone in the woods, under which Ellen was convinced were buried many Indian warriors, together with bags of gold, tomahawks, and copper spears. It was their intention to dig the boulder up, and then present the buried wealth to their grateful relatives. The skeletons of the Indians Lydia and Ellen were to keep for themselves.

Effie entered cheerfully into the project, but she did not care to dig; and the stone, gray with lichen, and bedded deep in ferns and moss and years of fallen forest leaves, continued to seal the riches in which Ellen firmly believed. Effie would sit under a tree and watch Ellen tugging and straining at a big stick thrust as a lever under one side of the rock, or digging until her face was as crimson as the single columbine that nodded on the great stone's breast. Effie had not a very lively faith in the skeletons beneath the stone, but she liked to hear Ellen talk about them. "Will they be in coffins?" she inquired placidly.

"No," Ellen told her; "they'll be wrapped in *wampum*, — that's golden

robes, I think; and they'll have necklaces of bear's teeth, and strings and strings of scalps! Lydia and I meant to keep the scalps, but you can have some." She was very earnest; she could fancy so clearly the great moment when the rock should be at last raised from its bed, — she saw it heaving up, rocking, balancing, crashing over, and rolling with tremendous bounds down the hillside. She knew just how the grave beneath it would look: a square hole in the black soft forest earth, fringed with ferns and windflowers; solemn figures lying straight and still within it, — figures holding burnished spears, and glittering with gold and gems, and decked with eagle's feathers, — feathers still shining with their vast and circling flights about the sun. A hundred times Ellen had looked forward to the moment when she should stand staring down at these things, while high up, with faint, far sound, the tops of the forest trees stirred between her and the blue sky.

As this project involved more or less hard work, Effie liked better the acting out some of Ellen's romances of daring and of love. Lydia, as a third child, would have added much to their games, but Effie did not like her, and so she was left out of all these joys. Ellen no longer urged her to "walk down by the fence in the east pasture;" Ellen's own faithlessness made her say that the disloyalty was Lydia's; but beside that, her former friend seemed very young!

That Ellen and Effie were so much together was pleasing not only to the two children, but to the entire Temple household. Miss Jane had begged Mrs. Dale to allow her granddaughter to be with Effie as much as possible. "Because," she explained, "Ellen is such a dear child, so modest and well behaved, that I am sure her example will be good for Effie."

Miss Jane said this at the first meeting of the sewing society at which she

was present. She and Mrs. Dale were waiting in the church porch after the meeting, watching an unexpected down-pour of summer rain. "As soon as the carriage comes, I'll take you home, Jane Temple," Mrs. Dale said; "you can't walk up the hill in this rain."

There was something in her voice that made the younger woman redden, and answer in quick excuse, "I suppose no one at home has noticed the storm, and so the carriage has not been sent for me."

"I suppose not," Mrs. Dale agreed dryly. Like everybody else in Old Chester, she blamed Jane Temple because her family neglected her.

"Besides," Miss Temple asserted, "everybody knows I like the rain. No, I don't mind walking, thank you."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Dale; "but it will give me pleasure to have you, my dear, so I hope you will come. I don't know what has happened to Morris; he should have been here five minutes ago."

The two ladies fell into an uncomfortable silence. The rain dripped steadily from the pitch roof of the porch, and fell into the pebbly gutters below with the sharp running chime of little bells; the bare earth under the branches of the fir-trees on either side of the path gleamed with pools, and the grass beyond, growing thick about the gray tombstones, seemed greener every moment.

"It is quite a rain," Miss Jane admitted reluctantly. "Perhaps I had better drive; but will you let me stop and get a prescription filled for sister?"

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Dale. "You know Willie King has taken Mr. Tommy's place. I suppose you know that Mr. Tommy has disappeared again?" She was careful not to look at Miss Jane.

"So I heard," Miss Jane answered.

"It's very vexing in Mr. Tommy to run away in this fashion," Mrs.

Dale went on. "I wanted him to teach Ellen Latin this summer; you know he is quite a scholar in his small way — Ah, here is the carriage. Get in, my dear;" and then, a moment later, "I wonder if your sister-in-law would allow Ellen to have an hour or two a week with Euphemia's governess?"

Miss Jane, whose face had flushed at Mr. Tommy's name, hastened to say that she was sure Mrs. Temple would be glad to make such an arrangement; then she made her little speech about Ellen's influence. And so it came about that Ellen went to Mr. Temple's house twice a week for her Latin, and at least once beside to spend the afternoon with Effie. This, Mrs. Dale felt, was only doing what she could, as a friend of the family, to improve Henry Temple's neglected child. Ellen carried on this missionary work with a zeal which her grandmother never suspected.

On the hill, up which the orchard sloped to the edge of the woods, was a latticed summer-house. It was old, and long ago the rain had painted it a faint, soft gray; there were vines all about it, which almost hid the diamond-shaped windows in its sides, and lilacs and wild cherries crowded so closely around it that any one looking up from the kitchen garden, or even passing through the orchard, would never have guessed that the two children met in it almost every day. And could their conversation on a certain Sunday afternoon have been overheard, Miss Jane might not have been so sure of Ellen's influence upon Effie, and it is probable that not even Mrs. Dale's willingness to be of service to Henry Temple would have made her consent to the intimacy between the children.

"I don't think," Ellen was remonstrating, "that you ought to speak so to Miss Jane."

"I don't care," said Effie, "I won't be ordered around by anybody. I'm not like you!"

The two children were sitting on the steps of the summer-house; they could look down into the orchard, and over the roof of the Dale house which lay below them. Beyond were the white, dusty turnpike and the meadows, and then the blue curve of the Ohio River. It was very silent in the orchard; only the faint rustle of the leaves in the woods behind them and their own hushed voices broke the sunny quiet.

"Do you have to learn hymns every Sunday?" Effie had said, in response to Ellen's request that she would hear her say her hymn. "I would n't be you for anything! Yes I'll hear you. Go on: 'Softly now' " —

"Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee."

Ellen's voice sounded as though she were half ashamed.

Effie, scarcely waiting for the last line, closed the book with a bang and tossed it into her friend's lap. "Aunt Jane wanted to make me learn a hymn on Sundays, and I just told her I would n't. She asked me if I would n't learn one; and I said, 'I can't, I can't, I can't, so there, now!'" I knew if I did it once, she'd say I could, and then I might have to do it again."

It was here that Ellen made her protest for Miss Jane, but Effie only tossed her head. "Do you think I care what she says? Nobody cares what aunt Jane says. Why, look here; I'll tell you something about her, — only it's a secret!"

"I'll never tell," Ellen declared.

But she was not much interested; she was too conscious that it was Sunday. Sunday visiting was not approved of by Old Chester, at least among the children, and even the occasional afternoon calls of grown persons were more or less apologetic. That Ellen, who had been allowed to go out into the garden to study her hymn, should have dared to meet "the Temple child," and

spend the long, still, sunshiny hours in idle talk, was something that Mrs. Dale would not have forbidden, because it would never have seemed possible.

Before this new friendship came into Ellen's life, her Sunday afternoons, in summer, had had a distinct and happy character of their own. There were always some verses from the Bible to be studied, and a hymn. And so, book in hand, murmuring over and over words which had little meaning in her ears, she wandered about the garden, "getting by heart," as she expressed it, some of the noblest expressions of the spiritual life. Sometimes she stopped to talk to the flowers; sometimes to lay her cheek against the ground, and look through the mist of grass stems, and weave her little fancies about the world of bee and butterfly and blossom; not unfrequently she climbed into the low branches of her favorite apple-tree, and "preached, like Dr. Lavendar," to the congregation below her of bending and rippling timothy. To hear herself talk of piety and obedience gave Ellen all the satisfaction of good behavior; her exhortations were so earnest that she mistook them for feelings, — a mistake incidental, perhaps, to the pulpit. She might stop at this stage to repeat her hymn, and then, still murmuring it to herself, go down below the terrace where the violets grew thick under a larch-tree; to sit down among them, and put a little finger under a blossom's chin and look into its meek eye, gave her far more joy than any mere plucking flowers would have done. She was very apt to come to this part of the garden for a certain ceremony which she called "marrying the grass." She would kneel down and tie two stalks of blossoming grass together, and pronounce some solemn gibberish over them which she said was the marriage ceremony: —

"Now you're married,
We wish you joy;

Your father and mother
You must obey,
And live together
Like sister and brother;
And now kneel down
And kiss each other."

Ellen never spoke of these fancies to her grandmother, not from any secrecy or reserve, but because of their absolute commonplaceness. If she ever reflected upon them at all, it was to suppose that Mrs. Dale and everybody else in the world had the same pleasant thoughts.

Beside her pretty romancing, she had long theological arguments with herself. Mrs. Dale never imagined the religious fogs into which her granddaughter wandered, or how again and again she wearied her little brain over the puzzle of personal responsibility. Nor did she ever fancy the heartache with which sometimes, romancing over, the child sat down to plan ways and means of showing her grandmother her love; for she thought, if she could only express that, perhaps Mrs. Dale would kiss and cuddle her, as she had once seen a gypsy mother caress a little swarthy black-eyed child. Swaying to and fro, her head on her knees, her mop of brown hair falling forward about her ears, Ellen agonized over her sins, which she was sure kept her from her grandmother's heart. She thought of things she might do to prove her affection: pick all the flowers in her garden and put them down for Mrs. Dale to walk on; kiss the hem of her dress; climb up to the top of the locust-tree and hang by her feet from the highest branch, to give her grandmother pleasure. She thought of all these things, and many more; and yet, somehow, her little, crowding, impetuous love remained unspoken.

The meetings with Effie in the summer-house were, in a certain way, of a healthier character than such dreams; if only they had not been stained by the consciousness of Mrs. Dale's disapproval!

And here, on this still July Sunday, the two children were. Ellen's hymn-book was open on her knee, and she had silenced her conscience for a moment by thinking that she would say to her grandmother, in a casual way, "I saw Effie this afternoon, as I was walking in our orchard, and I asked her to hear me say my hymn." The prospect of confession lightened her heart, and, the hymn repeated, made her stay on to hear the secret that Effie promised. "I'll never tell," she urged.

"Well," began Effie, edging a little closer to her friend, "you know Mr. Tommy? I mean the apothecary man." Ellen nodded. "Well, you know how he went away, the last time we were in Old Chester, — oh, years and years and years ago, when I was a little girl, — and nobody knew where he'd gone, and he never came back until after we went to town; and he's gone away this summer again, and nobody knows where he is?"

"Yes," said Ellen, but she was disappointed. Grown-up people did not interest her; and beside, there was nothing secret so far. "Everybody knows that," she said.

"But nobody knows why he went," Effie proceeded, "except me. It was aunty!" Ellen looked puzzled. "Goose!" cried Effie. "He was in love with her!"

A little more color came into Ellen's rosy cheeks. "Effie, Betsey Thomas says it is n't nice for little girls to talk about — *that*."

Effie laughed shrilly. "Why, I'm eleven months and two days younger than you, and I've been in love myself."

"Oh, Effie!"

"Yes, I have. Well, I am now, too. He's — oh, he's perfectly lovely. He has a market on the avenue, about three blocks away from our house. And he's as big — oh, twice as big as papa. He wears a white apron in the shop, and he's just lovely. And I

used to be in love with my cousin, John Lavendar. We were engaged. He gave me a pressed rose, and I wore it around my neck on a black silk thread; and I gave him a pressed pansy, and he kept it in his watch. We were going to be married when we were fourteen, and we were going to have six children, three girls and three boys. That was when we were engaged. But I told him I did n't want aunt Mary Lavendar for a mother-in-law; she's cross, and I hate cross people. And then he got tired of me," she ended cheerfully. Ellen was speechless with interest. "I was n't mad; I was tired of him, too. I'll tell you how it was. We were playing croquet, and a little girl, — I think she's a relation of his, her name's Rose, — she came walking along with her nurse. My! she was so little; she was n't more than four. And John said, 'Effie, if Rose was a little older, she'd do for me, would n't she?' And I said, 'Well, she'll get older, and I think I like her brother better than you, so let's change.' So we changed."

"Are you engaged to her brother?" Ellen inquired, with anxiety.

"Oh, no," Effie said pensively. "I saw the marketman then, so I did n't care for Rose's brother. But this was the way it was about aunty. Mr. Tommy fell in love with her, and he *proposed*. I know, because I heard papa tell mamma that he came in and found him proposing to aunty. Just think! I wonder what he said? 'Will you be mine?' I suppose. But papa, he would n't allow such a thing, of course. Mr. Tommy, just an apothecary, you know, and to fall in love with my aunt! And any way, she can't ever get married; she has to take care of us. Well, papa sent him off, I tell you! Papa was awfully mad. I peeked in the door and saw him. And then Mr. Tommy *ran*. I saw him. He ran and ran, as hard as his legs could carry him. And the next day his house

was all shut up, and he did n't come back to Old Chester until we'd gone away."

"And was Miss Jane mad, too?"

"Aunty? No; that's the joke of it. She liked him. She thought he'd come back. Nellie, would you rather marry a sailor or a man? I'm going to marry the captain of a Cunarder, so that I can go to sea all the time."

Ellen was horrified. "Effie, it is n't right to talk that way, and on Sunday, too! And — the marketman?"

"As though Sunday made any difference! Goodness, I would n't be like you for anything, — being told all the time things are n't right, and being ordered round by everybody. I would n't stand it."

Ellen's face flushed. "I can't help it," she said sullenly.

"I'd help it," Effie assured her.

"How?"

"Well," said Effie, "in the first place, I'd just talk right out. I'd say, 'Grandma, I'm too old to be ordered round, and — and I won't stand it!' And then, if she did n't stop being cruel, I'd run away!"

"Oh, I've thought of that lots of times," Ellen said dolefully, "only I don't know where I'd go."

"Have you thought of it? Oh, Nellie! Let's talk about it; let's do it. I'll go, too. I'm tired of living at home, though they are not quite as unkind at my house as they are at your house. I've decided to do something; I'm not quite sure what. I did think of going on the stage, but I don't know but what I'd rather be a missionary. It would be awfully nice to go to Africa and see the Great Desert. I tell you what let's do: let's run away and be missionaries. You know lots of hymns, don't you?"

"Yes," Ellen said, with enthusiasm (and added, in her own mind, that she would tell her grandmother that she and Effie had talked about being mis-

sionaries). "But we're not very old, Effie?"

"We're old enough to teach the heathen," said Effie piously. "I was confirmed at Easter, so of course it's all right for me. Have you been confirmed?" Ellen shook her head, and Effie looked concerned. "Well, perhaps then it would n't do for you to be a missionary; but I'd run away, anyhow."

"I had n't thought of being a missionary," Ellen acknowledged; "I only meant to run away. I used to think I'd take one of the benches on the front porch and turn it upside down, so it would be a boat, you know. Then at one end I'd put some loaves of bread and a little barrel of water, and may be a ham. Well, then I'd get it down to the river, and push it in, and go floating off. Pretty soon I'd reach the Mississippi." Ellen's eyes grew vague with her dream. She saw it all as she spoke,—the yellow water lapping and rippling against the sides of the upturned bench, the green meadows along the shore, the sudden splash of paddle-wheels, as, perhaps, some great steamboat passed her, and, disappearing among the hills, left, like a drift of melody, the sound of its calliope behind it. "When I got to the Caribbean Sea," Ellen went on, "I'd find a desert island and live on it. I'd eat cocoanuts and breadfruit, and get a man Friday and some goats. And then I'd send beautiful presents home." Ellen paused to think, not of the difficulty of transportation, but, with bitter joy, that such presents would be coals of fire to her grandmother. "But perhaps it would be better to be a missionary," she ended.

"Course it would," Effie assured her, and they began to make many plans.

And when, that evening, after tea, Ellen stood before her grandmother, repeating her hymn, she was much too full of these exalted plans to remem-

ber to confess how she had spent her afternoon. She heard Mrs. Dale's comments on the hymn, received her quiet kiss, and was told that she might walk about in the garden till bedtime. Her mind was still intent upon voyages and desert islands and converted cannibals, but something in the touch of the soft old hand upon her head stirred the child's heart. Confession rushed to her lips.

"Oh!" she said, flinging her arms about Mrs. Dale's neck, "I love you very much; only I—I"—The tears were in her eyes, and her hot face was buried in the spotless neckerchief.

"There, my dear, there; control yourself, Ellen. Ah, my child, if, instead of protestations, you would be an obedient little girl, how much more that would prove your love than these foolish outbursts!" Mrs. Dale sighed. Ellen drew back quickly,—rudely, her grandmother thought. "Be more gentle in your movements," she said; "do not be so abrupt."

"Yes'm," Ellen answered, with a sob in her throat. "Oh, how I hate grandmother!" she said between her teeth, as she darted down into the garden. There, below the terrace, she threw herself, sobbing, on the grass that grew deep and soft under the solemn branches of a larch. The check to her impetuous love caused her to forget her own wrong-doing. She said to herself that nobody loved her, and she was very wretched. Little Ellen had the temperament which made it possible to observe her sorrows and measure her emotions; life was always more or less spectacular to her, and she exaggerated her woes for very interest in them. Just now, as she was so ill treated, she wished she might be very ill and die. It gave her pleasure to fancy her sufferings and the grief of her friends; especially did her mind dwell on the neglected Lydia, whose astonishment and sorrow filled her with a delightful sense of power in being

able to produce such an effect. "Or if I could only be drowned!" she reflected, growing happier each moment. "When they found me in the river, they'd carry me home, and how sorry they'd be!" She closed her eyes, and saw her white dress (a white dress is necessary for an effective suicide), saw her white dress dripping and clinging to her figure, and her long hair (for somehow her hair must be long), her long hair trailing upon the ground, wet

and straight. She thought how pale her face would be, how tightly her eyes would be closed; she decided, with satisfaction, that Betsey would cry and say she was sorry for all her wickedness; and she thought of Lydia's fright and of her grandmother's repentant grief. At that she involuntarily sobbed, which interested her so much that she began to pity and forgive everybody, and a little later went very happily to bed.

Margaret Deland.

CLIFF-DWELLERS IN THE CAÑON.

"Glad
With light as with a garment it is clad
Each dawn, before the tardy plains have won
One ray; and often after day has long been
done

For us, the light doth cling reluctant, sad to
leave its brow."

H. H.

THE happiest day of my summer in the Rocky Mountains was passed in the heart of a mountain consecrated by the songs and the grave of its lover, H. H., — beautiful Cheyenne, the grandest and the most graceful of its range.

Camp Harding, my home for the season, consisted of a group of tents and cottages characteristic of a country where people sleep in tents for their health, and invalids claim as their right the airiest and the nearest to absolute out of doors. The situation of the little colony was no less unique and peculiar to Colorado. It was in Cheyenne Cañon as, after leaving the mountain itself, it passes on through the *mesa*, or high tableland, at its foot. So high and so abrupt were the sides of the valley, a huge crack as it were in the earth, that the broad brook Minnelowan with its fringe of trees, the pleasant carriage road, and the scattering houses were as completely hidden from the view of travelers on the roads

above as though protected by a wall of rock. One hundred feet back from the sharp edge of the cañon, one might stand on the high land, looking directly over the cleft to the bare mesa beyond, and not suspect the existence of the smiling little dell, even its tallest treetops being below the level. Its strange position added a rare charm to the place, a sense of seclusion and protection not to be found elsewhere.

The fortunate dwellers in this "happy valley" were blessed with two delectable walks, "down the road" and "up the road." Down the road presented an enchanting procession of flowers, which changed from day to day as the season advanced: to-day the scarlet castilleia, or painter's-brush, flaming out of the coarse grasses, to-morrow the sand lily lifting its dainty face above the bare sand; next week the harebell, in great clumps, nodding across the field, and next month the mariposa, or butterfly lily, just peeping from behind the brush, — with dozens of others to keep them company. As one went on, the fields grew broader, the walls of the mesa lowered and drew apart, till the cañon was lost in the wide, open country.

This was the favorite evening walk,

with all the camp dogs in attendance, — the nimble greyhound, the age-stiffened and sedate spaniel, the saucy, ill-bred bull terrier, and the naive baby pug. The loitering walk usually ended at the red farmhouse, a mile away, and the walkers returned to the camp in the gloaming, loaded with flowers, saturated with the delicious mountain air, and filled with a peace that passeth words.

Up the road led into the mountain, under thick-crowding trees, between frowning rocks ever growing higher and drawing nearer together, till the carriage road became a burro track, and then a foot-path; now this side the boisterous brook, then crossing by a log or two to the other side, and ended in the heart of Cheyenne, in a *cul-de-sac* whose high perpendicular sides could be scaled only by flights of steps built against the rocks. From high up the mountain into this immense rocky basin came the brook Shining Water in seven tremendous leaps, each more lovely than the last, and reached at bottom a deep stone bowl, which flung it out in a shower of spray forbidding near approach and keeping the rocks forever wet.

The morning walk was up the road, in the grateful shade of the trees, between the cool rocks, beside the impetuous brook. This last was an ever fresh source of interest and pleasure, for nothing differs more widely from an Eastern brook than its Western namesake. The terms we apply to our mountain rivulets do not at all describe a body of water on its way down a Rocky Mountain valley. It does not murmur, — it roars and brawls; it cannot ripple, — it rages and foams about the boulders that lie in its path. The name of a Colorado mountain stream, the Roaring Fork, exactly characterizes it.

One warm morning in June a small party from the camp set out for a walk up the road. By easy stages, resting here and there on convenient rocks, beguiled at every step by something more

beautiful just ahead, they penetrated to the end of the cañon. Of that party I was one, and it was my first visit. I was alternately in raptures over the richness of color, the glowing red sandstone against the violet-blue sky, and thrilled by the grandeur of places which looked as if the whole mountain had been violently rent asunder.

But no emotion whatever, no beauty, no sublimity even, can make me insensible to a bird note. Just at the entrance to the Pillars of Hercules, two towering walls of perpendicular rock that approach each other almost threateningly, as if they would close up and crush between them the rash mortal who dared to penetrate farther, — in that impressive spot, while I lingered, half yielding to a mysterious hesitation about entering the strange portal, a bird song fell upon my ear. It was a plaintive warble that sounded far away up the stern cliff above my head. It seemed impossible that a bird could find a foothold, or be in any way attracted by those bare walls, yet I turned my eyes, and later my glass, that way.

At first nothing was to be seen save, part way up the height, an exquisite bit of nature. In a niche that might have been scooped out by a mighty hand, where scarcely a ray of sunlight could penetrate, and no human touch could make or mar, were growing and blooming luxuriantly a golden columbine, Colorado's pride and glory, a rosy star-shaped blossom unknown to me, and a cluster of

"Proud cyclamens on long lithe stems that soar."

When I could withdraw my eyes from this dainty wind-sown garden, I sought the singer, who proved to be a small brown bird with a conspicuous white throat, flitting about on the face of the rock, apparently quite at home, and constantly repeating his few notes. His song was tender and bewitching in its effect, though it was really simple in

construction, being merely nine notes, the first uttered twice, and the remaining eight in descending chromatic scale.

Now and then the tiny songster disappeared in what looked like a slight crack in the wall, but instantly returned and resumed his siren strains. Spell-bound I stood, looking and listening; but alas, the hour was late, the way was long, and others were waiting; I needs must tear myself away. "To-morrow I will come again," I said as I turned back. "To-morrow I shall be here alone, and spend the whole day with the cañon wren."

Then we retraced our steps of the morning; lingering among the pleasant groves of cottonwood, oak, and aspen; pausing to admire the cactus display of gorgeous yellow, with petals widespread, yet so wedded to their wildness that they resented the touch of a human hand, resisting their ravisher with needle-like barbs, and then sullenly drawing together their satin draperies and refusing to open them more; past great thickets of wild roses, higher than our heads and fragrant as the morning; beside close-growing bushes where hid the

"Golden cradle of the moccasin flower,"

and the too clever yellow-breasted chat had mocked and defied me; and so home to the camp.

At an early hour the next morning the carriage of my hostess set me down at the entrance of Cheyenne Cañon proper, with the impedimenta necessary for a day's isolation from civilization. I passed through the gate, for even this grand work of nature is claimed as private property; but, happily, through good sense or indifference, "improvements" have not been attempted, and one forgets the gate and the gate-keeper as soon as they are passed.

Entering at that unnatural hour and alone, leaving the last human being behind, — staring in astonishment, by the way, at my unprecedented proceeding, —

I began to realize, as I walked up the narrow path, that the whole grand cañon, winding perhaps a mile into the heart of this most beautiful of the Rocky Mountains, was mine alone for three hours. Indeed, when the time arrived for tourists to appear, so little did I concern myself with them that they might have been a procession of spectres passing by; so, in effect, the cañon was my solitary possession for nine blissful hours.

The delights of that perfect day cannot be put into words. Strolling up the path, filled with an inexpressible sense of ownership and seclusion from all the world, I first paused in the neighborhood of the small cliff-dweller whose music had charmed me, and suggested the enchanting idea of spending a day with him in his retreat. I seated myself opposite the forbidding wall where the bird had hovered, apparently so much at home. All was silent; no singer to be heard, no wren to be seen. The sun, which turned the tops of the Pillars to gold as I entered, crept down inch by inch till it beat upon my head and clothed the rock in a red glory. Still no bird appeared. High above the top of the rocks, in the clear thin air of the mountain, a flock of swallows wheeled and sported, uttering an unfamiliar two-note call; butterflies fluttered irresolute, looking frivolous enough in the presence of the eternal hills; gauzy-winged dragonflies zigzagged to and fro, their intense blue gleaming in the sun. The hour for visitors drew near, and my precious solitude was fast slipping away.

Slowly then I walked up the cañon looking for my singer. Humming-birds were hovering before the bare rock as before a flower, perhaps sipping the water-drops that here and there trickled down, and large hawks, like mere specks against the blue, were soaring, but no wren could I see. At last I reached the end, with its waterfall fountain. Close within this ceaseless sprinkle, on a narrow ledge that was never dry, was placed — I had

almost said grew — a bird's nest; whose, it were needless to ask. One American bird, and one only, chooses perpetual dampness for his environment, — the American dipper, or water ouzel.

Here I paused to muse over the spray-soaked cradle on the rock. In this strange place had lived a bird so eccentric that he prefers not only to nest under a continuous shower, through which he must constantly pass, but to spend most of his life in, not on, the water. Shall we call him a fool or a philosopher? Is the water a protection, and from what? Has "damp, moist unpleasantness" no terrors for his fine feathers? Where now were the nestlings whose lullaby had been the music of the falling waters? Down that sheer rock, perhaps into the water at its foot, had been the first flight of the ouzel baby. Why had I come too late to see him?

But the hours were passing, while I had not seen, and, what was worse, had not heard, my first charmer, the cañon wren. Leaving these perplexing conundrums unsolved, I turned slowly back down the walk to resume my search. Perhaps fifty feet from the ouzel nest, as I lingered to admire the picturesque rapids in the brook, a slight movement drew my attention to a little projection on a stone not six feet from me, where a small chipmuck sat pertly up, holding in his two hands and eagerly nibbling — was it, could it be, a strawberry, in this rocky place?

Of course I stopped instantly to look at this pretty sight. I judged him to be a youngster, partly because of his evident fearlessness of his hereditary enemy, a human being; more on account of the saucy way in which he returned my stare; and most, perhaps, from the appearance of absorbing delight, in which there was a suggestion of the unexpected, with which he discussed that sweet morsel. Closely I watched him as he turned the treasure round and round in his deft little paws, and at last dropped

the rifled hull. Would he go for another, and where? In an instant, with a parting glance at me, to make sure that I had not moved, he scrambled down his rocky throne, and bounded in great leaps over the path to a crumpled paper, which I saw at once was one of the bags with which tourists sow the earth. But its presence there did not arouse in my furry friend the indignation it excited in me. To him it was a treasure-trove, for into it he disappeared without a moment's hesitation; and almost before I had jumped to the conclusion that it contained the remains of somebody's luncheon he reappeared, holding in his mouth another strawberry, bounded over the ground to his former seat, and proceeded to dispose of that one, also. The scene was so charming and his pleasure so genuine that I forgave the careless traveler on the spot, and only wished I had a kodak to secure a permanent picture of this unique strawberry festival.

As I loitered along, gazing idly at the brook, ever listening and longing for the wren song, I was suddenly struck motionless by a loud, shrill, and peculiar cry. It was plainly a bird voice, and it seemed to come almost from the stream itself. It ceased in a moment, and then followed a burst of song, liquid as the singing of the brook, and enchantingly sweet, though very low. I was astounded. Who could sing like that up in this narrow mountain gorge, where I supposed the cañon wren was king?

At the point where I stood, a straggling shrub, the only one for rods, hung over the brink. I silently sank to a seat behind it, lest I disturb the singer, and remained without movement. The baffling carol went on for some seconds, and for the only time in my life I wished I could put a spell upon brook-babble, that I might the better hear.

Cautiously I raised my glass to my eyes and examined the rocks across the water, probably eight feet from me. Then arose again that strange cry, and

at the same instant my eye fell upon a tiny ledge, level with the water and perhaps six inches long, on which stood a small fellow-creature in great excitement. He was engaged in what I should call "curtsying;" that is, bending his leg joint and dropping his plump little body for a second, then bobbing up to his fullest height, repeating the performance constantly, — looking eagerly out over the water the while, evidently expecting somebody. This was undoubtedly the bird's manner of begging for food, — a very pretty and well-bred way, too, vastly superior to the impetuous calls and demands of some young birds. The movement was "dipping," of course, and he was the dipper, or ouzel, baby that had been cradled in that fountain-dashed nest by the fall. He was not long out of it, either; for though fully dressed in his modest slate-color, with white feet and white edgings to many of his feathers, he had hardly a vestige of a tail. He was a winsome baby, for all that.

While I studied the points of the stranger, breathless lest he should disappear before my eyes, he suddenly burst out with the strange call I had heard. It was clearly a cry of joy, of welcome, for out of the water, up on to the ledge beside him, scrambled at that moment a grown-up ouzel. He gave one poke into the wide-open mouth of the infant, then slipped back into the water, dropped down a foot or more, climbed out upon another little shelf in the rock, and in a moment the song arose. I watched the singer closely. The notes were so low and so mingled with the roar of the brook that even then I should not have been certain he was uttering them, if I had not seen his throat and mouth distinctly. The song was really exquisite, and as much in harmony with the melody of the stream as the voice of the English sparrow is with the city sounds among which he dwells, and the plaintive refrain of the meadow lark with the low-lying, silent fields where he spends his days.

But little cared baby ouzel for music, however ravishing. What to his mind was far more important was food, — in short, worms. His pretty begging continued, and the daring notion of attempting a perilous journey over the foot of water that separated him from his papa plainly entered his head. He hurried back and forth on the brink with growing agitation, and was seemingly about to plunge in, when the singer again entered the water, brought up another morsel, and then stood on the ledge beside the eager youngling, "dipping" occasionally himself, and showing every time he winked — as did the little one, also — snowy-white eyelids, in strange contrast to the dark slate-colored plumage.

This æsthetic manner of discharging family duties, alternating food for the body with rapture of the soul, continued for some time, probably until the young bird had as much as was good for him; and then supplies were cut off by the peremptory disappearance of the purveyor, who plunged with the brook over the edge of a rock, and was seen no more.

A little later a grown bird appeared, that I supposed at first was the returning papa, but a few moments' observation convinced me that it was the mother; partly because no song accompanied the work, but more because of the entirely different manners of the new-comer. Filling the crop of that importunate offspring of hers was, with this Quaker-dressed dame, a serious business that left no time for rest or recreation. Two charmed hours I sat absorbed, watching the most wonderful evolutions one could believe possible to a creature in feathers.

At the point where this little drama was enacted the brook rushed over a line of pebbles stretching from bank to bank, lying at all angles and of all sizes, from six to ten inches in diameter. Then it ran five or six feet quietly, around smooth rocks here and there above the water, and ended by plunging over a

mass of boulders to a lower level. The bird began by mounting one of those slippery rounded stones, and thrusting her head under water up to her shoulders. Holding it there a few seconds, apparently looking for something, she then jumped in where the turmoil was maddest, picked an object from the bottom, and, returning to the ledge, gave it to baby.

The next moment, before I had recovered from my astonishment at this feat of the ouzel, she ran directly up the falls (which, though not high, were exceedingly lively), being half the time entirely under water, and exactly as much at her ease as if no water were there; though how she could stand in the rapid current, not to speak of walking straight up against it, I could not understand.

Often she threw herself into the stream, and let it carry her down, like a duck, a foot or two, while she looked intently on the bottom, then simply walked up out of it on to a stone. I could see that her plumage was not in the least wet; a drop or two often rested on her back when she came out, but it rolled off in a moment. She never even shook herself. The food she brought to that eager youngling every few minutes looked like minute worms, doubtless some insect larvæ.

Several times this hard-working mother plunged into the brook where it was shallow, ran or walked down it, half under water, and stopped on the very brink of the lower fall, where one would think she could not even stand, much less turn back and run up stream, which she did freely. This looked to me almost as difficult as for a man to stand on the brink of Niagara, with the water roaring and tumbling around him. Now and then the bird ran or flew up against the current and entirely under water, so that I could see her only as a dark-colored moving object, and then came out all fresh and dry beside the baby, with a mouthful of food. I should hardly dare

to tell this, for fear of raising doubts of my accuracy, if the same thing had not been seen and reported by others before me. Her crowning action was to stand with one foot on each of two stones in the middle and most uproarious part of the little fall, lean far over, and deliberately pick something from a third stone.

All this was no show performance, even no frolic, on the part of the ouzel, — it was simply her every-day manner of providing for the needs of that infant; and when she considered the duty discharged for the time, she took her departure, very probably going at once to the care of a second youngster who awaited her coming in some other niche in the rocks.

Finding himself alone again, and no more dainties coming his way, the young dipper turned for entertainment to the swift-running streamlet. He went down to the edge, stepping easily, never hopping; but when the shallow edge of the water ran over his pretty white toes, he hastily scampered back, as if afraid to venture farther. The clever little rogue was only coquetting, however, for when he did at last plunge in he showed himself very much at home. He easily crossed a turbulent bit of the brook, and when he was carried down a little he scrambled without trouble up on a stone. All the time, too, he was peering about after food; and in fact it was plain that his begging was a mere pretense, — he was perfectly well able to look out for himself. Through the whole of these scenes not one of the birds, old or young, had paid the slightest attention to me, though I was not ten feet from them.

During the time I had been so absorbed in my delightful study of domestic life in the ouzel family, the other interesting resident of the cañon — the elusive cañon wren — had been forgotten. Now, as I noticed that the day was waning, I thought of him again, and, tearing myself away from the enticing

picture, leaving the pretty baby to his own amusements, I returned to the famous Pillars, and planted myself before my rock, resolved to stay there till the bird appeared.

No note came to encourage me, but, gazing steadily upward, after a time I noticed something that looked like a fly running along the wall. Bringing my glass to my eyes, I found that it was a bird, and one of the white-throated family I so longed to see. She — for her silence and her ways proclaimed her sex — was running about where appeared to be nothing but perpendicular rock, flirting her tail after the manner of her race, as happy and as unconcerned as if several thousand feet of sheer cliff did not stretch between her and the brook at its foot. Her movements were jerky and wren-like, and every few minutes she flitted into a tiny crevice that seemed, from my point of view, hardly large enough to admit even her minute form. She was dressed like the sweet singer of yesterday, and the door she entered so familiarly was the same I had seen him interested in. I guessed that she was his mate.

The bird seemed to be gathering from the rock something which she constantly carried into the hole. Possibly there were nestlings in that snug and inaccessible home. To discover if my conjecture were true, I redoubled my vigilance, though it was neck-breaking work, for so narrow was the cañon at that point that I could not get far enough away for a more level view.

Sometimes the bustling little wren flew to the top of the wall, about twenty feet above her front door, as it looked to me (it may have been twenty times that). Over the edge she instantly disappeared, but in a few minutes returned to her occupation on the rock. Upon the earth beneath her sky parlor she seemed never to turn her eyes, and I began to fear that I should get no nearer view of the shy cliff-dweller.

Finally, however, the caprice seized the tantalizing creature of descending to the level of mortals and the brook. Suddenly, while I looked, she flung herself off her perch, and fell — down — down — down — disappearing at last behind a clump of weeds at the bottom. Was she killed? Had she been shot by some noiseless air gun? What had become of the tiny wren? I sprang to my feet, and hurried as near as the intervening stream would allow, when lo! there she was, lively and fussy as ever, running about at the foot of the cliff, searching, searching all the time, ever and anon jumping up and pulling from the rock something that clung to it.

When the industrious bird had filled her beak with material that stuck out on both sides, which I concluded to be some kind of rock moss, she started back. Not up the face of that blank wall, loaded as she was, but by a curious path that she knew well, up which I watched her wending her way to her proper level. This was a cleft between two solid bodies of rock, where, it would seem, the two walls, in settling together for their lifelong union, had broken and crumbled, and formed between them a sort of crack, filled with unattached boulders, with crevices and passages, sometimes perpendicular, sometimes horizontal. Around and through these was a zigzag road to the top, evidently as familiar to that atom of a bird as Broadway is to some of her fellow-creatures, and more easily traversed, for she had it all to herself.

The wren flew about three feet to the first step of her upward passage, then ran and clambered nearly all the rest of the way, darting behind jutting rocks and coming out the other side, occasionally flying a foot or two; now pausing as if for an observation, jerking her tail upright and letting it drop back, wren-fashion, then starting afresh, and so going on till she reached the level of her nest, when she flew across

the (apparent) forty or fifty feet, directly into the crevice. In a minute she came out, and without an instant's pause flung herself down again.

I watched this curious process very closely. The wren seemed to close her wings; certainly she did not use them, nor were they in the least spread that I could detect. She came to the ground as if she were a stone, as quickly and as directly as a stone would have fallen; but just before touching the ground she spread her wings, and alighted lightly on her feet. Then she fell to her labor of collecting what I suppose was nesting material, and in a few minutes started up again by the roundabout road to the top. Two hours or more, with gradually stiffening neck, I spent with the wren, while she worked constantly and silently, and not once during all that time did the singer appear.

What the scattering parties of tourists, who from time to time passed me, thought of a silent personage sitting in the cañon alone, staring intently up at a blank wall of rock, I did not inquire. Perhaps that she was a verse-writer seeking inspiration; more likely, however, a harmless lunatic musing over her own fancies.

I know well what I thought of them, from the glimpses that came to me as I sat there: some climbing over the sharp-edged rocks, in tight boots, delicate kid gloves, and immaculate traveling costumes, and panting for breath in the seven thousand feet altitude; others uncomfortably seated on the backs of the scraggy little burros, one of whom was so interested in my proceedings that he walked directly up and thrust his long, inquiring ears into my very face, spite of the resistance of his rider, forcing me to rise and decline closer acquaintance. One of the melancholy procession was loaded with a heavy camera, another equipped with a butterfly net;

¹ Since the above was written, I am glad to learn that, because of this vandalism, the re-

this one bent under the weight of a big basket of luncheon, and that one was burdened with satchels and wraps and umbrellas. All were laboriously trying to enjoy themselves, but not one lingered to look at the wonder and the beauty of the surroundings. I pitied them, one and all, feeling obliged, as no doubt they did, to "see the sights;" tramping the lovely cañon to-day, glancing neither to right nor left; whirling through the Garden of the Gods to-morrow; painfully climbing the next day the burro track to the Grave, the sacred point where

"Upon the wind-blown mountain spot
Chosen and loved as best by her,
Watched over by near sun and star,
Encompassed by wide skies, she sleeps."

Alas that one cannot quote with truth the remaining lines!

"And not one jarring murmur creeps
Up from the plain her rest to mar."

For now, at the end of the toilsome passage, that place which should be sacred to loving memories and tender thoughts is desecrated by placards and picnickers, defaced by advertisements, strewn with the wrapping-paper, tin cans, and bottles with which the modern globe-trotter marks his path through the beautiful and sacred scenes in nature.¹

In this uncomfortable way the majority of summer tourists spend day after day, and week after week; going home tired out, with no new idea gained, but happy to be able to say they have been here and there, beheld this cañon, dined on that mountain, drank champagne in such a pass, and struggled for breath on top of "the Peak." Their eyes may indeed have passed over these scenes, but they have not *seen* one thing.

Far wiser is he (and more especially she) who seeks out a corner obscure enough to escape the eyes of the "procession," settles himself in it, and spends fruitful and delightful days alone with nature; never hasting nor rushing; see-mains of H. H. have been removed to the cemetery at Colorado Springs.

ing and studying the wonders at hand, but avoiding "parties" and "excursions;" valuing more a thorough knowledge of one cañon than a glimpse of fifty; caring more to appreciate the beauties of one mountain than to scramble over a whole range; getting into such perfect harmony with nature that it is as if he had come into possession of a

new life; and from such an experience returning to his home refreshed and invigorated in mind and body.

Such were my reflections as the sun went down, and I felt, as I passed out through the gate, that I ought to double my entrance fee, so much had my life been enriched by that perfect day alone in Cheyenne Cañon.

Olive Thorne Miller.

AN AMERICAN AT HOME IN EUROPE.

III.

A FRENCH MOVING; A YEAR IN A MEDITERRANEAN VILLA; AND A HOUSE-HUNTING TOUR IN ENGLAND.

THE armchairs were pinioned, gagged, and thrown upon their backs. They had sat upon the balcony in easy fashion, of late, looking out at the shining dome of the Invalides, and they might be supposed to resent it. The tables were unceremoniously stood upon their heads, and filled in with miscellaneous breakable objects.

Everything was taken down to the boulevard before the door, — that spacious Paris boulevard which serves for all the respectable domestic concerns of its inhabitants, — and crammed securely into the straw of the packing-cases. Mazagran, of the Rue du Four, had provided the cases and the labor for sixty-five francs. His men wrenched to pieces a few articles not naturally reducible, in the professional pride of making a very close fit; but, on the whole, the work was very well done, and I say nothing against Mazagran for that. Where we find fault with Mazagran, however, is for engaging for us Grumet, of the Rue de l'Odéon, assuring us that, as the season was dull, this latter would do the cartage for us at less than the fixed tariff of the

railway's own cartage bureau. Mazagran was of prepossessing aspect and manners, but Grumet certainly looked the small villainy he was about to commit. He contrived not to reach the freight depot at Bercy with the goods that night, and I was thus obliged to depart without my receipts, which enabled him to collect, through the railway company, about thrice his proper charges.

Have you ever made a *réclamation*, a demand for redress, against a French railway company or other large public administration? Well, don't, except in the general view of the duty to humanity invariably to protest when things are wrong. It will tire you out; it will consider the incident closed; it will call attention to unnoticed regulations that vitiate the claim on one side, while it is allowed on another; it may even get to the point of admitting that it regrets the circumstance, and may undertake that it shall not be repeated in the future; but as to getting back in actual cash the loss sustained, I fancy that is of pretty rare occurrence. Some varied experiences I have seen incline to a skeptical frame of mind, like that of Don Quixote's honest squire towards dying for love. There are those who talk of it, he says, "but as for doing it, believe it Judas!" I wish this could be held to show that there are no failings of a cor-

responding sort in the United States and England, but that would be rather too bold a thesis to maintain.

You can transport freight either by Grande Vitesse or Petite Vitesse, — by Great Quickness or Little Quickness. Furniture would naturally go by Little Quickness. It might arrive within four or five days, and it must arrive within a fortnight as the maximum. An extra half-rate per ton is charged for furniture, with extras besides for trunks, etc., which thus do not escape the usual luggage tariff. If you take an entire car, *un wagon complet*, you get a somewhat lower rate, but you have to pay for five tons complete. In taking an entire car, also, it is supposed that you can pack your effects in it very carefully, and, as there is nothing to interfere with them, you may save the expense of boxing. I have tried this plan twice. Once it did very well; but on the second occasion, in returning from a sojourn in Italy, everything was turned topsy-turvy, probably by the customs officers at the frontier, and plenty of things were broken. I was assured, in answer to observations on this point, that from the moment the car was a wagon complet the company was not in any way responsible. From the moment that it was a wagon complet, also, — and this seemed the most mysterious of all, — the company could not grant you the advantage of its own cheap rates of cartage, but threw you into the hands of outsiders. Thus, on the one hand one set of difficulties, and on the other another. You could take your choice. It all arrived at about the same thing.

In the present case, the railway charge was fifty dollars to transport about a ton and a quarter weight of household effects from Paris to Villefranche-sur-Mer, close by Nice, a distance of about seven hundred miles. Add ten dollars for cartage at either end, and then our railway fares, and you have about a hundred and twenty-five dollars in all to join to the very

moderate rental of the coming year as a condition of reaching it. Really cheap living abroad would of course mean that, having got to a cheap place, you should never budge from it.

While our effects went by Marseilles, entirely through French territory, we ourselves, by way of variety, went by Turin. I recollect that, in taking the train from the Gare de Lyon, we were almost as much incommoded in fleeing the great Exposition as if seeking the midst of it. People had been to see it, and now were going back to their homes again. But, with all drawbacks, there could hardly have been a more satisfactory moment than when we had the prospect of going by such pleasant ways to our yet pleasanter goal.

The infant born in Paris, and registered with all the due formalities at the *mairie* of a Paris *arrondissement*, was taking his earliest journey out into the world, and the very first thing, forsooth, he must plunge through the Mont Cenis tunnel. He smiled, with a mile or so of mountain upon his head, as if it were the merest nothing. Surely the contrast was grand. The people in the train were charming to him. I don't know whether people in a train are always charming to an infant, or that I ought to mention it to the especial credit of French kindness of heart. I think they gave him as many as two places complete to make a little bed upon, though he was not specifically provided by the railway company with any. He had arrived at an age to "take notice," — to interfere, with courteous good humor, in the conductor's punching of tickets, and to admire the *clinquant* of officers' uniforms, — which I am told is a momentous epoch in human destiny. But I am sure it is not warranted to speak of such a midget except for the very disproportionate part he had already contrived to take in all this matter of the choice of gardens, locations, and climates.

Smooth, calm, restful Turin was a

grateful relief after the roar of Paris. If we had not already chosen, there was a pretty furnished villa, at two hundred and fifty francs for the season, up on the grass-grown top of the small neighboring mountain of the Superga, where the kings of Savoy are buried, which it would not have been unpleasant at all to take.

We passed a week at Alassio, in the Genoese Riviera. It was on the smooth sands of that pretty resort, where summer bathers succeed the winter residents gone to the northward, that the dispatch reached us announcing the arrival of our effects. We took train, sped through the long series of Riviera towns, great and small, each at the mouth of its dry torrent, of the same type, each with its embowering orange-trees and palm-trees, and through tunnels so numerous that somebody has aptly compared the journey to riding in a flute and looking out through the stops, and arrived at Villefranche-sur-Mer from the eastward.

I looked for the effect upon my companions. The edge of the novelty had been a little taken off, in my own case. There is almost a greater pleasure than enjoying one's self, in these matters: it is to make others enjoy. One and both approved, but S—— not unreservedly. The cliffs approach nearer the shore here, and there was at first a rather sun-baked and arid effect as compared with the fuller greenery of Alassio. It was not till we were amid the embowering shades of our own domain, not, indeed, till the fascination that inheres in every detail of the prospect was experienced, that the new life began to be as full of charm as of strangeness.

A town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants, looking what it is, a survival, if not from the fourteenth century, when it got its name and privileges as a free city from Charles of Anjou, at least from ages but little following that, since when it has undergone slight change. If there is one casual figure more often seen than

another, it is that of some artist sketching the approach to it through the group of buildings which were once part of the maritime dignity of the dukes of Savoy, when this was their port and Nice was their capital. A vestige of Saracen tower juts up piquantly among the rock-ledges high above; and it has always seemed to me that those formless bits of wall down at the edge of the limpid water, below the parapeted walk, may well enough have belonged to the works of a Roman or Saracen port vastly more ancient than that which sheltered the galleys of Emmanuel Philibert, and has come to shelter fine yachts and men-of-war of many nations, and an important division of the French Mediterranean fleet.

It was this union of antiquity with the rest that chiefly attracted me to Villefranche. Most of the Riviera towns, that is to say the important ones, like Nice and Cannes, where people make it a matter of fashion to live, are new, in spite of a quite impossible section of "old town" pertaining to each. Climate is everything, and one is constantly tempted, in seeing the dwellings in which the stranger colony house themselves, luxurious though they may be, to quote the opinion of the Chevalier Chardin, who found that "where nature is easy and fruitful art is rude and little known." Villefranche was not sought by the villa residents, though now, when an enterprising mayor talks of gas works and an electric-light plant, and the premier of England is upon the territory of the commune, and Indian rajahs and American millionaires close by at Saint Jean and Beaulieu, there is no saying how long this state of things may continue. There were a few boxlike houses, close to the parade-ground, in the town, occupied by the pleasant young officers of the garrison, and a few quite small villas, all furnished, I think, scattered round about. You might have had one for about twenty dollars per month, but they were too near the dust and glare of the white route, too

public, too cramped as to ground, for my taste. Americans are continually taxed with liking to live in the full light of publicity, but surely no one who has looked into the matter can maintain that there is not a far greater proportional care among Americans than abroad for the genial seclusion that constitutes the restfulness and charm of a home.

The great châteaux behind their jealous walls excluded, nothing is harder to find than a detached house for moderate means, where the *chez soi* can be enjoyed quite secure from intrusion or other annoyance. Even where the first outlook would seem to be favorable, measures are taken as if expressly to defeat this object. Often it is the spot where the gardener or other custodian is located. I have seen one place spoiled, for instance, by lodging the gardener exactly under the charming terrace, so that not a motion or sound of the family could be escaped; and naturally they could not live without moving and breathing. Again, just as the peasant population concentrate in villages that imitate the street of a solid town, and do not live on isolated farms, so there is a much too sociable bunching together of houses even in properties where a great extent of ground is offered. The garden, if of any size at all, is considered as a thing apart, and the right to cultivate it is tenaciously held to, or else it is yielded only at a large increase of the original rent. What is usually granted is only the right to promenade, and of course the right to promenade may have to be shared with many others. Alas! even our Villa des Amandiers, as I shall call it, had one or more of these defects; and though we did not find out the really serious one till the end, it was even then too soon.

Little Quickness had deposited our furniture at the small station under the slope. No carrier (no cabs, either) was to be looked for at so primitive a spot. At a limestone quarry I found some teamsters,

and induced them to take their large drays away from that work and transport the goods up the hill for us. One must climb in that country; the Riviera is the sunny south slope of Europe, and on that slope but few level sites for houses are found. The typical plan of the rise is a series of terraces like a vast flight of steps, each level supported by a retaining-wall. The labor and money put into retaining-walls alone have been prodigious; had they not been distributed over centuries, could they ever have been accomplished?

A narrow, cool street, with a strip of neatly kept brick pavement in the centre, the Rue Droite, received us as we entered the town. The people in the little shops, who could almost have touched us as we went along, regarded us with an indifferent curiosity. At the crossing by the market stairs a little group was standing, as it was always standing there, which might have been a chorus assembled to discuss the fortunes of some *confrères*, in a piece at the theatre. There was always a marine head or two in it, for Villefranche is a marine town. As it enjoys the unusual distinction of receiving scarcely anything but the aristocracy of the sailor's profession, the man-of-war's men, and these can be kept under strict martial orders, there are no discords, no squalor, no noisy establishments, even at the water's edge. Down there, a dusky street, called the Rue Obscur, runs completely beneath the houses, and you see men leading donkeys in, to put them up in mausoleum-like stables.

There is no "architecture," as such; that is to say, nothing magnificent, scarcely any carving, no luxury of decoration. It is not the custom of the country. One might quote Chardin again: "Where nature is easy, art is little known." But there are plenty of ancient dates: escutcheons, nearly lost under lime-wash; remarkable straining-arches; moulded door-heads; quaint corbeling and chamfering-off of house corners; and, above

all, the fantasies growing out of every variety of level.

Above, we found a red-gray Vauban citadel, with moat and drawbridge, and palm-trees growing out of some free space in the interior; and above the whole, on a majestic hill, the ancient fort of Mont Alban, a landmark to all the country of Nice from far and near. When Emmanuel Philibert was building these gray old monuments, in 1560, it seems he was within an ace of being snatched away by Barbary pirates. These forts could be knocked to pieces with a single shot from one of the guns of the Formidable or the Duguesclin, or other of the dozen full-armed ships that come and lie here, dark and leviathan-like, in cruising back and forth from Toulon. So they serve no more useful purpose at present than the storage of clothing and the like, except as they embellish the landscape to the eye of the painter. That they certainly do, and it is more than will ever be said of the sullen, mound-like, half-hidden modern forts that crown every high mountain peak around, to the Italian frontier. The Mont Alban fort was directly over our heads, in the villa; one of the bits we had, like a dream-castle, through the upward vistas of the olive orchards.

The villa was ten minutes or more from the town. We went up by a charming *sentier* in an olive orchard, a short cut that was always useful to us, leaving the great gate to some more leisurely time. An olive orchard is not unlike an apple orchard. On the one hand, it is not to be compared to the apple orchard in foliage or fruit; but, on the other, it is perennially green, and it allows you to conjure up your classic traditions: you are at liberty at any time to imagine you are in a sacred wood of Apollo and the nymphs.

I went on in advance, to throw open every door and window. Adriano, the Italian peasant who farmed the place on shares, gave me a most obliging hand.

Here, perhaps, the sweet music of Mignon's "Connais-tu le pays?" should have softly breathed; and, had there been some one of accurate memory, he should have quoted the invocation of Melnotte, Prince of Como, to his palace lifting to eternal summer its marble walls, while the air was heavy with the scent of orange groves.

Imagine it is done. The rest come on. Well, there it was, the Villa des Aman-diers! I wish I could convey the vivid feeling attending that transfer from the gloom and chill of Paris, from vast, clamorous, cramping, high-stair-compelling Paris, to that sweet and perfumed air, the empire of the sun, country life, two-story levels, the expansion of amplest elbow-room; but it would be useless to try.

The house was not "a palace lifting to eternal summer its marble walls:" it was a plain, large, comfortable two-story house, stuccoed and lime-washed. It was fifty feet long and of shallow depth, so that all the important rooms came squarely to the south. On the top was a *loggia*, once open, now glazed in, of which, after fitting it up as a half-studio, we ultimately made a fine winter playroom for the aggressive infant. What a *cabasse*, as his *patois*-speaking attendant called it, there used to be! What a merry shouting used to descend distantly from there, robbed of all its terrors!

Just now it all looked its worst. When we left it, it was much more the ideal of what a villa by the Mediterranean ought to be than at first, for I had not foreseen its capacities in vain. Since our time it has declined anew; and if, by chance, any one should be inspired with sufficient curiosity to go and look it up, in our wake, finding the terrace swept bare of all its embellishments and the house left to its nakedness, he might not think great enthusiasm justified. It stood in the centre of a large estate with great variety of scenery, in which we had the right of promenade, and we were to pay six hundred francs a year for it. This

seemed a ridiculous nothing at the time, and I should almost have justified the proprietor in charging roundly for his delicious climate; but afterwards I heard that the very nice family of an artillery captain of the garrison had it for five hundred francs.

A shady long walk, some three hundred feet in length, led out from the doorway terrace. We found favorable nooks in it for passing the time. Below was a garden overflowing with oranges and roses. A whole vast domain, cultivated and wild, cliffs, wood, orchard, garden, leading up to a remote iron gate opening into a fragrant pine forest, had fallen to our lot and awaited our explorations.

At six o'clock the tops of our bulky packing-crates appeared, coming up the inclines. It proved to be a night of full moon, almost as bright as day, and, late though we began, everything was finally unpacked without the necessity of lighting so much as a candle.

An unromantic circumstance disturbed that first night. Who could have foreseen mosquitoes in the Riviera? Who has ever written about them, what poet, what traveler? The only mosquitoes I know of that have got into poetry are those that recalled *Mirèio* to life, when she fell, overcome by sunstroke. "*Vite, jolie, lève-toi,*" they said. "Quick, pretty one, rise, for the heat of the salt marsh is deadly." But though that was in Provence, not far away, it was at the mouths of the Rhone, where they might be expected. We were almost eaten alive by mosquitoes. We were much on foot that night, but there was the redeeming advantage of the mysterious vistas of the orchard, and the long walk flooded by the radiance of moonlight, and the somnolent croak of frogs and tree-toads, that seemed to keep up their song till the moon went down.

The truth is that mosquitoes must be counted with from June, or earlier, to December. The very first thing to do, the next morning, was to go to Nice and

procure the necessary nettings, and then these pests were reduced to their proper place. As to fleas, in these countries you have them always with you to some extent, and a certain philosophy must be cultivated from the beginning. We had the train to go to Nice, but it was a long pull up and down the hill, and we generally went by the omnibus, which passed our gate nearly every hour. It took you to Nice, about four miles along the lower Corniche road, — a famous drive, which affords some of the loveliest and most satisfying views in the world.

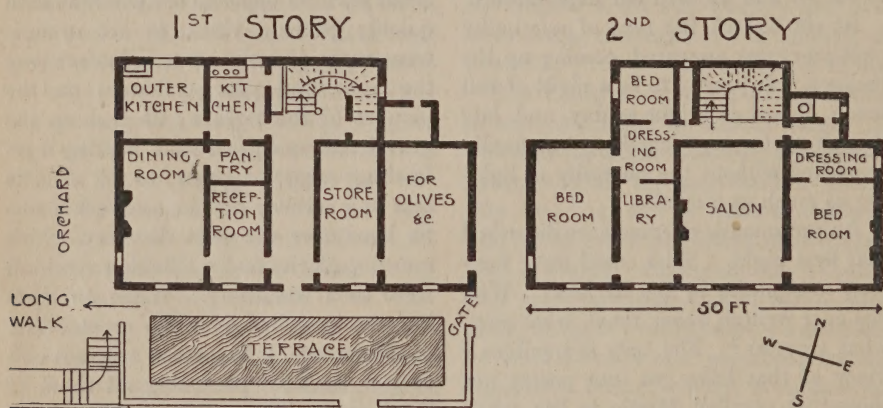
I proceeded at once to veil the too glaring brightness of the house and of a small pavilion opposite our windows with quickly growing vines; to set orange-trees, roses, and oleanders in boxes along the front, and pots of flowers on the parapet of the terrace; to grub up the gravel and sow grass-seed, making a refreshing carpet of green; to put a rustic seat in a corner; and to establish a rustic hood over the west doorway, which morning-glories and a climbing rosebush were soon wreathing. When an awning was stretched over the greater part of the terrace, it became a spacious out-of-door chamber preceding all those of the house. The making of the grass-plot was a work of difficulty: the ants carried off the seed by the peck; the sun scorched it; it needed interminable watering; and the native critics looked upon it with smiling disdain, — for not verdure, but a stretch of arid gravel before your door is considered the correct and desirable rural feature, — but it was finally a success.

To honor the great god of day, in whose cult we so largely came to the south, I had also a fancy for adding a sun-dial as an ornament to our façade. There were plenty of them upon old-fashioned buildings in the country, but the art of making them seemed to have disappeared. I could find no one to establish it for me, and so was obliged to do it myself. A large border and

frame surrounded the hour lines and figures, and at the top was this motto (Ecclesiastes xi. 7): "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Perhaps it was not worth all the figuring it cost, all the climbing up and down Adriano's borrowed ladder, but the gnomon was finally set so as to tell the time within five minutes, and that was an aid in a confusion of watches and clocks.

The plan of the Villa des Amandiers had several excellent things about it. I cannot call it a typical plan, for it was a better house than many that cost much more money. A tiresome square box-

The kitchen had a tolerable range, — they usually have only primitive charcoal holes, — and water from a spring, which ran at first, but later did n't and would n't, owing to want of the proper repairs. Water was then taken from a pipe on the terrace, rising from an irrigating basin belonging to the system of the Nice Water Company. The works of the company are now extended all along this main part of the Riviera; and, though they still leave much to be desired, they have been a blessing to it second only to the opening of the railway. Water for drinking came from a deep well at a distance; and generally the



like plan is now most prevalent, but ours belonged to an earlier day.

We put a comfortable sofa, chairs, and pictures in the wide entrance hall, which became a lounging-place while waiting for dinner, or after it. The dining-room opened to the left through a small ante-chamber; on the right were storage-rooms, of which more presently. The dining-room was frescoed with a complete view on each wall representing marine landscapes of this coast. It was not high art, but it was not badly done, either; it was in good tone, original at least. Our bottles, cups, and candlesticks on the sideboard and mantel were mixed up in an amusing way with the landscapes against which they stood, and made a naturalistic foreground.

finishing touch of faithful Angèle to the banquets she set for us at the beginning of the long walk, month in and month out, was to bring cool water in a dripping green Moorish-looking jug of porous pottery, to be had for a few sous, and with it a handful of wild flowers or a particularly choice rose or two which she had a knack and taste for discovering.

The principal part of the house was upstairs. That was what I always liked about it, both because, if there were any dampness below, as there is apt to be on the best of ground-floors, we were high and dry above it, — the air is always better somewhat above the soil, — and the salon windows were at such a height in relation to the tops of trees as to give

their ravishing views veiled and softened, but in no way hidden. When the house was closed at night and we had retired thither, it seemed as if we had climbed up our ladder and drawn it up after us, like Robinson Crusoe in his secure bower. We looked across the harbor to the long green back of Cap Ferrat, and thence to the open sea. It is impossible to be extreme in insisting how blue the water was.

Charles V., Francis I., and I don't know what great paladins beside have landed in that harbor. Sometimes it gave us a patriotic feeling to see the American flag waving pinkishly down there, on one of a quartette of the new white cruisers. They gave entertainments in the winter, and then Villefranche was ajam with all the disposable carriages of Nice; but I think this must have sounded better at a distance than it really was, for there was motion on, and the weather was more often rude and cold than not. Our real view was from the loggia at the top of the house; but this was almost too wide and dazzling a panorama, and we used to keep it as a *tour de force*.

As the doors of communication were all opposite one another, quite a stately sort of effect could be got by leaving them open the whole length of the suite. I remember how the sun used to throw the pattern of the window-guards upon the red-tiled floors in a line. The westward view ended in the bedroom window, with the green tracery of the orchard seen through it. The whole house was stone and brick; we could not possibly have burned down. It is a curious thing that there was not a right angle, and perhaps hardly a perpendicular, really "plumb" in it. I have noticed the same thing in other houses; I do not quite know how universal it is. It was built by "rule of thumb," but the grossest rule of thumb would hardly make one side of a room a foot longer than the other, throw the front and back

out of parallel with each other and with the natural alignment of the building lot, and so on, except on purpose. I have been told that it is considered unlucky to keep a regular symmetry in those matters.

Now as to the storage space below. These rooms were reserved for the storage of the olive crop, and were entered from an outer door. They were an element in the cheapness of the house, and, as our family was small, we could amply spare the space. There is rarely a separate granary for crops, and this dated back to a time when the proprietor, though well to do and living at his ease, liked to have things under his own eye. Furthermore, as the olive crop is good only every two years, and this was the off year, there was very little in it. Adriano's women folk were picking up the small olives gradually, as they fell off, all the winter, and when he got a small pile together on the stone floor he used to carry them off up towards Saint André, to a rude mill resembling an American cider-mill, and have them ground into oil.

We came down here in midsummer, and expected only to settle ourselves, and then go away to the mountains when the necessity came; but the necessity never came. I can hardly hope to set the mode, — that is rather for those so opulent that no suspicion of economy can enter into their movements; but I maintain sincerely that the Riviera is even more agreeable in summer than in winter. Instead of an advance to extreme heats from the mildness — or shall I say chilliness? — of winter, a surprising moderation and evenness of temperature are found. There is no heat comparable to that of the suffocating sort at New York and other places where much moisture abounds in the air. Owing to the dry air, there is, in summer as in winter, a remarkable difference between the sun and the shade. The shade of the merest bush will often

be a sufficient protection from the glaring white hot road. I never found the air enervating; it was always favorable to physical exertion; and that was a surprise, too, for I had feared a sort of tropical languor.

Our tall cliff threw its grateful shadow over us; the sea breeze fanned us; we carried umbrellas in the sun; we bathed in the bight of the harbor. The ground was as dry as a bone; you could throw yourself down upon it at ease anywhere. Some new wild flower was always blossoming along the garden-path; roses sprang out of that soil like weeds, and almost every weed was fragrant. Wild thyme, particularly, grew in great profusion, and mingled its balsamic perfume with that of eucalyptus and pine, all brought out at their best by the genial warmth.

The place was an old one; I have found it marked on an Italian ordnance map dating years before Nice was ceded to France. The proprietors lived in Italy, as many owners of property about Nice still do, and left us in the hands of an agent, who served neither his master's interests nor ours. It had been stately, and was now rather neglected; not too much, — just enough to give it another delicate sort of charm. I have rung the changes on that sort of attraction considerably, have sought it in many countries, and do not tire of it. Those who want only the trim and proper will be duly surprised; those who like it will understand me.

I preferred it that there were only some prehistoric-looking piers left of what had once been a conservatory, and that the grass was growing on the long walk. That long walk was the *clou*, the principal charm of the place. It is a feature the older gardeners so well understood, and which is far too much neglected in our day. Let makers of symbolisms properly explain it. Our long, straight walk led on and on, like a clear and pleasant course marked out in life;

free from uneasy turnings and doublings, — free from the attempt to make something seem what it is not, and to make the petty great, by fatiguing hypocrisies, which is so much the aim of the modern landscape gardener. When you add that it was almost as green below as above, nothing was more restful. It ended at the cliff, where I set up two large urns on a bit of low wall. In the side of the alley opened vistas of the sea with white sails upon it, as if windows were there, set with lapis lazuli and pearl.

As to a becolumned façade which had been established against the chief water-tank, I must admit that that really was too much out of repair. There was a *roccola*, such as is still used in Italy, — a shallow basin for luring small game-birds down to drink, with shelters for the fowlers to spring their nets and catch them; but this was long a thing of the past, and forbidden by the law.

The property contained other villas. There was a lieutenant of the garrison, with his orderly, in a cottage at the gate; the commandant of the place occupied the principal villa; while opposite us was a pavilion which had been tenanted at times by an officer alone or an artist, and was taken for a couple of months, soon after our arrival, by a nice old abbé, whose cassock and gray head lent themselves well to the picturesqueness of the scene. If we could have just the right sort of neighbors, it was naturally much more interesting than to have none. Always in the hope of seeing some new delight and improvement arrive from that source, we left the opportunity to dispose of it open to our landlord, whose ideas of taste were quite different. We should have hired it ourselves; and yet that was an expense which otherwise there was no need of our incurring. No, it never should have been built there.

We dined upon our terrace month in and month out. I recollect that a lamp used to burn almost as steadily there, if

we were late and had occasion for one, as in a salon. The infant dozed there in a hammock or played in a rustic bed, shut in with his toys, safe from all harm. He joined his chirping to that of the birds in the boughs over his head. He passed almost his whole existence out of doors, and gained a prodigious fund of health and strength. His effects, the chairs, rugs, books, anything and everything remained out about as well by night as by day. And the rain? There was none. When there came the first brief shower, a few weeks after our arrival, we sat close to the doorway in the hall, watching it with a pleasure I have never got out of a shower elsewhere. Every drop had a preciousness from its rarity. The thirty orange-trees in their boxes took the ample drenching with a refreshment no mere watering-pot could ever give them; the rain-odor came up gratefully from the grass-plot and paths; the carelessly dancing blue sea below was beaten down for once to a peaceful gray.

The place was cultivated by Adriano, who had a stone house of his own, making an upper story to the commandant's stable. He had never been to school. He had come from Italy, near the Loano region, only a couple of years before, yet he had learned French very well, though his wife and mother could not speak a word of it. For his knack in turning his hand to a little of everything we agreed in thinking him quite as intelligent as the usual Yankee farmer. Our agent — whose opinions, having found him slippery, we did not trust — used to grumble that he was not enterprising, and did not get enough out of the place; but Adriano said that they should have given him a mule and other proper facilities to work the ground.

His principal resource was the olives. Then he had *caroubes*, a long, sweet bean, good food for horses, which is said to have been the original of the

locusts of John the Baptist, when he ate "locusts and wild honey." It was more profitable to sell the product of the orange-trees in the flower than the fruit. The orange blossoms go to the perfumeries. I have seen them sell as low as fifty centimes a kilogramme, and they have been as high as two francs and a half. Fancy, ten cents for over two pounds weight of orange blossoms! We paid Adriano two cents a dozen for oranges. They were small, and by no means equal in quality to oranges of California or Florida; but they were, at that price, a welcome and hygienic luxury in which one could afford to revel. Adriano had not gone in much for flowers for market, the great industry of the region, but he used to talk of doing so. Pinks are the most profitable crop, of late years. There are farmers who make their living entirely out of Parma violets. That is a kind of farming worth while. It seems that, in the season, a "violet train" goes to Paris from this region, the benison of their day for the employees in the dry Gare de Lyon. It carries tons of the flowers, which are thence distributed over Paris, and sold for little more than the price here. Adriano may have raised one of the little bouquets you buy for two sous apiece at the Arc de Triomphe.

His mother, particularly erect and well poised at sixty, from the habit of carrying burdens on her head, occupied herself principally, a sort of elderly Esmeralda, in leading about a Cashmere goat and finding choice places for it to pasture. His sister of fourteen used to go about, too, with a sickle, cutting wisps of grass for the same goat, — a sort of gypsy-like Ceres with her gleaming sickle, endowed with the dark Italian comeliness, and an excellent model for an artist. She was half tamed at first to the service of nurse for the important infant, the *pichoun*, or pigeon; but she put him through every species of hair-breadth 'scape, and had to be given up.

Later on, however, I know not how, some wonderful change of character came over her. She turned steady and tractable, and we parted from her with real regret. Later still there was some falling out in the family, and she went away to take service in Italy. I don't know that Adriano was brutal, but he believed in governing his household with a true peasant tyranny.

Angèle, a native of Monaco, with a family of her own in the village, came up to do the cooking and other work. She was quiet, devoted, simple in character, free from small wiles and impositions, — a person for whom you could not but have respect and sympathy in her hard-working lot. Her only failing was shortness of memory, a very common one in the class of domestics. As she could not read, it was useless to put up before her a written list of the things she had to do. It had to be endured. The wages for a *femme de ménage*, in that part of the world, for the day, or the best part of it, are forty francs per month, and thirty francs for a fair sort of a *bonne*. The more modest domestic service consists largely of Italians from Piedmont, who work for less than the French or Swiss; but then you have to put up with a dialect which is not improving, except, it may be, to a student of philology. They and the speakers of the Nice patois understand each other very well. There are even Arabic words in all these coast patois, as there are Arabic types in the population. It is so well known that each spot has its own local variations that once, when we were on an excursion, somebody asked us what our patois was.

The price of provisions scarcely differs from that at Paris. It ought to be much cheaper, owing to nearness to the peculiar land of plenty over the Italian frontier; but the clapping on of heavy duties and the economic war with Italy of these late years have ruined all that advantage. Why not go and establish

one's self in Italy instead, then? That is a question to be decided by each person for himself. For our part, the access to the metropolitan advantages of Nice, to some books (it has not very many), theatre, music, the stir of cosmopolite life that winters there, — to be of it, but not in it, — these were considerations that had a large share in determining us.

Our *fournisseurs*, the people who supplied us with the necessities of life from the village, made nothing of running up and down the hill for the merest trifle. They were pleasant, respectful, ingratiating, forgetful, jealous of one another about our small custom, yet, with all, indifferent to a very un-American extent about preserving it. There was a great deal more in their small shops than you would think. When there was a catch, we had fresh sardines enough to supply the largest family, for a few sous; but generally the fish market was at Nice. In these days of the phylloxera you do not expect native wines. It was a small cask of Majorea that our wine merchant in the funny little Place de la Paix used to bring us up once a month, and pour anew into his loaned bottles, after having first carefully washed them. His vaulted chamber was like an ancient resort for brigands, but there was no touch of the brigand about him; and, if I thought he would ever see this, I should like to congratulate him here on his late election as a member of the steady-going municipal council, a body which governs the community with the order and thrift of so many Connecticut deacons. You see no peasant dress in all this country, no wooden shoes, no fantastic head-gear. The men are all in slop-clothing. They are modern, everyday, and complacently independent.

There was more in their houses, too, than one would imagine. Though the entrances in the narrow streets were dark and dismal, when you climbed up within you were met by a burst of bright blue sea, all the more startling from the con-

trast, due to the step-ladder character of the town. This did not prevent most of the women going about with their heads tied up for a swollen cheek or other evidence of cold. They ascribed the trouble, as a rule, to a *coup de sang*. If you inquired into it, the standard answer was, "C'est le sang qui fait ça." (It's the blood that does that.) And the standard remedy, I believe, was to press a five-franc piece against the afflicted place.

Our programme of life was simple. The commandant's amiable family in the villa below was a social resource for us. The parents were domestic, devoting themselves greatly to their children. The commandant himself, in his hours of respite, ran and romped with them. He was of a type which must be increasing, now that war has become such a serious and methodical matter, and did not correspond at all to the conventional dashing military tradition. He was a student and scientist, in his way, rather than cavalier; conservative and church-goer, too. He looked after the efficiency of his battalion of chasseurs much as a careful merchant might look after his counting-house.

Next door was a fine old gentleman, a military surgeon on his pension, who was interesting himself at the time in a movement, after the American plan, which seems destined to do much good in the country. I shall do well, I think, to name Dr. Jeannel, who has founded the Société des Amis des Arbres, for the purpose of remedying, by private initiative, the evils of desiccation. I know of no more useful and commendable enterprise. Their first step was to plant the borders of the bare parade-ground at Villefranche, which made an unsightly spot in the landscape.

The mayor of our commune, rich and leisurely beyond the good fortune of most mayors, I fancy, pleased himself with offering a large hospitality; and the mayoress, his kindly helpmeet, made it a

benevolent duty to include the stranger-residents within their jurisdiction in this way as in others. They entertained not only the notables of greatest distinction, but the artistic, musical, and literary class. I have never seen a more stately and beautiful room than that in which now naval officers danced, now a fine voice from the opera at Nice discoursed excellent music, or an actor, or perhaps some modest young girl in white, rendered selections of poetry or sparkling French comedy. It was always in the afternoon; and the while, through the large windows, and one end of the room which was entirely of glass, shaded with graceful awnings, appeared enchanting views of orange-and-rose-studded foregrounds and distant sea, an embowering garden which was without reserve an earthly paradise.

Once settled, we made excursions into the surrounding country. It was a new delight to find that, back of the margin of modern settlement on the coast, it abounded in mediæval villages, often perched on all but inaccessible crags, as a refuge from Saracen pirates and the other terrors of their day. It almost seemed as if we had discovered all this, so little is heard of it. Nothing in that way can surpass Eza, above Monte Carlo, — no Rhine castle, no stronghold of Umbrian marches or Spanish foothills; but Château Neuf has an added touch of strangeness in being abandoned, a dead town with its houses yet standing; and then Antibes, from whose battlements you see the snow mountains, all Switzerland piled on top of the Riviera; and Saint Paul du Var, with its double fortifications; and Saint Jeannet, where the women are all witches. Monte Carlo, of course. You go and look your fair share at that source of lurid interest. Everybody who arrives wants to go there as soon as possible, to see if they really could lose their money, and perhaps by extra ingenuity gain a pile. It is the standing joke and amusement.

The more I see of it, the worse I think it is, the more subtle and deadly and cynical; but, as its concession runs on till the year 1913, it is not of the least use to talk about it.

The first chilly weather began with the September equinoctial storm. There came a powdering of snow on the nearer hills, and even a few flakes fell on the roses. In the winter we burned little coal, but we often thought we were as cold as elsewhere. While we were shivering in heavy clothing and going our smartest pace to keep up a circulation, we could half believe the roses about us were but of paper, the palm branches of tin, the show of eternal summer but a clever theatrical decoration. The actual bad weather was condensed into a few short periods, leaving all the rest free to count upon. An unlooked-for drawback to our content with the villa appeared: the shadow of the cliff, for winter, stole up the long walk, and settled upon us much too soon. The early arrival of twilight made it seem even colder than it was. The sun set like a beacon fire on top of the mountain; then we could walk up to the top of a pass close by and see it shining for a couple of hours longer over Nice. It is a drawback incident to the spurs of hill that run down into the sea, and is to be looked out for. The sites that wholly escape such an interception of sun are rare, and they are the more exposed to the wind. No matter: in Paris we had lived without sun practically altogether, but here we could not spare a moment of it.

What pleasure, then, when the shadow began to recede again! Spring came in its cool, deliberate way. The lovely almond blossoms, pink and white, never hurried by undue heat, remain upon the trees a month at a time. It is not warm enough to put on summer clothing till near the end of May.

We planned to change our residence, and, if we were to move at all, why

should it not be to another foreign country? Should it be Italy or England? Italy would keep. The presence of friends there, some sentimental, half-business considerations as to the advantage of acquainting one's self well with the centre of the language and the cradle of the English-speaking race, gave England for the moment the preference.

I passed through Paris again, the last half of April, — rainy, dark, and making no new efforts to create an illusion; and I crossed the Channel for a house-hunting exploration of England. I had at no time thought of London; it was to be country life there as elsewhere. But on a map London looks so near as to be easily accessible from anywhere, if there were occasion for it.

A cathedral town, a university town, and the most taking London suburb, which was at the same time a court town, — this was the programme, by way of testing the typical forms of attraction.

Canterbury, twenty-two thousand people. The rooks were cawing in the cathedral close, as they should be in a cathedral town. It is understood that I do not compete with the books of description which exist in many sorts. There were tourists strolling in the interior, but I had nothing to do with them. It was a singular sensation: my quest gave me a sort of permanence, even though it should end in nothing. Some ecclesiastical persons, servants of the noble gray temple, wondered, no doubt, why I stared so hard at their brass doorplates and neat doorways around the close. No, nothing there. All was given up to prebendaries and canons. Few bills were out, in the town. A new, large house, with bathroom, for £70. Too new and too dear!

Then to a house-agent. He was a prim, staid man, interested as to my responsibility, but having a meagre list indeed. There I recalled a half-forgotten truth, already learned, that it is a work of time

and difficulty to discover a suitable house in a small town.

I wanted something old and to a certain extent romantic, that goes without saying; something itself making a part of the traditions for which it was worth while to seek such a place. The only thing that even promised to come within my conditions was a house on a small street called Best Lane, near the little old church of All Saints, and a bit off "the Igh," or High Street. But when I came to see it, its front seemed more dingy with soot than age, and it resembled an ugly schoolhouse. It was not "done up" within, the repairs awaiting the coming of a tenant; and it was showing its displeasure, after the way of an abandoned house, by dropping its plaster and loosening its wall-paper. It was three stories high, — large enough, so far as that was concerned, — and was without "conveniences." It cost £35 a year and the taxes, generally calculated at one fifth more, amounting to £42 in all, — \$210. A back yard had a little wooden pavilion in it, which an amateur photographer had used for his workroom, and which partly overhung a brook or river, the Stour. So far so good; the stream looked too clear and swift to breed any fevers. The cathedral towers were in sight, and there was a touch of quaintness about the rest of the houses in Best Lane. Notably, you could go through a doorway, just below, into a diminutive quadrangle called Best Lane Square, on the Stour also, where half a dozen low brick dwellings, with lace half-curtains and flower-pots on their window-ledges, gave a neat, pleasant picture of English lower middle-class life.

Bref! it might do at a pinch, a great pinch. Canterbury was noted down. I began to know about what to expect, and to penetrate the obscurity of relative English prices.

I traversed London this time without stop, on my way to Oxford, sixty-three

miles by rail. We know what Hawthorne has said of Oxford. "It is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it." So it seems almost like wickedness to approach it from its practical side; but if I should once begin as to its green quadrangles and meadows, its rich, gray, sculptured, ivy-clad antiquity, all-pervading, pensive, and haunting, I should never have done, and there must be an end some time.

It was out of term-time, and so quieter than usual. An agent to whom I addressed myself had been in America and brought back some American ideas. He took me a long stroll, down St. Aldate's Street, past Pembroke and magnificent Christ Church colleges, and across Folly Bridge to the Abingdon Road, where he was building some houses of his own. They were even houses on the American plan, a block of them, small, neat three-story brick dwellings, with all the conveniences, at £42 a year, inclusive of taxes. They were near the boating facilities, if one liked to indulge in that pleasure, Folly Bridge being the focus of the activity on the classic river Isis. A stretch of marshy meadow land extended in front, which I much fear me went completely under water in the winter. There are times when, what with the abundance of the floods, Oxford proper is little more than an island of the far-spreading Thames.

But had I come to Oxford to live in a modern American abode, every question of comfort or price apart? There must be a section of a ruined abbey, a moated grange or manor of moderate size, a hermitage redeemed to modern uses. My agent was puzzled at the taste, apparently. Even an American family, who had come there lately with some purpose of study, had said to him, "We want no more old rookeries."

He was at a loss, too. What I wanted was not easy to find. Out on the Iffley Road, across the other bridge, the beautiful stone Magdalen Bridge over the

Cherwell, was a shabby little stuccoed house, in a row, for £48; and then another which was said to be to let, but was not to let at all. I heard that all was modern up in the fashionable northward quarter, near the University Park, the direction in which the city was finding its most popular expansion. My painstaking agent promised to make me up a list. I returned for it at the appointed time, but, if he had any choice of such things as I wanted, he had not put them in it. There was a large, damp, musty old house on New Inn Hall Street, opposite the Union, long on the street, with a separate servants' entrance and some wainscoted rooms, but public in situation without escape, and £120 a year. What could not one get in the Riviera for \$600 a year?

Then I began to look with zeal in the streets about the colleges, abandoning agents. I secretly hoped to find something habitable on the High Street, opposite that exquisite porch of St. Mary the Virgin, with its twisted pillars and its statue, or by the grass-plot in Oriel Street, or at that focus of charm in Merton Street where Corpus Christi College and Oriel and the fine gate to a Christ Church quadrangle come all together. You will see what ideas I had. *Bref!* nothing, again. The streets about the colleges are occupied either by shops or students' lodgings.

It was on this quest that I had occasion to look into some of these lodgings. You saw the students' caps, foils, and characteristic knickknacks hung up in some very gloomy, damp, unhealthy interiors. In the worst, the keeper had the assurance to inform me, "The rooms are very h-airy, sir." Men can live anywhere, perhaps, especially those of this fine young breed, so devoted to all athletic sports; but I had to wish there, as I have had to wish in other university towns nearer home, that the authorities would abate a part of their august wisdom, throw erudite science into a

practical form, and descend to the duty of making the hygienic well-being of the students their most pressing consideration.

I was driven at last to the new quarter. Taking the train from Carfax up St. Giles Street and the Banbury Road, a longish ride, I arrived near the University Park. Being driven there, it did not prove a regrettable fate at all. Comfortable modernness, softened by gardens, by the forever old and forever new caress of nature, has nothing disagreeable in it. The new Margaret Hall, for women, is in that part of the town. The late Prince Leopold lived out that way, when he was in residence. It is a long way from marketing, — he of course cared nothing for that, — but, on the other hand, you have the tramway, at a penny the trip.

To live out there, and have venerable Oxford to descend to every day, — a new idea and a good one at last!

East Broxley House, then; — so let us call it, — Norham Road! The other half was West Broxley, after a stately fashion they have of giving titles even to dwellings not very important. A pretty, double brick house, standing free amid vegetation: three stories and mansard, a covered porch, a bay-window to the drawing-room, all in excellent order, for £54. I saw the other half, charmingly furnished, and saw what could be made of it. For such a house in New Haven (U. S.) \$500 or \$600 would be demanded, — plus a bathroom, however.

Oxford, forty-five thousand people. Outside of the colleges a small shop-keeping community. The town governed with a Puritanical strictness; no *cafés-chantants*, none of the conventional animation of Continental life. It might be rather dull for strangers, in a social way; but that would not disturb us. The legion of generous youth pouring through it must give it at least a pleasant surface gayety. In winter, bare

and chilly; if you get a cold there, it hangs on as if it never meant to abandon its grip.

For a maid servant it would cost us from £12 to £20 a year. Would that she might wear a pretty pink ribbon in her cap, like the one at the Mitre. They call them "generals," and to get a good "general" now, in England, is not as easy as it once was; they want to be employed three together, to cover all the divisions of labor. Provisions would cost what I have come to call the usual prices; there seems to be some law by which beef is about a shilling a pound, and eggs are from a shilling to a shilling and a half a dozen, everywhere.

Next, to get our traps over, by sea, from the Riviera to London, and by rail from London to Oxford, we must count upon, say, one hundred dollars, and also count upon their going back again some day. And then all our railroad fares, for the distance is long, — hum! hum! Still, Oxford would do. I distinctly put it down that Oxford would do, on the afternoon that I stood alone in the noble dark quadrangle of Christ Church. The bell, famous "Great Tom," pealed out its measured chimes with a real sort of heartbreak in the rich, sweet notes, while the rain fell gently upon the grass. Rain was falling in Merton Fields and rain on Addison's Walk, soaking the green meadows and veiling the deer in the pensive vistas. A price is paid for all that delightful verdure in the ceaseless drift of rain. My thoughts went back to the orange and rose trees of Villefranche, to the shadow turning round the sun-dial, to the table set upon the terrace, and the summer days coming back. Still, there was not the slightest doubt that Oxford was one of the places that would do.

The court town and London suburb was Windsor, fifteen thousand people. As a court town I seemed to prefer Versailles, even though its court was gone for a hundred years. The royal stan-

dard and a few sentries in scarlet did not save the castle, which had a prison-like austerity in its vast masses of cold gray granite. A renewal of acquaintance with the Vandykes in the somewhat florid state apartments, a jaunt to Eton College, and part way to Virginia Water by the Long Walk. The town, apart from the castle, is respectable, ephemeral, without interest. The obliging house-and-estate agent who sent me down to Osborne Terrace, Osborne Road, is perhaps still looking for me to come back. I had to take the key of an honest man, a butcher or baker, in Frances Road. They left me quite alone in the house. On the way thither one would often be reminded of Orange, New Jersey, or some other proper American town. Then there were whole tracts covered with petty brick cottages of an humble order. Not a few of these had ambitious names, as "Primrose Cottage," "Britannia Villas," and the like, though so poor, shabby, and untenably damp that it would be gross flattery to call them genteel.

Osborne Terrace was £60 a year, a three-story, "high-stoop," brick, eighteen-foot dwelling, with becolumned portico; iron balcony before the drawing-room window; a patch of yard, with an evergreen, in front, and a long strip at the rear, divided from the neighbors by hedges. It would be a very good house for the money in an American town. The only peculiarity I recollect about it within was that it was all squarely divided into fine large rooms, and had none of the boxes we call hall bedrooms. The outlook at the ends of the street was pleasant; on the east, towards the trees of the Long Walk. Anybody might go and stroll there. Those trees were practically leafless still, royal though they were; and, in the matter of long walks, there was a personal long walk, far to the southward, which would insist on seeming superior to all others.

Why speak of London? I looked about a little there, but not with much

heart in it. I was told we could have lived somewhere respectably for a rent of £60. Supposing we had been flattened down there under the murky gloom of Bedford Park, or other level monotonous half-suburb? Would an occasional run in Kew Gardens, when the heavens did not lower, compensate for it? Or we might have gone to Hampstead Heath. I hear there is quite a literary and artistic colony there. All the same, we should have been miles from everywhere. Englishmen like to talk to us about our haste and worry of living; but it seems to me there can be no other spot in the world where such fatigues, such uncounted miles of travel by rail or cab, are a necessary preliminary to every detail of life, every petty visit, every attempted profit or pleasure. Life is being defeated, in short, by its own mere unwieldiness.

That there is a pleasant bustle about it cannot be denied. Would it be a sufficient offset to fatigues to learn to swing a knowing umbrella through Sa-

ville Clubs, the Hogarth, the Cri, the Seven Bells; to take a 'bus knowingly to Hyde Park Corner; to come cheek by jowl with great names, the publishing interest, the American leaven, with pictures, books, measures of the day? Would the complacent infant at Ville-franche consider it a fair exchange? I see Gissing, in that book which seems to embody so many woeful experiences with an appearance of vivid truth, New Grub Street, thinks literary men ought not to live in London at all.

"Not after they know it," you hasten to add.

I stand corrected; and so I shall hope to know it some time, under favorable circumstances.

Meanwhile, there was nothing that seemed to shine in murky London but an occasional door-knocker. Could one be contented with the gleam of a brass door-knocker when he has had the sun of the Mediterranean? I determined that, if we moved at all, we would move to Italy.

William Henry Bishop.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.

NIGHT after night we dauntlessly embark
 On slumber's stream, in whose deep waves are drowned
 Sorrow and care, and with all senses bound
 Drift for a while beneath the sombre arc
 Of that full circle made of light and dark
 Called life, yet have no fear, and know refound
 Lost consciousness shall be, even at the sound
 Of the first warble of some early lark
 Or touch of sunbeam. Oh, and why not then
 Lie down to our last sleep, still trusting Him
 Who guided us so oft through shadows dim,
 Believing somewhere on our sense again
 Some lark's sweet note, some golden beam, shall break,
 And with glad voices cry, "Awake! awake!"

Stuart Sterne.

CATHERINE.

"SHE is neither young nor pretty, and she wears her *foulard* nearly down to her nose, but you will have more comfort with her and less responsibility than with a more attractive *bonne*."

So spake the wise Englishwoman who presided over the *pension* where Miss James and Miss Pater spent the week of prospecting that preceded their memorable experiment of holiday housekeeping. That was thirty years ago, and the ladies were two Americans, by no means so immature as their fellow-travelers and foreign mentors seemed determined to make them, and yet not fairly entitled to the immunities of *un certain âge*.

Being threatened with an acute stage of the disease now formulated as "Americanitis," they voted Health, with a capital H, the one pearl of great price, and went and sold all that they had and sought it afar in the ancient province of Béarn, within twenty miles of the Pyrenees. Several thousand pilgrims from all parts of Europe, having resolved upon the same quest, brought thither their coughs and their asthma and their rheumatic gout and offered them up to the *genius loci*, with the necessary accompaniment of pilgrim scrip in quantities varying according to the plumpness of the pilgrim wallet. There were Grand Hotels and Beau-Séjours, and fine *appartements meublés* for the easy and lavish, and a descending scale of *pensions* and *appartements* for the limited and calculating. A day and a half of house-hunting down the latter brought our ladies to a decision for a modest *appartement au troisième*, opposite La Place des Écoles. True, the salon was somewhat barren, and the sofa and chairs were rather stiff; but it was an *appartement au midi*, and that meant sunshine and mountains whenever

mountains and sunshine were to be had. Moreover, there were their own little personal effects for beautifying it, not to mention the count's furnishings below. But we anticipate.

The rooms being secured, the good Englishwoman rendered her protégées a supreme service which they could not at once estimate, for they had nothing by which to measure it. She brought to their notice the Béarnaise *bonne* whose portrait is lightly sketched above. For thirty francs a month and her *vin ordinaire* they appropriated not a treasure, merely, but a bonanza whose wealth will never be exhausted "while memory holds a seat." From the triumphant moment when Catherine "settled with" the *garçon* who removed their luggage to number 84 till the parting at the station, when she murmured her last tearful "Pauvres!" "Mademoiselle Paytaire" and "Mademoiselle Jhame" were her *demoiselles*, and she was their unfailing resource.

Catherine's one word of English was "mince-pie," uttered with an accent and intonation which five months of diligent practice hardly sufficed to communicate to her teasing pupils. Yet "French of Parys was to her unknowe." Her native language, the *patois* of Béarn, she used in all intercourse with her compatriots, and her acquired French, learned as a part of her qualification for service, was a curious modification of the "ahvong and bong tong" method. Final consonants were pronounced *ad libitum*, verbs sometimes strayed from their lawful partners, and demonstrative and personal pronouns sported terminations which defied the Academy. No matter; it was a priceless opportunity for two eager learners to practice their French on her. They were keen at grammar, prompt in seizing the substance of con-

versation going on around them, and alternately rash and timid in launching their contributions to it. With Catherine there was nothing to fear, and much to hope. Faithful, shrewd, and humorous, she soon felt quite at home with her Américaines, and, within those well-defined limits which her training and her instinct equally forbade her to transgress, she coddled and scolded, admired and derided them in the most restful manner; and had they not come to France to rest?

Miss Pater had the larger endowment of executive ability, and Miss James the better practical knowledge of details; but it was agreed that the responsibility of the housekeeping should be shared by them, each taking it a week in turn, and the one out of office being quite ignorant of the plans of the other. From this arose daily confidences with Catherine, who never wearied of the delights of mystery, and never failed to announce to the outsider the close of the interview with a sly "Nous sommes confessées." If the pretended impatience of the excluded member led her to tap on the door of the audience chamber with an imperative "Dépêchez-vous, eh?" (which audacious words had once escaped Catherine's lips under pressure of a domestic exigency), the glee of the old *drôle* was unbounded.

The odd misunderstandings and mistakes that arose in this unique *ménage* added not a little to the general fund of gayety. If Miss James had a serious difficulty in making Catherine understand that she was to make a broth of the bone of the *gigot*, she surmounted it at last by marching into the tiny kitchen and indicating with her forefinger the bone aforesaid.

"Eh! l'oss! l'oss! Et moi qui croyais que vous vouliez dire l'eau!"

When she wished to have mashed potatoes, she carefully considered all the French words that might answer to the first term of the English expression,

and then committed herself irretrievably by ordering *pommes de terre écrasées*.

But for Miss Pater was reserved the crowning feat of commanding a *kilomètre de bifteck*. In her fertile brain, also, as the Lady from Philadelphia, was hatched the scheme that resulted in a grand patriotic surprise for the Lady from Boston; no less than the apparition of codfish balls at breakfast. They were unusual in form, the minced codfish being placed by itself in the centre of a potato croquette. A hint from the other member of the firm modified this method for the next week, and thereafter the *croquettes de morue* became a matter of course.

Baked beans presented too many difficulties to this adventuresome spirit, but the recipe for their preparation as imparted to an inquisitorial British dame is worthy of preservation.

"You take these white split beans and put the pork between" —

"Oh! between the halves of the beans? How curious!"

"And then — and then you pour molasses over the top. Is n't that it, Jeanie?"

The mirth in Jeanie's eyes and Miss Pater's tardy realization of her own ignorance brought the lesson to an abrupt termination, leaving the candid inquirer in a state of "stunning antithesis."

The good cheer enjoyed by the holiday housekeepers was constantly enhanced by Catherine's naive vauntings of her sharpness as purveyor. "Moi, je suis fine," was the burden of her discourse on market day, when luscious winter pears, rosy apples, and dainty *choux de Bruxelles* or tender frills of salading enriched her basket; but the small cost, the incredibly *bon marché*, was the joy of her life. A plump chicken or a fat capon was endeared to her heart by the *dix sous de rabais* that her oily tongue and determined aspect extorted from the *paysan*. When it was a question of a *filet de bœuf* for a little

luncheon party, she sallied forth early in the morning to the butcher's, and, planting herself by his side, announced her intention of securing a certain cut located some slices in from the surface. Neither the gibes of the other customers nor the wheedling of the "meat man" could shake her purpose. Others might take what they could get; she would have her piece or nothing. So when, in the course of traffic, it was reached, she bore it home in triumph.

One day, when a mysterious appendage to the tender little gigot excited the carver's curiosity, she demanded an explanation of Catherine as she removed the second course.

"What is this, Catherine?"

"Why, the tail, mademoiselle. There are *méchants* who kill a kid and sell its leg for a gigot, *mais, croyez-moi*, the tail is not the same thing. *Moi, je suis fine!*"

When Catherine reappeared with the salad, the conversation was renewed thus:—

"How many tails has a lamb in France, Catherine?"

"Why, one, mademoiselle."

"Then how can the other people tell, who buy the gigot without the tail?"

"*Tant pis pour euses!* I get the one with the tail."

A strict inquiry having been made at first, by these pinks of housekeepers, into the antecedents of the fish provided for Friday's dinner, a little comedy resulting therefrom was duly enacted every week.

Enter the fish.

Cath. Avez-vous entendu le tracas, mesdemoiselles? Le poisson qui voulait sauter de ma main! J'ai tenu bon en criant fort. Vous auriez dû entendre tout ça jusqu'au salon.

Mlle. J. Et à présent?

Cath. À présent je crois qu'il est vaincu.

Mlle. P. Que vous êtes vaillante, Catherine!

Every evening, at half past eight or nine o'clock, with noiseless tread, Catherine invaded the salon and placed herself before the housekeeper of the week. In gentle and measured accents she uttered the unvarying formula:—

"Voulez-vous compter, mademoiselle?"

Mademoiselle produced her book and pencil, and the recitative began:—

"Deux sous de salade, huit sous de légumes, trente-cinq sous de bifteck, vingt-huit sous de vin," etc.

Francs were too bewildering to the native mind, and any reckoning with them brought a look of perplexity to the face of *la fine*; but the footing of the day-book and the "proof of the pudding" were both so satisfactory that the buying was left almost wholly in her hands. Miss Pater once yielded to an impulse, and, by way of distributing patronage, bought a *demi-kilo* of raisins of the grocer at the corner. Wizenened fruit and enormous stems rewarded her enterprise, and never to the end of the chapter did Catherine neglect a possible opportunity of referring to the misadventure, and always with the significant comment, "*Rien que de jam-bes.*"

It must be confessed that the nightly function referred to above, though introduced in such perfect form, seldom came to a conclusion without some hilarious incident,—some bit of news about the *malade de la porte d'à côté*, whose aunt was always sending in alarm for the *prétendu*; and then when he came from England, *voyez-vous, ce terrible Monsieur Vagnell*, the English doctor, forbade his seeing the lady for several days, during which time he haunted the street, a prey to all the gossips in the neighborhood. Or she slyly intimated that *monsieur le comte, au premier* (who had had incredible difficulty in mounting his horse before their windows that morning, so that a large *assistance* of *gamins* and *bourgeoisie* gave him his final send-off), had come in *un*

peu souffrant after his ride, according to *madame la propriétaire*. "Il ne fait que de bêtises, ce comte-là."

Or madame with the cross husband, *au second*, had been heard to complain to the garçon who brought their dinners from the hotel that it was "*toujours du canard et du veau*."

"At home this would be reprehensible gossip, Polly Pater, but here," explained Miss James, "it is improving conversation; and as we do not know these interesting neighbors, and never publish Catherine's tattle in regard to them, what harm does it do? Besides, she enjoys it so much."

With all Catherine's zeal for her demoiselles there was one indulgence she sternly refused them. If other sources of distraction failed, Miss James had only to prefer her oft-denied request for a turkey, a dear little *dindon à la broche*, and the flood-gates of eloquence were opened.

"Never shall you have a turkey, mademoiselle, never! I, who bought a turkey for my Scotch young ladies, and it lasted fifteen days, — fif-teen days!"

Then came the touching story of the three Écossaises, all frail and failing in different degrees, with coughs and hectic cheeks, but *très charmantes*, the eldest watching over the younger ones as a mother, and all shielded and cosseted by their devoted slave. That was two years before. Catherine had had a letter from them, which she showed with great pride. As its contents were wholly sealed to her, Miss Pater read it again for her, and she listened, alternately smiling and sighing "Pauvrines!" Evidently she had sustained much the same comfortable relation to them as that which she now held to their American cousins. But the conclusion of the whole matter ever was, "Never a turkey, mademoiselle. Fif-teen days!"

"What histories she will make about her Américaines, next year, Jeanie!"

"Doubtless. One thing is certain, —

she is n't suffering much from oppression or repression, at present. What would that terrible invalid who so split Catherine's head with her everlasting bell say to these easy times, I wonder?"

This *malade imaginaire* figured largely in the reminiscences of Catherine, who had been cook, housemaid, and nurse in her service; and it was always grumble, grumble, grumble, when the poor soul was in my lady's chamber, and ring, ring, ring, when she was in the kitchen. In the end Catherine herself fell ill, and lay in a stupor, from which the English doctor said she would never arouse; but the French doctor knew better, as mesdemoiselles could see for themselves. Since that memorable crisis she had been unable to swallow food in the morning. A small cup of black coffee, *voilà tout*, till the second breakfast at noon. When Miss James reproached her with getting only two cutlets for that meal, Catherine retorted: "Croyez-vous? Would I put six sous in a cutlet for myself?"

When she retired very early on a cool evening, she reproved the levity of her ladies thereupon by scorning to consume firewood for the likes of her.

The question of fuel soon became a burning one, indeed, between the lavish foreigners and their frugal monitor. Eight *stères* of wood, four for the salon and four for the kitchen, looked to Catherine like a generous supply for the season; and when, on cloudy December afternoons, she found an empty wood-box in the salon, she pulled a long face and shook her head at such ruinous extravagance.

"Mais, que voulez-vous, Catherine? That we carry our wood-pile home to America with us in our trunks?" demanded Miss Pater.

The flitting smile excited by this sally was followed by more portentous shakes of the head, and as near an approach to a grumble as was ever heard from her. In the middle of February an additional

stère of parlor wood became a necessity, and "Voyez-vous, mademoiselle," was Catherine's laconic admonition.

A part of the kitchen wood consisted of small branches of the natural length, which length was nearly equal to that of the kitchen floor. Catherine calmly poked the large end of the stick into the fireplace, and then pushed it up as it burned off.

No Aladdin's oven will ever perform such miracles of frugality and toothsome-ness combined as were daily wrought by the genius of Catherine with her two little braziers and her tin "kitchen" before the open fire: ambrosial omelets, cutlets of melting tenderness, juicy *biftecks* whose slight natural obduracy had melted *sous l'huile, filets de bœuf aux champignons*, dainty little *épaules de veau à la farce*, and a famous *compote* of pears whose "lucent syrup" lurked as a sweet surprise beneath a creamy custard. Not these alone, but the homely *broye*, or mush of pale Indian meal, the peasant's *soupe au chou*, and the plain *bouilli aux légumes* brought with them such a relish from the fairy's wand that a deepening of dimples and a heightening of roses on the cheeks of ces demoiselles made them more reproachably youthful than before.

Almost from the first a pretended preference for Miss James, the smaller and less striking of the pair, gave Catherine endless occasions of airing a sly malice toward her friend. If Miss Pater had called to pay the grocer's bill, Catherine would announce the next day, in honeyed accents, that one had found mademoiselle *très charmante chez l'épici-er*; but in the next breath, "Moi, j'ai dit, 'Si vous voyiez l'autre! Elle est si minonne!'"

A traveling-dress of Miss Pater's had undergone such a severe experience of Liverpool and Chester mud, in the early English days, that, after being carefully dried, it was securely wrapped in papers and consigned to the bottom of a trunk

for future reference. When the new life in the Basses-Pyrénées had settled into its cheerful routine, "Why not make a nice warm wrapper of that Scotch plaid?" quoth Polly Pater one day. Down it came from the storeroom, and the first act in the drama was to have Catherine brush and clean the skirt. She took it with a grimace, and, with a shrug, returned it spotless and free from dust; but that was not the last of it. Apropos of everything and of nothing, the bespattered gown and its luckless wearer enlivened the French conversation with endless quips and innuendoes. The charming good nature of the victim only encouraged the tormentor, till finally Miss Pater bethought herself to take refuge in the pity of her persecutor.

"Why, Catherine, you ought rather to commiserate me that I landed on a foreign shore in such dreadful weather."

Catherine retired in silence to the kitchen, and returned bearing the desert and charged with a parting shot. With an impressive wave of the hand toward Miss James, she inquired, "*Where is the costume that mademoiselle wore in those days?*"

During a brief but rather severe illness that prostrated the pseudo-favorite Catherine's skill and devotion as nurse were beyond praise; but an evasive answer proved that, as *bonne Catholique*, she would assume no responsibility for her patient's reception by St. Peter. Referring afterward to the night of a relapse, she exclaimed, "Ah, mademoiselle, vous aviez la figure de la mort!"

"And did you think my trials were nearly ended, Catherine?"

"Moi, j'ai pensé à l'autre. I wondered what she would do."

This artless chronicle will be incomplete without a recital of Catherine's exploitations of monsieur le comte, au premier. From the beginning she considered him her lawful prey in so far as she could abstract anything from his *appartement* for the use of her ladies.

The table of the *salon au troisième*, which must do duty both as dining and centre table, was pronounced too large and clumsy by the fair occupants. "Voyons," mused Catherine. "Provided monsieur le comte has a smaller one, it is the same thing to him. Je vais demander à madame la propriétaire." And the next time her ladies came in from a walk the objectionable piece of furniture had been removed, and there was an oval table quite *comme il faut*.

Next, there must be a fire laid in the long bedroom for these Sybarites to dress by on frosty mornings; but there were no andirons there. "Eh bien, les chenets de monsieur le comte, c'est ça! I believe he has three pairs of them,—or two. N'importe. Je vais demander à madame la propriétaire." And the next night the andirons of monsieur le comte were duly charged with the three little billets of wood that Catherine allowed her spendthrifts. Never had they felt a more delicious sense of ease and protection than when she lighted that cheery blaze on the hearth for them, and ushered in the day by opening the shutters and pronouncing a grateful or satirical comment on the weather. "Qu'il fait beau, mesdemoiselles!" "Il a gelé cette nuit." "Quel vilain temps!"

"Pleut-il, Catherine?" when something special was pending.

"Il n'ose pas, mademoiselle."

In March, as the white muslin curtains of the salon had become rather limp and dingy, the question of having them "done up" was moved by the ladies. Catherine returned quite radiant from a tentative interview with madame la propriétaire. Monsieur le comte had just persuaded the latter to buy him new curtains. Now, why should not ces demoiselles have those new curtains, and that blundering count get their old ones after they were laundered? But these virtuous ladies frowned on such duplicity, and expressed their entire satisfac-

tion with the original plan. Catherine maintained an inscrutable aspect, and the curtains were to be washed the next week.

On Sunday, when Miss James came in alone from church, she was surprised to find Catherine in the salon for no apparent reason but to welcome her; and her bewilderment increased as the factotum lingered, with a smilingly conscious face, instead of returning to her own domain. At last, the innocence of my lady being beyond all patience, the sly-boots pointed triumphantly to the windows. Behold, unmistakably crisp and fresh, the count's new curtains!

"Oh, Catherine! What *have* you done?"

"Moi, je suis fine! Madame la propriétaire had only to say to monsieur le comte, '*Impossible* to get the seamstress for the curtains before next week.' *Mais, voyez-vous*, by next week your old curtains will be quite the same thing for him. *Madame et moi*, we have done prodigies to hang the new ones this morning. Enfin, sont-ils jolis?"

"But I am so sorry madame has lied to monsieur le comte."

"Eh! qu'est-ce que cela me fait?"

The mingled scorn and *insouciance* with which this question was delivered rendered further discussion useless. Whether the hapless scion of the noble house of Gramont was insensible to his losses, or whether his chivalry forbade remonstrance, will never be known; but his memory, inseparably linked with that of his wily defrauder, remains perennially green.

Anything that Catherine could get out of anybody for ces demoiselles was simply their due and her delight. Miss Pater, having a parcel to send to England, and lacking the proper wrappings, sent la fine with it to the stationer, near by, to see if he had anything that would answer. Back she came with a snug package in a stout black waterproof outside.

"Oh, Catherine! How lovely! Did he do it up for you? What did you do?"

"Moi, j'ai dit, 'Merci, beaucoup,' " and it was with an ill grace that she returned to the stationer with the *douceur* upon which her mistress insisted.

"Voici des violettes, mademoiselle. *Un garçon très charmant* gave them to me."

"Ah! ah! Catherine, you must not trifle with his affections," was the mock remonstrance of incorrigible Polly Pater.

"Why do you not keep the flowers yourself?"

"J'ai coiffé ma patronne."¹

Was there an unforgotten history in that simple reply? A renunciation in the youthful days, when the furrowed face was fresh and fair, the gray eyes danced with a merry light, and a jaunty foulard crowned a wealth of dark hair?

The only time that Catherine's cheerfulness quite forsook her was on the occasion of a grand trip to the mountains which her ladies undertook in March. The landau bowled along over the famous roads of the Basses-Pyrénées, with merry bells jingling on the horses. All nature was gay with opening spring. Peasants in blue *bérets* and in red basques were at work in the fields on the left. On the right, cascades of melting snow, emerald and white, were tumbling from giddy heights, and little Pyrenean shepherds and shepherdesses scrambled after their flocks along impossible paths. The air grew quite intoxicating at Eaux-Bonnes, and the scenery from there to Eaux-Chaudes, and thence to Gabas, grew ever wilder, and the ladies ever more ecstatic, but Catherine was bored.

However, the silver lining was not absent from this cloud, for had she not clinched an unprecedented bargain for the *remise* and the *cocher* for the two days? And there were those royal pears that she had abstracted from the boun-

tiful table spread at Louvie for the mid-day breakfast. There were only two of them, and the keen appetites that had attacked the mountain trout and veal cutlets with *pommes de terre au maître d'hôtel* called a halt before the beauteous tempters were reached. Catherine deftly repaired the neglect, and on the return home triumphantly produced her booty. "Voilà pour le dessert de dimanche!"

Her interest in the studies of her ladies was pathetically expressed at times.

"Ah! if I could do like that!"

The dictionary, though in constant requisition, seemed to her never to get itself read, like the other books; but once when Miss Pater was intent on the French equivalents of *workmanship*, she ventured to inquire if they had nearly finished *le grand livre à présent*.

Once a prolonged discussion of all the aspects of some question of syntax with old mademoiselle, the French teacher, brought down a heavy weight of scorn and ire upon their devoted heads, for it encroached somewhat upon the dinner hour. In vain Miss James's attempted explanation of the great importance of grasping the subject firmly.

"Pour des choses comme ça! Fortunately it is cold roast for to-night, or I should have been *enragée comme un loup*!"

As the end of holiday housekeeping drew near, Catherine more than once exclaimed: "Je suis malheureuse! I am growing old, and no one will want me."

"Come to America with us, Catherine."

"I should be lost there."

"Poor thing, so she would," murmured Polly Pater. "If she were only younger!"

"At all events, we will have her photograph to take to America with us," declared Miss James.

"Oh, yes, the very thing!"

But they reckoned without their host.

¹ *Coiffer Sainte-Catherine*, to become an old maid.

When the proposition was made to the person most intimately concerned, she stubbornly refused.

"Never! I am too ugly."

"Oh, no, Catherine, how can one fine be ugly? Besides, we want it so much, and we will keep it always, always; and

you may have two for yourself, voyez-vous?"

"Non, non, et toujours non."

Baffled and disappointed, her demoiselles departed, yet bearing each a picture and a memory that will hardly be effaced.

Mary J. Jacques.

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

III.

LIFE AT HOME.

I AM certainly not writing my autobiography; but I cannot give any idea of how boys lived in the decade when I was a boy — that is, in the years between 1826 and 1836 — without giving a chapter to home life as I saw it. In passing, I will say that I first remember the figures 1826, thus combined, as I saw them on the cover of Thomas's Almanac of 1827. Here Time, with the figures 1827 on his head, was represented as mowing in a churchyard, where a new stone with the figures 1826 was prominent. 1825, 1824, and the others were on stones somewhat overgrown by grass and sunken in the ground. The conceit seemed to me admirable, and the date fixed itself on my memory.

I was born in a house which stood where Parker's larger lunch-room now fronts the Tremont House. We moved from this house to that on the corner of School Street, lately purchased by Mr. Parker to enlarge his hotel, and in 1828 we moved again to the new house, which was, and is, No. 1 Tremont Place. It is now two or three stories higher than it was then; but some parts of the interior are not changed. Behind it was a little yard, with a wood-house, called a "shed," on top of which the clothes were dried. This arrangement

was important for our New England childhood.

I was the youngest of four children who made the older half of a large family. By a gap between me and my brother Alexander — who afterwards was lost in the government service in Pensacola — "we four" were separated from the "three little ones." It is necessary to explain this in advance, in a history which is rather a history of young life in Boston than of mine alone.

My father, as I have said, was an experienced teacher in young life, and he never lost his interest in the business of education. My mother had a genius for education, and it is a pity that, at an epoch in her life when she wanted to open a girls' school, she was not permitted to do so. They had read enough of the standard books on education to know how much sense there was in them, and how much nonsense. Such books were about in the house, more or less commented on by us young critics as we grew big enough to dip into them.

At the moment I had no idea that any science or skill was expended on our training. I supposed I was left to the great American proverb as it has since been put in form, — "Go as you please." But I have seen since that the hands were strong which directed this gay team of youngsters, though there was no stimulus we knew of, and though the touch was velvet. In illustration of this was

that wisdom of my father in sending me for four years to school to a simpleton.

The genius of the whole, shown by both my father and mother, came out in the skill which made home the happiest place of all, so that we simply hated any engagement which took us elsewhere, unless we were in the open air. I have said that I disliked school, and that I did not want to go down on the wharves, even with that doubtful bribe of the molasses casks. At home we had an infinite variety of amusements. At home we might have all the other boys, if we wished. At home, in our two stories, we were supreme. The scorn of toys which is reflected in the Edgeworth books had, to a certain extent, its effect on the household. But we had almost everything we wanted for purposes of manufacture or invention. Whalebone, spiral springs, pulleys, and catgut for perpetual motion or locomotive carriages, rollers and planks for floats, — what they were I will explain, — were procurable. In the yard we had parallel bars and a high cross-pole for climbing. When we became chemists, we might have sulphuric acid, nitric acid, litmus paper, or whatever we desired, so our allowance would stand it. I was not more than seven years old when I burned off my eyebrows by igniting gunpowder with my burning-glass. I thought it was wisest not to tell my mother, because it might shock her nerves, and I was a man of thirty years before she heard of it. Such playthings as these, with very careful restrictions on the amount of powder, with good blocks for building, quite an assortment of carpenter's tools, a workbench good enough, printing materials *ad libitum* from my father's printing-office, furnished endless occupation.

Before I attempt any account of the home life which grew out of such conditions I must make a little excursus to describe the domestic service of those days, quite different from ours. I wish

particularly to describe Fullum, who outlived the class to which he belonged, and had long been its last representative.

The few New England children who still read the Rollo books will have pleasant remembrances of Jonas and Beech-nut, in whom Mr. Jacob Abbott has presented for posterity the hired boy of New England country life. In life in a little town like Boston, this hired boy might grow to be the hired man, and, as in Fullum's exceptional case, might grow to be a hundred years old, or nearly that, without changing that condition. If that happened, his presence in a family became a factor of importance to the growing children. In the case of Fullum, if, as he supposed, he was born in 1790, he was thirty-two years old when, in 1822, he took me in his arms, when I was an hour old.

Fullum, then, had been a country boy, who came down from Worcester County to make his fortune. I do not know when, but it was before the time of the short war with England. He expected to be, and was, the hired boy and hired man in one and another Boston family. Early in the business, he was in Mr. William Sullivan's service. He was driving Mr. Sullivan out of town, one day, when they found Roxbury Street blocked up by the roof of the old meeting-house, which had been blown into the street by the gale of 1815. Afterwards he was in Daniel Webster's service, and here also he took care of horses and carriages. He was a born tyrant, and it was always intimated that Mr. Webster did not fancy his rule. Any way, he came from the Websters to us, I suppose when Mr. Webster went to Congress, in the autumn of 1820; And, in one fashion or another, he lived with our family, as a most faithful vassal or tyrant, for sixty-six years from that time. I say "vassal or tyrant," for this was a pure piece of feudalism; and in the feudal system the vassal is

often a tyrant, while the master is almost always a slave. So is it that the memories of my boyhood are all mixed up with memories of Fullum.

I have spoken of him in connection with Miss Whitney's school. Here was a faithful man Friday, who would have died for any of us, so strong was his love for us, yet who insisted on rendering his service very much in his own way. If my father designed a wooden horse for me, to be run on four wheels, after the fashion of what were called velocipedes in those days, he would make the drawings, but it would be Fullum's business to take them to the carpenter's and see the horse made. If we were to have heavy hoops from water-casks, Fullum was the person who conducted the negotiation for them. There was no harm in the tutorship to which we were thus entrusted. He never used a profane or impure word while he was with us children; and as he was to us an authority in all matters of gardening, of carpentry, of driving and the care of horses, we came to regard him as, in certain lines, omniscient and omnipotent. If now the reader will bear in mind that this omniscient and omnipotent person, at once the Hercules and the Apollo of our boyhood, could not read, write, or spell so well as any child four years old who had been twelve months at Miss Whitney's school, that reader may understand why a certain scorn of book-learning sometimes stains these pages, otherwise so pure. And if the same reader should know that this same Fullum always spoke in superlatives, and multiplied every figure with which he had to do by hundreds or by thousands, he may have a key to a certain habit of exaggeration which has been detected in the present writer. "They was ten thousand men tryin' to git in. But old Reed, he would n't let um." This would be his way of describing the effort of four or five men to enter some place from which

Reed, the one constable of Boston, meant to keep them out.

The reader must excuse this excursus, for I think it necessary. I think it necessary for the civilized child to be kept in touch, in his childhood, with animals and with savages. Fullum was the person through whom savage life touched ours. To Fullum, largely, we owed it that we were neither prigs nor dudes. We had no cats, nor dogs, nor birds; and Fullum's place in these reminiscences is far more important than is that of any pet, any schoolmaster, or any minister.

The oldest child of "us four" was but four years and nine months older than the youngest. She had, as I have said, received, and deserved, at Miss Whitney's a medal given to the "most amiable." Next to her came a boy, then another girl, and then this writer. The movements of "us four" had much in common; but at school and in most plays the boys made one unit, and the girls another, to report every evening to one another. It is to the boyhood experiences that these pages belong.

But it was a Persian and Median rule of that household, which I recommend to all other households, that after tea there were to be no noisy games. The children must sit down at the table, — there was but one, — and occupy themselves there till bedtime. It has been well said that the ferocity of infancy is such that, were its strength equal to its will, it would long ago have exterminated the human race. That is true. And it is to be remarked, also, that the strength of infancy, and of boyhood and girlhood, is very great. Thus is it that, unless some strict rules are laid down for limiting its use and the places of its exhibition, and kept after they are laid down, the death of parents, and of all persons who have passed the age of childhood, may be expected at any moment. One of such rules was this of which I have spoken.

Everybody of whom we knew any-

thing dined at one or two o'clock, in Boston, then. After dinner, men went back to their places of business. At six, or possibly as late as seven in summer, came "tea." After tea, as I have said, the children of this household gathered round the table. Fullum came in and took away the tea things, folded the cloth and put it away. Our mother then drew up her chair to the drawer of the table, probably with a baby in her arms awaiting the return of its nurse. We four drew up our chairs on the other sides. Then we might do as we chose, — teetotum games, cards of all sorts, books, drawing, or evening lessons, if there were any such awful penalty resulting from the sin of Adam and Eve. But nobody might disturb any one else.

Drawing was the most popular of the occupations, and took the most of our time and thought. The provisions for it were very simple, and there was only the faintest pretense at instruction. There was one particular brand of lead pencils, sold by one particular grocer in West Street at twelve cents a dozen. These were bought at this wholesale rate, and kept in the drawer. One piece of India rubber was also kept there for the crowd. As we gathered at the table, a quarter-sheet of foolscap was given to each child and to each guest, — as regularly as a bit of butter had been given half an hour before, — and one pencil.

The reader must imagine the steady flow of voices. "Who's got the India rubber?" "Here it is, under the Transcript." "This horse looks as if he were walking on footballs." "Oh, you must n't draw his shoes; you never see his shoes!" "I wish I knew how to draw a chaise." "I don't see how they make pictures of battles. My smoke covers up all the soldiers." Battle-pieces, indeed, were, as usual with children, the favorite compositions. We were not so far from the last war with England as the children of to-day are from the civil war.

Perhaps two of us put together our paper, folded it and pinned it in the fold, and then made a magazine. Of magazines there were two, — The New England Herald, composed and edited by the two elders of the group, and The Public Informer, by my sister Lucretia and me. I am afraid that the name Public Informer was suggested wickedly to us little ones, when we did not know that those words carry a disagreeable meaning. But when we learned this, afterwards, we did not care. I think some of the Everetts, my uncles, had had a boy newspaper with the same name. When things ran with perfect regularity, The New England Herald was read at the breakfast table one Monday morning, and The Public Informer the next Monday morning. But this was just as it might happen. They were published when the editors pleased, as all journals should be, and months might go by without a number. And there was but one copy of each issue. It would be better if this could be said of some other journals.

Once a year, prizes were offered at school for translations or original compositions. We always competed, not to say were made to compete, by the unwritten law of the family. This law was simply that we could certainly do anything, if we wanted to and tried. I remember a long rhythmical version I made of the story of the flood, in Ovid, and another of Phaeton. Where Dryden makes Jupiter say, "Short exhortations need," I remember that my halting line jumbled along into the ten syllables, "Long exhortations are not needed here." I stented myself, in this translation, to four lines before dinner and four lines after tea; and by writing eight lines thus, in fifty days I accomplished the enterprise. I would come home from the swimming-school ten minutes earlier because this translation was to be made; and, while Fullum was setting the table for dinner, I would stand at the side-

board. There was always an inkstand, with two or three quill pens. I took out the poem from the upper drawer of the sideboard, which I never see to this moment without thinking of Ovid. Then I wrote my four lines, such as they were, put the manuscript away again, and proceeded to dinner.

Other boys and other girls liked to come in to such an evening congress as I have described, but nothing was changed in the least because the visitor came, excepting that room was made at the table. He or she had a quarter-sheet of foolscap, like the others.

This literature is connected with that of the world by one reminiscence, which belongs as late as some of the very last of these evening sessions. One evening my father came in from his room, which was next to that we sat in, with the *London Morning Chronicle*. He pointed out an article, and said, "Read that to them, Edward; it will make them laugh." And I read the first account of Sam Weller as he revealed himself to Mr. Pickwick. Of course we all laughed, as thousands have done since. But I said sadly, "What a shame that we shall never hear of Sam Weller again!" This must have been in the college vacation of the spring of 1837.

I must not give the idea, however, by speaking of these evenings thus, that our lives were specially artistic or literary. They were devoted to play, pure and simple, with no object but having a good time. The principal part of the attics, — or, as we called them, garrets, — in every house we lived in, was surrendered to us boys. In Tremont Place, we had the valuable addition of a dark cockloft over the garret chambers. It had no windows, but was all the better place to sit and tell stories in. Then we controlled the stairs to the roof, and we spent a good deal of time, in the summer days, on the ridgepole. There were not twenty houses in Boston on higher land, so that from this point we com-

manded a good view of the harbor. I was amused, the other day, when an infantile correspondent of a New York newspaper asked how Napoleon could have used a telegraph before what is called Mr. Morse's invention; for as early as 1831 we read all the telegraphic signals of all the vessels arriving in Boston harbor, and the occasional semaphore signals on the lookout on Central Wharf.

About the year 1830, under the pressure of the "march of intellect," were published some books for young children from which the present generation is profiting largely. There was *The Boy's Own Book*, *The Girl's Own Book*, *The American Girl's Own Book*, and *The Young Lady's Own Book*, each of them excellent in its way. I think *The Boy's Own Book*, which has since been published with the double title *An Encyclopædia for Boys*, led the way in this affair; and I still deem it rather the best of the series. It had subdivisions for indoor games, outdoor games, gymnastics, chemistry, chess, riddles, riding, walking, and I think driving, boxing, and fencing. Perhaps there were more heads, but these were those which occupied our attention most. Somebody made me a New Year's present of this book in the year 1830 or 1831, and from that moment it was the textbook of the attic. Professor Andrews and President Eliot would feel their hair growing gray if for five minutes they were obliged to read the chemistry which soaked into us from this book. Whoever wrote it still used the old nomenclature a good deal. We knew nothing of HO, and little of the proportions in which they go into the constitution of things. We read of "oil of vitriol" and "muriatic acid," and had other antiquarian names for agents and reagents. All the same, the book gave us experiments which we could try, — taught us how to manufacture fireworks in a fashion, and even suggested to us the painting of our own

magic-lantern slides. Our apparatus was of the most limited kind. It was a high festival day when one went down to Gibbens's grocer's shop and bought for three cents an empty Florence flask: this was the retort of that simple chemistry. In connection with this, like all other boys of that time known to me, we made what were called electrical machines, which gave us good sparks and Leyden-jar shocks quite sufficient to satisfy the guests who visited us. It is in connection with one of these machines that I remember one of my mother's gospels. I was trying to catch a fly, to give him an electric shock, and she would not permit me. I pleaded in vain that it would not hurt him, but she said, "It would certainly not give him pleasure, and it might give him pain."

My father was a civil engineer somewhat in advance of his time. He was the first person to propose the railroad system of Massachusetts; and that system would not be what it is but for his work for it, in season and out of season. I cannot remember the time when we did not have a model railway in the house; in earlier years it was in the parlor, so that he might explain to visitors what was meant by a car running upon rails. I can still see the sad, incredulous look, which I understood then as well as I should now, with which some intelligent person listened kindly, and only in manner implied that it was a pity that so intelligent a man as he should go crazy. His craziness, fortunately, led his associates, and in the year 1831, after endless reverses, a charter was given for the incorporation of the Boston and Worcester Railway. In the earlier proposals for such work it was always suggested that horses should be the moving power. In point of fact, the first railway, which carried the Quincy granite from Quincy to the sea, was operated by the weight of the descending trains, which pulled up the empty cars. I was with him, as a little

boy, sitting on a box in the chaise, when he drove out once to see the newly laid Quincy track, and I perfectly remember his trying with his foot the steadiness of the rail where it crosses the road to Quincy. His tastes, of course, led ours. There was a lathe in the house, which we were permitted to run under severe conditions; and we very early made our own locomotives, which were propelled by whalebone springs.

But the carriage we liked most was the "float." I have never seen it in the plays of other boys, though perhaps it is well known. For a good float you want a board a foot wide, an inch thick, and four feet long. You want two rollers, which had better be of hard wood, each a foot long, and an inch or more in diameter; two inches would be better than one, but you take what you can get. Placing these rollers two feet apart on the ground, you put the float upon them, with one roller at the end, and the other in the middle. You then seat yourself carefully on the board, having two paddles in your hands, made from shingles. With these two paddles you will find that you can propel yourself over any floor of reasonable smoothness. You can even pass a threshold, and you can run into the most unexpected corners. If you have a companion on another float in the same room, you can have naval battles, or you can go to the assistance of shipwrecked crews. You can go forward or you can go backward, every now and then running a roller out, but skillfully placing it under the float at such an angle as will direct you in the way in which you wish to go afterwards. For this game or sport, you should not have too many companions, you should have a good large attic or barn floor, and you should have unlimited patience. You can make a float, of course, out of a museum door, or out of any plank that happens to be going. I remember once, when we were hard pressed, one of my companions went

to sea in a soap-box. But what I have described is the ideal float for young people.

We played all the tame games, such as checkers, chess, loto, battledoor and shuttlecock, graces, vingt-et-un, cup and ball, coronella, and the like, but I think under a certain protest. For that matter, I danced under the same protest. I regarded all these as concessions to the social order in which we lived, and I obeyed that social order, as I did in going to school. But, precisely as I looked upon school with a certain sense of condescension, I think we all looked upon these games as being something provided for an average public, while we supposed that all children of sense invented their own games.

I have never, by the way, seen in print the statement that our teetotum games of that day were a survival of games of the same kind running well back into the dark ages. In the great German museum at Nuremberg I saw such games of as early a date, I think, as the year 1300. Any boy who will look at his teetotum game of to-day, if such things still exist, will probably find that it comes out at 63. This means that 63 is the "grand climacteric," in the old theory of the climacterics; and then, if he will look back, he will find that at 7, 14, 21, 28, and so on are the other climacterics. All this belongs to those happy ages which knew nothing of modern science.

I have stated already the absolute rule that we must report at home before we went anywhere to play after school. I think this rule affected our lives a great deal more than my mother meant it should, in laying it down. She simply wanted to know, at certain stages of the day, where her children were. I do not recollect that she ever forbade our going anywhere that we wanted to. But practically the rule worked thus: we rushed home from school, very likely with a plan on foot for the Common, or for

some combined movement with the other boys. We went into the house to report. There was invariably gingerbread ready for us, which was made in immense quantities for the purpose. This luncheon was ready not only for us, but for any boys we might bring with us. When once we arrived at home, the home attractions asserted themselves. There was some chemical experiment to be continued, or there was some locomotive to be displayed to another boy, or there had come in a new number of the *Juvenile Miscellany*. In a word, we were seduced up into the attic, and up in the attic we were very apt to stay. I once asked my mother what she supposed the mothers of the other boys said, who came home with us and partook of luncheon and entered into our affairs. She simply said that that was their lookout, it was not hers. She was perfectly ready to provide luncheon for the crowd. I rather think that the other mothers knew that the boys were well off.

But there were few companions who were admitted into the profoundest mysteries of the attic. Edward Webster was one, who afterwards died in command of a regiment in the Mexican war. My cousin, John Durivage, was one, and there were others whose companionship was not as long or as steady as that of these two. In the year 1829, my brother Nathan, who was my adviser, teacher, companion, and inspirer in everything, being three years older than myself, went to the newly established English High School for two years. Here his smattering of science and taste for mechanics were fostered, and from such a laboratory as there was there he brought home suggestions for our workshop. I have always known that I am thus largely indebted, at second hand, to the suggestions which he received from Mr. Miles and Mr. Sherwin then; and this is not a bad instance of the way in which the power of a

great educator extends itself beyond the lives of the pupils whom he has under his eye at school.

My father was editor of the *Daily Advertiser*; and in that day this meant that he owned the whole printing-plant, engaged all the printers, and printed his own newspaper. He was never a practical printer, but, with his taste for mechanics, he understood all the processes of the business. Not unnaturally, this grew into his establishing a book office, which did as good work in its time as was done anywhere. The first American edition of Cicero's *Republic*, after the discovery of that book in a Pompeian manuscript by Mai, was printed by him. Naturally, he went forward into the study of power-press printing, and, at his suggestion, Daniel Treadwell made the first power presses which worked to advantage in this country. In the years between 1820 and 1825 the Boston Milldam was constructed, for the purpose of making a water power out of the tide power of the Back Bay. My father then introduced power-press printing there, and that printing-office was maintained until the year 1835. When the time came, he was president of the first type foundry in New England, perhaps in America. All the arrangements for these contrivances were of course interesting to his sons. So, as I have said, we had type from the printing-office, and we all learned to set type and to arrange it. When, in 1834, my brother went to college, and I was left alone, I used to repair every day to the book office for my printing, and there learned the case and all the processes of imposing scientifically. I used to work off my own books on a hand-press. I have never lost the memories of the case, and am rather fond of saying now that, if it were necessary, I could support my family as a compositor.

I would not have gone into this detail but that I am always urging people to let their boys have printing apparatus

in early life, because I think it is such a good educator. The absolute accuracy that is necessary is good for a boy. The solid fact that one hundred and forty-four ems will go into a certain space, and will require that space, and that no prayers nor tears, hopes nor fears, will change that solid fact, — this is most important. I do not mean the mere convenience to an author of being able to talk familiarly with the compositor who has his book in hand. That is a good thing; but I mean that human life in general has lessons to teach that every compositor acquires, which few other experiences of life teach so well. I think also that, as a study of English style, the school of Franklin and Horace Greeley is a good one.

For home reading, we had all the magazines of that day, including the *English New Monthly*, which was then under the editorial charge of Campbell. We had the weekly literary newspapers which were beginning, such as the *New World*, edited by Park Benjamin; the *Spirit of the Times*, which had a great deal of sporting news; the *Albion*, a weekly which was made up of extracts from good foreign papers. I remember the issue of the last of Scott's novels, — *Anne of Geierstein*, *Castle Dangerous*, and *Count Robert of Paris*. There was a sort of grief in the family, as if a near friend had died, or as if some one had gone crazy, when *Castle Dangerous* and *Count Robert* appeared, because they were so poor. The last part of *Harry and Lucy* was published within our day, and we read of those children almost as if they were personal friends, — a good deal as a younger generation has read of *Rollo* and *Jonas*, and a certain *Susy* in the *Susy* books. Of course the physical science in *Harry and Lucy* had its part in our philosophical experiments. Miss Edgeworth's *Helen* was published within my memory, and we had friends who occasionally brought in letters from the Edgeworths and read them.

We were all instinct with the love of nature and of the country, and of our excursions outside the old peninsula of Boston I will say something in another chapter. But we could hardly have lived without some sort of gardening at home, — certainly not under my mother's lead. In the yard at the corner of School Street there was a very, very little space where we could plant seeds, and did. But when we came to Tremont Place there was no such space, and we were obliged to do as they did at Babylon. We each, therefore, had on the "shed," which was made for the drying of clothes, a raisin-box filled with earth for our horticultural experiments. You can do a good deal with a raisin-box, if you are careful and not too ambitious. Practically, I planted morning-glories along one long side, with sweet peas between. These were to climb up on the posts. There is a tradition in the family that, when I was a boy of eight, I threw over a morning-glory to a baby six or eight months old, who was being carried by in the street, whom I married twenty-two years after. I need not say that this tradition, well founded as a matter

of art, has no foundation in fact excepting that "it might have been." Behind the vines, divide your box into even parts. The right-hand side is for agriculture: there you will plant your radishes and peppergrass. The left-hand side is for flowers: here you can put in four rows; for instance, touch-me-nots, flytrap, Venus's looking-glass, and ten-week stocks. I think we generally selected our seeds from something which seemed romantic in the name more than with any reference to what would be produced. I do not mean that one had the same things one summer which he had the year before.

These gardens, covering perhaps a square foot and a half each, were of the greatest interest to us. I remember we were very much amused when some children on the other side of the way, who lived in one of those elegant houses where the Bellevue now stands, where terraces ran up the grades of the old Beacon Hill, said to us that they envied us our raisin-boxes on the shed. From the same shed I observed the annular eclipse of the sun in the spring of 1829.

Edward Everett Hale.

ROMANCE OF MEMORY.

THERE be those who would destroy memory for the sake of greater originality. It is as though one should insist on removing the glittering fragments, cubes and angles, from a kaleidoscope, after each representation of the minute architectural glories therein contained, and should do this on the ground that a further agitation of these particles could but repeat the same pageant of figures already presented; and yet we know that new combinations and recombinations are infinite in variety, many of them startlingly unlike the first picture

glimpsed through the triple slides of glass. A better illustration of infinitude in combination, with a narrower basis of primitives, can be found in music, composed as it is of seven notes. For centuries the world has been flooded with harmonies, melodies, rhythms, expressing every shade of thought, every mood of passion or emotion, and the characteristics of every nationality, from its devotions to its dancing; yet there are but seven notes indefinitely repeated, and all that is offered to us in the most original music, from the *Götterdämmerung*

to Dixie, — which last, in its day, was original, — is almost wholly the recombination of old forms and the recoining of old phrases. Given any musical theme, it would be impossible to trace this theme back to its fountain-head. It is much the same, necessarily, with nearly all that is noblest and best in literature and art. The man who said that the Bible and Euclid were the only original books ever written merely meant that it would be impossible to disentangle and isolate any book from all sources of inspiration in that which had gone before. To refer once more to music: however new the melodies may seem, the harmonies must be old; and even if new harmonies could be introduced, old melodies, or combinations of old melodies, would have to play their part.

The first letters of children, written in staggering capitals, are admitted to have great interest for those to whom they are addressed; but, read by others than the fond parents, they present considerable sameness; and it is by general consent that the authors of this primitive literature are subjected to a long and tedious course of study, feeding on the ideas of others, and storing the memory with what the world before their time has done and said. This, which we call education, is an absolutely necessary precursor to all attempts at originality; and if further proof were required, I need only cite the fact that the two men, both poets, whose claims on that ground are now never disputed were men of vast information and scholarship, and possessed of astonishing memories. I mean Robert Browning and Walter Savage Landor.

There is nothing in the way of a man's equipment for the battle of life so redolent of the sweet mystery that heralds genius as the faculty called intuition. Without denying its existence in its highest form, I fear that in any degree it is far less frequent than some counterparts which are little better than mechan-

ical. I well remember looking into the case of an eminent physician whose success was scarcely to be accounted for by his scholarship, which was somewhat meagre, or by his industry, which did not exist. This man possessed a wonderfully retentive memory; not the memory which is so magical in enabling its possessor to pass competitive examinations, to hoard volumes of stuff between inverted commas, to lay hold of foreign languages, dead or alive; it was the more homely recollection which has been attributed to many of our successful politicians. This physician, who was also a professor, never forgot a face. Taking leave of his class at close of term, he was accustomed, in the course of the "neat and appropriate remarks" which furnished his farewell, to urge the young men to visit him, saying, "I shall always remember your faces; your names I cannot hope to remember." Having thus secured himself against any inconvenient test of his infallibility, it goes without saying that this astute tactician had a large and lucrative consultation practice. When this shrewd observer entered the sick-room, and saw upon the sick man's face a certain look which, in his professional experience, had been associated with coffins and funerals, he said confidently, "That man will die," and a trusting *clientèle* applauded his marvelous intuition when this — shall we call it threat? — was fulfilled. This was an act of unconscious recording, and it is probable that many who boast of intuitions might similarly account for them without the imputation of magic or of any occult powers.

How much of what passes for fine wit and wisdom is merely an adroit use of the stores of memory is frequently shown in journalism. One of the most extraordinary characters who in our time have graced the newspaper business in New York city is known to possess in a remarkable degree an alert memory, and his unconscious record of impressions is

multiform. One night, after a performance of unusual power by Rachel, this man, returning to his revels among boon companions, wrote out a criticism for his journal. Many were present who have since become famous both in journalism and literature, and these were unanimous in the opinion that this article was, without exception, the most able, the most brilliant, the most trenchant, within their ken; whereupon, with that air of comfortable *insouciance* which characterized this literary prodigal, he took his work to pieces, from beginning to end, and showed how Théophile Gautier had contributed the opening sentence, how the second paragraph was Edgar A. Poe inverted, and in fact demonstrated that a very wide range of authors, from Bacon to Baudelaire, had been laid under contribution. Yet was the work so deftly done that the style seemed all his own; so just in dealing with the subject that the criticism appeared to be inspired by that night's performance; so homogeneous, so consistent, that — well, the oldest newspaper man present turned around and said, "With Mr. H. memory is genius."

I pass over without much comment the numerous instances, ancient as well as modern, of men who, as the jester says, are indebted to their memory for their wit. Yet, to refer once more to the province of Calliope, the statement is gravely made that the divine work of Mendelssohn, Italian in its melody, ultra-German in its harmony, is but a most ingenious mosaic of sweet sound. This on the authority of a critic usually so acute and just as Julius Schubert. The like charge of a seeming want of originality has been made, and I think proved, concerning Paul Morphy, the chess-player, who could and did conquer the world, — his world, — yet could not invent a gambit. But why multiply proofs? One need only open any volume of popular quotations, to see how much of what is now deemed new and

strange has been said before, for better or for worse. Therefore may we not quote with submission the line in which Pope defines poetry as

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed"?

There is a kind of memory, a modification of that already referred to, which, in the blunt language of country people, is called circus-tent memory. The phrase has its origin in a well-known phenomenon, which is, in its way, as marvelous as are the flying-trapeze performances which are exhibited within the arena. Many traveling "combinations" give a double show when they come to what is called a one-night stand; that is, both an afternoon and an evening performance. A ticket at twenty-five cents will suffice for both, and in many cases no checks for readmission are issued, as the ticket-taker easily distinguishes those persons who have paid from those who have not. Politicians, or men who expect to succeed in politics, often have this memory of faces — with character attachment — remarkably developed. Henry Clay would shake hands with two thousand people at a race-course, and if he did not, as was claimed, remember them all for the rest of his life, he certainly remembered a sufficient number to make him seem as one possessed of miraculous powers. I will relate a case in point, with the details of which I am personally conversant. When Francis G. Shaw was in charge of the New York department of the Freedmen's Bureau, he had occasion to make a journey to the James River to visit the headquarters of General Grant. He was accompanied by General Howard, and his purpose was, among other things, to enter complaint against certain officers of the regular army who, through some misdemeanor, had become obnoxious to the bureau. Howard said to Grant, mentioning by name one of the delinquent officers, who was personally known to him, "Do you not think it strange, general, that such a

fellow as Blank, who when with us at West Point bore so good a reputation for truthfulness, should be guilty of charges so ignominious?"

"You are mistaken," said Grant; "he is not the man you mean. That was another Blank; *he* died some years ago, on the Wabash. *This* is the son of an unfrocked Methodist preacher in western New York, and the proverbial minister's son is strong in him." General Grant then proceeded to sketch briefly the career of every member of his class, even to minute particulars; and, whirling around on his pivotal chair, he wrote out directions for the management of the case in hand, — the whole exhibiting an attention to detail and an accuracy in noting facts that were truly remarkable.

"Well," said Howard, as the complainants took their departure, "I am reputed to know personally ten thousand men of our army, — all about them; but you see Grant knows more than I do." And indeed, among the harshest criticisms passed upon the administration of Ulysses Grant was the statement that, like an Indian, he never forgot an injury nor failed to remember a kindness.

Speaking of Indians, the red man of the forest, and the redder man of the prairies, have shown a reverence for this gift of memory, which is inherent in those who have no printed page either of history or literature. The preservation of their traditions is entrusted to a wise man of the woods, who usually bears upon his brow what is known as the Line of Memory, — a deep indentation passing from temple to temple. This indication so far agrees with the conclusion of phrenology as to give an appearance of remarkable development to the organs of eventuality and causality. This philosopher, or medicine-man, as just mentioned, is the depository of the dogmas, the traditions, the archives, so to speak, of all manner of folk lore; the healer of the body, who also shrives the soul; the inciter to the ghost dance,

and the central figure of that picturesque and primitive high carnival.

We are all conscious of entertaining a romantic interest in Indians, Arabs, Hindoos, and other barbarians or semi-barbarians who may be said to represent the perennial childhood of the human race, governed as they are by a few simple rules, and almost always excelling in a few cardinal virtues. The Indian of our romantic prepossessions is brave and devoted; yet in fact, like some of his congeners, he prizes truth in the abstract, while he practices lying in the concrete, and all with equal simplicity and good faith. He turns in, at the call of the Great Father, with cheerful resignation, all the useless and worn-out weapons in his possession, and clamors for new, — to be used, if necessary, upon his benefactors! There is much that is primitive and alluring, forgivable in the misdeeds of the wards of the family as in those of the wards of the nation; but it is of the virtues that we would speak.

Children have long memories, collectively speaking. The impressions made upon youthful minds are so few, so far between, so fraught with wonder and mystery, that it is no marvel these impressions should endure. There are few men in middle life who cannot say, with hand upon heart, that they remember the things of boy life as they do not remember recent events.

"Dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

We are informed by experts in folk lore that the most enduring traditions, the most unfading formulæ for little plays and infant dramas, have been preserved by the wee folk for generations upon generations. Considering this, we need hardly marvel at the accuracy with which the poems of Ossian have been passed from mouth to mouth through "ever-ringing avenues of song." And this has been done by the children, without record, without purposeful organization;

yet are the archæologists who treat of that mimic lore amazed at the fidelity of its transmission.

The most wonderfully retentive memories in the world are those of the Germans. Certainly, in no country except Germany do we find people possessed of that endurance of mental impression which is the basis of an intellectual superiority, — no people who carry around with them such an assortment of encyclopædiæ in so many different languages. Their very slang may be said to be polyglot. I knew a student in Heidelberg who was not by us regarded as a studious or thoughtful person, and who, moreover, did not *speak* English. Yet scarcely a play of Shakespeare's could be mentioned by any of our young men that he was not ready to recite in full, with hardly an error, — a feat which has given a national reputation to the very few English or American professional readers by whom it has been accomplished. And yet this German was only a medical student, whose fame was limited to his own *Mensur* and *Fechtboden*, and whose sole renown was that of the best right-hand *Schläger* in Germany. Extraordinary performances of this kind were so common in university towns that they excited little comment. A German will display the infinitesimal patience of the ant, in his ticketing of plants and minerals, in his watching of retorts and crucibles, in order that his memory may be stored with facts the collation of which will proclaim him a scientist. On the other hand, the French will occasionally treat us to a dramatic surprise such as befell the Academy of Sciences when engaged in discussing the priority of some recent views on the subject of color. This learned body was interrupted by the late centenarian, Professor Chevreul, who remarked that he had had the honor of presenting those views to his colleagues — for rejection — some sixty years before! He was, however, talking to the grandsons of the rejectors.

But these prodigies of memory are recounted in every land and in every tongue. All the world has heard of the achievement of Mozart, who carried back in his head to Germany the unwritten sacred music of the Sistine Chapel, there performed during Holy Week. Such perfection has the cultivation of musical memory attained that even the music of court entertainments, written for the purpose, is no longer inviolate, since there are plenty of men who, from a single hearing, can carry off the whole of it. This faculty must proceed almost wholly from vividness of impression, as in such cases reviewing would seem to be impossible.

Numerous and various have been the devices contrived for the purpose of strengthening whatever organ it be that presides over the function of remembrance, from the mnemotechnics of the Germans, in the early part of the present century, to contemporaneous Loissette, who teaches the art of never forgetting. It is doubtful if these devices have conferred upon the student any material advantage, although the later systems claim to be founded upon strict physiological principles. It was the fashion at one of the schools which ornamented School Street, in Boston, a third of a century ago, to increase the task already imposed upon those "dumb patient camels," the schoolboys of that day, by adding an occasional straw: we were expected not alone to remember and to recite the text which was allotted for our absorption, but to recall the number of the page on which was to be found any given rule, or even any exception. This procedure certainly cultivated the memory in an irksome and undesirable manner, as to this very hour I can never think of the name of my worthy preceptor without feeling like Browning's Italian in England: —

"I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood through these two hands."

The good man has been in his grave a full generation, and it is to be hoped that the earth rests lightlier upon him than would have been our wish could we have had the happiness to anticipate his taking-off.

That venerable authority the Rev. John Todd inquires in his *Students' Manual*: "Why do you find it so difficult to remember certain words of Greek or Latin that you are obliged to look them out in your lexicon a dozen times? It is because you have never formed the habit of fixing the attention." My experience goes somewhat further. First fix the attention accurately, keenly; then freshen the impression by frequent reviewing. Cautious British litigants, recognizing this fact, have established the following rule: *Imprimis*, a liberal retainer should be paid to secure the attention and interest of eminent counsel; later on, an additional fee, picturesquely known as a "refresher," is no less urgent.

Coleridge compares experience to the stern-lights of a ship, which enables us to estimate the future by a process of analogy-reasoning on the past. In experience memory must be the basic principle; but what if this foundation prove to be lacking or ineffective? The ability to record impressions correctly has long been held by prominent alienists to be one of the most decisive tests of sanity. Recent investigations appear to show that the lawless class is singularly deficient in memory. This might readily be inferred from the fact that criminals are always making the same mistakes and suffering the same penalties without any moral result; in brief, their history repeats itself. A celebrated detective, speaking of the malignity of evil doers, was asked if the officers of the law were not sometimes deterred from the full exercise of their duty by fear of revenge from the reckless law-breaker, should he come to be set free. "No, no," said he. "These fellows have short memories; when they're 'lagged'

they bluster and threaten, but it never comes to anything."

To dismiss the tragedy of serious crime, and take up the comedy of gentle lying, may we not affirm that even the faculty of telling the truth is not a mere moral quality? Many persons, possessed of the soundest principles, with the sincerest intention to do right, are wholly incapable of telling the truth, because they do not see it. Such lack accuracy of perception and precision in recording, especially as to details, and, furthermore, are deficient in the use of language and the habit of exact expression, and so are liable to find themselves in a position analogous to that of a railroad switchman who happens to be color-blind. Of course it is impossible to extract from the distorted images vouchsafed by an ill-trained observation and an imperfect memory any reliable picture of the past.

In one of his novels, probably the last, Theodore Winthrop unroofs the head of one of his characters, and discloses sundry dusty archives in the dusky crannies of his brain, which are filled with carefully folded papers containing reminiscence. These memoranda are kept on hand in order that they can be referred to whenever it is desirable to confirm an impression or adjust a date, or otherwise to establish a proper sequence of events. The idea is an ingenious one, and, could it be realized, would prove eminently satisfactory to the commercial mind. But our mnemonic records are not pigeon-holed and ticketed for future reference. On the contrary, they more nearly resemble a series of panoramic views whose presentment is not always under control of the will. Nor is it by pictures alone that we "repeople with the past," although to the visual faculty is accredited the more vivid play of memory. The part enacted in reproducing events or scenes of the past by what might be termed the lesser senses is subtler, more delicate,

more redolent of sentiment, of pathos, and of poetry.

"It may be a sound —

A tone of music — summer's eve — or spring —
A flower — or wind — the ocean — which shall
wound,

Striking the electric chain wherewith we 're
darkly bound."

Perhaps more tender emotions are excited by certain odors which recall some scene whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, than by all our sturdy memories of heroic occasions witnessed or imagined by us. The suggestiveness of odor as a reminiscent agent has often been remarked. One of the most poetic of the dead kings of melody was wont to say that when he heard the chord of the diminished seventh he plainly perceived the fragrance of heliotrope; and that when, in the garden, fresh heliotrope passed in odorous review he heard, as though the horns of elfland were blowing, the chord of the diminished seventh! Another chord (about whose dimensions I feel less secure, probably the diminished ninth) is said to have suggested to a brother musician the distinct flavor of pineapple. Perhaps those were fantasies, which, having once been entertained by individuals of a highly imaginative organization, had by frequent repetition come to be regarded by them as realities. Such correlated impressions, however, are not confined to those whose province is the ideal. On a troopship passing from Cadiz to Ceuta I met an old Spanish soldier, who belonged to that order of devotional natures with whom religion is more than a sentiment, — is a passion. I had seen him before, and had noticed the reckless abandonment with which he had flung himself on the marble floor of the cathedral at the ringing of the bell that announced the elevation of the Host. A spasm of wild rapture tranced his being when the Angelus descended upon us. On making his acquaintance, later on, he confided to me one of the secrets of the living faith that was in him. It was

this: he always carried, wherever he went, a small quantity of the modern frankincense and myrrh which animate the sacred censer; for the odor of the censer, however faintly conveyed, opened to his mind all the glories of that cathedral in his native city, where he had first prostrated himself. The pungent fumes not only conjured up the darkness, the glimmering candles, the "sculptured dead,"

"Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries," but for him the mass was being said to the solemn *unisono* of the grand cathedral organ which came pealing in upon his prayers: this for the seventeen minutes required for the service of low mass.

There was a Scotchman, a prominent figure in the circle which was my own, who professed a frank and ingenuous abhorrence of music. To his untutored Caledonian ear the music of Wagner was a "weltering and formless mass of sound," while the simple and sweeter melodies found him not a whit more appreciative: there was no charm for him in Donizetti, no pathos in Bellini, no passion in Gounod; he was bored with English ballads, and stunned by German *Lieder*. Yet should any one perform — though upon the rudest instrument — a Scottish jig or a *morceau* for the bagpipe, he would leap from his seat, and dance in ecstatic time to this uncouth and barbaric music. And why? Not because he liked Scottish music for itself. I have tried him with those melodies of his native land with which he was unfamiliar; the *Götterdämmerung* itself could scarcely have appealed to him less. With him music had become a metaphor. The uncanny rhapsodies which so delighted him recalled the scenes of his youth, — the smoky rafters, the earth floor, the fragrant peat fire, and above all his own joyous youthfulness, which was a part of the picture, and at the thought of which he was readily moved to tears, to laughter, or to jigs.

In this fragment from Byron,

— “a scene men do not soon forget ;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret,”

the poet implies a more profound trust in the exactness and constancy of aggregate popular memory than common experience justifies ; for “ battles, fires, and wrecks ” are by no means always imaged either accurately or permanently upon the photographic field of reminiscence. Thus in the instance which I would record. One Sunday morning, thirty-one years ago, occurred the greatest battle that had ever been fought on this continent. I refer to the battle of Bull Run. Public expectation had been excited to a pitch hitherto unknown. Each section regarded the prowess of its young men as invincible, — something that would “spring forth a Pallas armed and undefiled.” The details of that engagement and the disaster that followed it have been sufficiently dwelt upon. For weeks — nay, months — the entire newspaper press of the country teemed with descriptions of the scenes therein enacted, these descriptions being rendered in terms of the most “gorgeous hifalutin” (to borrow from their lexicon). Among the narrated incidents three features were ever conspicuous, — the masked batteries invaded by Federal valor, the charge of the black-horse cavalry, and the repulse of the latter by the fire-zouaves. Thousands had witnessed these ; and the terror inspired by the black-horse cavalry and the recklessness of the fire-zouaves had been hymned on the telegraph wires and cadenced in oratory East and West. At this juncture, one cool man came home to New England and said that he had been in the midst of all this. When asked to contribute his quota to the magnificent pageant then being enacted in words, he quietly remarked : “There were no masked batteries ; there was no black-horse cavalry ; the fire-zouaves repulsed nothing, but ran at the first fire.” A shout of derision went up, as was to be

expected. A month later, official reports from commanders on both sides confirmed this simple statement of fact ; and a few weeks later still, thousands of men had forgotten that they ever saw black-horse cavalry, masked batteries, or fighting zouaves. What shall we think of this confusion of popular testimony and belief ? Was it due to the hypnotism of cannon, to the dim vision clouded by battle-smoke, or to the dis-tempered imagination of large masses of people under the wildest excitement, set in motion by a few newspaper reporters ? The apparition of Santiago which so cheered Cortez in his critical hour, the cross in some skies, the crescent in others (for is not the Holy Land Mohammedan to this day ?), have had their counterparts in periods yet further removed from those which we denominate the dark ages. All history is no doubt largely frescoed with pictures from the same free hand, — a distraught Mnemosyne, bewildered by the thunderings of Eris or Bellona. This errant divinity is potent not only in large collective bodies, but frequently comes to the individual, and among his genuine reminiscences interpolates a quasi-memory which has all the color and movement of reality. Nor does this happen solely in cases where we might be led to expect it from the individual's known excitability of temperament or vivacity of imagination. A scientific man of the most unrelenting practicality, a Scotch Presbyterian, whose religious creed and all his conceptions of the supernatural sprang rather from his recognition of the demands of honor in keeping pure the hereditary faith than from any personal conviction, used to say that the most intensely vivid recollection of his life related to his childhood in the Highlands of Scotland. Going out with his nurse each evening to view the sunset from a commanding crag, the two used to stand looking down upon the fragrant and mist-laden vale

far below. Thus they would watch the dimly outlined figures of shepherds calling to each other and to their flocks with pipe and voice; all this mingling with the scream of bittern and curlew, till the interwoven threads of sound seemed to match the gloom of the heather. It was then, as the twilight faded into the gloaming and the "passion" died almost into darkness, that *he* saw faint lights, as of something burning in the heather about him. Standing breathlessly still, holding the old nurse's hand, he would look at these fairy circles (for so he heard them called), while she, in low, crooning voice, such as was probably used by Lochiel's wizard, would describe the scene which passed before his eyes, — numberless fairies clad in mediæval garb, the wee men in knightly attire, the wee women in kirtles, with flowing hair of the most approved elfin fashion. These moved through strange fantastic dances to the measure of wild music, aided or informed by the low, monotonous crooning of the old witch and almoner of ghost stories, his nurse. Dark night fell upon his exhausted spirit, and, weary with all he had seen, he was carried home to bed. With the cheerful materialism of science the grown man would readily explain this, which he termed a "memoroid of childhood:" the elfin troop and their costumes were made of the heather which "danced in the soft breeze in a fairy mass," or were suggested by the croon of the old witch; the music for their fantastic rounds was lent by the cadenced utterings of shepherd's pipe, the bleatings of the sheep, and the song of the mountaineer, with an orchestra of wind-struck mountain pines. Yet, notwithstanding this explanation, the man of science, through a long life of practical and prosaic industry, always maintained the vividness and realism of the quasi-memory thus indelibly recorded on the mind of childhood.

To a somewhat different order of im-

pressions, bearing the forged signature of memory, belong those flashes of seeming recollection which almost all sensitive and imaginative people have experienced. Suddenly, in the midst of every-day life and occupation, there springs up in the mind a persuasion that the scene is not new. The word spoken, the very names used, the accompanying gestures or movements of the speaker, are strangely, unaccountably familiar. Like the gradual emergence of a long-forgotten dream, one detail after another passes in expected and orderly sequence under waking review. "Yes, there it is. I certainly have witnessed all this long ago." Whatever has been read in desultory fashion concerning vague theories of preëxistence now assumes to the mind a new and startling significance; and with the reception of these theories sometimes comes the impression that the future can be predicted by merely continuing to recall this vision of the past. A German student is said to have shown such miraculous proficiency in his studies, which he seemed scarcely to con, as to occasion no little anxiety among his friends; the more as he declared that he "had seen and known it all before." The system of crucial tests, so large a factor in modern scientific investigations, was not, in those days, so ruthlessly applied as now; else this phantasm of the brain, like other ghosts, might have been laid at once. But attention had been called to the subject, and a series of experiments, conducted under the auspices of the Berlin professors, resulted in proving that this phenomenon was due to a reflex action of the mind, whereby impressions of the present are duplicated, and such images thrown back on that part of the brain which ordinarily contains reminiscences. Yet many were the wild visions of an immortality in the past and of the illimitable possibilities of the future which lived, flourished, and passed before this prosaic explanation was vouchsafed; nor even then were all satisfied. Many

argued that an eternity which had no ending could not reasonably or logically lay claim to a beginning, and, thus fortified with metaphors drawn from a complacent geometry, pursued for a time this warfare of science.

That this false Mnemosyne is a cunning artist, who paints in verisimilar colors almost indistinguishable from reality, I have had proof in my own experience, as will be shown by the subjoined incident. Many years ago, during the troubled times of French occupancy of the Holy City, I came to live for a season at Rome, where, amid the usual round of excursions to innumerable places of interest, from Ostia to Tivoli, it occurred to some of my friends to make up a party for the purpose of visiting the Coliseum by moonlight. So, after due consultation of calendars and other preliminaries, our party, consisting almost entirely of Americans, mostly artists, set out shortly before midnight. The night was dark and murky, although the calendar had predicted brighter things, and the weather at sunset promised fair. We traversed without incident the dark city where lights were few, and the darker suburbs where lights there were none. On emerging into an open space through which the gigantic edifice is approached, we observed, or were conscious of a heavy mist having a strange purplish effect. I say strange because there was scarce light enough to note the color. The darkness of Egypt mentioned in Holy Writ, a darkness felt rather than seen, was the suggestion borne in by the senses to the imagination. As our party advanced towards what seemed to be an open space left by the falling of a portion of the wall, we were startled by a loud hail in the French language. "*Qui vive?*" came with menacing significance to the accompaniment of a clicking sound which we well knew to be the cocking of a musket. We knew enough of what army etiquette requires, the world over, to halt; whereupon one of our party — the

most timid and reluctant to be shot — advanced to explain. The Yankee French of our clerical envoy and the Italianized French of the Gallic army of occupation soon came to an understanding. Down went the musket, and up rose the Frenchman, voluble, polite, and, with the affability of his race, gave welcome and direction to our romantic mission. We entered just as the moon glided from behind the clouds to light up a scene the glory of which was far beyond our utmost expectation. This dramatic surprise vouchsafed by indulgent nature so increased the felt influences of the place that some of us actually saw a resemblance between the bushes on the ragged walls and the "laurels on the bald first Caesar's head"! We walked in small parties of two or three, quoting and decanting in prose and verse; filled, so far as the human mind could be filled, with such gregarious sentiment as the scene suggested. The stern grandeur of ancient Rome, even as shown in her ruins; the influence which the records of that marvelous epoch have exerted upon our literature, art, and habits of thought; the very fact that, centuries upon centuries after this decay had begun, our own was yet an undiscovered country, with its Indians and its Niagara awaiting recognition, — all this was amply and exhaustively discussed; and when the lateness of the hour and the blueness of the mist admonished our return, we seemed to have lived through several of the intervening centuries. All were agreed that nothing had been wanting, in the way of "equipment," to the imagination's triumphal progress through this great tributary scene of the past.

Several days afterward I ventured upon a solitary excursion to the Coliseum. After looking in wonder at the Lateran and thinking of Rienzi, and after pausing at the ruins of the Forum, I made my way to the Coliseum itself. There no French sentry was watching from the walls, as it was broad daylight,

and the government authorities feared no revolutionary gathering; light proving, as Emerson says, "the most efficient police" in those dark cities.

Being somewhat curious as to the construction of those extraordinary grottoes and cells of various kinds which line the exterior wall, I wandered about among them for some time, noticing a certain resemblance which they bore to the dressing-rooms of the actors in a modern theatre, and to the corral of wild beasts in a circus or menagerie. Then, being chilled by the cool dampness engendered in these dark places, I went out into the daylight for the purpose of crossing the arena to a crucifix which has been erected somewhere near its centre. The moment the strong daylight struck my eyes I became vividly conscious of what asserted itself as a remembrance. It was all familiar. Nothing that had ever happened in my past could be more real than this scene which followed. I distinctly remembered having crossed that place before, armed with a light poniard and dressed in a loose tunic of some dark color. A sense of impending peril, yet different from any physical fear I have ever felt, pervaded my entire being. I was conscious that a frightful struggle awaited me, and that the chances were not in my favor. Full five minutes of this trance-like condition must have passed before I became aware that it was not *as a gladiator* I had my being in that place, but rather *as one thrown to the wild beasts*. I even pondered a moment as to whence this dagger, so useless in the struggle which was to ensue. I continued walking on, with a full revelation of the coming scene, and as I approached the crucifix, which by this time had grown to be a sort of goal to my distempered senses, I became cognizant of the fact that a tiger was emerging from one of those pillared caverns at the side. As I tried to shake off this impression, being somewhat uneasy as to my nervous condition,

a strange odor was wafted to me, — an odor which I afterwards remembered to have noticed as pervading the vicinity of wild beasts. Could it be the odor of mandragora? It had some such strange yet familiar suggestion. In a curious commingling of past and present impressions, I even grimly bethought me of the etymology of the word "mandragora," — *μάνδρα, αργίρω*, — that this unfragrant plant was gathered near the caverns which furnished shelter to wild beasts. Yet still the illusion went on and swallowed up the etymology: distinct, yet vague; actual, yet so far away. The impression gradually faded, leaving me bewildered and not a little alarmed, for in all my wayward boyhood I had never been given to experiences of an occult nature.

Had this scene occurred during my first visit by moonlight, when all the susceptibilities of the imagination were keenly alert, the explanation would not have been so difficult. As it was, the only fact which could be urged in favor of present "conditions" was that I was alone. But the readiness with which, in broad daylight, my senses had lent themselves to the impression, the number of senses involved, — that is, sight, hearing, smell, — enhanced to such a degree the mysterious character of the phenomenon that I would gladly have welcomed the fantastic explanation offered by Professor Zöllner, that of a fourth dimension.

Many years elapsed before my "ghost story" was related even to intimate friends, and then not until, in conning over all the incidents of this weird "possession," I became convinced that it furnished nothing new; no Swedenborgian visions of hell or heaven before undreamed of. Whatever the direct or exciting cause of this *crise de nerfs*, as the French pathologists would call it, I feel safe in relegating it, with similar unclassified phenomena, to that nebulous domain, the romance of memory.

S. R. Elliott.

THE LOST COLORS.

FROWNING, the mountain stronghold stood,
Whose front no mortal could assail;
For more than twice three hundred years
The terror of the Indian vale.
By blood and fire the robber band
Answered the helpless village wail.

Hot was his heart and cool his thought,
When Napier from his Englishmen
Up to the bandits' rampart glanced,
And down upon his ranks again.
Summoned to dare a deed like that,
Which of them all would answer then?

What sullen regiment is this
That lifts its eyes to dread Cutchee?
Abased, its standard bears no flag.
For thus the punishment shall be
That England metes to Englishmen
Who shame her once by mutiny.

From out the disgraced Sixty-Fourth
There stepped a hundred men of might.
Cried Napier: "Now prove to me
I read my soldiers' hearts aright!
Form! Forward! Charge, my volunteers!
Your colors are on yonder height!"

So sad is shame, so wise is trust!
The challenge echoed bugle-clear.
Like fire along the Sixty-Fourth
From rank to file rang cheer on cheer.
In death and glory up the pass
They fought for all to brave men dear.

Old is the tale, but read anew
In every warring human heart.
What rebel hours, what coward shame,
Upon the aching memory start!
To find the ideal forfeited,
—What tears can teach the holy art?

Thou great Commander! leading on
Through weakest darkness to strong light;
By any anguish, give us back

Our life's young standard, pure and bright.
 O fair, lost Colors of the soul!
 For your sake storm we any height.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

DON ORSINO.¹

XIX.

As Orsino had no reason whatever for avoiding Spicca, he naturally waited a moment instead of leaving the room immediately. He looked at the old man with a new interest, as the latter came forward. He had never before seen, and probably would never see again, a man taking the hand of a woman whose husband he had destroyed. He stood a little back, and Spicca passed him as he met Maria Consuelo. Orsino watched the faces of both.

Madame d'Aranjuez put out her hand mechanically and with evident reluctance, and Orsino guessed that but for his own presence she would not have given it. The expression in her face changed rapidly from that which had been there when they had been alone, hardening very quickly, until it reminded Orsino of a certain mask of the Medusa which had once made an impression upon his imagination. Her eyes were fixed and the pupils grew small, while the singular golden-yellow color of the iris flashed disagreeably. She did not bend her head as she silently gave her hand.

Spicca, also, seemed momentarily changed. He was as pale and thin as ever, but his face softened oddly; certain lines which contributed to his usually bitter and skeptical expression disappeared, while others became visible which changed his look completely. He bowed with more deference than he

affected with other women, and Orsino fancied that he would have held Maria Consuelo's hand a moment longer, if she had not withdrawn it as soon as it had touched his.

If Orsino had not already known that Spicca often saw her, he would have been amazed at the count's visit, considering what she had said of the man. As it was, he wondered what power Spicca had over her to oblige her to receive him, and he wondered in vain. The conclusion which forced itself before him was that Spicca was the person who imposed the serving-woman upon Maria Consuelo. But her behavior towards him, on the other hand, was not that of a person obliged by circumstances to submit to the caprices and dictation of another. Judging by the appearance of the two, it seemed more probable that the power was on the other side, and might be used mercilessly on occasion.

"I hope I am not disturbing your plans," remarked Spicca, in a tone which was almost humble, and very unlike his usual voice. "Were you going out together?"

He shook hands with Orsino, avoiding his glance, as the young man thought.

"No," answered Maria Consuelo briefly, "I was not going out."

"I am just going away," said Orsino by way of explanation, and he made as though he would take his leave.

"Do not go yet," said Maria Con-

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suelo. Her look made the words imperative.

Spicca glanced from one to the other with a sort of submissive protest, and then all three sat down. Orsino wondered what part he was expected to play in the trio, and wished himself away, in spite of the interest he felt in the situation.

Maria Consuelo began to talk in a careless tone which reminded him of his first meeting with her in Gouache's studio. She told Spicca that Orsino had promised her his architect as a guide, in her search for a lodging.

"What sort of person is he?" inquired Spicca, evidently for the sake of making conversation.

"Contini is a man of business," Orsino answered, — "an odd fellow, full of talent, and a musical genius. One would not expect very much of him at first, but he will do all that Madame d'Aranjuez needs."

"Otherwise you would not have recommended him, I suppose?" said Spicca.

"Certainly not," replied Orsino, looking at him.

"You must know, madame," said Spicca, "that Don Orsino is an excellent judge of men."

He emphasized the last word in a way that seemed unnecessary. Maria Consuelo had recovered all her equanimity, and laughed carelessly.

"How you say that!" she exclaimed. "Is it a warning?"

"Against what?" asked Orsino.

"Probably against you," she said. "Count Spicca likes to throw out vague hints; but I will do him the credit to say that they generally mean something." She added the last words rather scornfully.

An expression of pain passed over the old man's face. But he said nothing, though it was not like him to pass by a challenge of the kind. Without in the least understanding the reason of the sensation, Orsino felt sorry for him.

"Among men, Count Spicca's opinion is worth having," he said quietly.

Maria Consuelo looked at him in some surprise. The phrase sounded like a rebuke, and her eyes betrayed her annoyance.

"How delightful it is to hear one man defend another!" she laughed.

"I fancy Count Spicca does not stand much in need of defense," replied Orsino, without changing his tone.

"He himself is the best judge of that."

Spicca raised his weary eyes to hers and looked at her for a moment before he answered.

"Yes," he said, "I think I am the best judge. But I am not accustomed to being defended, least of all against you, madame. The sensation is a new one."

Orsino felt himself out of place. He was more warmly attached to Spicca than he knew, and, though he was at that time not far removed from loving Maria Consuelo, her tone in speaking to the old man, which said far more than her words, jarred upon him, and he could not help taking his friend's part. On the other hand, the ugly truth that Spicca had caused the death of Aranjuez more than justified Maria Consuelo in her hatred. Behind all, there was evidently some good reason why Spicca came to see her, and there was some bond between the two which made it impossible for her to refuse his visits. It was clear, too, that though she hated him he felt some kind of strong affection for her. In her presence he was very unlike his daily self.

Again Orsino moved and looked at her, as though asking her permission to go away. But she refused it with an imperative gesture and a look of annoyance. She evidently did not wish to be left alone with the old man. Without paying any further attention to the latter she began to talk to Orsino. She took no trouble to conceal what she felt,

and the impression grew upon Orsino that Spicca would have gone away after a quarter of an hour, if he had not either possessed a sort of right to stay or had some important object in view in remaining.

"I suppose there is nothing to do in Rome, at this time of year?" she said.

Orsino told her that there was absolutely nothing to do. Not a theatre was open, not a friend was in town. Rome was a wilderness. Rome was an amphitheatre on a day when there was no performance, when the lions were asleep, the gladiators drinking, and the martyrs unoccupied. He tried to say something amusing, and found it hard.

Spicca was very patient, but evidently determined to outstay Orsino. From time to time he made a remark, to which Maria Consuelo paid very little attention, if she took any notice of it at all. Orsino could not make up his mind whether to stay or to go. The latter course would evidently displease Maria Consuelo, whereas by remaining he was clearly annoying Spicca, and was perhaps causing him pain. It was a nice question, and, while trying to make conversation, he weighed the arguments in his mind. Strange to say, he decided in favor of Spicca. The decision was to some extent an index of the state of his feelings towards Madame d'Aranjuez. If he had been quite in love with her, he would have stayed. If he had wished to make her love him, he would have stayed, also. As it was, his friendship for the old count went before other considerations. At the same time he hoped to manage matters so as not to incur Maria Consuelo's displeasure. He found it harder than he had expected. After he had made up his mind he continued to talk for three or four minutes, and then made his excuse.

"I must be going," he observed quietly. "I have a number of things to do before night, and I must see Contini in order to give him time to make a

list of apartments for you to see to-morrow."

He took his hat and rose. He was not prepared for Maria Consuelo's answer.

"I asked you to stay," she said, coldly and very distinctly.

Spicca did not allow his expression to change. Orsino stared at her.

"I am very sorry, madame, but there are many reasons which oblige me to disobey you."

Maria Consuelo bit her lip and her eyes gleamed angrily. She glanced at Spicca as though hoping that he would go away with Orsino. But he did not move. It was more and more clear that he had a right to stay, if he pleased. Orsino was already bowing before her. Instead of giving her hand she rose quickly and led him towards the door. He opened it, and they stood together on the threshold.

"Is this the way you help me?" she asked, almost fiercely, though in a whisper.

"Why do you receive him at all?" he inquired, instead of answering.

"Because I cannot refuse."

"But you might send him away?"

She hesitated, and looked into his eyes.

"Shall I?"

"If you wish to be alone, and if you can. It is no affair of mine."

She turned swiftly, leaving Orsino standing in the door, and went to Spicca's side. He had risen when she rose, and was standing at the other side of the room, watching.

"I have a bad headache," she said coldly. "You will forgive me if I ask you to go with Don Orsino."

"A lady's invitation to leave her house, madame, is the only one which a man cannot refuse," said Spicca gravely.

He bowed, and followed Orsino out of the room, closing the door behind him. The scene had produced a very disagreeable impression upon Orsino. Had he

not known the worst part of the secret, and consequently understood what good cause Maria Consuelo had for not wishing to be alone with Spicca, he would have been utterly revolted and forever repelled by her brutality. No other word could express adequately her conduct towards the count. Even knowing what he did, he wished that she had controlled her temper better, and he was more than ever sorry for Spicca. It did not even cross his mind that the latter might have intentionally provoked Aranjuez and killed him purposely. He felt, somehow, that Spicca was in a measure the injured party, and must have been in that position from the beginning, whatever the strange story might be. As the two descended the steps together, Orsino glanced at his companion's pale, drawn features, and was sure that the man was to be pitied. It was almost a womanly instinct, far too delicate for such a hardy nature, and dependent, perhaps, upon that sudden opening of his sympathies which resulted from meeting Maria Consuelo. I think that, on the whole, in such cases, though the woman's character may be formed by intimacy with the man's, with apparent results, the impression upon the man is momentarily deeper, as the woman's gentler instincts are in a way reflected in his heart.

Spicca recovered himself quickly, however. He took out his case and offered Orsino a cigarette.

"So you have renewed your acquaintance?" he said quietly.

"Yes, — under rather odd circumstances," answered Orsino. "I feel as though I owed you an apology, count, and yet I do not see what there is to apologize for. I tried to go away more than once."

"You cannot possibly make excuses to me for Madame d'Aranjuez's peculiarities, my friend. Besides, I admit that she has a right to treat me as she pleases. That does not prevent me from going to see her every day."

"You must have strong reasons for bearing such treatment."

"I have," answered Spicca, thoughtfully and sadly, — "very strong reasons. I will tell you one of those which brought me to-day: I wished to see you two together."

Orsino stopped in his walk, after the manner of Italians, and looked at Spicca. He was hot-tempered when provoked, and he might have resented the speech if it had come from any other man. But he spoke quietly.

"Why do you wish to see us together?" he asked.

"Because I am foolish enough to think, sometimes, that you suit each other, and might love each other."

Probably nothing which Spicca could have said could have surprised Orsino more than such a plain statement. He grew suspicious at once, but Spicca's look was that of a man in earnest.

"I do not think I understand you," answered Orsino. "But I think you are touching a subject which is better left alone."

"I think not," returned Spicca, unmoved.

"Then let us agree to differ," said Orsino, a little more warmly.

"We cannot do that. I am in a position to make you agree with me, and I will. I am responsible for that lady's happiness. I am responsible before God and man."

Something in the words made a deep impression upon Orsino. He had never heard Spicca use anything approaching to solemn language before. He knew at least one part of the meaning which showed Spicca's remorse for having killed Aranjuez, and he knew that the old man meant what he said, and meant it from his heart.

"Do you understand me now?" asked Spicca, slowly inhaling the smoke of his cigarette.

"Not altogether. If you desire the happiness of Madame d'Aranjuez, why

do you wish us to fall in love with each other? It strikes me that" — He stopped.

"Because I wish you would marry her."

"Marry her!" Orsino had not thought of that, and his words expressed a surprise which was not calculated to please Spicca.

The old man's weary eyes suddenly grew keen and fierce, and Orsino could hardly meet their look. Spicca's nervous fingers seized the young man's tough arm and closed upon it with surprising force.

"I would advise you to think of that possibility before making any more visits," he said, his weak voice suddenly clearing. "We were talking together a few weeks ago. Do you remember what I said I would do to any man by whom harm comes to her? Yes, you remember well enough. I know what you answered, and I dare say you meant it; but I was in earnest, too."

"I think you are threatening me, Count Spicca," returned Orsino, flushing slowly, but meeting the other's look with unflinching coolness.

"No, I am not; and I will not let you quarrel with me, either, Orsino. I have a right to say this to you where she is concerned, — a right you do not dream of. You cannot quarrel about that."

Orsino did not answer at once. He saw that Spicca was very much in earnest, and was surprised that his manner now should be less calm and collected than on the occasion of their previous conversation, when the count had taken enough wine to turn the heads of most men. He did not doubt in the least the statement Spicca made. It agreed exactly with what Maria Consuelo herself had said of him. And the statement certainly changed the face of the situation. Orsino admitted to himself that he had never before thought of marrying Madame d'Aranjuez. He had not even taken into consideration the consequences

of loving her and of being loved by her in return. The moment he thought of a possible marriage as the result of such a mutual attachment, he realized the enormous difficulties which stood in the way of such a union, and his first impulse was to give up visiting her altogether. What Spicca said was at once reasonable and unreasonable. Maria Consuelo's husband was dead, and she doubtless expected to marry again. Orsino had no right to stand in the way of others who might present themselves as suitors. But it was beyond belief that Spicca should expect Orsino to marry her himself, knowing Rome and the Romans as he did.

The two had been standing still in the shade. Orsino began to walk forward again before he spoke. Something in his own reflections shocked him. He did not like to think that an impassable social barrier existed between Maria Consuelo and himself. Yet, in his total ignorance of her origin and previous life, the stories which had been circulated about her recalled themselves with unpleasant distinctness. Nothing that Spicca had said when they had dined together had made the matter any clearer, though the assurance that the deceased Aranjuez had come to his end by Spicca's instrumentality sufficiently contradicted the worst, if also the least credible, point in the tales which had been repeated by the gossips early in the previous winter. All the rest belonged entirely to the category of the unknown. Yet Spicca spoke seriously of a possible marriage, and had gone to the length of wishing that it might be brought about. At last Orsino spoke.

"You say that you have a right to say what you have said," he began. "In that case, I think I have a right to ask a question which you ought to answer. You talk of my marrying Madame d'Aranjuez. You ought to tell me whether that is possible."

"Possible?" cried Spicca, almost angrily. "What do you mean?"

"I mean this. You know us all, as you know me. You know the enormous prejudices in which we are brought up. You know perfectly well that, although I am ready to laugh at some of them, there are others at which I do not laugh. Yet you refused to tell me who Madame d'Aranjuez was, when I asked you, the other day. I do not even know her father's name, much less her mother's" —

"No," answered Spicca. "That is quite true, and I see no necessity for telling you, either. But, as you say, you have some right to ask. I will tell you this much: there is nothing in the circumstances of her birth which could hinder her marriage into any honorable family. Does that satisfy you?"

Orsino saw that, whether he was satisfied or not, he was to get no further information for the present. He might believe Spicca's statement or not, as he pleased, but he knew that, whatever the peculiarities of the melancholy old duelist's character might be, he never took the trouble to invent a falsehood, and was as ready as ever to support his words. On this occasion no one could have doubted him, for there was an unusual ring of sincere feeling in what he said. Orsino could not help wondering what the tie between him and Madame d'Aranjuez could be, for it evidently had the power to make Spicca submit without complaint to something worse than ordinary unkindness, and to make him defend on all occasions the name and character of the woman who treated him so harshly. It must be a close bond, Orsino thought. Spicca acted like a man who loves very sincerely and quite hopelessly. There was something very sad in the idea that he perhaps loved Maria Consuelo, at his age, broken down as he was, and old before his time. The contrast between them was so great that it must have been grotesque if it had not been pathetic.

Little more passed between the two men, on that day, before they separated.

To Spicca Orsino seemed indifferent, and the older man's reticence after his sudden outburst did not tend to prolong the meeting.

Orsino went in search of Contini, and explained what was needed of him. He was to make a brief list of desirable apartments to let, and was to accompany Madame d'Aranjuez on the following morning in order to see them.

Contini was delighted, and set about the work at once. Perhaps he secretly hoped that the lady might be induced to take a part of one of the new houses, but the idea had nothing to do with his satisfaction. He was to spend several hours in the society of a lady, — of a genuine lady, who was, moreover, young and beautiful. He read the little morning paper too assiduously not to have noticed the name and pondered over the descriptions of Madame d'Aranjuez, on the many occasions when she had been mentioned by the reporters during the previous year. He was too young and too thoroughly Italian not to appreciate the good fortune which now fell in his way, and he promised himself a morning of uninterrupted enjoyment. He wondered whether the lady could be induced, by excessive fatigue and thirst, to accept a water-ice at Nazzari's, and he planned his list of apartments in such a way as to bring her to the neighborhood of the Piazza di Spagna at an hour when the proposition might seem most agreeable and natural.

Orsino stayed in the office during the hot September morning, busying himself with the endless details of which he was now master, and thinking from time to time of Maria Consuelo. He intended to go and see her in the afternoon, and he, like Contini, planned what he should do and say. But his plans were all unsatisfactory, and once he found himself staring at the blank wall opposite his table in a state of idle abstraction long unfamiliar to him.

Soon after twelve o'clock Contini came

back, hot and radiant. Maria Consuelo had refused the water-ice, but the charm of her manner had repaid the architect for the disappointment. Orsino asked whether she had decided upon any dwelling.

"She has taken the apartment in the Palazzo Barberini," answered Contini. "I suppose she will bring her family in the autumn."

"Her family? She has none. She is alone."

"Alone in that place! How rich she must be!" Contini found the remains of a cigar somewhere, and lighted it thoughtfully.

"I do not know whether she is rich or not," said Orsino. "I never thought about it."

He began to work at his books again, while Contini sat down and fanned himself with a bundle of papers.

"She admires you very much, Don Orsino," said the latter, after a pause.

Orsino looked up sharply.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I mean that she talked of nothing but you, and in the most flattering way."

In the oddly close intimacy which had grown up between the two men, it did not seem strange that Orsino should smile at speeches which he would not have liked if they had come from any one but the poor architect.

"What did she say?" he asked, with idle curiosity.

"She said it was wonderful to think what you had done; that, of all the Roman princes, you were the only one who had energy and character enough to throw over the old prejudices and take an occupation; that it was all the more creditable because you had done it from moral reasons, and not out of necessity or love of money. And she said a great many other things of the same kind."

"Oh!" ejaculated Orsino, looking at the wall opposite.

"It is a pity she is a widow," observed Contini.

"Why?"

"She would make such a beautiful princess."

"You must be mad, Contini!" exclaimed Orsino, half pleased and half irritated. "Do not talk of such follies."

"Ah, well! Forgive me," answered the architect, a little humbly. "I am not you, you know, and my head is not yours, nor my name, nor my heart either."

Contini sighed, puffed at his cigar, and took up some papers. He was already a little in love with Maria Consuelo, and the idea that any man might marry her if he pleased, but would not, was incomprehensible to him.

The day wore on. Orsino finished his work as thoroughly as though he had been a paid clerk, put everything in order, and went away. Late in the afternoon he went to see Maria Consuelo. He knew that she would usually be out at that hour, and he fancied that he was leaving something to chance in the matter of finding her, though an unacknowledged instinct told him that she would stay at home, after the fatigue of the morning.

"We shall not be interrupted by Count Spicca to-day," she said, as he sat down beside her.

In spite of what he knew, the hard tone of her voice roused again in Orsino that feeling of pity for the old man which he had felt on the previous day.

"Does it not seem to you," he asked, "that, if you receive him at all, you might at least conceal something of your hatred for him?"

"Why should I? Have you forgotten what I told you yesterday?"

"It would be hard to forget that, though you told me no details. But it is not easy to imagine how you can see him at all, if he killed your husband deliberately in a duel."

"It is impossible to put the case more plainly!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo.

"Do I offend you?"

"No, not exactly."

"Forgive me if I do. If Spicca, as I suppose, was the unwilling cause of your great loss, he is much to be pitied. I am not sure that he does not deserve almost as much pity as you do."

"How can you say that, even if the rest were true?"

"Think of what he must suffer. He is devotedly attached to you."

"I know he is. You have told me that before, and I have given you the same answer. I want neither his attachment nor his devotion."

"Then refuse to see him."

"I cannot."

"We come back to the same point, again," said Orsino.

"We always shall, if you talk about this. There is no other issue. Things are what they are, and I cannot change them."

"Do you know," said Orsino, "that all this mystery is a very serious hindrance to friendship?"

Maria Consuelo was silent for a moment. "Is it?" she asked presently. "Have you always thought so?"

The question was a hard one to answer.

"You have always seemed mysterious to me," answered Orsino. "Perhaps that is a great attraction. But, instead of learning the truth about you, I am finding out that there are more and more secrets in your life which I must not know."

"Why should you know them?"

"Because" — Orsino checked himself, almost with a start.

He was annoyed at the words which had been so near his lips, for he had been on the point of saying "Because I love you," and he was intimately convinced that he did not love her. He could not in the least understand why the phrase was so ready to be spoken.

Could it be, he asked himself, that Maria Consuelo was trying to make him say the words, and that her will, with her question, acted directly on his mind? He scouted the thought as soon as it presented itself, not only for its absurdity, but because it shocked some inner sensibility.

"What were you going to say?" asked Madame d'Aranjuez, almost carelessly.

"Something that is best not said," he answered.

"Then I am glad you did not say it."

She spoke quietly and unaffectedly. It needed little divination on her part to guess what the words might have been. Even if she wished them spoken, she would not have them spoken too lightly, for she had heard his love speeches before, when they had meant very little.

Orsino suddenly turned the subject, as though he felt unsure of himself. He asked her about the result of her search in the morning. She answered that she had determined to take the apartment in the Palazzo Barberini.

"I believe it is a very large place," observed Orsino indifferently.

"Yes," she answered in the same tone. "I mean to receive this winter. But it will be a tiresome affair to furnish such a wilderness."

"I suppose you mean to establish yourself in Rome for several years." His face expressed a satisfaction of which he was hardly conscious himself. Maria Consuelo noticed it.

"You seem pleased," she said.

"How could I possibly not be?" he asked.

Then he was silent. All his own words seemed to him to mean too much or too little. He wished she would choose some subject of conversation and talk, that he might listen. But she also was unusually silent.

He cut his visit short, very suddenly, and left her, saying that he hoped to

find her at home, as a general rule, at that hour, quite forgetting that she would naturally be always out at the cool time towards evening.

He walked slowly homewards in the dusk, and did not remember to go to his solitary dinner until nearly nine o'clock. He was not pleased with himself, but he was involuntarily pleased by something he felt, and would not have been insensible to if he had been given the choice. His old interest in Maria Consuelo was reviving, and yet was turning into something very different from what it had been.

He now boldly denied to himself that he was in love, and forced himself to speculate concerning the possibilities of friendship. In his young system, it was absurd to suppose that a man could fall in love a second time with the same woman. He scoffed at himself, at the idea, and at his own folly, having all the time a consciousness amounting to certainty of something very real and serious, by no means to be laughed at, overlooked, nor despised.

XX.

It was to be foreseen that Orsino and Maria Consuelo would see each other more often and more intimately now than ever before. Apart from the strong mutual attraction which drew them nearer and nearer together, there were many new circumstances which rendered Orsino's help almost indispensable to his friend. The details of her installation in the apartment she had chosen were many, there was much to be thought of, and there were enormous numbers of things to be bought, almost all calling for judgment and discrimination in the choice. Had the two needed reasonable excuses for meeting very often, they had them ready to their hand. But neither of them was under any illusion, and neither cared to affect

that peculiar form of self-forgiveness which finds good reasons always for doing what is always pleasant. Orsino, indeed, never pressed his services, and was careful not to be seen too often in public with Maria Consuelo by the few acquaintances who were in town. Nor did Madame d'Aranjuez actually ask his help at every turn, any more than she made any difficulty about accepting it. There was a tacit understanding between them which did away with all necessity for inventing excuses on the one hand, or for the affectation of fearing to inconvenience Orsino on the other. For some time, however, the subjects which both knew to be dangerous were avoided, with an unspoken mutual consent for which Maria Consuelo was more grateful than for all the trouble Orsino was giving himself on her account. She fancied, perhaps, that he had at last accepted the situation, and his society gave her too much happiness to allow of her asking whether his discretion would or could last long.

It was an anomalous relation which bound them together, as is often the case at some period during the development of a passion, and most often when the absence of obstacles makes the growth of affection slow and regular. It was a period during which a new kind of intimacy began to exist, as far removed from the half-serious, half-jesting intercourse of earlier days as it was from the ultimate happiness to which all those who love look forward with equal trust, although few ever come near it, and fewer still can ever entirely reach it. It was outwardly a sort of frank comradeship, which took a vast deal for granted on both sides for the mere sake of escaping analysis; a condition in which each understood all that the other said, while neither quite knew what was in the other's heart; a state in which both were pleased to dwell for a time, as though preferring to prolong a sure if imperfect happiness rather than risk one

moment of it for the hope of winning a lifelong joy. It was a time during which mere friendship reached an artificially perfect beauty, like a summer fruit grown under glass in winter, which, in thoroughly unnatural conditions, attains a development almost impossible even where unhelped nature is most kind. Both knew, perhaps, that it could not last, but neither wished it checked, and neither liked to think of the moment when it must either begin to wither by degrees, or be suddenly absorbed into a greater and more dangerous growth.

At that time they were able to talk fluently upon the nature of the human heart and the durability of great affections. They propounded the problems of the world and discussed them between the selection of a carpet and the purchase of a table. They were ready at any moment to turn from the deepest conversation to the consideration of the merest detail, conscious that they could instantly take up the thread of their talk. They could separate the major proposition from the minor, and the deduction from both, by a lively argument concerning the durability of a stuff or the fitness of a piece of furniture, and they came back each time with renewed and refreshed interest to the consideration of matters little less grave than the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. That their conclusions were not always logical, nor even very sensible, has little to do with the matter. On the contrary, the discovery of a flaw in their own reasoning was itself a reason for opening the question again at their next meeting.

At first their conversation was of general things, including the desirability of glory for its own sake, the immortality of the soul, and the principles of architecture. Orsino was often amazed to find himself talking, and, as he fancied, talking well, upon subjects of which he had hitherto supposed, with some justice, that he knew nothing. By and by they

fell upon literature, and dissected the modern novel with the keen zest of young people who seek to learn the future secrets of their own lives from vivid descriptions of the lives of others. Their knowledge of the modern novel was not so limited as their acquaintance with many other things less amusing, if more profitable, and they worked the vein with lively energy and mutual satisfaction. Then, as always, came the important move. They began to talk of love. The interest ceased to be objective or in any way vicarious, and was transferred directly to themselves.

These steps are not, I think, ever to be thought of as stages in the development of character in man or woman. They are phases in the intercourse of man and woman. Clever people know them well, and know how to produce them at will. The end may or may not be love, but an end of some sort is inevitable. According to the persons concerned, according to circumstances, according to the amount of available time, the progression from general subjects to the discussion of love, with self-application of the conclusions, more or less sincere, may occupy an hour, a month, or a year. Love is the one subject which ultimately attracts those not too old to talk about it, and those who consider that they have reached such an age are few.

In the case of Orsino and Maria Consuelo, neither of the two was making any effort to lead up to a certain definite result, for both felt a real dread of reaching that point which is ever afterwards remembered as the last moment of hardly sustained friendship, and the first of something stronger and too often less happy. Orsino was inexperienced, but Maria Consuelo was quite conscious of the tendency in a fixed direction. Whether she had made up her mind or not, she tried as skillfully as she could to retard the movement; for she was very happy in the present, and probably

feared the first stirring of her own ardently passionate nature.

As for Orsino, indeed, his inexperience was relative. He was anxious to believe that he was only her friend, and pretended to his own conscience that he could not explain the frequency with which the words "I love you" presented themselves. The desire to speak them was neither a permanent impulse of which he was always conscious, nor a sudden strong emotion like a temptation, giving warning of itself by a few heart-beats before it reached its strength. The words came to his lips so naturally and unexpectedly that he often wondered how he saved himself from pronouncing them. It was impossible for him to foresee when they would crave utterance. At last he began to fancy that they rang in his mind without a reason, and without a wish on his part to speak them, as a perfectly indifferent tune will ring in the ear for days so that one cannot get rid of it.

Maria Consuelo had not intended to spend September and October altogether in Rome. She had supposed that it would be enough to choose her apartment and give orders to some person about the furnishing of it to her taste, and that after that she might go to the seaside until the heat should be over, coming up to the city from time to time as occasion required. But she seemed to have changed her mind; she did not even suggest the possibility of going away.

She generally saw Orsino in the afternoon. He found no difficulty in making time to see her, whenever he could be useful, but his own business naturally occupied all the earlier part of the day. As a rule, therefore, he called between half past four and five; and so soon as it was cool enough they went together to the Palazzo Barberini, to see what progress the upholsterers were making and to consider matters of taste. The great half-furnished rooms, with the big win-

dows overlooking the little garden before the palace, were pleasant to sit in and wander in during the hot September afternoons. The pair were not often quite alone, even for a quarter of an hour, the place being full of workmen, who came and went, passed and re-passed, as their occupations required, often asking for orders, and probably needing more supervision than Maria Consuelo bestowed upon them.

On a certain afternoon late in September the two were together in the large drawing-room. Maria Consuelo was tired and was leaning back in a deep seat, her hands folded upon her knee, watching Orsino as he slowly paced the carpet, crossing and recrossing in his short walk, his face constantly turned towards her. It was excessively hot. The air was sultry with thunder, and though it was past five o'clock the windows were still closely shut to keep out the heat. A clear, soft light filled the room, not reflected from a burning pavement, but from grass and plashing water.

They had been talking of a chimney-piece which Maria Consuelo wished to have placed in the hall. The style of what she wanted suggested the sixteenth century, Henry II. of France, Diana of Poitiers, and the durability of the affections. The transition from fireplaces to true love had been accomplished with comparative ease, the result of daily practice and experience. It is worth noting, for the benefit of the young, that furniture is an excellent subject for conversation, for that very reason; nothing being simpler than to go in three minutes from a table to an epoch, from an epoch to an historical person, and from that person to his or her love-story. A young man would do well to associate the life of some famous lover or celebrated and unhappy beauty with each style of woodwork and upholstery. It is always convenient. But if he has not the necessary preliminary knowledge, he may resort to a stratagem.

"What a comfortable chair!" says he, as he deposits his hat on the floor and sits down.

"Do you like comfortable chairs?"

"Of course. Fancy what life was in the days of stiff wooden seats, when you had to carry a cushion about with you! You know the sort of thing, — twelfth century, Francesca da Rimini, and all that."

"Poor Francesca!"

If she does not say "Poor Francesca!" as she probably will, you can say it yourself, very feelingly and in a different tone, after a short pause. The one kiss which cost two lives makes the story particularly useful. And then the ice is broken. If Paolo and Francesca had not been murdered, would they have loved each other forever? As nobody knows what they would have done, you can assert that they would have been faithful or not, according to your taste, humor, or personal intentions. Then you can talk about the husband, whose very hasty conduct contributed so materially to the shortness of the story. If you wish to be thought jealous, you say he was quite right; if you desire to seem generous, you say with equal conviction that he was quite wrong. And so forth. Get to generalities as soon as possible, in order to apply them to your own case.

Orsino and Maria Consuelo were the guileless victims of furniture, neither of them being acquainted with the method just set forth for the instruction of the innocent. They fell into their own trap, and wondered how they had got from mantelpieces to hearts in such an incredibly short time.

"It is quite possible to love twice," Orsino was saying.

"That depends upon what you mean by love," answered Maria Consuelo, watching him with half-closed eyes.

Orsino laughed.

"What I mean by love? I suppose I mean very much what other people mean by it, — or a little more," he added,

and the slight change in his voice pleased her.

"Do you think that any two understand the same thing when they speak of love?" she asked.

"We two might," he answered, resuming his indifferent tone. "After all, we have talked so much together during the last month that we ought to understand each other."

"Yes," said Maria Consuelo. "And I think we do," she added thoughtfully.

"Then why should we think differently about the same thing? But I am not going to try to define love. It is not easily defined, and I am not clever enough." He laughed again. "There are many illnesses which I cannot define, but I know that one may have them twice."

"There are others which one can have only once, — dangerous ones, too."

"I know it. But that has nothing to do with the argument."

"I think it has, if this is an argument at all."

"No. Love is not enough like an illness; it is quite the contrary. It is a recovery from an unnatural state, — that of not loving. One may fall into that state and recover from it more than once."

"What a sophism!"

"Why do you say that? Do you think that not to love is the normal condition of mankind?"

Maria Consuelo was silent, still watching him.

"You have nothing to say," Orsino continued, stopping and standing before her. "There is nothing to be said. A man or woman who does not love is in an abnormal state. When he or she falls in love, it is a recovery. One may recover so long as the heart has enough vitality. Admit it; for you must. It proves that any properly constituted person may love twice, at least."

"There is an idea of faithlessness in it, nevertheless," said Maria Consuelo

thoughtfully. "Or, if it is not faithless, it is fickle. It is not the same to one's self to love twice. One respects one's self less."

"I cannot believe that."

"We all ought to believe it. Take a case as an instance. A woman loves a man with all her heart, to the point of sacrificing very much for him. He loves her in the same way. In spite of the strongest opposition, they agree to be married. On the very day of the marriage he is taken from her, — forever, — loving her as he has always loved her, and as he would always have loved her had he lived. What would such a woman feel, if she found herself forgetting such a love as that, after two or three years, for another man? Do you think she would respect herself more or less? Do you think she would have the right to call herself a faithful woman?"

Orsino was silent for a moment, seeing that she meant herself by the example. She, indeed, had only told him that her husband had been killed, but Spicea had once said of her that she had been married to a man who had never been her husband.

"A memory is one thing; real life is quite another," said Orsino at last, resuming his walk.

"And to be faithful cannot possibly mean to be faithless," answered Maria Consuelo in a low voice.

She rose and went to one of the windows. She must have wished to hide her face, for the outer blinds and the glass casement were both shut, and she could see nothing but the green light that struck the painted wood. Orsino went to her side.

"Shall I open the window?" he asked in a constrained voice.

"No, not yet. I thought I could see out."

Still she stood where she was, her face almost touching the pane, one small white hand resting upon the glass, the fingers moving restlessly.

"You meant yourself, just now," said Orsino softly.

She neither spoke nor moved, but her face grew pale. Then he fancied that there was a hardly perceptible movement of her head, the merest shade of an inclination. He leaned a little towards her, resting against the marble sill of the window.

"And you meant something more" — he began to say. Then he stopped short.

His heart was beating hard and the hot blood throbbed in his temples, his lips closed tightly, and his breathing was audible.

Maria Consuelo turned her head, glanced at him quickly, and instantly looked back at the smooth glass before her and at the green light on the shutters without. He was scarcely conscious that she had moved. In love, as in a storm at sea, matters grow very grave in a few moments.

"You meant that you might still" — Again he stopped. The words would not come.

He fancied that she would not speak. She could not, any more than she could have left his side at that moment. The air was very sultry even in the cool, closed room. The green light on the shutters darkened suddenly. Then a far-distant peal of thunder rolled its echoes slowly over the city. Still neither moved from the window.

"If you could" — Orsino's voice was low and soft, but there was something strangely overwrought in the nervous quality of it. It was not hesitation any longer that made him stop.

"Could you love me?" he asked. He thought he spoke aloud. When he had spoken, he knew that he had whispered the words.

His face was colorless. He heard a short, sharp breath, drawn like a gasp. The small white hand fell from the window and gripped his own with sudden, violent strength. Neither spoke. An-

other peal of thunder, nearer and louder, shook the air. Then Orsino heard the quick-drawn breath again, and the white hand went nervously to the fastening of the window. Orsino opened the casement and thrust back the blinds. There was a vivid flash, more thunder, and a gust of stifling wind. Maria Consuelo leaned far out, looking up, and a few great drops of rain began to fall.

The storm burst, and the cold rain poured down furiously, wetting the two white faces at the window. Maria Consuelo drew back a little, and Orsino leaned against the open casement, watching her. It was as though the single pressure of their hands had crushed out the power of speech for a time.

For weeks they had talked daily together during many hours. They could not foresee that at the great moment there would be nothing left for them to say. The rain fell in torrents, and the gusty wind rose and buffeted the face of the great palace with roaring strength, to sink very suddenly, an instant later, in the steadily rushing noise of the water; springing up again without warning, rising and falling, falling and rising, like a great sobbing breath. The wind and the rain seemed to be speaking for the two who listened to them.

Orsino watched Maria Consuelo's face; not scrutinizing it, nor realizing very much whether it were beautiful or not, nor trying to read the thoughts that were half expressed in it,—not thinking at all, indeed, but only loving it wholly and in every part for the sake of the woman herself, as he had never dreamed of loving any one or anything.

At last Maria Consuelo turned very slowly and looked into his eyes. The passionate sadness faded out of the features, the faint color rose again, the full lips relaxed, the smile that came was full of a happiness that seemed almost divine.

"I cannot help it," she said.

"Can I?"

"Truly?"

Her hand was lying on the marble ledge. Orsino laid his own upon it, and both trembled a little. She understood more than any word could have told her.

"For how long?" she asked.

"For all our lives now, and for all our life hereafter."

He raised her hand to his lips, bending his head, and then he drew her from the window, and they walked slowly up and down the great room.

"It is very strange," she said presently, in a low voice.

"That I should love you?"

"Yes. Where were we an hour ago? What is become of that old time—that was an hour ago?"

"I have forgotten, dear; that was in the other life."

"The other life! Yes. How unhappy I was—there, by the window—a hundred years ago!"

She laughed softly, and Orsino smiled as he looked down at her.

"Are you happy now?"

"Do not ask me. How could I tell you?"

"Say it to yourself, love. I shall see it in your dear face."

"Am I not saying it?"

Then they were silent again, walking side by side, their arms locked and pressing each other.

It began to dawn upon Orsino that a great change had come into his life, and he thought of the consequences of what he was doing. He had not said that he was happy, but in the first moment he had felt it more than she. The future, however, would not be like the present, and could not be a perpetual continuation of it. Orsino was not at all of a romantic disposition, and the practical side of things was always sure to present itself to his mind very early in any affair. It was a part of his nature, and by no means hindered him from feeling

deeply and loving sincerely. But it shortened his moments of happiness.

"Do you know what this means to you and me?" he asked, after a time.

Maria Consuelo started very slightly, and looked up at him.

"Let us not think of to-morrow — to-morrow," she said. Her voice trembled a little.

"Is it so hard to think of?" asked Orsino, fearing lest he had displeased her.

"Very hard," she answered in a low voice.

"Not for me. Why should it be? If anything can make to-day more complete, it is to think that to-morrow will be more perfect, and the next day still more, and so on, each day better than the one before."

Maria Consuelo shook her head.

"Do not speak of it," she said.

"Will you not love me to-morrow?" Orsino asked. The light in his face told with how little earnestness he asked the question, but she turned upon him quickly.

"Do you doubt yourself, that you should doubt me?" There was a ring of terror in the words that startled him as he heard them.

"Beloved, no. How can you think I meant it?"

"Then do not say it." She shivered a little, and bent her head.

"No, I will not. But, dear, do you know where we are?"

"Where we are?" she repeated, not understanding.

"Yes, where we are. This was to have been your home this year."

"Was to have been?" A frightened look came into her face.

"It will not be, now. Your home is not in this house."

Again she shook her head, turning her face away.

"It must be," she said.

Orsino was surprised beyond expression by the answer.

"Either you do not know what you

are saying, or you do not mean it, dear," he said. "Or else you will not understand me."

"I understand you too well."

Orsino made her stop, and took both her hands, looking down into her eyes.

"You will marry me," he said.

"I cannot marry you," she answered.

Her face grew even paler than it had been when they had stood at the window, and so full of pain and sadness that it hurt Orsino to look at it. But the words she spoke, in her clear, distinct tones, struck him like a blow unawares. He knew that she loved him, for her love was in every look and every gesture, without attempt at concealment. He believed her to be a good woman. He was certain that her husband was dead. He could not understand, and he grew suddenly angry. An older man would have done worse, or a man less in earnest.

"You must have a reason to give me, and a good one," he said gravely.

"I have."

She turned slowly away and began to walk alone. He followed her.

"You must tell it," he said.

"Tell it? Yes, I will tell it to you. It is a solemn promise before God, given to a man who died in my arms, — to my husband. Would you have me break such a vow?"

"Yes." Orsino drew a long breath. The objection seemed insignificant enough, compared with the pain it had cost him before it had been explained. "Such promises are not binding," he continued, after a moment's pause. "Such a promise is made hastily, rashly, without a thought of the consequences. You have no right to keep it."

"No right? Orsino, what are you saying? Is not an oath an oath, however it is taken? Is not a vow made ten times more sacred when the one for whom it was taken is gone? Is there any difference between my promise and that made before the altar by a woman

who gives up the world? Should I be any better, if I broke mine, than the nun who broke hers?"

"You cannot be in earnest!" exclaimed Orsino.

Maria Consuelo did not answer. She went towards the window and looked at the splashing rain. Orsino stood where he was, watching her. Suddenly she came and stood before him.

"We must undo this," she said.

"What do you mean?" He understood well enough.

"You know. We must not love each other. We must undo to-day and forget it."

"If you can talk so lightly of forgetting, you have little to remember," answered Orsino, almost roughly.

"You have no right to say that."

"I have the right of a man who loves you."

"The right to be unjust?"

"I am not unjust." His tone softened again. "I know what it means, to say that I love you. It is my life, this love. I have known it a long time. It has been on my lips to say it for weeks, and, since it has been said, it cannot be unsaid. A moment ago you told me not to doubt you. I do not. And now you say that we must not love each other, — as though we had a choice to make, — and why? Because you once made a rash promise" —

"Hush!" interrupted Maria Consuelo.

"You must not" —

"I must and will. You made a promise, as though you had a right at such a moment to dispose of all your life, — I do not speak of mine, — as though you could know what the world held for you, and could renounce it all beforehand. I tell you, you had no right to make such an oath, and a vow taken without the right to take it is no vow at all."

"It is, — it is! I cannot break it!"

"If you love me, you will. But you say we are to forget. Forget! It is so easy to say. How shall we do it?"

"I will go away" —

"If you have the heart to go away, then go. But I will follow you. The world is very small, they say; it will not be hard for me to find you, wherever you are."

"If I beg you, — if I ask it as the only kindness, the only act of friendship, the only proof of your love, — you will not come, you will not do that" —

"I will, if it costs your soul and mine."

"Orsino! You do not mean it! You see how unhappy I am, how I am trying to do right, how hard it is!"

"I see that you are trying to ruin both our lives. I will not let you. Besides, you do not mean it."

Maria Consuelo looked into his eyes, and her own grew deep and dark. Then, as though she felt herself yielding, she turned away, and sat down in a chair that stood apart from the rest. Orsino followed her, and tried to take her hand, bending to meet her downcast glance.

"You do not mean it, Consuelo," he said earnestly. "You do not mean one hundredth part of what you say."

She drew her fingers from his, and turned her head sideways against the back of the chair so that she could not see him. He still bent over her, whispering into her ear.

"You cannot go," he said. "You will not try to forget, for neither you nor I can — nor ought, cost what it might. You will not destroy what is so much to us; you would not, if you could. Look at me, love; do not turn away. Let me see it all in your eyes, — all the truth of it and of every word I say."

Still she turned her face from him. But she breathed quickly, with parted lips, and the color rose slowly in her pale cheeks.

"It must be sweet to be loved as I love you, dear," he said, bending still lower and closer to her. "It must be some happiness to know that you are so

loved. Is there so much joy in your life that you can despise this? There is none in mine without you, nor ever can be unless we are always together, — always, dear, always, always.”

She moved a little, and the drooping lids lifted almost imperceptibly.

“Do not tempt me, dear one,” she said in a faint voice. “Let me go, — let me go.”

Orsino’s dark face was close to hers now, and she could see his bright eyes. Once she tried to look away, and could not. Again she tried, lifting her head from the cushioned chair. But his arm went round her neck and her cheek rested upon his shoulder.

“Go, love,” he said softly, pressing her more closely. “Go, — let us not love each other. It is so easy not to love.”

She looked up into his eyes again with a sudden shiver, and they both grew very pale. For ten seconds neither spoke nor moved. Then their lips met.

XXI.

When Orsino was alone, that night, he asked himself more than one question which he did not find it easy to answer. He could define, indeed, the relation in which he now stood to Maria Consuelo; for though she had ultimately refused to speak the words of a promise, he no longer doubted that she meant to be his wife, and that her scruples were overcome forever. This was, undeniably, the most important point in the whole affair, so far as his own satisfaction was concerned; but there were others of the gravest import to be considered and elucidated before he even could weigh the probabilities of future happiness.

He had not lost his head on the present occasion, as he had formerly done when his passion had been anything but sincere. He was perfectly conscious that Maria Consuelo was now the prin-

cipal person concerned in his life, and that the moment would inevitably have come, sooner or later, in which he must have told her so, as he had done on this day. He had not yielded to a sudden impulse, but to a steady and growing pressure from which there had been no means of escape, and which he had not sought to elude. He was not in one of those moods of half-senseless, exuberant spirits, such as had come upon him more than once during the winter, after he had been an hour in her society, and had said or done something more than usually rash. On the contrary, he was inclined to look the whole situation soberly in the face, and to doubt whether the love which dominated him might not prove a source of unhappiness to Maria Consuelo as well as to himself. At the same time he knew that it would be useless to fight against that domination, for he knew that he was now absolutely sincere.

But the difficulties to be met and overcome were many and great. Orsino might have betrothed himself to almost any woman in society, widow or spinster, without anticipating one hundredth part of the opposition which he must now surely encounter. He was not even angry beforehand with the prejudice which would animate his father and mother, for he admitted that it was hardly a prejudice at all, and certainly not one peculiar to them or to their class. It would be hard to find a family anywhere, of any respectability, no matter how modest, that would accept without question such a choice as he had made. Maria Consuelo was one of those persons about whom the world is ready to speak in disparagement, knowing that it will not be easy to find defenders for them. The world, indeed, loves its own, and treats them with consideration, especially in the matter of passing follies; and, after it had been plain to society that Orsino had fallen under Maria Consuelo’s charm, he had

heard no more disagreeable remarks about her origin or the circumstances of her widowhood. But he remembered what had been said before that, when he himself had listened indifferently enough, and he guessed that ill-natured people called her an adventuress, or little better. If anything could have increased the suffering which this intuitive knowledge caused him, it was the fact that he possessed no proof of her right to rank with the best, except his own implicit faith in her and the few words Spicca had chosen to let fall. Spicca was still thought so dangerous that people hesitated to contradict him openly, but his mere assertion, Orsino thought, though it might be accepted in appearance, was not of enough weight to carry inward conviction with it in the minds of people who had no interest in being convinced. It was only too plain that, unless Maria Consuelo or Spicca, or both, were willing to tell the strange story in its integrity, there was not proof enough to convince the most willing person of her right to the social position she occupied, after that had once been called into question. To Orsino's mind, the very fact that it had been questioned at all demonstrated sufficiently a carelessness on her own part which could proceed only from the certainty of possessing that right beyond dispute. It would doubtless have been possible for her to provide herself from the first with something in the nature of a guarantee for her identity. She could surely have had the means, through some friend of her own elsewhere, of making the acquaintance of some one in society who would have vouched for her, and silenced the carelessly spiteful talk concerning her which had gone the rounds when she first appeared. But she had seemed to be quite indifferent. She had refused Orsino's pressing offer to bring her into relations with his mother, whose influence would have been enough to straighten a reputation far more doubtful than Maria

Consuelo's, and she had almost willfully thrown herself into a sort of intimacy with the Countess Del Ferice.

But Orsino, as he thought of these matters, saw how futile such arguments must seem to his own people, and how absurdly inadequate they were to better his own state of mind, since he needed no conviction himself, but sought the means of convincing others. One point alone gave him some hope. Under the existing laws, the inevitable legal marriage would require the production of documents which would clear the whole story at once. On the other hand, that fact could make Orsino's position no better with his father and mother until the papers were actually produced. People cannot easily be married secretly in Rome, where the law requires the publication of banns by posting them upon the doors of the Capitol, and the name of Orsino Saracinesca would not be overlooked. Orsino was aware, of course, that he was not in need of his parents' consent for his marriage, but he had not been brought up in a way to look upon their acquiescence as unnecessary. He was deeply attached to them both, but especially to his mother, who had been his stanch friend in his efforts to do something for himself, and to whom he naturally looked for sympathy, if not for actual help. However certain he might be of the ultimate result of his marriage, the idea of being married in direct opposition to her wishes was so repugnant to him as to be almost an insurmountable barrier. He might, indeed, and probably would, conceal his engagement for some time, but solely with the intention of so preparing the evidence in favor of it as to make it immediately acceptable to his father and mother when announced.

It seemed possible that, if he could bring Maria Consuelo to see the matter as he saw it, she might at once throw aside her reticence and furnish him with the information he so greatly needed.

But it would be a delicate matter to bring her to that point of view, unconscious as she must be of her equivocal position. He could not go to her and tell her that, in order to announce their engagement, he must be able to tell the world who and what she really was. The most he could do would be to tell her exactly what papers were necessary for her marriage, and to prevail upon her to procure them as soon as possible, or to hand them to him at once if they were already in her possession. But, in order to require even this much of her, it was necessary to push matters farther than they had yet gone. He had certainly pledged himself to her, and he firmly believed that she considered herself bound to him, but beyond that nothing definite had passed.

They had been interrupted by the entrance of workmen asking for orders, and he had thought that Maria Consuelo had seemed anxious to detain the men as long as possible. That such a scene could not be immediately renewed where it had been broken off was clear enough, but Orsino fancied that she had not wished even to attempt a renewal of it. He had taken her home in the dusk, and she had refused to let him enter the hotel with her. She said that she wished to be alone, and he had been fain to be satisfied with the pressure of her hand and the look in her eyes, which both said much while not saying half of what he longed to hear and know.

He would see her, of course, at the usual hour on the following day, and he determined to speak plainly and strongly. She could not ask him to prolong such a state of uncertainty. Considering how gradual the steps had been which had led up to what had taken place on that rainy afternoon, it was not conceivable, he thought, that she would still ask for time to make up her mind. She would at least consent to some preliminary agreement upon a line of conduct for both to follow.

But, impossible as the other case seemed, Orsino did not neglect it. His mind was developing with his character, and was acquiring the habit of foreseeing difficulties in order to forestall them. If Maria Consuelo returned suddenly to her original point of view, maintaining that the promise given to her dying husband was still binding, Orsino determined that he would go to Spicca in a last resort. Whatever the bond which united them, it was clear that Spicca possessed some kind of power over Maria Consuelo, and that he was so far acquainted with all the circumstances of her previous life as to be eminently capable of giving Orsino advice for the future.

He went to his office on the following morning with little inclination for work. It would be more just, perhaps, to say that he felt the desire to pursue his usual occupation, while conscious that his mind was too much disturbed by the events of the previous afternoon to concentrate itself upon the details of accounts and plans. He found himself committing all sorts of errors of oversight quite unusual with him. Figures seemed to have lost their value and plans their meaning. With the utmost determination he held himself to his task, not willing to believe that his judgment and nerve could be so disturbed as to render him unfit for any serious business. But the result was contemptible as compared with the effort.

Andrea Contini, too, was inclined to take a gloomy view of things, contrary to his usual habit. A report was spreading to the effect that a certain big contractor was on the verge of bankruptcy, a man who had hitherto been considered beyond the danger of heavy loss. There had been more than one small failure of late, but no one had paid much attention to such accidents, which were generally attributed to personal causes rather than to an approaching turn in the tide of speculation. But Contini chose to

believe that a crisis was not far off. He possessed in a high degree that sort of caution which is valuable rather in an assistant than in a chief. Orsino was little inclined to share his architect's despondency for the present.

"You need a change of air," he said, pushing a heap of papers away from him and lighting a cigarette. "You ought to go down to Porto d'Anzio for a few days. You have been too long in the heat."

"No longer than you, Don Orsino," answered Contini, from his own table.

"You are depressed and gloomy. You have worked harder than I. You should really go out of town for a day or two."

"I do not feel the need of it."

Contini bent over his table again, and a short silence followed. Orsino's mind instantly reverted to Maria Consuelo. He felt a violent desire to leave the office and go to her at once. There was no reason why he should not visit her in the morning, if he pleased. At the worst she might refuse to receive him. He was thinking how she would look, and wondering whether she would smile, or meet him with earnest, half-regretful eyes, when Contini's voice broke into his meditations again.

"You think I am despondent because I have been working too long in the heat," said the young man, rising and beginning to pace the floor before Orsino. "No, I am not that kind of man. I am never tired. I can go on forever. But affairs in Rome will not go on forever. I tell you that, Don Orsino. There is trouble in the air. I wish we had sold everything and could wait. It would be much better."

"All this is very vague, Contini."

"It is very clear to me. Matters are going from bad to worse. There is no doubt that Ronco has failed."

"Well, and if he has? We are not Ronco. He was involved in all sorts of other speculations. If he had stuck to land and building, he would be as sound as ever."

"For another month, perhaps. Do you know why he is ruined?"

"By his own fault, as people always are. He was rash."

"No rasher than we are. I believe that the game is played out. Ronco is bankrupt because the bank with which he deals cannot discount any more bills this week."

"And why not?"

"Because the foreign banks will not take any more of all this paper that is flying about. Those small failures in the summer have produced their effect. Some of the paper was in Paris and some in Vienna. It turned out worthless, and the foreigners have taken fright. It is all a fraud, at best, or something very like it."

"What do you mean?"

"Tell me the truth, Don Orsino. Have you seen a centime of all these millions which every one is dealing with? Do you believe they really exist? No. It is all paper, paper, and more paper. There is no cash in the business."

"But there is land and there are houses which represent the millions substantially."

"Substantially! Yes, as long as the inflation lasts. After that they will represent nothing."

"You are talking nonsense, Contini. Prices may fall, and some people will lose, but you cannot destroy real estate permanently."

"Its value may be destroyed for ten or twenty years, which is practically the same thing when people have no other property. Take this block we are building. It represents a large sum. Say that in the next six months there are half a dozen failures like Ronco's, and that a panic sets in. We could then neither sell the houses nor let them. What would they represent to us? Nothing, — failure, like the failure of everybody else. Do you know where the millions really are? You ought to know better

than most people. They are in Casa Saracinesca, and in a few other great houses which have not dabbled in all this business, and perhaps they are in the pockets of a few clever men who have got out of it all in time. They are certainly not in the firm of Andrea Contini and Company, which will assuredly be bankrupt before the winter is out."

Contini bit his cigar savagely, thrust his hands into his pockets, and looked out of the window, turning his back on Orsino. The latter watched his companion in surprise, not understanding why his dismal forebodings should find such sudden and strong expression.

"I think you exaggerate very much," said Orsino. "There is always risk in such business as this. But it strikes me that the risk was greater when we had less capital."

"Capital!" exclaimed the architect contemptuously, and without turning round. "Can we draw a check—a plain unadorned check, and not a draft—for a hundred thousand francs to-day? Or shall we be able to draw it to-morrow? Capital! We have a lot of brick and mortar in our possession, put together more or less symmetrically according to our taste, and practically unpaid for. If we manage to sell it in time, we shall get the difference between what is paid us and what we owe. That is our capital. It is problematical, to say the least of it. If we realize less than we owe, we are bankrupt."

He came back suddenly to Orsino's table as he ceased speaking, and his face showed that he was really disturbed. Orsino looked at him steadily for a few seconds.

"It is not only Ronco's failure that frightens you, Contini. There must be something else."

"More of the same kind. There is enough to frighten any one."

"No, there is something else. You have been talking with somebody."

"With Del Ferice's confidential clerk. Yes, it is quite true. I was with him last night."

"And what did he say? What you have been telling me, I suppose?"

"Something much more disagreeable,—something you would rather not hear."

"I wish to hear it."

"You should, as a matter of fact."

"Go on."

"We are completely in Del Ferice's hands."

"We are in the hands of his bank."

"What is the difference? To all intents and purposes he is our bank. The proof is that but for him we should have failed already."

Orsino looked up sharply.

"Be clear, Contini. Tell me what you mean."

"I mean this. For a month past the bank could not have discounted a hundred francs' worth of our paper. Del Ferice has taken it all and advanced the money out of his private account."

"Are you sure of what you are telling me?" Orsino asked the question in a low voice, and his brow contracted.

"One can hardly have better authority than the clerk's own statement."

"And he distinctly told you this, did he?"

"Most distinctly."

"He must have had an object in betraying such a confidence," said Orsino. "It is not likely that such a man would carelessly tell you or me a secret which is evidently meant to be kept."

He spoke quietly enough, but the tone of his voice was changed, and betrayed how greatly he was moved by the news. Contini began to walk up and down again, but did not make any answer to the remark.

"How much do we owe the bank?" Orsino asked suddenly.

"Roughly, about six hundred thousand."

"How much of that paper do you

think Del Ferice has taken up himself?"

"About a quarter, I fancy, from what the clerk told me."

A long silence followed, during which Orsino tried to review the situation in all its various aspects. It was clear that Del Ferice did not wish Andrea Contini and Company to fail, and was putting himself to serious inconvenience in order to avert the catastrophe. Whether he wished, in so doing, to keep Orsino in his power, or whether he merely desired to escape the charge of having ruined his old enemy's son out of spite, it was hard to decide. Orsino passed over that question quickly enough. So far as any sense of humiliation was concerned, he knew very well that his mother would be ready and able to pay off all his liabilities at the shortest notice. What Orsino felt most deeply was profound disappointment and utter disgust at his own folly. It seemed to him that he had been played with and flattered into the belief that he was a serious man of business, while all along he had been pushed and helped by unseen hands. There was nothing to prove that Del Ferice had not thus deceived him from the first; and indeed, when he thought of his small beginnings early in the year, and realized the dimensions which the business had now assumed, he could not help believing that Del Ferice had been at the bottom of all his apparent success, and that his own earnest and ceaseless efforts had really had but little to do with the development of his affairs. His vanity suffered terribly under the first shock.

He was bitterly disappointed. During the preceding months he had begun to feel himself independent and able to stand alone, and he had looked forward to telling his father in the near future that he had made a fortune for himself without any man's help. He had remembered every word of cold discouragement to which he had been forced

to listen at the very beginning, and he had felt sure of having a success to set against each one of those words. He knew that he had not been idle, and he had fancied that every hour of work had produced its permanent result, and left him with something more to show. He had seen his mother's pride in him growing day by day with his apparent success, and he had been confident of proving to her that she was not half proud enough. All that was gone in a moment. He saw, or fancied that he saw, nothing but a series of failures which had been bolstered up and inflated into seeming triumphs by a man whom his father despised and hated, and whom, as a man, he himself did not respect. The disillusionment was complete.

At first it seemed to him that there was nothing to be done but to go directly to Saracinesca and tell the truth to his father and mother. Financially, when the wealth of the family was taken into consideration, there was nothing very alarming in the situation. He would borrow of his father enough to clear him with Del Ferice, and would sell the unfinished buildings for what they would bring. He might even induce his father to help him in finishing the work. There would be no trouble about the business question. As for Contini, he should not lose by the transaction, and permanent occupation could doubtless be found for him on one of the estates, if he chose to accept it.

He thought of the interview, and his vanity dreaded it. Another plan suggested itself to him. On the whole, it seemed easier to bear his dependence on Del Ferice than to confess himself beaten. There was nothing dishonorable — nothing which could be called so, at least — in accepting financial accommodation from a man whose business it was to lend money on security. If Del Ferice chose to advance sums which his bank would not advance, he did it for good reasons of his own, and certainly

not with the intention of losing by it in the end. In the event of failure Del Ferice would take the buildings for the debt, and would certainly, in that case, get them for much less than they were worth. Orsino would be no worse off than when he had begun; he would frankly confess that, though he had lost nothing, he had not made a fortune, and the matter would be at an end. That would be very much easier to bear than the humiliation of confessing at the present moment that he was in Del Ferice's power, and would be bankrupt but for Del Ferice's personal help. And again he repeated to himself that Del Ferice was not a man to throw money away without hope of recovery with interest. It was inconceivable, too, that Ugo should have pushed him so far merely to flatter a young man's vanity. He meant to make use of him, or to make money out of his failure. In either case Orsino would be his dupe, and would not be under any obligation to him. Compared with the necessity of acknowledging the present state of his affairs to his father, the prospect of being made a tool of by Del Ferice was bearable, not to say attractive.

"What had we better do, Contini?" he asked at last.

"There is nothing to be done but to go on, I suppose, until we are ruined. Even if we had the money, we should gain nothing by taking off all our bills as they fall due, instead of renewing them."

"But if the bank will not discount any more" —

"Del Ferice will, in the bank's name. When he is ready for the failure, we shall fail, and he will profit by our loss."

"Do you think that is what he means to do?"

Contini looked at Orsino in surprise.

"Of course. What did you expect? You do not suppose that he means to make us a present of that paper, or to hold it indefinitely until we can make a good sale?"

"And he will ultimately get possession of all the paper himself."

"Naturally. As the old bills fall due we shall renew them with him, practically, and not with the bank. He knows what he is about. He probably has some scheme for selling the whole block to the government or to some institution, and is sure of his profit beforehand. Our failure will give him a profit of twenty-five or thirty per cent."

Orsino was strangely reassured by his partner's gloomy view. To him every word proved that he was free from any personal obligation to Del Ferice, and might accept the latter's assistance without the least compunction. He did not like to remember that a man of Ugo's subtle intelligence might have something more important in view than a profit of a few hundred thousand francs, if indeed the sum should amount to that. Orsino's brow cleared and his expression changed.

"You seem to like the idea," observed Contini, rather irritably.

"I should rather be ruined by Del Ferice than helped by him."

"Ruin means so little to you, Don Orsino. It means the inheritance of an enormous fortune, a princess for a wife, and the choice of two or three palaces to live in."

"That is one way of putting it," answered Orsino, almost laughing. "As for yourself, my friend, I do not see that your prospects are so very bad. Do you suppose that I shall abandon you, after having led you into this scrape, and after having learned to like you and understand your talent? You are very much mistaken. We have tried this together and failed, but, as you rightly say, I shall not be ruined in the least by the failure. Do you know what will happen? My father will tell me that, since I have gained some experience, I should go and manage one of the estates and improve the buildings. Then you and I will go together."

Contini smiled suddenly, and his bright

eyes sparkled. He was profoundly attached to Orsino, and thought perhaps as much of the loss of his companionship as of the destruction of his material hopes in the event of a liquidation.

"If that could be, I should not care what became of the business," he said simply.

"How long do you think we shall last?" asked Orsino, after a short pause.

"If business grows worse, as I think it will, we shall last until the first bill that falls due after the doors and windows are put in."

"That is precise, at least."

"It will probably take us into January, or perhaps February."

"But suppose that Del Ferice himself gets into trouble between now and then? If he cannot discount any more, what will happen?"

"We shall fail a little sooner. But you need not be afraid of that. Del Ferice knows what he is about better than we do, better than his confidential clerk, much better than most men of business in Rome. If he fails, he will fail intentionally and at the right moment."

"And do you not think that there is even a remote possibility of an improvement in business, so that nobody will fail at all?"

"No," answered Contini thoughtfully, "I do not think so. It is a paper system, and it will go to pieces."

"Why have you not said the same thing before? You must have had this opinion a long time."

"I did not believe that Ronco could fail. An accident opens the eyes."

Orsino had almost decided to let matters go on, but he found some difficulty

in actually making up his mind. In spite of Contini's assurances, he could not get rid of the idea that he was under an obligation to Del Ferice. Once, at least, he thought of going directly to Ugo and asking for a clear explanation of the whole affair. But Ugo was not in town, as he knew, and the impossibility of going at once made it improbable that Orsino would go at all. It would not have been a very wise move, for Del Ferice could easily deny the story, seeing that the paper was all in the bank's name, and he would probably visit the indiscretion upon the unfortunate clerk.

In the long silence which followed, Orsino relapsed into his former despondency. After all, whether he confessed his failure or not, he had undeniably failed and been played upon from the first, and he admitted it to himself without attempting to spare his vanity, and his self-contempt was great and painful. The fact that he had grown from a boy to a man during his experience did not make it easier to bear such wounds, which are felt more keenly by the strong than by the weak, when they are real.

As the day wore on, the longing to see Maria Consuelo grew upon him, until he felt that he had never before wished to be with her as he wished it now. He had no intention of telling her his trouble, but he needed the assurance of an ever ready sympathy which he so often saw in her eyes, and which was always there for him when he asked it. Where there is love there is reliance, whether expressed or not; and where there is reliance, be it ever so slender, there is comfort for many ills of body, mind, and soul.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE PRIMER AND LITERATURE.

IN the *Gradus ad Parnassum* it is the first step that costs. There is a fair agreement amongst teachers that classic literature may be substituted for the reading-books heretofore in use in the upper grades of our public schools; there is a growing belief in the possibility of discarding these readers in the middle grades; a few boldly take the position that what is known in school-book parlance as the third reader may be supplemented by the use at the same time of simple, direct forms of literature, such as the fable and the folk story. The time has come when the more radical statement may be made that there should be no break in the continuity of literature in the schools; that from the day when the child begins to hold a book in his hand until the day when he leaves the public school he shall steadily, uninterruptedly, be presented with genuine literature; that the primer itself shall serve as an introduction to literature.

The whole system of graded reading-books which has dominated our schools the past two generations rests upon the assumption that reading is one of the mechanic arts, and that the process of acquiring this art is from the easy to the more difficult. Thus, in the old-fashioned spelling-book words were arranged in columns, which marched first one syllable deep, then two syllables, then three, until the hero who confronted them was called upon to meet, single-handed, such monsters as "ratiocination," when, if victorious, he was regarded as master of words. In the readers the same principle of grading has been maintained as the fundamental principle, and the child is led along step by step in his apprehension of words and sentences. The device of repetition, by which the words introduced are rearranged in new combinations, until skill has exhausted itself,

is supposed to fix the images of these words indelibly in the child's brain. The assumption is that words are blocks out of which the forms of language are constructed; that sentences are frames of words deftly fitted together. The greatest care has been taken to make the increasing difficulty imperceptible at any one stage of progress. To accomplish this, reading exercises have been manufactured whose sole excuse for being lies in the skill with which they provide an easy grade. From the simpler to the more complex forms of sentences this grading proceeds, and it is difficult to see how the process can be carried further than it has been carried in the latest, most nicely studied series of readers.

The principle of grading cannot be disregarded, but its tendency toward a mechanical exercise sets one to thinking if there be not another principle, more fundamental in nature, more comprehensive and more free, to which we may have recourse when we are teaching children to read; and our doubt is increased by a study of the contents of school readers. If, we may ask, this principle of gradation requires such an extraordinary amount of commonplace reading-matter and such mediocre literature, are we not sacrificing the end to the means, and thinking more of the machine we are constructing than of the work the machine is to accomplish? Moreover, does not the weariness which overtakes the child in his reading exercises suggest that his intellectual life has a more rapid growth than the material on which it is fed supposes, and that he exhausts this reading-book literature long before he is called on to abandon it?

There is another principle, well recognized in educational thought, which may prove more fundamental and offer a

better working scheme. It is found in the process of development from the known to the unknown, from the familiar to the less familiar, compelling at certain stages marked transitions. This principle at once reduces gradation to a method under its operation, and limits it in scope. Let us follow it in its practical application to the training of a child in the art of reading.

The child enters school with the endowment of speech. In his limited way, he can express himself in words which are symbols of objects, and words which are symbols of action and notions. He has learned to talk before he has learned to read. Under the more philosophical methods of our modern school, the first effort of the teacher is to cultivate the child's power of speech, and this effort properly continues throughout the entire course of a child's education. There is no period when a wise teacher relaxes this endeavor to make the pupil's power of expression keep pace with his intelligence. A book is not placed in the child's hand at once. Use is made of the blackboard, of pencil, paper, and slate. In other words, there is a transition to be made from talking to connecting the words used in talk with signs for those words, and in the first steps taken writing may be said to take precedence of reading. The picture of a familiar object is placed before the eye, and the name of the object is written in immediate association with it. The object and the word standing for it are made interchangeable. In the same way, a sentence or a word standing for action or notion is made interchangeable with the idea in the child's mind. All the while, by ringing the changes on these words and forcing them into new combinations, an analysis is going on by which sounds are resolved into characters, and characters are recombined to express new forms which still are familiar to the child. In this exercise, which extends over

many weeks, the pupil has been taking that which is known to him and associating it with what hitherto was unknown, namely, the symbol in writing. He has mastered the principle of the association of words with written forms. He has learned to write and to read writing.

In all this preliminary work the aim has been to make the child think intelligently and read intelligibly. One of the most common difficulties to be overcome by the teacher is that which arises from a parrot-like repetition by the child of what he has been told; and by far the most important result to be attained by him is the habit of thinking accurately and clearly, and then answering a question with precision, or reading a sentence with the clearness of tone and proper emphasis which spring from an intelligent apprehension of what the sentence means. This habit of thinking accurately and clearly is well cultivated by the methods which prevail in the preliminary work upon the blackboard and slate.

So far the oral and written exercise, in which the child has constantly taken an active part with his hands and his tongue. The next transition is from writing to print. Here the child takes an important step. A book is placed in his hands, — the primer, — and now he is to be taught to connect words with objects and ideas without using his hands, and even without using his tongue. His mind has used these instruments hitherto; he is to be shown how he is to use the eye alone.

In its first process, a well-considered primer will help the child to make the passage from the written to the printed form by the application of the same principle as before. It will at first give together the picture or the written word with the printed word; then, as the association becomes familiar, the picture and the written word will gradually be withdrawn, until the point is reached

where there is no picture and no writing, only the printed sentence. That has become among the known things of the child's possession.

Up to this point the child's notion of reading has been confined by his exercises to sentences which reproduce what is already familiar to his mind. He has acquired the art of deciphering print, but what he finds in that print is what he knows already; it is his talk and the talk of those about him set down in symbols. For what further purpose has he acquired this art of deciphering print? This is not yet his to know, but it is his teacher's, and the child's progress from this point onward will be determined largely by the grasp which his teacher has of this controlling principle, namely, that the end of learning to read is to read great books.

There follows, therefore, this final and immense transition, — the transition from colloquial to literary form. The vocabulary of a child as drawn from common vernacular use is very limited, though its extent is of course largely affected by the speech which he is wont to hear at home. Yet, even under the most favoring conditions, the form of language to which the child is most accustomed is colloquial, not literary. It is true, he may have had books read to him, and this is a very important part of a child's training; but for the most part, until he goes to school, these books are purposely couched in almost colloquial terms. Yet if the child is really to be educated, he is to pass over, in his reading, from a colloquial to a sustained literary form, and it is the business of the primer to aid him from the outset in making this transition.

The prime function of literature, at any stage in the development of man, is to stimulate his imagination and reasoning powers by presenting to him conceptions which lie beyond the immediate reach of his experience. The great consideration to be observed, therefore, in

putting literature before the child, is to present in succession forms which will appeal to his expanding powers, and in turn enlarge those powers for the apprehension of still larger, nobler forms. One is not to consider so much the gradation from easy to hard words, from simple to more complex sentences, as the application of the law of procedure from the known to the less known, from the familiar objects and notions to the same in unfamiliar relations.

Practically, the task is to find literature for the child, not to make it. The permanent in literature springs from the necessity of the writer to create, not from the attempt to fit the creation to the needs of the reader. A common illustration is found in Robinson Crusoe, which lives generation after generation with the young, though Defoe had no thought of that audience when he wrote the book; while every generation witnesses the death of books written after the pattern of Robinson Crusoe, for the benefit of the young. In like manner, the great bulk of literature prepared for the young is ephemeral, and has no place in the formal education of the schoolroom. That literature only is to be used there which is permanent, has stood already the test of time, or, if recent, has the unmistakable note of the permanent. Indeed, one of the greatest achievements of the teacher is to fix in the child's mind the distinction between the permanent and the impermanent. To this end every true device should be used, and chief among them I should place these three: —

First, given the piece of literature which is to confront the child, I would have every word, and, if necessary, every phrase in it, familiar to the child before he reads the piece, so that when he comes to read it all mechanical difficulties shall have been overcome: then his mind is free to receive the full impression of what he reads; then reading is a pleasure, not a task.

Second, the drill precedent to this enjoyment should be in exercises, not in literature. The words and phrases which are to occur in literature are beforehand to be combined and recombined in simple exercises of a colloquial nature. By this means, the child comes early to distinguish between reading-matter and literature. These passages of literature occurring at intervals in his book are so many illumined stages toward which he is traveling. I should like to see a primer in which the literature was printed in gold, and the intervening exercises in black.

Third, I would make it a cardinal principle with the teacher not to talk about literature, nor to pick it to pieces. The time for enjoyment through the immediate perception comes early; the time for enjoyment through analysis comes late. I would not even, in the early stages, attempt to connect the literature read with the writers who produced it. I would do nothing to distract the child's mind from pure enjoyment. The greatest help a teacher can render is to read the passage in hand simply and sympathetically, without comment, and above all without criticism. If she can sing it, so much the better.

It would seem superfluous to urge that literature should be held as the reason for learning to read, if this proposition were not practically denied in our ordinary methods of training; for there is a tacit assumption that literature is one of a number of studies reserved for the high school and academy or college; that the grammar school is busy about other matters, and that the primary school simply gets the child ready for the grammar school. Moreover, when one examines into the methods of study in the high school, he is very likely to find that the highest function of literature is overlooked, and that great art, great thoughts, are used chiefly as the means for extending one's knowledge of biography and history, or as offering

grammatical conundrums and problems in criticism. In fact, it is only by associating the notion of great literature with the very earliest stages of a child's training in reading that we can hope to effect a needed revolution in the ideas of a high-school student regarding literature.

A more specious objection to my proposition lies in the contention that very early in a child's study of reading he should turn his new art to account in acquiring knowledge in natural history, in geography, biography, and history. There are series of readers designed to serve this end, — historical readers, geographical readers, natural-history readers, — all patiently graded, and offered as substitutes for the current reading-books. I am not surprised that the demand for such books should have been made; they are in many instances clear improvements upon the fragmentary collections of prose and verse which do duty as readers. They emphasize the fact that there is a deplorable waste in our system which keeps children at work year after year reading books which only now and then quicken their powers; and if the choice lay only between these new-comers and the old stand-bys, I for one should welcome the substitution of honest fact for feeble imagination.

There can be no objection to this useful class of readers in their place, namely, as subsidiary to school work in the subjects to which they are devoted; but it is a mistake to suppose that they constitute an end in themselves. They are clearly means towards the information of the child's mind. Now, the great end of literature is not to inform, but to inspire; and unless literature, first, last, and always, is made to stand before the child, in his whole course of school training, a grievous wrong is committed, — nothing less than quenching the spirit. Not that fact has no power to kindle the spirit, but the spirit requires expansion under the illuminating power of

things of the spirit, in order that it may respond to the more hidden, obscurer light concealed within fact.

No, it will not do to reverse the true order. Let literature be kept in view as the great end of learning to read, and all subordinate uses of the art of reading will find their place. The greater includes the less. In education, as in religion, the principle holds good, Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you.

To return to our primer, which is to offer, after the child has learned to decipher print, beside exercises in reading, genuine bits of literature. If it be well planned, the exercises will diminish as the book proceeds; the literature will increase. Its volume, in the early passages of the child's mind, cannot be great; it broadens and deepens very perceptibly after the period of what is known as the fourth reader. But it should be remembered that the amount of literature required by the pupil before he reaches that period is relatively very small. Whilst he is slowly acquiring command of the art of reading he does not need much literature, and necessarily cons such as he does have somewhat laboriously. It is just as well that these simple productions should be read over and over again by him. They furnish his mind, and do not wear out by use. Narrow, too, in its springs as the stream of literature is for the child, and narrow as it remains for two or three years, it does not lose in fullness and sufficiency. Never is it necessary to have recourse to the literature which is forgotten when it has been read, and that is the fate of all thin literature. At present, the notion of reading for pleasure is dissociated in the child's mind from his school readers. Let this notion once become identified with the books given him to read in school, and not only is the idea of great literature formed in the mind, but school itself is raised to a higher plane.

Of the literary forms at the service of the teacher who wishes to lead the child by natural ways into the richest pasturage, verse must be given the precedence, in time at least. If for no other reason, the ease of reading it, its short lines, its completed phrases, the melody, the rhymes which help, — all these characteristics render it a fit aid to the child in passing into the apprehension of literature. But there are other, more radical reasons. The form of verse sets it apart from colloquialism, and this makes it more distinct to the child. It has the mark of literature; it is apart from ordinary use; it is a thing by itself. Beyond this, the higher spiritual thought has found expression in poetry to a degree of simplicity which makes it apprehensible both by children and by the mature. It offers, as the best literature always does, a common meeting-ground for all ages. In poetry the child finds his half-formed thoughts and imaginations fully expressed, and thus he is interpreted to himself. Once let genuine poetry possess a child, and the hardness of later life will not wholly efface its power; but let the cultivation of the love of poetry come late, and it comes hard.

After this encomium, it may seem to some a travesty of the subject to say that the first book of verse to put into the child's hand is *Mother Goose*; but one may say it, nevertheless, in all seriousness. We are undertaking to begin the child's training in literature when he is very young, very timid, incapable of long or high flights. If we put before him literature which bewilders him or presents great obstacles, we are driving, not leading him. In *Mother Goose* — meaning by this term nursery ditties in general, and ignoring the merely senseless jingle — we have a capital point of departure. To recall our favorite law, it helps the child to make a passage from the known to the unknown. The cat he knows, the boy he knows; but the cat in the well, little Johnny Green,

big Johnny Stout, the bell with its swinging, resounding note, — all these are in the region of the just not known; and when he reads, half sings the ditty, his mind has been given wings with which to soar a little way. Again, Mother Goose is cheerful, and the task of reading literature is lightened. Further, Mother Goose is full of human associations, and, entering literature by this passage, the child is treading in steps worn by generations of use. There is no waste. He is becoming familiar with the permanent in literature; he is not conning that which will be left behind with childhood. Rather, he is acquiring a currency which will, in later days, be drawn forth for use in the exchange when “we that are children have children.” Indeed, when one considers how, in our anxious, crowded American life, the home has delegated more and more its powers to the school, one may well fear that, unless Mother Goose be preserved for childhood in the schoolroom, that classic of infaney may be lost out of the life of great multitudes and die in the minds of the people.

After Mother Goose, no one book can be relied upon; but it would not be impossible to make an anthology from the great literature, small but precious, which should meet the needs of the child in the schoolroom. I would banish from his book all the trivial, prosaic, or supersentimental verses which are found in abundance in the primer, first and second readers. A child should never be taught to read these. If he picks them up in book or magazine at home, they will do him less harm; but they form no genuine part of his higher education, and a wrong is done him when they are set before him even as exercises in drill. Let poetry be presented to him always as something fine and uncommon; then the power of poetry will grow in his nature. Blake, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Stevenson, Whittier, Longfellow, — these have all something not

beyond the scope of the child that has had his introduction to poetry in reading Mother Goose; and solitary poems from other masters of English verse might be named.

In prose, the selection is at first more limited, because in literature prose presupposes an older audience. Yet the diligent gleaner need not be disheartened. He will find in proverbs and in pithy sayings much well-beaten gold. For more sustained forms the English Bible may be searched profitably. A very little practice in the more difficult words will make it possible, for example, for a child who has been reading a few weeks to read the parable of the Sower. In the early stages, moreover, there should be offered what may be called the protoplasm of literature. Any one who has sought the origins of much modern literature has found them in folk lore and legends, and the comparative study of this popular literature discloses the variation in form. So then there is no absolute form which must be preserved, but each poet, or dramatist, or story-teller may use his art for a new setting of the images and fancies. There remains a task, for those who know the worth of simple, transparent English, in the casting of these legends and bits of folk lore into form which shall be intelligible to the child reading, and not merely to the child hearing. The matter itself appeals to the first wondering expression of the child's mind; and if the form be the simplest, most unadorned presentation, that accords with the spirit of the original conception. In after years, when the reader comes upon the same invention elaborated and adorned, flowering out in poem or drama, the early possession has not dulled, but rather quickened his interest; for now it is not the novelty, but the rich use of what is familiar, that impresses his mind.

It is sometimes objected that school use hardens the heart against fine liter-

ature, but I suspect the charge will be found to rest upon the artificial employment of literature for less important ends than its highest. It must not be forgotten that the love of great literature is not a revelation vouchsafed to this or that favored one; our system of education, unhappily, proceeds largely upon this assumption. True it is that some minds are more finely attuned to its harmonies than others; but it also remains true that, given a natural, unaffected, orderly presentation from the period of earliest childhood up to the close of school life, the mind will be at ease in such company. The power to appreciate great literature is a power which can be trained, and the best training comes through the well-considered introduction to such literature by an appreciative, sympathetic teacher. Now and then a child is so endowed that a haphazard acquaintance will be the most joyous and the most fruitful; but all our studies in the growth of the mind go for nothing if they do not impress upon us the law of order as a supreme law.

In pleading for an unbroken, continuous presentation of great literature in

the common schools, I am asking only that the power which inheres in this literature, the power to delight, to inspire, to ennoble, should from the first be allowed full exercise in our ordinary life. The forces of worldliness press hard from every quarter. The child is exposed to them from the outset. Necessary is it that the guardian of childhood should from the very first reinforce his best life by marshaling in ever-increasing ranks these bright legions of heaven that wait upon man. The consummation of human aspiration is to be found in the arts, and of all the arts that which embodies speech is at once the finest and the most familiar, the most friendly. "Heaven," sang Wordsworth, "lies about us in our infancy;" and whatever response our philosophy may make to his poetic appeal for confidence in the foregleam of immortality as intimated in childish instincts, this we may heartily believe: that the opening soul of childhood should be incited by the purest, truest expression of human imagination, not closed by barring the entrance with the shell-heaps of mere linguistic phrases.

Horace E. Scudder.

AN AFTERNOON TEA.

AMY comes to me, one Sunday; proposing that we shall drink four o'clock tea with a venerable and high-born dame of her acquaintance, — no other than the old, old mother of Venice. "An altogether suitable and delightful person with whom to spend a Sunday hour," explains Amy; "and after the tea there will probably be Latin hymns and psalm-singing."

Thus it happens that, while countless children and cosmopolitan friends of Venice the daughter are preparing to grace the afternoon concert at the Lido,

my girl friend Amy and I, with Pietro, our gondolier, go sailing over the sea to Torcello.

Seven miles away by gondola lives the quiet mother, waiting, lonely and forgotten in a gentle old age. Waiting for what? Certainly not to be remembered; waiting perhaps for all old things to be made young. Now and then stray visitors cross the water to the grass-grown piazza: architects, who make careful studies of the bishop's throne in the cathedral, and the delicate carving of the altar-screens; art-historians, who

crowd their notebooks with details concerning the solemn mosaics and the sad Madonna; painters and poets, longing for more time and more gift of song; happy lovers, longing for nothing except to gather four-leaved clover in the sleepy meadow behind the bell-tower. But these guests come rarely, and for the most part the old, old mother waits alone.

Ancient chronicles tell of a people fleeing before the flames of Altinum, and seeking refuge in the shelter offered by this island of Torcello; how these people, out of joyful and grateful hearts, built a cathedral, now the oldest in Europe; built also a city, whose fair canals were lined with churches and convents and palaces. This city, through commerce and navigation and the number of its noble families, became rich and illustrious, lived its life, and died. For, owing to various changes in the condition of soil and water, the air grew fever-laden, and the city was gradually abandoned. Somewhat more than a thousand years after the flight to Torcello, a decree went forth from the republic declaring the island to be no longer habitable, and from the stones of its fallen palaces the foundations were laid for many a newer home in Venice.

Amy, who reads old chronicles, tells me this story, as our gondola drifts over the path in the sea; passing the sleeping Campo Santo, and Murano with its glass works; passing a fortification doubly protected by cannon and a shrine to the Virgin; passing a lonely island having naught upon it save a solitary campanile and a cypress-tree; passing meadow lands, crumbling walls, deserted buildings, and here and there under an arched bridge of stone.

"Molto, molto antico," repeats Pietro, in low-voiced musical utterance. It is the legend which time has written on wall and building and bridge; it is the refrain of the song which the birds are singing about us, — "Molto, molto antico."

Turning, the gondola enters a waterway which leads to the grass-grown piazza. On the shore, the bushes are covered with a glow of pomegranate blossoms. At one side, boats heaped high with freshly cut hay await the wind and tide of Monday morning. The largest of these boats is surmounted with a sail of orange hue.

Beyond the piazza, and under the shadow of the cathedral of those men of former days, are a few scattered houses, — the modest *palazzo pubblico*, the octagonal church of Santa Fosca, and the ruins of a *chiesetta* reported to have been prepared for the temporary reception of the blessed bones of St. Mark. A narrow lane runs under the stone shutters of the cathedral windows to the meadow behind the campanile.

Pietro has already brought our basket and gone back for a nap in his gondola.

"Is there no one to receive us?" I ask.

"Presently," replies Amy, as she cuts the cake, and arranges the lamp under the tea-kettle. "You must remember we have come to visit a very old person, and very old persons can never be hurried. I think I see a little handmaiden now, tripping down the lane."

The little handmaiden proves to be a dark-eyed child, smilingly willing to bring provisions of water and of cream in the gayly painted, curiously nosed, plumply capacious pitchers of the country.

A young man draws near, of chatty disposition and much courtesy of manner. Can he serve the ladies in any way? Do the ladies know that yonder little chapel once held the bones of St. Mark? Have the ladies visited the cathedral? Have the ladies ascended the campanile? Finally, will the ladies be graciously pleased to excuse him? "I go to ring the vesper bell," says the young man, politely retiring.

We move the afternoon tea party to the shade of a tall haycock, which affords

a view of the octagonal church of Santa Fosca.

The first member of the congregation to arrive is our own little handmaiden, a lace scarf thrown over her pretty head, a gay fan coquettishly held between the dark eyes and the sun. Two old women follow. A priest comes in sight, bearing under his arm a voluminous umbrella the color of nectarines. He deposits this at the feet of a stone Madonna, and disappears behind the crimson curtains of the doorway. In the shade of the haycock we sip our tea, and listen to the chanting voices of priest, old women, and child, to the Latin hymns and the psalm-singing. A boy joins us, after a time, — a friendly boy, with heavy hair and a tattered hat.

Are we Christians? Have we been baptized?

"Yes," we answer.

He also. Have we received the communion?

"Yes," we answer again.

He also.

Does he go to school? It is our turn to question now.

No, he has no time; he is obliged to earn his living. Where is our home? Do we have to cross much land and much water to reach the place? May he look at our watches? Would we like some bits of marble as souvenirs? What relation are we to each other? How old are we?

The priest comes out, tucks under his arm the nectarine-colored umbrella, touches his three-cornered hat in the direction of the haycock, and crosses the green inclosure to his house beyond. A moment later, we perceive through the open windows two persons running at full speed from room to room, up stairway and down stairway. A gray-haired woman is being pursued by the *padre*, fresh from his evening song. Doors are slammed, dishes dashed to the ground, and chairs and tables overthrown. The priest stops at the window, mops his

face, and resumes the attack. We hear the woman say: "And those foreign ladies out there! Dio del cielo! what will they" — But the dangers of the situation prevent the completion of the sentence.

"She is his aunt," remarks the friendly boy, who seems neither astonished nor alarmed.

"How long has the priest been here?"

"Eight years, — eight years too long."

The friendly boy taps his forehead significantly; in fact he adds, "A little mad."

Meanwhile, from a chaos of unintelligible words, we learn that this domestic trouble has been caused by some unseasonable delay in the preparation of dinner. The sounds and movements indicate that a crisis is approaching. Will the aunt's body be presently hurled upon us from an upper window? Are we perhaps to be detained indefinitely on Italian soil, as witnesses of a crime? Is this afternoon tea party to end in the formalities of a Venetian court-room?

There is a moment of ominous silence, broken by steps resounding on the stone floor, and the padre walks forth, his three-cornered hat still on his head, his nectarine-colored umbrella still under his arm. Do the ladies understand Italian? If they do, he wishes to inform them that it is man's duty to show his superiority; that woman must be kept under, that woman should never be allowed to rise.

Having thus expressed himself, the superior nephew starts off across the meadow. The aunt ventures cautiously out, — somewhat heated, but calm, considering the circumstances. "I am his housekeeper," she explains, looking not unkindly after the retreating figure. "I am the sister of his mother. It is of no use to make a fuss about what cannot be helped." A wise woman, truly, this aunt of the priest of Torcello.

Peace again. The black-eyed child, the friendly boy, the courteous young

man, the two old women, the excitable padre, and the patient sister of his mother have vanished as completely as if they had been called into existence only that they might assist, by gracious attendance combined with a religious ceremony and a realistic performance, in entertaining the afternoon guests. The cups and the spoons, the lamp and the tea-kettle, are replaced in the basket, under a covering of pomegranate blossoms; and now from the spot where rusty iron crosses stand among tall grasses and purple flowers, the tangled graveyard of Torcello, we climb the stairs of the bell-tower.

On the northeast is the horizon, on the northwest are the shadowy outlines of mountains; to the east the silvery grayness of the Adriatic, to the south the still waters of the lagoon, and still farther southward dim shapes of palaces and towers; for it is from the south that Venice the daughter looks homeward across the sea. Below are the canals

over which our gondola drifted a few hours ago; a little distance to the left is the town of Burano, famed for the making of laces, where young girls are wearying their beautiful eyes as they work the meshes of some bridal veil. At our feet lies the island of the lost city, in whose chief street "the mower's scythe swept this day at dawn, and the swaths of the soft grass are now sending up their scent to the night air."

Good-by, thou dear old mother of Venice! In spite of thy mad priest, thou hast given us to keep that which thou thyself art, a gentle memory.

We pass again the lonely island, with its solitary campanile and cypress-tree. The bright color fades from the evening sky, and the stars come out.

"The very same stars," says Amy reflectively, "that looked upon the burning of Altinum and the building of cathedral and city; for the stars must have been quite grown up when the mother of Venice was still a little girl."

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

THE PROMETHEUS UNBOUND OF SHELLEY.

III.

THE DRAMA AS A WORK OF ART.

It is a thankless task to "unweave a rainbow." The iridescent beauty of Shelley's poems stimulates the spirit of joy rather than that of analysis. The historic position and inner meaning of a poem may be made clearer by comment, but its charm as a work of art vanishes on close inspection, as the lights in a dewdrop die out under the microscope.

"He who bends to himself a joy
Shall the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise."

Thus, the few suggestions which we shall

make about the artistic value of the *Prometheus Unbound* will advance no claim to completeness; they will be meant to quicken receptivity rather than to guide analysis.

The quality of a poet's work is in large measure determined by his temperament. This, true of all poets, is especially true of Shelley, whose poetry is subtly pervaded by his personality. Now, the chief notes of Shelley's temperament are two, — an intense sensitiveness and a passion for change. Like Browning's St. John, the soul of Shelley

"Shudderingly, scarce a shred between,
Lies bare to the universal prick of light."

He describes his own dominant mood in the words of the Spirit of the Hour: —

It was, as it is still, the pain of bliss
To move, to breathe, to be.

This poignant sensitiveness leads him to a marvelous fineness of perception, but his passion for change determines the sphere within which his perception shall act. Keats is as responsive to subtle sense-impressions as Shelley; Wordsworth's eye and ear have a fairy fineness. But Wordsworth and Keats alike, in different ways, — Wordsworth from spiritual, Keats from æsthetic instinct, — reflect most readily moods of repose. They love to dwell on themes of peace, on an "Attic shape, fair attitude," on the calm of mountain or forest. Shelley's genius is of a different order. He is the poet of motion, of half-tints and passing moods. His glancing restlessness makes him the interpreter of all that is fugitive in nature and in the mind of man. He is possessed by the vision of that elusive loveliness which comes but in flashes, and vanishes, for most of us, almost before it is beheld.

Nowhere do we find so perfect an expression of Shelley's nature as in the *Prometheus Unbound*. The drama is to the heaven of his soul as

the Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below.

It has a dreamlike beauty, due largely to its delicate responsiveness to every fleeting shade of feeling and of thought. Every simile shows the nature to which the unseen is clearer than the seen. The wind shakes clinging music from the pine boughs, —

"Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of
ghosts," —

and spring comes "like the memory of a dream." Every epithet — the "unpastured sea," the "thunder-baffled wings" of the eagle, the "tempest-wrinkled deep" — darts swiftly to the heart of fact. Less sonorous than the solemn-freighted words of Milton, Shelley's descriptive phrases are lighter, keener, purer. Less charged with human pas-

sion than the full dramatic epithets of Shakespeare, they have a power to reveal which is all their own. The little lyrics interspersed through the poem are the most ethereal ever written, — brief swallow-flights of song that wing their way through the sky of the drama, vibrating with swift rhythmic motion. Such are the lovely little poems, "In the atmosphere we breathe," "On a poet's lips I slept," "The path by which these lovely twain." In glancing idealism, in mystic suggestion, these lyrics recall a genius strangely akin to that of Shelley, though seldom associated with it, — the genius of Emerson.

Every one agrees that the *Prometheus Unbound* contains much wonderful poetry; but far more can be said of it than this. The drama is no mere succession of exquisite details. It manifests nobly that "high architectonic power" which Matthew Arnold tells us must always accompany complete dramatic development. Even Shelley's lovers do not claim this quality for him as fully as they might. Ruskin calls the power the imagination associative. Call it what we will, it is the power that unites many imperfect parts into a perfect and organic whole. This, Arnold explains, is the faculty which presides at the evolution of a great tragedy, an Agamemnon or an Antigone. Comparatively simple in manifestation through the tragic drama of the Greeks, it finds full expression in the complex yet organic construction of the Shakespearean drama. In most of Shelley's poems, devoid as they are of dramatic elements, there is perhaps no place for such a power. His minor lyrics are but a single strain, though sometimes, as in the *Ode to the West Wind*, the varied development of the emotional theme through a noble sequence of stanzas gives to the poem an inward harmony which suggests high constructive instinct. The *Adonais*, again, is finely organized, though the articulation of parts is here somewhat artificial, owing to the close-

ness with which the poem follows classic models. But in Prometheus Unbound Shelley finally and completely vindicates his claim to the architectonic faculty. He has not the Shakespearean power of dramatic construction, involving the clash of character with event; neither has he precisely the instinct for philosophical unity shown in the noble development of thought-experience in Tennyson's In Memoriam. Shelley's power is more akin to that of the musician. From a single melodic theme he evolves a vast whole of ordered harmony. The Prometheus Unbound is like a symphony where the music, exquisite at every point, is modulated with wondrous beauty and subtlety into a grandly progressive whole. To translate the drama into terms of music is indeed a fascinating and feasible experiment. The unity of the poem, then, since akin to the unity of music, is primarily emotional; and surely no emotional theme was ever discovered wider in scope or fuller of varied imaginative suggestion than that of this drama of redemption.

Each act of the Prometheus centres in a distinct phase of the one theme. The first act, expressing the calm of proud endurance, is swayed towards the middle by an agony still passive, and at the end sinks into the peace of exhaustion. The second act is one of hope and promise. If the first centres in endurance, this centres in action. The spirit of life breathes through every line. Faint at first, as Asia waits in lovely passiveness, it gradually grows more eager, stronger, till it culminates in that marvelous lyric which brings us close to Goethe's *Werde-lust*, the creative rapture of the soul of the world. The third act is the calm of fulfillment, as the first was the calm of endurance. In the fourth act, the full pæan of triumph sweeps us along with tumultuous and unequaled harmony.

These moods — enduring expectation, life slowly quickened to full activity, ful-

fillment, and triumph — find expression not alone through the thought of the poem, but through its form. They interpenetrate its very structure, and mould every line of its verse. The treatment of nature, the use made of light and color, the melody, are all determined by them; and in studying the drama we must remember that each detail, however lovely in itself, gains inexpressibly from its relation to the whole.

It is in the treatment of nature that the distinctive powers of Shelley's poetry are most clearly seen. The Prometheus Unbound is in one sense a nature-drama. The Soul of Nature is herself one of the personages. We are transported from the wildest mountain scenery to the luxuriance of tropical valleys. Sky-cleaving peaks, glaciers, precipices, vast rivers, lakes, forests, meet us on every page. We have a sense that the drama is for the most part enacted on the heights, where the air is pure from earthly taint, and heaven and earth seem to blend. The sky scenery, above all, with its pomp and gloom of storm, its sunrise and sunset, its "flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather," is as great as can be found in English poetry; yet the bold outline work, the strong and broad treatment of the vaster aspects of nature, reveal the poet less than the rendering of delicate detail, of fleeting sights and sounds lost on a grosser perception.

Feel you no delight

From the past sweetness ?

Panthea. As the bare green hill
When some soft cloud vanishes into rain
Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny water
To the unpavilioned sky !

Winged clouds soar here and there
Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of.

And yet to me welcome is day and night,
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the
morn,
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-coloured east.

And like the vapours when the sun sinks down,
Gathering again in drops upon the pines

And tremulous as they, in the deep night
My being was condensed.

The light

Which fills this vapour, as the ærial hue
Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water,
Flows from thy mighty sister.

As mortals see

The floating bark of the light-laden moon
With that white star, its sightless pilot's crest,
Borne down the rapid sunset's ebbing sea.

The terrors of his eye illumined heaven
With sanguine light, through the thick ragged
skirts

Of the victorious darkness, as he fell :
Like the last glare of day's red agony,
Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds,
Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.

As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold
A half unfrozen dew-globe, green, and gold,
And crystalline, till it becomes a winged mist,
And wanders up the vault of the blue day,
Outlives the noon, and on the sun's last ray
Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst.

The sensitiveness and passion for change which we have seen to be the notes of Shelley's temperament are evident in every one of these passages. His imagination always plays upon exquisite accurate perception. It is doubtful whether any poet before our century, whatever his equipment, could so closely and finely have rendered the minutiae of nature. Shelley's treatment of nature always springs, not from the dull observation of the scientist, but from the vision-faculty of the seer; yet he has a marvelous power of grasping detail and rendering it with swift precision, — a power which perhaps no poet who had not felt the first breath of the spirit of modern science could have known. Again and again Shelley seizes a definite scientific conception or phenomenon, and renders it with truthfulness none the less great because touched with the interpretative power of the dynamic imagination. The little biography of a dew-drop, just given, is a charming instance; another is found in a passage where the force of gravitation and the revolution

of the moon round the earth are superbly expressed as emotional symbols. The Moon addresses the Earth : —

Thou art speeding round the sun,
Brightest world of many a one,
Green and azure sphere which shinest
With a light which is divinely
Among all the lamps of Heaven
To whom life and light is given.

Brother, wheresoe'er thou soarest
I must hurry, whirl and follow
Through the heavens wide and hollow,
Sheltered by the warm embrace
Of thy soul from hungry space.

The rest of the passage is too beautiful to omit; and it suggests at once the marvelous use of color which is one of Shelley's chief ways of spiritualizing and vitalizing his nature-picture.

As a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky
Until its hue grows like what it beholds,
As a gray and watery mist
Glow like solid amethyst
Athwart the western mountain it enfolds
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow.

And the weak day weeps
That it should be so.

It is only in the nineteenth century that the poets have become great colorists; and no one but Keats can in this respect rival the greatness of Shelley. If Keats has more force of color, Shelley has more purity. Keats's coloring is opaque, though brilliant, like that of a butterfly's wing; Shelley's is translucent, like an opal. Ruskin tells us that nature always paints her loveliest hues on aqueous or crystalline matter; and the very law of nature seems to be the instinct of Shelley. Rainbow lights, keen, swift, and pure, play through the Prometheus. The color flashes and is gone. To choose separate passages for illustration is to withdraw a cluster of blossoms from the shimmering world of rain and sunshine into the dead light of a library; one short passage will show the delicacy, subtlety, and transparency of tints that Shelley loved : —

Panthea. That terrible shadow floats
Up from its throne, as may the lurid smoke
Of earthquake-ruined cities o'er the sea.
Lo! it ascends the ear; the coursers fly
Terrified: watch its path among the stars,
Blackening the night!

Asia. Thus I am answered: strange!

Panthea. See, near the verge, another chariot
stays;

An ivory shell inlaid with crimson fire,
Which comes and goes within its sculptured
rim

Of delicate strange tracery; the young spirit
That guides it has the dove-like eyes of hope;
How its soft smiles attract the soul! as light
Lures winged insects through the lampless air.

But the color in *Prometheus Unbound* has a higher function than to vivify the detail of the poem or to give us a series of exquisite vignettes. The drama, by the use of light and color, is shaped to an organic whole. It shows the harmonious evolution of a central theme; and this evolution is symbolically presented through the progress of the new cosmic day. The drama opens with night. In darkness, lit by the moonbeams of Hope and Memory, the Titan, glacier-bound, hangs

Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured.

Slowly the "wingless, crawling hours" pass on. The Phantasm of Jupiter, "clothed in dark purple, star-inwoven," is a very incarnation of the night. With the approach of Mercury comes the first promise of the dawn; that faint flush of color in the east which may be seen hours before sunrise, gathering dim purple and solemn crimson out of the very substance of the darkness and the void.

Fear not: 't is but some passing spasm:

The Titan is unvanquished still.

But see, where through the azure chasm

Of yon forked and snowy hill,

Trampling the slant winds on high

With golden-sandalled feet, that glow

Under plumes of purple dye,

Like rose-ensanguined ivory,

A Shape comes now,

Stretching on high from his right hand

A serpent-cinctured wand.

The delusive promise is not fulfilled.

From the east again sweeps up the thunder-cloud of the Furies,

Blackening the birth of day with countless wings,

And hollow underneath, like death.

The storm covers the heavens with a gloom deeper than that of midnight, which yet shadows forth but faintly the spiritual darkness that enwraps the Titan's soul. Flashes of lightning reveal the lurid visions of the world's moments of keenest pain. At last the tempest spends its force, the clouds melt away, and the "blue air" holds fresh promise of the day to be. The wings of the spirits of consolation gather like filmy, shining clouds.

See how they float

On their sustaining wings of skyey grain,

Orange and azure deepening into gold!

Their soft smiles light the air like a star's fire.

The exquisite twilight of dawn enfolds us; and with the paling of the morning star the act concludes. For the deepening of the sunrise into its full glory we must turn to the expectant heart of Love.

The beginning of the second act gives us the fullest blaze of color in the whole poem, though the triumph of purest light is to follow. This sunrise picture seems painted in the hues of the sky itself. Its greatest marvel lies in its swift transitions, the tremulous passage of loveliness from glory to glory. Only the soul of a Turner among painters could behold such a vision, and the brush of a Turner could give us but one arrested moment, while Shelley reveals the whole unfolding of the morning even as we gaze.

The point of one white star is quivering still

Deep in the orange light of widening morn

Beyond the purple mountains: through a
chasm

Of wind-divided mist the darker lake

Reflects it; now it wanes; it gleams again

As the waves fade, and as the burning threads

Of woven cloud unravel in pale air;

'T is lost! and through yon peaks of cloud-
like snow

The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not

The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

From this time the fresh light of morning shines more and more clearly through the poem. It is possible, indeed, with some critics, notably James Thomson, to contend that the second and third acts occupy several days; but though there are certain technical reasons for adopting this view, the points on which Shelley concentrates our attention are the moments of dawn, and the æsthetic effect of the poem centres in the gathering light. We feel this growing radiance with peculiar power where Asia and Panthea, breathing the pure air of the heights, watch below their feet the curling, brilliant, sunlit mists which veil the abode of Demogorgon. Again, for a short space, we descend to the region of shadows, and, standing before the throne of Demogorgon, perceive

a mighty darkness
Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom
Dart round, as light from the meridian sun.

So dense is the gloom that the sister spirits, looking upward, see the stars in the morning sky. Then, with abrupt and breathless transition, we are whirled to the final height of vision and the consummation of the drama. The apotheosis of Asia gives us the intense fullness of white light, the high noon of the great cosmic day. Shelley's mysticism has introduced one or two confusing lines; but his thought, evidently, is that the physical day has yielded to the new spiritual order, and that the rising of the material sun is superseded, at least in this great moment, by the rising of the sun of love. At this point the development of the theme of the Day is practically dropped, and the light, except for one or two minor suggestions, is constant; the implication perhaps being that in the evolution of human destiny we have reached at last the era of unshadowed bliss, which stoops not to evening.

The supreme æsthetic glory of the

Prometheus Unbound is not its nature descriptions, nor its treatment of light and color, but its music. Never did melody so enfold the spirit of a poet. The form is transparent and supple as flame. The technical range of melody in the drama is wonderful. Thirty-seven distinctly different verse-forms are to be found in it. Blank verse rises into the long, passionate swing of the anapest, or is broken by the flutelike notes of short trochaic lines, or relieved by the half-lyrical effect of rhymed endings. The verse lends itself with equal suppleness to the grandeur of sustained endurance, to the passionate yearning of love, to severe philosophic inquiry, to the ethereal notes of spirit voices dying on the wind. Most of the verse-forms are simple, but at times the schemes are as complex as those of the most elaborate odes of Dryden or Collins. Yet the artificial and labored beauty of eighteenth-century verse is replaced, in Shelley, by song spontaneous as that of his own skylark. The conventions of poetry have been entirely swept away by the new democracy. We may apply to Shelley, and indeed to the typical poet of the modern world, the noble line

"His nature is its own divine control."

Not only in Shelley's lyrics do we find marvelous variety of movement; his blank verse itself has no monotony, and the range of his power can in no way be better illustrated than by the different kinds of music which he is able to draw from an instrument technically unchanged. This may be seen at once by comparing the opening soliloquies of Prometheus and of Asia. The passages have already been quoted; their music is entirely different in quality. In the speech of Prometheus, consonant strikes hard on consonant, and the vowel-coloring is scant and cold. The lines have a sonorous pomp, derived in part from their austere majesty of epithet, in part from the note of sternly repressed pas-

sion. But into the words of Asia has passed something of the soft air and light of the springtide which she sings. The melody has a prolonged and gentle sweetness, which might be languid were it not for the sparkle of delicate life that animates the whole. The same distinction of quality may always be felt in the best utterances of Prometheus and of Asia. Jupiter, again, speaks with a proud accent all his own : —

Ye congregated powers of heaven, who share
The glory and the strength of him ye serve,
Rejoice ! henceforth I am omnipotent.
All else had been subdued to me ; alone
The soul of man, like unextinguished fire,
Yet burns towards heaven with fierce reproach,
and doubt,
And lamentation, and reluctant prayer,
Hurling up insurrection, which might make
Our antique empire insecure, though built
On eldest faith, and hell's coeval, fear.

This monologue has a certain harsh, metallic ring, mingled with a fullness of vowel-color quite different from the pure, quiet, and strong utterance of Prometheus. To Demogorgon's speeches Shelley has not, I think, succeeded in imparting a distinct cadence. He says little, and his few speeches are commonplace as poetry, though at times suggestive as thought. Any poet of the third order could have written —

Lift thy lightnings not.
The tyranny of heaven none may retain,
Or reassume, or hold, succeeding thee :
Yet if thou wilt, as 'tis the destiny
Of trodden worms to writhe till they are dead,
Put forth thy might.

Probably even Shelley found it difficult to impart individual accent to the words of a "mighty darkness."

Of all these different types of blank verse, there is one most intimately characteristic of Shelley. We find it always in the speeches of Asia, sometimes elsewhere. Miltonic echoes sound through the words of Prometheus and Jupiter ; but there is a cadence of which Shelley alone is master, — a cadence unique in haunting, clinging melody.

Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.
With feet unwet, unwearied, undelaying.
It is the unpastured sea hungering for calm.
See where the child of Heaven, with winged
feet,
Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn.

In lines like these Shelley has drawn a new music from English words.

Even the blank verse of Shelley holds a subtle lyrical cry ; but it is the sweep and variety of direct lyrical modulation which first arrest the reader of the *Prometheus Unbound*. There is no rigid distinction in the use of metre, yet the major characters of the drama use, as a rule, the plain recitative, while Ione, Panthea, and the other chorus characters generally sing rather than speak. These chorus characters, or rather chorus-voices, enhance strangely the imaginative power of the drama. Again and again they are heard at critical moments, coming from an unseen source ; and the unearthly beauty of their song-snatches thrills us with the sense that we listen to elemental creatures, too fine for discernment by any sense grosser than that of sound. The whole creation, invisible as well as visible, seems thus to share in the spiritual action of the poem and to echo its passion. These aerial spirit voices are first heard in Act I., when the Earth-mother, yet unenlightened, bemoans Prometheus' retraction of the curse.

The Earth. Misery, oh misery to me,
That Jove at length should vanquish thee !
Wail, howl aloud, Land and Sea,
The Earth's rent heart shall answer ye.
Howl, Spirits of the living and the dead,
Your refuge, your defence, lies fallen and vanquished.

First Echo. Lies fallen and vanquished !

Second Echo. Fallen and vanquished !

Here we have the impression of the powers of nature, ethereal yet unspiritual, unable to apprehend the higher attitude of regenerate man. But the most exquisite instance of this fairylike use of the lyrical interlude is in that first scene

of the second act, already quoted, where all nature, becoming vocal with spirit voices, whispers and sings its quickening message. These tiny lyrics can be compared to nothing but the Ariel songs in *The Tempest*. They have the same light trochaic movement, sacred, in Shakespeare and Shelley, to fairy suggestion; they have the same dainty and elusive grace. Perhaps the singing of the wind in pine branches, and the lovely inarticulate rise and fall of the sounds of nature in a spring morning, ring through the songs of Shelley's echoes even more sweetly than through the songs of Shakespeare's tricksy sprite.

ECHOES.

O, follow, follow,
As our voice recedeth
Through the caverns hollow,
Where the forest spreadeth;
(*More distant.*)

O, follow, follow!
Through the caverns hollow,
As the song floats thou pursue,
Where the wild bee never flew,
Through the noon-tide darkness deep
By the odour-breathing sleep
Of faint night flowers, and the waves
At the fountain-lighted caves,
While our music, wild and sweet,
Mocks thy gently falling feet,
Child of Ocean!

Asia. Shall we pursue the sound? It grows
more faint
And distant.

Panthea. List! the strain floats nearer now.

ECHOES.

In the world unknown
Sleeps a voice unspoken;
By thy step alone
Can its rest be broken;
Child of Ocean!

Asia. How the notes sink upon the ebbing
wind!

ECHOES.

O, follow, follow!
Through the caverns hollow,
As the song floats thou pursue,
By the woodland noon-tide dew,
By the forests, lakes, and fountains,
Through the many-folded mountains;

To the rents, and gulfs, and chasms,
Where the Earth reposed from spasms,
On the day when he and thou
Parted, to commingle now;
Child of Ocean!

In the last act of the *Prometheus Unbound* the spirit voices have it all their own way. Their music, from an undertone, has become dominant, and they blend in one grand diapason of harmony to express the rapture of a creation redeemed to the freedom of new and perfect life.

Shelley's power in handling his instrument will become clearer if we follow, very briefly, the consecutive metrical changes in the drama. As a rule, the blank verse marks passages of transition or of repressed feeling, while at every climax of passion the poetry rushes into lyrical form. The first introduction of the lyric follows the opening soliloquy of Prometheus. He calls on the powers of nature to repeat to him the forgotten curse. They respond and deny in lyrical lines, where trochees, iambs, and anapests blend; and though horror deepens through the images of carnage which the words present, relief is afforded, after the stern self-repression of Prometheus, by the free beauty of the verse-movement. The lyric next appears where Ione and Panthea, whose voices are now heard for the first time, herald the approach of the Phantasm of Jupiter.

As the pain of the whole world presses upon the spirit of Prometheus, the music deepens in grandeur and solemnity. The grievous terror of the visions beheld by the Titan is subdued by the weird melody which ebbs and flows with the theme. Yet not in lyric, but in blank verse is reached the climax of the revelation of sorrow, and in blank verse does Prometheus utter his cry of supreme anguish. Shelley doubtless here suggests the quietness of the deepest horror in life. As the pain subsides, and the weary but triumphant Titan sinks into repose, the tension of the verse relaxes.

Panthea. Look, sister, where a troop of
spirits gather,
Like flocks of clouds in spring's delightful
weather
Thronging in the blue air!

Ione. And see! more come,
Like fountain-vapours when the winds are
dumb,

That climb up the ravine in scattered lines.
And hark! is it the music of the pines?
Is it the lake? Is it the waterfall?

Panthea. 'T is something sadder, sweeter far,
than all.

These lines, heralding the fair spirits
of the human mind, afford exquisite relief
by the mere introduction of rhyme;
and the lyrics of consolation that follow
have a serene and tender beauty of
movement all their own.

Of certain portions of the music in
the second act we have already spoken.
"Shelley has here," says Todhunter,
"made English blank verse the native
language of elemental genii." The lyrics
are more frequent, and interpenetrate
the whole structure more, than in the
first act. The journey of Asia and Panthea
is like a great processional, accompanied
by a chant, which now rises, now
falls, upon the wind. The semi-choruses
that sing the advance of the sister spirits
have doubtless a mystical meaning; they
have also an imaginative beauty, like
that of Keats's Ode to a Nightingale, but
the music has a less heavy richness and
a more flutelike tone.

SEMI-CHORUS I. OF SPIRITS.

The path through which that lovely twain
Have passed, by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,
Can pierce its interwoven bowers,
Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
Of the green laurel, blown anew;
And bends, and then fades silently,
One frail and fair anemone:
Or when some star of many a one
That climbs and wanders through steep night,
Has found the cleft through which alone
Beams fall from high those depths upon;

Ere it is borne away, away,
By the swift Heavens that cannot stay,
It scatters drops of golden light,
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:
And the gloom divine is all around;
And underneath is the mossy ground.

The longest passage of blank verse in
the act is the discussion between Demogorgon
and Asia, which is purely intellectual. As
soon as emotion and action reappear the
verse breaks into the song of the Spirit of
the Hour. This lyric, interrupted as it is
by the end of the scene, and ended in the
fifth scene, gives a wonderful impression of
haste. The fiery and ethereal coursers
indeed "drink the hot speed of desire." The
fifth scene, the apotheosis of Asia, touches
the high-water mark of the English lyric.
The scene corresponds in passion to the
scene with the Furies, in the first act. As
that was hate, this is love; as that was
darkness, this is light; as that was supreme
horror, so this is supreme rapture. The
great lyric, "Life of Life," is simple as a
ray of white sunlight is simple. Asia's
response is a wonderful whole of subtly
interwoven harmonies.

The third act, as we have already said,
is attuned to the music of peace. But
Shelley is less fitted to render this music
than to sing of desire, or even of endurance.
Not only spiritually, but artistically,
the second act is the finest in the drama.
Yet the third act has certain passages of
tranquil music beautiful in its way, —
music no longer, as in the first act,
breathing the tense calm of pain and
scorn, but inspired by the free serenity
of joy. Such is the lovely little scene
between Apollo and Ocean, which is
Hellenic in its pure repose.

Ocean. Henceforth the fields of Heaven-
flecting sea,
Which are my realm, will heave, unstained
with blood,
Beneath the uplifting winds, like plains of corn
Swayed by the summer air.

Apollo. And I shall gaze not on the deeds
which make
My mind obscure with sorrow, as eclipse
Darkens the sphere I guide. But list, I hear

The small, clear, silver lute of the young spirit
That sits i' the morning star.

Ocean.

Thou must away ;

Thy steeds will pause at even, till when fare-
well :

The loud deep calls me home even now to feed
it

With azure calm out of the emerald urns
Which stand for ever full beside my throne.

Behold the Nereids under the green sea,
Their wavering limbs borne on the wind-like
stream,

Their white arms lifted o'er their streaming
hair

With garlands pied and starry sea-flower
crowns,

Hastening to grace their mighty sister's joy.

[*A sound of waves is heard.*

It is the unpastured sea hungering for calm.

Peace, monster ; I come now. Farewell.

Apollo.

Farewell.

The fourth act defies comment. A triumphant pæan of enfranchised nature, it is so bewildering in complex structure, so intricate in harmony, so remote from all human interest, that complete sympathy with it is perhaps impossible. Yet doubtless the act as a whole marks the most sustained achievement of English lyricism. The music with which it opens is light, almost too light, perhaps, as the Hours, past and future, and the spirits of the human mind, join in joyful choruses of thankful glee.

The pine boughs are singing

Old songs with new gladness ;

The billows and fountains

Fresh music are flinging,

Like the notes of a spirit from land and from
sea ;

The storms mock the mountains

With the thunder of gladness,

But where are ye ?

Soon the theme widens. The "deep music of the rolling world" is heard, and the pauses are filled with "clear, silvery, icy, keen-awakening tones." We listen to a solemn involution of harmony in the grand antiphon of rejoicing between the Earth and the Moon. The music of the Earth is grave, rich, full, exultant ; the Moon answers as from afar, with a tender and wistful cadence, — the same as that of the Earth, only

shortened by a foot, and hence transfigured in effect.

The Earth. The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness !

The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,

The vaporous exultation not to be confined !

Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight

Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own
wind.

The Moon. Brother mine, calm wanderer,

Happy globe of land and air,

Some Spirit is darted like a beam from thee,

Which penetrates my frozen frame,

And passes with the warmth of flame,

With love, and odour, and deep melody

Through me, through me !

The act and the drama conclude with an organ-roll of harmony like that of the Ode to the West Wind. Demogorgon, the mystic Living Spirit, the power no longer of destruction, but of love, solemnly invokes all natural and spiritual forces to listen ; and when, in answering music, they attest their presence, and we feel the harmony of the redeemed creation speaking through their words, he utters in cadence grave and serene his final message. It is the message of courage and of hope. The quiet dignity and seriousness of the lines justly conclude that music which may at times have seemed lawless and fantastic, yet which has always, in its most passionate abandon, yielded allegiance to the law of perfect beauty.

Thus we have tried to suggest something of the poetic power of Shelley as revealed in the *Prometheus Unbound*. The hold on concrete human life of a Shakespeare or a Browning Shelley did not possess ; nor was there granted to him the serene insight of Wordsworth nor the philosophic method of Tennyson. But his exquisitely equipped temperament, sensitive in every fibre, enabled him to express those finest aspects of nature where visible trembles into invisible, and those finest aspects of emotion where rapture and sorrow blend ; he has the power to sing melodies which seem

echoes of unearthly music; and his sweep of spiritual apprehension reveals to him the solemn vision of human destiny as an ordered and harmonious whole. The Ode to the West Wind was written in the same year with the Prometheus Unbound; may not the aspiration of the poem have been connected in Shelley's mind with his desires for his great drama?

We cannot help connecting the two in our own thought. "The tumult of the mighty harmonies" of nature has passed into the Prometheus Unbound. We feel, as we read the drama, that Shelley's prayer has been fulfilled. A spirit greater than his own has been, through his lips, to unawakened earth, the trumpet of a prophecy.

Vida D. Scudder.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

8TH Mo. 29TH, 1892.

AMONG the thousands who with hail and cheer
Will welcome thy new year,
How few of all have passed, as thou and I,
So many milestones by!

We have grown old together; we have seen,
Our youth and age between,
Two generations leave us, and to-day
We with the third hold way,

Loving and loved. If thought must backward run
To those who, one by one,
In the great silence and the dark beyond
Vanished with farewells fond,

Unseen, not lost; our grateful memories still
Their vacant places fill,
And, with the full-voiced greeting of new friends,
A tenderer whisper blends.

Linked close in a pathetic brotherhood
Of mingled ill and good,
Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,
For pity more than blame,—

The gift is thine the weary world to make
More cheerful for thy sake,
Soothing the ears its Miserere pains,
With the old Hellenic strains,

Lighting the sullen face of discontent
With smiles for blessings sent.

Enough of selfish wailing has been had,
Thank God! for notes more glad.

Life is indeed no holiday; therein
Are want, and woe, and sin,
Death and its nameless fears, and over all
Our pitying tears must fall.

Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,
In differing moods and ways,
May prove to those who follow in our train
Not valueless nor vain.

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem,
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And live because He lives.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN.

THE second volume of Herr Friedrich Spielhagen's reminiscences¹ opens with the year 1851, ten years before the publication of *Problematischen Naturen*, and covers some of the final experiences that went into the composition of that romance. Like the first volume, it is conceived from a literary point of view, and will be read by men of letters with interest, as much because of its suggestions and its inherent challenges to those among them who are writers of another way of thinking as because of any of the new personal facts which its pages di-

vulge. The author intimates in the preface that he writes for the general public. But this intimation is hardly fulfilled by the actual performance, the story of the author's life being broken into by pages of observations upon purely literary matters; and much longer and considerably oftener, even, than in the first volume is the narrative held suspended, while the hero of it records at length his youthful manner of solving problems of æsthetics and life. Such reflections are scarcely the stuff with which the ordinary reader concerns himself, even in Germany, where a good deal more of it is produced than elsewhere. Men of the

¹ *Finder und Erfinder*. Von FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. Leipzig: Stackmann. 1890.

literary fraternity will perceive that, inasmuch as speculative subjects actually engrossed a good deal of the mental life recorded, it was obligatory on the author to admit them into his autobiography. Yet, even while acquiescing wholly in the introduction of the themes, and while entertained personally by all the details which Herr Spielhagen offers, many critics will raise a question whether the treatment of the themes is always felicitous. He gives almost the same loose rein to his memory, when writing retrospectively of abstract problems, as he did to his speculative fancy when his youthful mind first considered them. The long, roundabout roads, it is true, are strewn with delicious fruits of observation and brilliant flowers of thought. Still, interesting and clever as the writing is, for the sake of the reputation of the book as a work of art one wishes the most of it absent.

As the main lines of the author's analyses and theories of authorship are laid down at full length in his *Vermischte Schriften*, and again in his *Theorie und Technik des Romans*, the lines might surely have been contracted here into "points" without essential loss. Brief paragraphs, containing a quintessence of his speculations, would have afforded sufficient rest from the narrative style, and enough contrast to the descriptive passages of the book, if contrast were the author's aim. At any rate, let him who fancies the contrary observe what the final impression is which the opposite method brings about, — this method, I mean, of extending abstract remarks until they reach the length of essays.

If any one fact more than another has distinguished realism in literature, it has been the fact that writers have looked upon and described the personages of their books psychologically, and the retrospective view which Spielhagen takes of his life is strongly affected by this psychologic habit. The surroundings of his boyhood, his family, his pas-

sionate friendships with men, his intercourse with acquaintances of both sexes, the various occupations of his earliest manhood, — all these are described with epic breadth, but not with the simple epic intention of merely narrating. His intention, on the contrary, is that of the narrator, of the scientist, and of the pedagogue. He wishes to depict his life, and at the same time he anxiously portrays his ancestors. His environment and friends, too, must be sketched; less, however, for their own sake than because they exercised an influence upon him, and in so far as they served him later for backgrounds in romances and as characters in short stories. From these stories and romances, particularly from the one romance *Problematischen Naturen*, his inspiration to write the present volume started. Here are imbedded the facts that fascinate his attention; and just as an anatomist lays bare the nerves of a ganglion in order to trace each nerve separately to its origin, so does he uncover, one by one, the multitudinous experiences that converged in the production of this romance.

His babyhood in Magdeburg, where he was born on the 24th of February, 1829, and his boyhood in Stralsund, where he played on the docks, among fishwomen and glistening mountains of herring, or sailed mornings out over the sea to Ruegen with his father, the engineer of the port, or in autumn wandered inland, where the swash of the yellow waves of the sea was continued in the swish of the salty wind strokes across endless fields of yellow grain, — these, the very earliest years and the earliest occupations of his boyhood, were alone devoid, as it would appear, of everything like thinking. "Although even as a child it could not have been with me quite as with other children," the author adds, in a tone of reluctant confession, "much as I would give, at this date, to write that I was a normal child. I read fluently and voraciously from my fourth

or fifth year, and so long as we lived in Magdeburg I went in the family by the nickname of the 'little old fogey.' In Stralsund the epithet fell into disuse; which argues that the child's excursions on the Baltic Sea and into the wheat fields of the "inland" soon called forth a counteraction of the physical man against the unhealthy intellectuality that the schoolmaster in Magdeburg had foolishly encouraged. Spielhagen grew to be a strong lad and a strong man, about five feet four inches in height, with a long body and short muscular legs, broad back, sinewy arms, and a spacious chest, with firm ribs that spread to give ample room to the lungs without the least regard to the fashion of slender waists.

As Pomeranian fortunes went, the family were very well to do. A spacious house, stable, and garden composed the boy's intimate world, in contrast to the great wide outside world of the docks and the sea; while his talented mother, his sturdy father, a sister, and brothers made up the nucleus of an acquaintanceship that had its outermost members in the master and hands of the dredging-machines in the channel, and in country squires and their families on the landed estates inland.

At school his bosom friend was Adalbert Mecklenburg, a boy of his own age, twelve or fourteen years old, "whose dramas and songs were infinitely more actable and singable" than Spielhagen's own, yet in comparison with whom he felt that he stood upon vantage ground, — why, he could not tell, until one day when Adalbert had asked him into his den. This was a poor, shabby room that his friend had rented, just off the pavement of a side street. Adalbert, as he relates, flings himself into a chair by a pine table, with the intent to read his last drama, and begins by stretching one leg out under the table, stooping over the manuscript lying upon it, and pronouncing carelessly and monotonously. One hand, meanwhile, rubs a knee in-

cessantly. Spielhagen, in a chair near the window, is ready to spring to his feet for impatience, — his well-developed feet, so different from the bony, lank extremities in the shiny broadcloth and coarse leather which Adalbert is caressing. But of a sudden two facts strike the listener and hold him. One is that an agreeable manner lends worth to matter. The other is that dramas may be written by inexperienced men like his friend, because one-sided passions and their conflicts compose the substance of dramatic compositions. The moment gave birth, in short, to the germs of the theory on the nature of the various branches of writing, which was developed later into the author's *Theorie und Technik des Romans*.

So long as Spielhagen remained in Stralsund, he pursued the long, ill-fenced road of æsthetic inquiry by the light of his own and Adalbert's intuitions. Now and then some incandescent-like, fitful illumination fell across the path, in the form of casual remarks in the works of the poets which they read. When both graduated, at last, and departed; each his own way, for the university in Berlin, Spielhagen was still bent instinctively in the same literary direction; but, as literature was not regarded as a career either by his family or by himself, in the last moment, and because Adalbert was destined for the medical profession, he too determined to study medicine. On the journey from Stralsund to Berlin, however, there occurred many halts, and he made use of one to write a letter home, asking permission to study law instead of medicine. The elder Spielhagen was grievously pained by such irresolution in his son, — his cleverest boy, yet the only one of all his children who was frivolous! Nevertheless, he consented indulgently to the change. But Friedrich, meanwhile, had altered his plan for a third time, and was attending lectures on philosophy, and next to none of those on jurisprudence!

As at the university in Berlin, so in Bonn (where he knew Carl Schurz); so, also, in Greifswald: he was studious, but his indefatigable industry was wholly without end or aim. In Greifswald, for the first time, he gave himself up to dissipations. But directly afterwards he went through his year of compulsory military service with faultless promptness and obedience, "since obedience and promptness were the virtues required of him." A certain self-respect prevented him, as it would seem, from indulging in violent, uproarious opposition, as it is certain that a morbid or cynical reticence marked his behavior to the outspoken hotspurs of the rebellious years 1848 and 1849. Spielhagen's passionate antipathy for the aristocracy was, similarly, no reason whatever to his Machiavellian mind why he should avoid noblemen, but rather a good ground why he should seek to know them: the revenge of the clever consists in the very penetration that enables them to see through the powerful. Besides, with the strict scrupulosity that is characteristic of truly intelligent minds, he made a distinction between institutions and the persons who belonged to them. So, though a republican by conviction, he served the subalterns and officers of a monarchical army in exemplary fashion; and, though a democrat in every fibre of his soul, he selected a family that was noble by descent in which to become a tutor. For, to the mortification of his family, he turned to private teaching. His pupil was the heir of a large estate in Pomerania, and during one year and six or eight months young Spielhagen gave lessons in Latin, a few hours every day, in the schoolroom of the castle, and wandered many hours through the forest glades of the castle park.

The peacefulness of country life for a while enchanted him; then it palled upon him. He left it, and there succeeded two or three months of idleness,

when he wended his way, one day, up the stairway of Dessoir's modest lodging in Berlin. Had he not the stuff in him for an actor? Spielhagen asked of the tragedian, telling him the story of his life. Actor! replied the practical man of the boards. Why, if he had but a drop of the genuine actor's blood in his veins, he would have been standing on the spot where he now stood six years before; or rather, he would have let the devil take Ludwig Dessoir and his advice, and have bounded with both feet upon the stage. Now he had learnt too much, thought too much. A man cannot swim on the theatrical sea with the ballast of four years of university education and twenty of reading. Dessoir said, however, he might try, if he liked. But Spielhagen turned his downcast face to Leipzig and the chair of a professorship.

His story Clara Vere had wandered like a forlorn outcast from one editor's office to another, without finding acceptance at any publisher's hands. So, as he appeared to have no prospect of success as an author, he undertook to enter upon the career of a philologist. There was Schiller's inadequate analysis of poetical compositions, as laid down in his essays on Naive and Sentimental Poetry, to be undermined and replaced by a better one; and he undertook the task for his doctor's dissertation, entitling his own essay *Objectivity in Art*. For a time the effort promised to be successful. But out of Schiller's artificial and genial fabrics there confronted him so many formulas half æsthetic, half ethical, definitions half general, half arbitrary, conclusions half logical, half fanciful, that he grew more and more bewildered. He struggled and wrestled with the apparitions for months, writing at last to his friend Bernhard "of the beautiful soul" (for whom Adalbert of the lank legs and shaggy hair, of Stralsund memories, had been forgotten) that they would be the death of him. "I said last year," he

continued, "that I was done thinking of the stage, because an actor, after all, is the servant of a superior master; and a proof that acting is not a supreme art is supported by the fact that women equal men in the practice of it. But my pride is bent; my courage is entirely broken."

Accordingly, Spielhagen packed his trunk again, this time for Magdeburg and the theatre. A bright June morning found him, some weeks later, rowing over the Elbe, in a little boat, to a trial recitation before the director of a summer theatre in a coffee garden. When he arrived at the place, the daily rehearsal of the troupe was just over, and the stage cleared. The busy director took a seat on a sofa. Two elderly actors placed themselves respectfully behind him. They were ready; he might begin. Spielhagen of a sudden forebodes that his performance will be a failure. The garish sunlight streams through the glass roof upon the stage, the curtain of which is rolled up, while shafts of sunbeams full of dancing atoms of dust streak the twilight of the dim, wide, empty space of the room below, showing piles of chairs and empty benches. In the boxes of the galleries a few charwomen mop the floors. Behind him, in the background of the stage, motionless figures of men and women — future comrades — tarry to witness the afterpiece of his performance. This latter is colorless and impotent. The polite director rises at the close, and is about crushing him by asking one of the company to play the same rôle, by which means the difference would dawn even upon his inexperienced mind, when an elderly actor intervenes. Their young, new comrade is nervous, and the trial is hardly fair; he inclines to grant him another; and later, when the sickly, overworked director leaves town, he actually causes the troupe to receive Spielhagen as one of its number. As often as he can he also secures minor rôles for him. A month

after, the same good-natured mentor attempts to soothe his mortification over being hissed by telling anecdotes of similar experiences in his own life. But on stepping out of the boat in which the troupe had rowed themselves across the river, and saying good-night, stage life for Spielhagen was at an end.

Three days later a letter came from Leipzig, mentioning a position that was open in a private college there. It was that of a teacher of English. Hardly anything could be more acceptable, and on entering upon his duties Spielhagen began at once to renew his acquaintance with the works of the great English writers of the eighteenth century. The time he used to spend in society he now spent in bookshops; society, as he knew, not inclining to men who had been before the footlights. As chance would have it, in one of these little bookshops R. W. Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America* fell into his hands. This book incited him to read the complete works of Poe, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, and Longfellow, and to translate many of the poems of these authors. The publication of the translations made him known, it seems, at least to book publishers; for an enterprising young firm in Hanover soon proposed that he should translate *The Nile Notes of an Howadji*, by Mr. George W. Curtis, and, after the completion of the *Notes*, Emerson's *English Traits*. In a little more than a year three other volumes were rendered into German. Spielhagen was coming into good repute as a punctual and cheap translator, when, unexpectedly, his novel *Clara Vere* found at last a friend in the senior partner of the Hanoverian firm of printers. Its publication at this time gave a turn at once to the author's fortunes; for, breathing as it does a bitter hatred of aristocratic institutions, the book won the heart of the editor of the *North German Gazette*. Spielhagen was solicited by him to write serials for the paper, and, throwing over the task of

translating, the author complied by writing *Auf den Dunen*, and a year after, in 1859, the first part of his famous *Problematischen Naturen*.

From Leipzig he had been ordered, meanwhile, to Erfurt, to be drilled; and here he rose in rank to a lieutenantancy of the reserve. Here, too, and at this time, he became betrothed.

A future volume may depict the subsequent episodes of his life as an editor in Hanover and Leipzig, and, later, as an influential member of the cultivated society of Berlin. Certain erotic experiences of these periods are offered in the *Gedichte*,¹ together with elegies, satires in Horace's style on German and American manners, and burlesque romances in Heinrich Heine's style on the heroes and maidens of mythology. Indeed, since it accords² with the limitations which Spielhagen sets critically to lyric art to relegate such matters to poems as involve passing feelings and insights, we may regard the *Gedichte* as a key not only to volumes to come, but

also as an addition to the confessions of the *Finder und Erfinder*. Loves and friendships possess an interest for the retrospective glance of Herr Spielhagen solely as they contributed to the production of his great novel. Hence he portrays Adalbert and Bernhard, because on them the characters of the Baron and Dr. Franz were modeled, whereas he passes over his passionately beloved mistress in Leipzig with a brief reference to his sonnets on Resignation. What a different art is this from the confessions of Lamartine, from the autobiographies of Jean Jacques and the romanticists! Herein is but another evidence of the affinity of Herr Spielhagen's writings with the realism of his day. Hardly anything could so correspond to the practice of modern artists of excluding the splendors and gloom of the red sun's risings and settings from their canvases, in order to give place to the common sights of *plein air*, as this omission from the description of his life of a man's most intense infatuation.

TWO VIRGINIANS.

VIRGINIA was at her greatest during the half-century which intervened between the conclusion of the French war and the opening of the second war with Great Britain. During all the years from 1763 to 1812, her population was greater than that of any of the other colonies and States. In the census of 1790, she even surpassed them all in the number of her free inhabitants, and embraced within her borders more than a fifth of the total population of the Union. It was during this time, too, that she enjoyed her maximum of influence, and made her chief contributions

to the fabric of American government. This is the period of her history best worth recounting; but in formal histories it has been little recounted. Scarcely any such exist for the years subsequent to the fall of Yorktown. Girardin's continuation of Burk had the merits that would naturally spring from his close connection with Jefferson; but it had also some of the defects that would naturally mark a book drawing so large a part of its inspiration from that one source. Howison's book is one of no great merit.

For the history of Virginia in its

¹ *Gedichte*. Von FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. Leipzig: Stackmann. 1892.

² See Spielhagen's essay entitled *Edgar Poe versus Henry Longfellow*.

golden age we have therefore always had to resort to the biographies of the chief Virginians of that period. Fortunately, they have been numerous and excellent, — far beyond what one can find for the other Southern States. Happy the State whose eminent men have found biographers. From biographies their praises filter into cyclopædias of biography, and then Mr. Lodge, or some other ingenious tabulator of the meritorious, credits the State with having had many great men, because it has had many writers of biography. Unquestionably, Virginia did, for various reasons, abound in great men in the age spoken of, and unquestionably they have had good biographers. First of all came Chief Justice Marshall's life of Washington, dignified, careful, and monumental. Since then there have been three periods of marked activity in such writing. During the twenty years succeeding the inauguration of President Monroe, when the Revolutionary leaders were passing away, and the enthusiastic patriotism evoked by the war of 1812 was still at the flood, came Wirt's engaging life of Patrick Henry, the lives of Richard Henry Lee and Arthur Lee by Richard Henry Lee the younger, with those wonderful appendixes which have been for two generations the despair of searchers, Sparks's life and writings of Washington, Tucker's life of Jefferson, and T. J. Randolph's edition of Jefferson's writings. Later, within the few years just preceding the civil war, came Randall's Jefferson and Rives's Madison and Garland's Randolph, the congressional edition of Jefferson's writings and those of Madison. The past decade has seen a most happy revival of interest in the worthies of that time and State. In

1882, Mr. Henry Adams led the way with his incisive discussion of John Randolph. In 1884, Mr. Lyon Gardiner Tyler brought out his *Letters and Times of the Tylers* (the judge and the President), making contributions to Virginian history of more than sufficient value to insure him forgiveness for the occasional intemperateness of his statements. In 1888, Mr. Conway followed with his Edmund Randolph, and its interesting extracts from that singular man's History of Virginia, of which a word may be spoken later. Then came Professor Moses Coit Tyler's masterly and brilliant little book on Patrick Henry, and Mr. Lodge's able volumes on Washington. Even the Department of State contributed its share, using some ingeniously discovered authority to publish the *Letters of Joseph Jones*. And now come, most extensive and most valuable of all these recent additions to our knowledge, Mr. Wirt Henry's *Life, Correspondence, and Speeches of his grandfather*,¹ and Miss Rowland's *Life and letters of her collateral ancestor, George Mason*.²

Naturally, the three volumes upon Henry make on the reader a less impression of novelty than Miss Rowland's account of Mason. Of the latter no biography had ever appeared, urgently as one had been desired, while there were already two lives of Patrick Henry, — William Wirt's and Professor Tyler's, — both of them books composed with remarkable literary skill. Nevertheless, if Mr. Henry's plain, sober, and somewhat unimaginative narrative does not seek to rival its predecessors in point of form, its contributions of fact are extensive and of much importance. Perhaps one may say that they are of even greater importance with respect to the

¹ *Patrick Henry. Life, Correspondence, and Speeches.* By WILLIAM WIRT HENRY. With Portrait. Three volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

² *The Life of George Mason. 1725-1792.* Including his Speeches, Public Papers, and

Correspondence. By KATE MASON ROWLAND. With an Introduction by General FITZHUGH LEE. Two volumes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; The Knickerbocker Press. 1892.

history of Virginia than with respect to the personality of Patrick Henry. The outlines of Henry's character as drawn by his grandson do not essentially differ from those laid down in Professor Tyler's attractive little volume; but Mr. Henry, who is president of the Virginia Historical Society, has evidently felt a strong desire to contribute to the history, and especially to the constitutional and political history, of his native State. His book is, in reality, by far the best history of Virginia we have for the years from 1765 to 1799. It gives us a fair, full, and intelligent account of all the leading events of Virginian history during the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary periods, as well as of the events in the other colonies and in England which are necessary to the understanding of what went on in Virginia. The figure of Patrick Henry thus receives abundant setting and background. In Miss Rowland's volumes, too, one finds much beside the bare narration of Mason's life and the printing of his papers, but the additions are largely of another sort. There is much regarding the family connections, the friends and neighbors, of George Mason, and therefore much which helps us to understand the social constitution and life of Stafford and Fairfax counties, and of the whole region of the Potomac, of which most of us know less than of those parts of Virginia which border on the James.

It is impossible to praise too warmly the zeal and assiduity which both writers have employed in their search for materials. It is hard to think of a possible source which they have not ransacked. Mr. Henry has had the use, first, of all the materials which Wirt collected, embracing many extensive and important communications from men who had known the great orator; second, of the mass of private papers which the latter left behind him; third, of a large number of his letters preserved in the collections of the chief gatherers of

American autographs. The archives of the Federal and Virginian governments at Washington and at Richmond have supplied many additional letters, and the latter has likewise furnished the executive journal of Henry's five years of service as governor, with other public papers of the first importance. A multitude of printed books have also been laid under contribution; and the number of books relating to Virginian history in that period is much greater than one is at first inclined to suppose. A source upon which Mr. Henry places great reliance is the manuscript history of Virginia by Edmund Randolph, now in the possession of the Virginia Historical Society. Very likely he is right in so doing, and yet one feels at times that, with all Randolph's intelligence and his opportunities, a man so incapable of saying a plain thing in a plain way is not the best sort of witness. Irritated by the involved and excessively ornamented style, one cannot help feeling that it betokens a tortuous and uncertain mind, not more implicitly to be depended upon in historical narration than in the convention or the Department of State.

Mr. Henry's third volume is entirely documentary. It consists of over four hundred pages of Governor Henry's correspondence, a collection of the greatest interest and importance; of his speeches in the Virginia convention of 1788, reprinted from Robertson's Debates; and of Wirt's report of the speech in the British Debt cause. It is to be regretted that the editor has not indicated the source whence he has derived each of the letters, as Miss Rowland has so carefully done in the case of those of Colonel Mason. These latter have been incorporated *seriatim* in the text; but in extensive appendixes Miss Rowland has printed the longer public papers of her ancestor, his speeches in the convention of 1788, and his will. The sources of her narrative have been, more largely than those of Mr. Henry's, papers

hitherto unprinted. Beside the numerous Mason papers in the possession of descendants, she has found materials among the manuscripts of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, in the library of the Department of State, in the public repositories of Virginia, and in the hands of the descendants of Mason's correspondents.

The facts of Patrick Henry's career have long been familiar to all readers. Mr. Henry follows and confirms with fuller evidence Professor Tyler's demonstration that the great orator was neither so idle nor so ignorant in youth as has commonly been asserted, and that, equally contrary to received opinion, he was far from unsystematic in his law practice and in his accounts. He makes it a little less unaccountable, though it still remains wonderful, that immediately upon his first entrance into the House of Burgesses, a new and young man in that chosen abode of conservatism and family influence, he should have been able to assume a foremost place, and should have electrified not only Virginia, but all America, with his famous resolutions upon the Stamp Act. One fact, perhaps unnoticed by Mr. Henry, is of great importance toward explaining the career of his grandfather, and that is the extraordinary susceptibility of the Virginians to the influence of eloquence. Fondness for public speaking has distinguished them, from that day to this, far more than the Americans of New England and the Middle States. Now, much the greatest successes of Henry's career were successes won by oratory, from the time when he so triumphantly made the worse appear the better reason in the Parsons' Cause to the day of that last speech at Charlotte Court-House, in March, 1799. His temperament was emphatically the oratorical temperament. Mr. Henry labors, and with much success, to show that his gifts were by no means solely those of the orator. He convinces us that Henry was a good

committee-man, and was regarded by his fellow-members in deliberative bodies as competent in the discharge of legislative business, even when it was involved in minutiae. He opposes Wirt's habit of viewing Henry simply as an orator, which perhaps rested mainly upon rhetorical antithesis, and the popular notion that he who is a great orator is necessarily not a great man of business. He proves that he was, on the whole, a good and efficient and vigilant governor, though the prolonged absences which his ill health made necessary must have considerably impaired his usefulness as a chief magistrate in such times as those. In this matter, by the way, as in many others, Mr. Henry finds himself obliged to controvert sharply the statements of President Jefferson, though it is well known that Jefferson himself lived in a glass house so far as his governorship of Virginia is concerned. Jefferson's contributions to American history are indeed a curiously interesting subject of study. He lived so long, and wrote and talked so much, that, in respect to volume, he is one of our most important sources, and his extraordinary gifts confer an unusual value upon his statements; but with the feminine qualities that Mr. Henry Adams has noted in his constitution there went not a little of feminine spite. Warm and just as were sometimes his praises of those men who had labored with him in that eventful period, many of them might well envy him the good fortune which enabled him to survive them all, and then say what he pleased of them. Madison, who was almost the only one who outlived him, was also almost the only one whom he always praised.

But, after all, Patrick Henry was chiefly an orator. Nowhere has he left so good and so complete a portrait of his mind as in the speeches delivered in the Virginia convention of 1788, called to consider the question of the ratification of the Federal Constitution. Many

of the objections which he made to it, in the course of his long and truly wonderful struggle against ratification, are the objections of a statesman; but it must be said that a vast proportion of what he said savors more of oratory than of statesmanship. In some degree this was of course true of all the objectors. Each had made up his mind to oppose the Constitution, on account of certain features which seemed to him fatally objectionable. Having decided upon this, he would naturally be led, by the desire to persuade as many as possible of his fellow-members to the same course, to insist not only upon these, but upon all other anywise plausible objections that occurred to his mind. It is, for instance, quite plain from Miss Rowland's narrative that George Mason's original objections, while strong and controlling, had attached to but a few provisions of the instrument he had had so much to do with framing. In the Virginia convention, however, he brings forward a large number of objections, though indeed it is fair to say that they are of a more practical cast and more temperately stated than most of Henry's. It is perhaps worth noting, in connection with the natural tendency just mentioned, that it has given to all biographers of Anti-Federalist leaders an opportunity and a temptation, from which Mr. Henry and Miss Rowland have not wholly escaped, to magnify the scope of the prophetic insight of those leaders into the dangers environing the young republic. If a group of American politicians devote themselves for months to the task of discovering and exposing every possible defect in a proposed instrument of government, it must necessarily happen that, as prophets of evil to come from its installation, they will in many cases be successful. A list of the gloomy predictions which these worthies made, and which have *not* been fulfilled, would, for purposes of comparison, be highly instructive.

Next in importance to the convention of 1788, among the occasions on which Mason and Henry were associated, was doubtless the convention of 1776, at Williamsburg, which declared in favor of independence, and gave the State its Declaration of Rights and its new constitution, — the first genuine constitution adopted by any State subsequent to the voting of independence. Upon these events both authors have much that is new to communicate. Mr. Henry in particular gives a much fuller history of the chief transactions of the convention than has ever been given before. The most interesting of its documents is without question its Declaration of Rights, that terse, manly, and vigorous statement of the fundamental principles of free government which has been so widely and so strongly influential ever since. In respect to the authorship of its concluding articles our authors differ, as other authors have differed before. Mr. Henry ascribes those which now stand as the fifteenth and sixteenth to Patrick Henry, relying on the statement of Edmund Randolph, who says, in his manuscript *History of Virginia*, "The fifteenth, recommending an adherence and frequent recurrence to fundamental principles, and the sixteenth, unfettering the exercise of religion, were proposed by Mr. Henry." But Miss Rowland seems to us much more likely to be right in attributing them to the same hand that unquestionably drew up the preceding articles, the hand of Colonel Mason. No such claim was ever made by Henry. Mason, on the other hand, deliberately asserts, in the confidence of private correspondence, in a letter written to a cousin in London only two years and a half after the event, that the paper which he incloses is "a copy of the first draft of the Declaration of Rights, just as it was drawn and presented by me to the Virginia convention, where it received few alterations." He makes a similarly positive statement upon the copy which was

found among his papers after his death in 1792. Moreover, as Miss Rowland ingeniously points out, a paper drawn up by him in 1775 for the Independent Company of Fairfax County, which contains the germs of several of the earlier articles of the Declaration of Rights, contains also, in a slightly variant form, the most characteristic and often-quoted phrase of the disputed fifteenth article. On the whole, these evidences seem entitled to outweigh the unsupported assertion of Edmund Randolph, made perhaps thirty years after the event.

With respect to the Virginian constitution, however, of which, also, the first draft was presented by Mason, Miss Rowland is less fortunate in declaring that the tract of John Adams (*Thoughts on Government*, which he sent to Lee and Henry) "is not believed to have exercised any influence on the convention." A scheme which is either a modification of Adams's plan by Colonel Lee, or of one drawn up from Adams's and Lee's together, was published in the *Virginia Gazette* of May 10, 1776. A close examination and comparison of this, of Colonel Mason's draft in Madison's copy, and of the constitution finally adopted inclines one rather to the opinion expressed by Mr. Henry, — that Mason's plan was framed upon that published in the *Gazette*, and that the constitution was framed upon Mason's draft, though following more closely the published plan in some important particulars.

Both writers relate in much detail the history of the convention of 1788, and Miss Rowland argues warmly that Virginia made a great mistake in ratifying the Constitution. In discussing the fortunes of Governor George Clinton's letter to Governor Randolph, which might have turned the scale, it is a little surprising to see both writers entirely ignoring Governor Randolph's defense as stated by Mr. Conway. On the whole, it seems a satisfactory one. Randolph

says, in transmitting the letter to the Assembly, that immediately on receiving it he had laid it before the Council, and requested their opinion as to whether it was of a public or of a private nature. Any reader of the letter will say that the doubt was justified. "As I have no direction from the legislature on the subject of your communication," writes Clinton, "your Excellency will be pleased to consider this letter as expressive of my own sentiments," etc. However, the Council decided that the communication was of a public nature, and the governor transmitted it to the legislature on the first day of its session, two days before the final vote in the convention. It does not appear that the Council were all Federalists. If there had been anything irregular in the governor's course, it is singular that they did not make it and the contents of the New York letter public. The fact that they did not, and that the resolutions of censure upon the governor found among Mason's papers were apparently never presented to the House of Delegates, may properly lead us to conclude that there was nothing censurable in his conduct.

From the time of the convention until his death in 1792, Mason took no part in public affairs. Indeed, his participation in public affairs had all his life been only occasionally an active one. Born in 1725, he was older than any other of the most prominent characters of the Revolution save Dr. Franklin and Samuel Adams. He was frequently tormented by ill health, and especially by gout. But he had, moreover, an extreme aversion to public life, and escaped from its irksome engagements whenever he could; reserving himself for great occasions, when the duty of political action seemed to him imperative. At other times he contented himself with the position of a disinterested adviser to the more active patriots. The sound wisdom of his counsels was widely appreciated

by them. Their praises have invested him with a reputation such as hardly any other equally unambitious American has ever obtained. It is pleasant to find that when at last we are presented with a full body of evidence respecting the details of his career, the impression of his greatness is only heightened. His nature, large and generous and singularly strong, is felt to be a highly attractive one. His mind was calm and wise and luminous; he had in a peculiar degree those qualities of simplicity, solidity, and sovereign good sense which the independent and reflective life of the planter fostered in so many of the most eminent Virginians. With these qualities, and increasing their effectiveness, went a certain warmth of nature which his contemporaries often speak of as passionate, but which seems, from all we have read, to have been passion held well in restraint. He had also, as Miss Rowland shows us here and there in her attractive and well-written volumes, a certain caustic wit which pleasantly distinguishes him from most of the "fathers;" but it is the wit of a man who jests mainly for his own satisfaction, — not at all that broader and more popular wit which, as in Henry's case, is addressed mainly to the end of raising a laugh among the audience. Somewhat of this grim humor and of Mason's Roman independence is well illustrated by one of the stories which Miss Rowland records concerning him. He was informed, the story goes, that if he opposed the ratification of the Federal Constitution, the people of Alexandria (a strongly Federal town) would mob him. Thereupon he "mounted his horse, rode to the town, and, going up the court-house steps, said to the sheriff, 'Mr. Sheriff, will you make proclamation that George Mason will address the people?' A crowd assembled, and Mason addressed them, denouncing the Constitution with bitter invective, after which he mounted his horse and returned home."

Henry's public career continued for some time after the close of the convention. He had a foremost part in all the struggle which succeeded it respecting the securing of amendments to the Constitution by the first Congress. Through these heated contests Mr. Henry pursues his way evenly and with magnanimity, everywhere defending his grandfather, but defending him with fairness and sobriety. In regard to the arrangement of the first congressional districts in such manner that it was made difficult for Madison to secure a seat, generally set down as the first gerrymander in American history, Mr. Henry rightly states that his ancestor was not a member of the committee that brought in the bill. But the journals show that the committee consisted of eight Anti-Federalists to seven Federalists, and the manuscript loose papers of the session seem to show that the names of the counties making up the districts were left blank in the bill brought in by the committee, and were filled in by the House, and both committee and House were fully under Henry's influence (his edicts, said Washington, "are enregistered with less opposition in the Virginia Assembly than those of the Grand Monarch by his parliaments"), so that the defense is not of much importance. In truth, the districting of the State was in general fairly carried out, and even in the particular district referred to the gerrymander was not a very bad one.

During the last years of his life, Henry's position was that of a moderate Federalist. The change of attitude aroused bitter feeling, and especially, it would seem, on the part of Mr. Jefferson. The biographer's explanation, like that of Professor Tyler, is that the passage of the first eleven amendments had done much to content the orator with the operations of the new government, and that the impiety of the French Revolution caused a revulsion in his deeply religious mind which alienated

him from the Democrats of the Jeffersonian school. In support of this view, Mr. Henry, whose book is everywhere that of a lawyer, brings forward excellent evidence. Perhaps also increasing wealth and years did something toward making the former agitator more conservative. Certainly, the Federalists did not fail assiduously to cultivate the favor of so influential a convert. The last public act of Henry's life was undertaken in response to General Washington's appeal to him to come forth and use his powers against the dangerous doctrines of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions. In March, 1799, at Charlotte Court-House, the great orator appeared for the last time before a Virginian audience, and, in a speech of wonderful eloquence, adjured them to think well before they lent themselves to schemes of opposition to their national government. The immediate impression of his eloquence had not yet passed away when a beardless youth mounted the platform, tall, slender, pale, and effeminate-looking, and vehemently harangued the crowd with arguments opposing those of the aged orator. Thus, with characteristic audacity, John Randolph of Roanoke made his first en-

trance into public life. The scene was a striking one, and fitly closes a chapter in Virginian history. The strange and meteoric career thus begun as Henry's sun was setting was in many ways not typical; in many respects John Randolph represented no one but himself. Yet in a way the scene was characteristic of this year 1799 in Virginia. The matchless agitator, whose life had mostly been spent in protests on behalf of liberty and local rights, was passing away. The period during which the political force of Virginia had been a force exercised in opposition was closing. With the elections of the next year was to begin a new period in Virginian history, — a period marked mainly by the fact that now Virginia was placed for a time in charge of the government to which hitherto it had been her part to act as opposition, and was to rule it through Randolph and men wiser than Randolph. If now, at Charlotte Court-House, it was the representative of the old generation who spoke for the cause of nationality, and that of the younger who spoke for the old programme, that was not the only anomaly in which the transition from the eighteenth century to the nineteenth was to involve Virginia.

A HALF-CENTURY OF CONFLICT.

DR. PARKMAN'S *Half-Century of Conflict*¹ fills the gap between Count Frontenac and Montcalm and Wolfe; the period being the first half of the last century. It is not difficult to understand why the author left the annals of this time unwritten until the story of the downfall of French power had been told; for, interesting and important as the history of British and French Amer-

ica in the early part of the eighteenth century may be, it pales in interest and importance before the great events which led to the fall of Quebec. The annals of the whole first half of the century could have been spared better than the story of the next ten years could have been spared. The conflict which opened with the bloody scene of Braddock's defeat; which passed on to Dieskau's defeat in the early part of the century, and which culminated in the Revolution of 1776, is the story of the first half of the century. Part Sixth. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1892.

¹ *A Half-Century of Conflict.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. France and England in North

feat; which embraced the capture of Fort William Henry, whose direful conclusion stained indelibly the white flag of France; which included the repulse of Abercrombie; and which, the tide inexorably turning in the reduction of Louisbourg, terminated in the decisive victory of the British upon the Plains of Abraham, had a dramatic character such as none other has ever borne in English-written annals. It has the scenery, the picturesqueness, the characters, the motives, the continuity as well as the shifting climaxes of the drama, and the curtain fell upon the most dramatic spectacle in the history of America. To such a master of scenic description as Parkman, the temptation to skip to the concluding and most picturesque act of all must have been irresistible.

Far different is a conflict which drags on for half a century, and a scene which stretches from Cape Breton to the Rocky Mountains: both are too vast for the mind or the eye to take in at once. We can see but one thing at a time; the whole is broken up, and the parts are disconnected. The plan of the work betrays this and suffers from it; for we skip from Detroit to Deerfield, from Deerfield to Acadia, from Acadia to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, thence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the mouth of the Mississippi back to its head waters. Such is the ground covered by the first volume only; in the second volume we barely stop short of the Little Rosebud. No work can maintain its logical sequence or its rhetorical continuity amid such scene-shifting, and where the subject and the characters change with the interludes. The derided unities avenge themselves; and though there is a connection between a defense of Louisbourg and the discovery of the Big Horn range, it is a connection which we take on faith, but which, at the moment of perusal is not present to the mind. To insure unity and uninterrupted sequence, there must exist a positive, manifest, con-

stant, self-assertive motive, from which everything emanates of its own motion, to which it returns, and of which it is the expression; a cause which has not to be kept in mind by any effort of the reader, but which thrusts itself before him, stands in his path, and confronts him at every step. But, with the exception of Queen Anne's war and the war of the Austrian Succession, where are the positive, visible, aggressive historical impulses which, throughout the first half of the eighteenth century, arrest the eye and irresistibly rivet the mind upon themselves? They exist, but they are less than half revealed, and the reader is conscious of ceaseless effort to maintain connection between the dissociated parts. This, the fault of the subject, is the misfortune of the author.

The conflict of this half-century was a fifty years' game of bluff, whose outward and visible signs, with the two exceptions noted, never rose in dignity above the bickerings, broils, scuffles, and affrays of the overreaching gamesters. The jousts, the gentle and joyous tournaments, the marching armies, the pitched battles, and the death struggle belong to another stage. It was a conflict of the hatchet on the border, and of deceit and chicanery in the closet, where ignorance vied with indifference to colonial welfare, — a conflict in which the combatants upon one side were meddling priests, greedy traders, and deluded savages, and upon the other were stingy legislatures, greedier traders, and harried frontiersmen; and of these components none showed spirit or manliness except those upon whom fell the payment of the stakes, the frontiersmen and the savages. So far as open, honorable conflict is concerned, it was the play of King Henry V., with "God for Harry! England and St. George!" left out, and nothing retained but "Alarums." We wade through page after page of that which makes up local history, but which was incidental, merely, to the game be-

tween the nations which was going on with the blinds down; and local history so ill recorded by the generation that wrought it as leaves the reader with only a half-defined notion of the events themselves, and with the suspicion that, since the actors took so little pains to perpetuate them, their importance may be greater at the close of the nineteenth century than it was at the beginning of the eighteenth. This is not history; it is barely chronicle.

It is true that this desultory conflict is enlivened by the Queen Anne and Austrian Succession wars, and that armaments worthy of the great powers appear upon the scene: navies cover the seas, and armies are marshaled upon the lines yet to be made famous by Wolfe and Montcalm. Notwithstanding this, a spell of timidity, hesitation, and disappointment pervades the atmosphere; nothing comes to fruition, everything turns out abortive; armies disband before reaching Lake Champlain, and fleets turn back before sighting Quebec or Annapolis. Petticoat politics at home, political and bed-chamber favorites in command of armed men, and dullness,—dullness characterizing diplomacy, administration, and field service everywhere. The only men who evince a comprehension of the situation, and the value of that to which the courtiers are blind, are a handful of Jesuits buried in the woods, the traders of Albany, Detroit, and Michillimackinac, Shirley the lawyer, Pepperrell the merchant, the Gloucester fishermen, and the settlers whose scalps are in danger. While a continent and the future are at stake, Europe is awake to nothing but duchies and the fleeting hour.

One great reason for the American chapter in the history of this half-century being so devoid of interest is, that the hostilities were perpetrated in times of peace. This kept the actors within bounds, not to say hiding: it permitted no formation of heavy columns, no great

operations, but restricted the contending parties to a miserable guerrilla-like warfare, in which the ignorant savages were mercilessly used as stool-pigeons, upon whom the blame was to be cast in the event of detection, and in which the loss falling upon isolated and distant settlers affected little the body of society. Along the line of the Hudson and the Mohawk, the Dutch traders actually controlled "hostilities" in the interest of trade, and kept up such an understanding with the French and Abenakis that tranquillity was maintained on their borders, while those of New England were smoking. The whole business is a wretched one, which even the two wars cannot redeem from disgust. Parkman is unquestionably aware of this, and exhausts his art to lend interest to the barren and repulsive theme by bringing into prominence the few noteworthy events and characteristics, such as Lovewell's fight, the siege of Louisbourg, the search for the Pacific, and the disastrous expedition of the Duc d'Anville; but the reign of dullness has proved too much even for him, for he abandons the contest in a tame and purposeless final chapter,—

"Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens."

In point of interest, therefore, this work does not compare with the preceding ones of the series, and it is not to be named in the same breath, in any respect, with the author's masterpiece, Montcalm and Wolfe. It serves its purpose as a connecting link, but, except as a clear and convenient compendium of events necessary to fill a hiatus in his history, it adds little to the value of his works. Indeed, after *The Old Régime*, *Count Frontenac*, and *Montcalm and Wolfe*, how could he augment the essential knowledge of the subject? The topography and physical characteristics of the theatre of action, the resources of the two countries, the modes of living pursued by the different peoples, the

motives that actuated them, their objects of endeavor, their religions and politics, their manners, their European courts, their diversity of political constitution, — everything had been brought out, as no other man had ever done, long before this Half-Century of Conflict saw the light. The writing of this work must have been more or less a perfunctory task, and this master has encountered that which others before him have had to succumb to, — failure to equal himself. The dinners of Lucullus can be compared only with those of Lucullus, and Parkman's works are to be judged only by those of Parkman.

The most striking and unquestionably the most interesting event narrated in these pages is the reduction of Louisbourg by Pepperrell, a portion of the book already known to readers of *The Atlantic*. This was the most important military affair that had then taken place in North America, and it would have affected most profoundly the destinies of New France had it not been robbed of its importance by the imbecility of Whitehall. Posterity learns with stupefaction two things: first, that the downfall of the French power in America was actually made impending by the capture of the great stronghold, Louisbourg, by a parcel of New England provincials, moved thereto by a lawyer, and led by a merchant ignorant of the first principle of war; and secondly, that after the Lord had delivered this fortress into our hands the English rejected the godsend and handed it back to the French; for, on the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the place was returned to France in exchange for Madras, then a petty factory in the East Indies, — whereby the work of 1745 had all to be done over again in 1758. Dullness, short-sightedness, political jealousy, and indifference to the well being of the colonies made short work with colonial foresight and energy. In connection with this, we think that Mr. Parkman

gives too much credit to the British fleet, which at most was auxiliary merely to the land forces, and that he adopts a tone, in his narration of the siege, hardly commensurate with the gravity of the undertaking. Unquestionably, there is something downright ludicrous in the fact of a crowd of farm boys and shopkeepers setting sail with the avowed object of taking one of the strongest fortresses in the world, a masterpiece of the Vauban system; and this without heavy artillery, and with their vessels ballasted with cannon balls which were to be fired from guns that they expected to take from the fortification itself. But what is not ludicrous is, that the event justified their self-reliance, and that the landing and subsequent steps did not betray the ignorance of greenhorns, but that the operations under Pepperrell compare favorably with those at a later date under Amherst, who had Wolfe for his right hand. Either intuition and native wit supplied in a marvelous degree the absence of technical knowledge, or there was some one on the ground who had the requisite skill. One thing is certain, — there was no lack of the essential matter, spirit.

In these pages, too, is to be found the Chevy Chase of the New England border. We owe to Parkman the revival — alas that this expression must be used of what once was a household word around Massachusetts hearths! — of the story of Lovewell's fight. How those who went out to shear came near being shorn; how the wounded Lovewell and his thirty-two neighbors stood at bay in the ambushade the livelong day, cut off from human aid, and fighting with their faces towards home; how young Frye, the chaplain, scalped his Indian, and afterwards, wounded unto death, kept praying for his comrades, as he lay in his blood; how Keyes, unable longer to keep his feet by reason of three wounds, in order to prevent the savages from getting his scalp got pain-

fully into a canoe and drifted away before the wind, as he supposed to die, but, as the event proved, to survive; how Robbins had his loaded gun placed beside him by his departing fellows, saying, "The Indians will come in the morning to scalp me, and I'll kill another of 'em if I can;" the death of the war-chief Paugus, and the 'Mournful Elegy of Frye's sweetheart, — all this is told in a way that makes the blood course more quickly, the eye snap fire, and the teeth close hard-set. Parkman, with consummate art, has brought into bold relief the fortitude and fierce resolution of the race-blood which, when in desperate straits, has rarely failed to wrest victory from defeat, and which has so often taught the enemy that it is never to be feared more than when caught at a disadvantage. He has done something more: he has insured immortality to the men who, that bitter day, wrought their brave deed in the dark forest beside the lake.

The Acadian story is narrated clearly, and the facts are so sustained by reference to the original documents, French as well as English, that surely there should be an end of controversy. Now that both sides have exhausted themselves, there may be a pause, until at least the Abbé Casgrain and Rameau de Saint-Pierre get breath for another reply. There is, nevertheless, little ground to hope for a complete cessation of hostilities, for the Acadian question has taken its place as one of those choice controversial morsels which no literary gentleman in New England or the Maritime Provinces can afford to be without; and though the heavy firing is over for this generation, we expect to hear dropping shots on the subject for the rest of our days.

The story, as we have seen, lacks the apparent continuity of history, and the

interest is, consequently, not sustained throughout. To this, perhaps, is due some inequality of style that is noticeable, for it is too much to expect of a writer that he shall maintain interest where none can be aroused. In the three marked characteristics of Parkman — that is to say, in exhaustive study of his theme, correct analysis of the underlying political situation, and picturesque description — we can perceive no loss of power, no deterioration. In the last particular, he is as apt as ever to

"Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

We doubt not that we express the feeling of the whole English-speaking world of literature when we congratulate the author upon the completion of the imperishable monument which commemorates his own noble endeavor and the glory of the race to which he belongs. It is rare indeed that a literary project conceived in youth is so comprehensive in its character, and is pursued so steadfastly to its final achievement after nearly fifty years of toil, under discouragements of physical privation induced by the very devotion which led the young author at the outset to turn his back upon civilized life, and to cast in his lot for a time with the race whose ancestors bore so conspicuous a part in the history which he was to unfold. Nor can one fail to mark also the wise judgment which led Dr. Parkman, holding his great plan inviolable, to mark his progress by successive publications, rather than to keep his material in reserve for one impressive issue. From the beginning straight to the end rise the monuments which betoken his faithful toil, his tenacity of purpose, his conscientious pursuit of knowledge, and the gains that he wrested from grudging time. He heaped his cairns as he pursued his way.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature. The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, with the Characters; edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Index, by John Bradshaw, M. A., LL. D. (Imported by Scribners.) This new edition of Lord Chesterfield's Letters comes most opportunely at a time when the Letters to his Godson and the comment to which they have given rise have awakened a fresh interest in a correspondence which will not always be satisfied by a small volume of "selections" therefrom. There are still readers, we trust, who delight in the space and freedom of unabridged classics, and feel competent to select their own best. These volumes are practically a reprint of Lord Mahon's edition, now a rather scarce book. His arrangement of the letters has been followed, and nearly all his footnotes have been retained. The notes added by the present editor are to be commended as clear, concise, and to the point. While the series of letters in which Lord Chesterfield vainly labored with such patience, persistency, fertility of resource, and consummate tact for his son's worldly salvation is still tolerably well known actually, and very widely known by repute, we think that the miscellaneous letters will be new to many readers. His comments on public affairs are invariably interesting, and at the same time keenly intelligent. But, politically as well as paternally, Chesterfield was a disappointed man, and from first to last he never held a position at all commensurate with his undoubtedly great abilities in certain directions. We suspect that one effect of a careful reading of the letters addressed to his most intimate friends will be a considerable modification of some preconceived opinions in regard to the writer.

Fiction. The Reflections of a Married Man, by Robert Grant. (Scribners.) We like Mr. Grant's papers; and we like them better in this form than in the magazine where at intervals they first appeared. As a volume they gain greatly in unity of effect, and form an intensely natural record of the common and thus unrecorded experiences of a married man. It is a question whether every one would care to write such self-revealing reflections; but these revela-

tions of what we must believe is the writer's own "interior" are always honorable to him. The book will delight the married, and will amuse the unmarried; although it may act as a gentle deterrent on those who indiscreetly and unadvisedly think of entering upon a certain holy (though financially unprofitable) estate.—Far from To-Day, by Gertrude Hall. (Roberts.) We have seldom to confess being utterly routed by a book of short stories, but Far from To-Day contains some of the hardest reading that we have ever found outside an improving book. The stories are laid in periods as remote as the days of King Wamba, the characters enjoy names of archaic rarity,—those in the first tale being Triflor, Hatto, Kahilde, Kabior, Tristiane, Ib, otherwise called Magnus Magnusson, Snorro, Knut, Erik, Sweyn,—and the style is strained and unnatural. If the author had not tried so hard to be far from to-day, her book would be interesting, for the stories are sufficiently good. Their manner, not their matter, discourages the reader. A strong flavor of William Morris's tales, early French romances and classical lore, and an assemblage of knights, goatherds, minstrels, maidens, jesters (who, like most literary jesters, never say anything amusing), all acting parts in a nebulous atmosphere, without recognizable time or place, cause us to close the book with the impression that it contains a series of librettos for the more recondite passages in the music of the excellent Herr Brahms.—That Angelic Woman, by James M. Ludlow. (Harpers.) The angelic woman is a nurse in a hospital; while the very unheroic hero is a rich and vulgar person, who, after various escapades, falls in love with her,—she having saved his life. The angelic woman declines to compromise self-respect by marrying so rich a man, whereat the hero's money, inherited from his father, promptly turns out to have been stolen from the angelic woman's papa. The pair then wed. The tale is not at all improved by the introduction of much pietistic talk by the frequenters of a Home for Discharged Convicts. But this crude and ill-constructed story has at least the merit of right-mindedness.—Marionettes, by Julien Gordon.

(Cassell.) We prefer countless hosts of "angelic women" to a single set of Marionettes. The author, representing her second-best heroine in deep emotion, while dressing to go out, informs us, with pleasing explicitness, that "Lollia St. Clair drew on a pair of black silk stockings and slipped her feet into black shoes. As she leaned forward, her tightly laced satin corset cracked on her hip. The room was filled with the throbbing sound of her heaving bosom." In future, high-bred heroines should allow their maids to dress them,—at least in this author's novels.—*Improbable Tales*, by Clinton Ross. (Putnams.) He is a bold man who, in this day of fiction à la Kipling, dares to name a volume of stories *Improbable Tales*; and in this case Mr. Clinton Ross's tales are not phenomenally improbable. If remarkable at all, they are so for a certain air of probability; and thus it comes to pass that the title of this book rather effectually discounts its contents. The first story, *The Pretender*, is much the best of the three, and possesses an element of excitement not shared by the other incongruous sketches which make up the volume.—*The Venetians*, by M. E. Braddon. (Harpers.) Owing, we suppose, to international copyright, Miss Braddon's latest novel reaches her American readers in a more attractive guise than any of its numerous predecessors. It is in the author's later (and better) manner, and shows her accustomed easy mastery of the mechanism of story-telling. It will appeal to a large, if not judicious, body of readers.—*The Magic Ink, and Other Stories*, by William Black. (Harpers.) Three short tales written in the mannered and somewhat perfunctory style which nowadays often causes Mr. Black's readers to remember regretfully the unfailing charm and occasional power of his earlier work.

Nature and Travel. *The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky, and Other Kentucky Articles*, by James Lane Allen. (Harpers.) Mr. Allen had a good subject for his book, but he has not made the most of it. Persons who know nothing of Kentucky life will not get a very definite idea of the blue-grass region and its relation to Kentucky; and no one who knows much of the district will be likely, from this book, to know more. The best papers are *Uncle Tom at Home*, *County Court Day in Ken-*

tucky, *Kentucky Fairs*, and *A Home of the Silent Brotherhood*; but this last account of the Trappist monastery represents it as a more picturesque and peaceful spot than we have reason to believe it to be. As a whole, although the book is filled with description, these descriptions leave no clear-cut image on the mind; and, while very fully illustrated, the pictures, like the text, lack that touch of actuality which alone gives life. It is, we fear, a volume containing much more writing than reading. The printing of the title on the title-page in blue ink is a kind of typographic pun too obvious to be clever.—*A Tramp across the Continent*, by Charles F. Lummis. (Scribners.) This is the record of a walk of one hundred and forty-three days from Cincinnati to Los Angeles; as the author says, "a truthful record of some of the experiences and impressions of a walk across the continent,—the diary of a man who got outside the fences of civilization, and was glad of it." It is an interesting book; and, in spite of an irritating newspaper style, it would be hard to lay it down until one had finished it. The author's adventures were many and thrilling; and the horrors of the final stages of his journey furnish him with an effective climax. There is a fine cocksureness about Mr. Lummis, however, which, while it undoubtedly greatly aided him on his journey, is the chief defect of an otherwise bright and spirited book.—*English Pharisees, French Crocodiles, and other Anglo-French Typical Characters*, by Max O'Rell. (Cassell.) We thought Max O'Rell had "written himself out" on Anglo-Franco-American comparisons, but his first chapter has enough clever things in it to dissipate this idea. There is, to be sure, some repetition in this new book, but none the less it is a very amusing and rather keen analysis of the differences between English and French humbugs, with an occasional thrust at some American absurdities. Dedicated "To Jonathan," it suggests some queries to a people whom the author believes the Old World can teach "how to be happy without rolling in wealth,—not how to work, but how to live."—*A Too Short Vacation*, by Lucy Langdon Williams and Emma V. McLoughlin. (Lippincott.) Now that the highways and byways of foreign travel have been so mercilessly written up, there is not much that is

new to be said about a trip of three months' duration, in which fifty places were visited and which cost three hundred and fifty dollars, taken by two rather independent young women armed with a kodak camera and the minimum of luggage. Just the sort of book is produced that one would suppose would be produced after a journey of this sort; and just the kind of pictures illustrate it that these travelers would naturally take. If the species of volume is not already apparent, we advise reading it, but not otherwise. — The Third Annual Report of the Missouri Botanical Garden is issued by the Trustees (St. Louis), and is far more than a mere perfunctory work. Besides Mr. Trelease's report to the directors, and reports of sermon and banquet, in the latter of which Mr. Shaw's services are gratefully remembered, there are two important scientific papers by Messrs. Trelease and Riley, as well as a body of notes, all liberally illustrated.

Education and Textbooks. Fifteen years ago Dr. R. P. Keep translated and adapted Autenrieth's Homeric Dictionary for Schools and Colleges, and we commended the book with little reserve. Now a new and revised edition of the same book, under the editorship of Professor Isaac Flagg (Harpers), is issued, and we have been interested, in comparing the two, to see how thorough the revision has been. A few pages in the total number have been saved, but in the revision there has not always been condensation; some entries have been expanded in the interest of clearness and precision. Altogether the book demands a new lease of life, and remains, as its predecessor was, the handiest accompaniment to the study of Homer which we possess. — *Methods of Instruction and Organization of the Schools of Germany, for the Use of American Teachers and Normal Schools*, by John T. Prince. (Lee & Shepard.) Mr. Prince, who had won a good name as one of the agents of the Massachusetts Board of Education, interrupted his work to spend a year or more in Germany, for the purpose of studying the methods in use there, especially in normal schools. He illustrates the proverb that one must carry the wealth of the Indies thither, if he would bring it back. His familiarity with methods here made him a most admirable observer and comparer, so that he has produced a thoroughly

orderly, well-digested report. He has done his work unflinchingly when it has led him to results which show the superiority of German methods, but he is so fair in his discrimination that no one will be misled by his praise of those methods; for he is not a blind enthusiast, but a well-balanced, thoughtful student. His book should be of real service to American educators. — *Colloquial German*, by Thomas Bertrand Bronson. (Holt.) A brief handbook, of which the first part consists of a series of exercises in conversation, the material being the requirements of one in traveling, shopping, eating, drinking, theatre-going, and the like, followed by notes and a vocabulary, and closing with a compact summary of German grammar. It would seem most useful as a drill-book for those who have already made some progress in the language. — *Academic Algebra, for the Use of Common and High Schools and Academies, with Numerous Examples*, by Edward A. Bowser. (Heath.) The book, which is one of a half dozen mathematical works by the same author, professes to be a complete treatise up to and through the Progressions, and including Permutations and Combinations and the Binomial Theorem. Its name is intended to indicate that it prepares the way for a college algebra, but we think the customary use of the term "academic" makes this restricted use of doubtful expediency. — In the series *University Extension Manuals* (Scribners), Hugh Robert Mill's *The Realm of Nature* strikes us as much the most satisfactory volume yet produced. It is described further as *An Outline of Physiography*, and takes up in orderly succession such topics as *The Substance of Nature, Energy, The Power of Nature, The Earth a Spinning Ball, The Earth a Planet, The Solar System and Universe, The Atmosphere, Climates of the World, The Bed of the Oceans, The Crust of the Earth, Action of Water on the Land, The Record of the Rocks, The Continental Area*. The last two chapters, *Life and Living Creatures, Man in Nature*, may disappoint the reader by their brevity, but they are hardly out of proportion to the main subject, and leave opportunity for further volumes in which they may be expanded. The book has had the advantage of a revision for American students by Professor Shaler, and has a number of very

interesting charts and illustrations. — Reading and Speaking, Familiar Talks to Young Men Who Would Speak Well in Public, by Brainard Gardner Smith. (Heath.) This manual differs from most of its class by the adoption of a colloquial style, and the calling in of a number of witnesses upon the several points. There is some disposition to invent a specific terminology, but on the whole one would say that Mr. Smith, who is a professor at Cornell, has with some success transferred to the pages of a book the lively instruction which he gives in the class-room. — Number Lessons, a Book for Second and Third Year Pupils, by Charles E. White. (Heath.) A collection of examples and problems graded as to difficulty, and twisted ingeniously into every conceivable form of presentation. The compiler appears to think this book can be used also as offering exercises in spelling and in drawing. — A Study in Corneille, by Lee Davis Lodge, A. M. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.) A somewhat impassioned and rhetorical tribute to the great French dramatist, interspersed with translations, which in their bald literalness will hardly fulfill even the writer's modest aspiration to give to American readers unacquainted with the French language "something like a fair conception" of the genius of Corneille.

Books for the Young. Friendly Letters to Girls, Friendly Talks with Boys, by Helen A. Hawley. (Randolph.) Two small books of advice, written by a sensible, plain-spoken woman, who has, it may be, adopted a curt, direct form of speech, and eschewed grace and persuasiveness. The matter is good, and certainly no girl or boy could be the worse who took the advice to heart. — With Serip and Staff, by Ella W. Peattie. (Randolph.) A story of the German portion of the Children's Crusade, rather prettily told, but too painful, we think, for the little folk for whom it is written. A word on the reasons why the Crusaders' enterprise, through its dependence on the violently miraculous answer of God to its petitions, was doomed to failure, although undertaken in a spirit of faith and sacrifice, might have been added with advantage. To the childish mind, the book would, as it stands, prove an admirable argument for not believing in the efficacy of saying one's prayers. — Stories from Eng-

lish History for Young Americans. (Harpers.) On the whole, this is an excellent book of its kind. The most salient events of English history, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the present day, are epitomized with considerable skill, and with a simplicity of style which makes the narrative easily within a child's comprehension. It was a wise thought, and quite in the line of the best methods of teaching, to scatter through the work so many well-selected historical and national poems. The illustrations are numerous, and usually very good.

Music. Manual of Musical History, by James E. Matthew. (Putnam's.) This handsome volume is practically the author's Popular History of Music (now out of print) recast and brought down to date. Mr. Matthew begins with the early history of music and of musical instruments, and then traces the history of music in England and the various European countries, with accounts of the rise of the opera and oratorio. We have seldom met with a better book of the kind. The whole subject is well digested, the volume well arranged, and (what is not always the case in books on music) the style is simple, direct, and unaffected, as if the author cared too much for his subject to have time for display or self-consciousness in treating of it. A very valuable feature of the Manual is the bibliography which follows each of the sixteen chapters. The work also contains illustrations, portraits, fac-similes, etc.; and an index of thirty-five double-column pages completes a book of reference which for careful workmanship deserves the warmest praise. — My Thoughts on Music and Musicians, by H. Heathcote Statham. (Chapman & Hall, London.) Mr. Statham, who is editor of The Builder, has brought together in this octavo volume various related essays which he has published for the most part in leading English periodicals. After a long and fundamental paper, On Form and Design in Music, he deals successively with Händel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, Sterndale Bennett, and concludes with a sketchy paper, About the Organ. He is an independent writer, of much vigor of thought. His essays are chiefly critical, but have an admixture of biographic details, and are enlivened by much frank comment on current criticism and by the spice of anecdote. His paper

on Wagner may especially be commended as tending to discriminate the substantial contribution of Wagner to the development of music from that which is the mere demonstration of untenable theories. — A Child's Garland of Songs, gathered from a Child's Garden of Verses, by Robert Louis Stevenson, and set to Music by C. Villiers Stanford. (Longmans.) Nine of Mr. Stevenson's charming child poems are here given a musical setting; but we fear they will hardly prove, to quote from the poet's introductory verses, songs children "love to sing." The accompaniments are too complicated, and the music is too mature, and not sufficiently melodious, to attract very youthful singers. The composer has been most successful, we think, in *My Shadow*, *My Ship* and *Me*, and, almost perforce, in the *Marching Song*.

Poetry. The Poetic Works of Frank Cowan. In three volumes. Vol. I. (The Oliver Publishing House, Greensburg, Pa.) An octavo of four hundred pages or so, including notes. Mr. Cowan has been a traveler in many lands, and his travels have given him plenty of themes, and plenty of time in which to work them up. There is a great deal of time on one's hands when traveling, and verse-making becomes one of the most agreeable of diversions. Besides the travel poems, there is a great variety of epigrams, and longer or shorter flights of Mr. Cowan's fancy, which is an exuberant one. Mr. Cowan's philosophy, also, is stored in his verse.

Economics and Sociology. In Questions of the Day (Putnams), a recent issue is Money, Silver, and Finance, by J. Howard Cowperthwait. A vigorous protest, in somewhat homely diction, against a current policy regarding silver, and especially against the Bland bill. Mr. Cowperthwait writes as a business man, and draws many examples from his own observation and experience. Still, without a thorough examination of the book, it strikes us that Mr. Cowperthwait has not quite got at the bottom of the present movement, and that he is mistaken if he thinks there ever will be a return to the previous condition. — The Impossibility of Social Democracy, by Dr. A. Schäffle; with a Preface by Bernard Bosanquet. (Imported by Scribners.) A volume in the Social Science Series. It is somewhat difficult to present this writer's

position briefly, for his essay is so entangled by references to himself and his former writings, and to movements in Germany which have not taken on a marked historic character, that the reader trudges along through the Germanesque sentences with a bewilderment which is not greatly lessened by the occasional waymarks in the form of italicized paragraphs. However, it may be said in general that the author holds philosophically to a conception of the state which invests it with organic life, and contends that socialism is only intensified individualism, and would use the state as a mechanical contrivance. He believes that socialism accomplishes its best work in exposing the defects of current industrial society, but that the development of society will not be along the lines of dogmatic socialism. — Another volume in the Social Science Series (imported by Scribners) is Poverty, its Genesis and Exodus, an Enquiry into Causes and the Method of their Removal, by John George Godard. The inquiry is confined to conditions of life in England, and the author announces, as the practical programme by which poverty is to be abolished, the extension of the suffrage and other electoral reforms; the further development of the National Education movement; a wider dissemination of the truths of economics; a diminution in the consumption of luxuries, and especially of alcoholic beverages; a judicious control of population; an eight-hours labor day; an increased and cumulative taxation of land values; a differentiated and graduated income-tax; an equalization and graduation of the death duties; a radical reform of the Poor Law system; the increased acquisition of land and capital by the state and municipalities; and the gradual extension of industrial collectivism. So, if any one is in favor of poverty, he may take courage when he sees this long list of remedies which are to be secured, — a list which oddly mingles economical legislation with the development of the individual conscience. — *Germanic Origins, a Study in Primitive Culture*, by Francis B. Gummere. (Scribners.) A close examination of authorities, at first and second hand, regarding the Germanic sources of English-speaking people. That is to say, since the students of early England agree in recognizing the Germanic element, though they differ in

their estimate of its relative importance, Mr. Gummere rightly judges that a true contribution to English history may be made by a careful study of Germanic people and their institutions as seen at home previous to their direct influence upon English life. He treats his subject under such heads as Land and People, The Home, The Family, Trade and Commerce, Government and Law, Social Order, The Worship of Nature, The Worship of Gods, and throughout brings to bear a critical and sympathetic temper. He is moreover a generous scholar, and the reader, undeterred by the bristling array of authorities at the foot of the page, is led along by the lively, occasionally humorous style of the writer.

Domestic Economy. The House Comfortable, by Agnes Bailey Ormsbee. (Harpers.) A useful little book on the furnishing and equipment of houses of persons of modest means, simply and plainly written; with the aim to make the house comfortable and beautiful, and not beautiful and uncomfortable, as the manner of some is.

Politics. Parliamentary Procedure and Practice, with a Review of the Origin, Growth, and Operation of Parliamentary Institutions in the Dominion of Canada, by J. G. Bourinot. (Dawson Brothers, Montreal.) Although this important work, which is an enlarged and revised edition of that first published eight years ago, has for

its main purpose a clear exposition of the practical working of the Canadian Parliament, it gives so admirable an historical survey of parliamentary government in Canada, and makes in many ways so sagacious a contribution to the study of comparative politics, that no student of American political history should neglect it. It has become the authority in its field, and is a model of what such a book should be.

Religion. The Unseen Friend, by Lucy Larcom. (Houghton.) Miss Larcom has special qualifications for writing on religious themes, in the simplicity of her style, the poetic sense, and above all the unaffectedness of her speech. For the most part, the book is rather devotional than speculative, but in one chapter, at least, The Divine-Human, she strikes out fresh and penetrating thought, without any assumption of a philosophical system. The temper of the book is idealistic and catholic.

Occultism. The Rationale of Mesmerism, by A. P. Sinnett. (Houghton.) Mr. Sinnett's book is in form a criticism of the modern theory of hypnotism in its assumption of scientific displacement of the earlier theory of mesmerism, but his examination of the two theories leads him into a close examination of mesmerism in its phenomena, and a constructive treatment of this occult force, with a view to reestablishing its philosophical character.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Past and
Present of Ho-
tels.

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew
free
In the silken sail of infancy,"

I made the acquaintance of the Wandering Jew of juvenile literature. Rollo Holiday began his travels in that prehistoric age before the discovery of the cigarette, when boys still built huts in the woods, played "hawkey" in the city streets, went fishing off the wharves of Boston, and were held to labor at the domestic wood-pile. Years, lustres, quarter-centuries, rolled by, and Master Rollo, still just rising twelve, was found voyaging on an ocean steamship and doing the grand tour, as young gentlemen were wont to do in the days of King Charles

the Martyr, whom Puritan divines called "the man Charles Stuart," and of whom liberal historians affirm that if he had been more of a man he would have been less of a martyr. If mine were the pen of the creator of this Zanoni of the Sunday-school bookshelf, and if it were right to steal the creation of another, I should like to add to that famous series Rollo as a Roundhead, Rollo as a Cavalier (went over about the time that Falkland did), and also to append, in behalf of this later time, Rollo at Football, Rollo on the River (in the 'varsity eight), Rollo Learning to Telephone, Rollo as a Typewriter.

It is not that I altogether admire Rollo.

In my memory he is brigaded with Harry Sandford, that *bête noire* of early days, when Robinson Crusoe was a reality, and Aladdin a fond but hopeful dream. But I should like to "call him up who left half told" the story of Rollo's early journeyings, in order to get some more vivid pictures of the old hotel and tavern life, now so entirely vanished. Their customs have followed their customers into the silent land. Rollo would now have to forget that he had ever placed—not without secret misgivings—his first pair of high-topped boots outside his hotel bedroom door, in order that his shining morning face might be matched by his other extremity; that he had sojourned at a caravansary where there were hours of meals announced by bells and gongs, and meals correspondent to the hours; where those "who came not at the first ca', as was the custom of Puddingburn Ha' and the house of Mangerton all hail," "gat no mair meat till the next meal." He would dimly remember how he sat at a long table and watched processions of waiters with tin dish-covers held shieldwise before them. There were joints—sometimes giants—in those days, and actual carving, first at the festive board, afterward at the sideboard. Arrivals and departures were events in the day, at which the guests assisted, as they still do at seaside watering-places, and the host himself accompanied the parting guest to the stage expectant. He would then have bidden farewell to Rollo (supposing that young gentleman to have reached the mature age of twenty-five, and to be engaged to his cousin Lucy) with a cheerful "Good-by, Mr. Holiday. Hope next time we see you, you will bring Mrs. Holiday with you;" thereby causing Rollo to blush up to the eyes, partly with pleasure, and partly with wonder at the landlord's omniscience.

In those days the patron of a house had rights, not precisely set down in charters, but, like the privileges of a grandee of Spain, known and respected of the sovereign. Was it not said to the transient casual, "Sorry, sir, but 25 is the only vacant first-floor room, and we must keep that for Mr. Holiday, Sr. He always comes to Boston [or New York or Philadelphia] in March"? Then Howard—it was before the war—always set the stars and stripes above his roof when he had the governor of a State lodging under it. It is reported that

the chief magistrates of the twin Carolinas once met at his table, but had no occasion to exchange the remark which history has made famous. Then the hotel clerk, who was as the executive officer of a man-of-war in rank and duty, was a man of varied information and infinite resource. His speech ran thus: "Going across, Mr. Holiday? If you stop a month in London, you will do well to have your name down at the Traveller's Club. Go to the Albemarle, just off Piccadilly. I'll give you a note to the landlord, and he will see to it. Albemarle is a nice, quiet house, where you will stop till you get lodgings. That is the way people do in London." Or, "Going to Oxford to enter young Mr. Holiday? Of course you go to the Mitre, High Street, not far from St. Mary's. Tell Bridges you want George Stephens for guide. He'll take you everywhere and show you everything, better even than one of the dons. As a rule, they only care for their own college and a few of the big lions." Or, again, "Did you say you wanted to see the original copy of Mather's *Magnalia*, the one with the suppressed notes? You will have to go to the Historical Society's rooms, opposite; but you'll hardly get to see it as a stranger. Take my card to Mr. Oldbuck, the deputy librarian, and he'll do it, if any one will." Once more: "Want a suit for your son here? Better try my tailor, G. L. Randige. Just mention I sent you." "Masonic lodge, did you say? There's some lodge-meeting almost every night. But wait a minute. Grand Commander of Knights Templars dines here to-day. Think he's still in the dining-room. Yes. John, step to that gentleman, third from the head of the table, the one in the blue coat and brass buttons, and say, when he is at leisure we should be glad to see him a moment at the desk. He is your man, brother Holiday." And so on, and so on.

Then, too, in those days extra services were attainable for extra tips, when the gratuity wisely administered did its work, and the whole thought of the serving-man had not degenerated to the alternative of wholesale greed or supercilious neglect. Then a "half," or even a "quarter," secured, not the ordinary sufficiency of service, whereof the public had no reason to complain, but a zealous and almost tender solicitude.

Then knowledge of hotels stood for something, since there was not the dreary and oppressive and costly luxury which reigns all along the great routes, and is miserably copied on the side-tracks of travel. There was choice in rooms instead of the leveling tyranny of the "lift."

Does any reader of The Atlantic remember the old hotel (burnt) at Nahant, and its "rattle alley," devoted to youthful bachelors who did not mind stairs? The *cubacula* of its huge attic were cells partitioned off, with the free roof above, so that you could hold cheerful converse with your neighbor over the partition top; and young gentlemen from the near Harvard College, just then beginning to be called the University at Cambridge, would playfully abstract the balls from the tennis alley and roll them up and down the long hallway between, to the terror and indignation of the elderly male guest who, in stress of room, had been provisionally quartered in 199. Provisionally, of course, for the old hotel *régime* respected age and dignity. He who could by personal experience

"tell how hard it is to climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar"

was thereby released from the necessity of climbing the stairways of his hotel above the first flight.

Then Rollo's prudent mother saw that his trunk was duly stored with candles, that he might read or write in his room at night by something more refulgent than the tallow mould which bedward-goers took from the porter's table, in candlesticks of brass or japan. No touching of a button and the dynamo does the rest, then!

But the guest did not "retire" (*Anglice*, go to bed) till he wished to sleep. Then there was the evening gathering round the cheerful fire in the drawing-room or in the gentlemen's parlor, and there was room for the natural selection of the nice to manifest itself, for the courtesies of travel to obtain, and for the survival of the fittest to take shape in life-enduring friendships.

Then, too, were country taverns, provincial hotels, famous in their day. Has there ever been the equal of "Warriner's," in Springfield, Mass.? Where shall one find the exquisite cheer of the Trenton Falls in the olden time? Then hotels were famous for some special dish, the secret of which was religiously preserved. The judges hold-

ing *nisi prius* terms were, it was rumored, not uninfluenced in the court conduct by the fare set before them. Rollo's uncle George, if I remember right, was a lawyer. I wonder if he was on that famous circuit when the judge addressed the assembled bar on the evening of the first day's session. "Gentlemen," said he, "I trust you will not protract this sitting of the court by any unnecessary delays. In all cases where the counsel can agree I will readily grant a continuance, and, with a little care, most of the cases set down for trial can be disposed of. I am sure you will agree with me. Why, Mr. Sheriff," turning to that official, who, as of custom, sat at his right hand, "on this hotel table everything is cold but the water, and everything sour but the pickles." Report says that the effect of this neat dictum was that the next morning's call of the docket showed such a slaughter of the innocents as was never before known in the history of litigation.

It is a sad truth, but I feel sure that Rollo would bear his testimony that hotels are not what they were in the essentials of comfort. Their conveniences are greatly enlarged: gas, electric bells and lights, steam heat, elevators, water, hot and cold, laid on in all the rooms, save labor and trouble, while they increase certain perils; but do they increase one's comfort? They remind us of the schoolboy's definition of salt,—"Something which makes potatoes taste so nasty when you don't put any on them." We are aware of them only when we miss them. I am, of course, an old fogey, but Rollo, rejoicing in perpetual youth, is capable of honest decision. As the offset to these new devices, one sleeps no better in the modern bed, and the question is, Does one feed as well at the modern table? He gets delicacies out of season just in time to kill the desire for them when the real thing arrives. Dishes are of necessity cooked and served, except at extraordinary expense, less desirably than when "home rule" prevailed in the kitchen. The European plan—which should be called the restaurant plan, for the *table d'hôte* prevails all over the Continent—is much more expensive, if one is to get the same dishes as in the American plan; and there is, beside, the risk in ordering. The larger the hotel, the more it is compelled to a rigid system and careful economy, and these are fatal

to high perfection. The attainable idea is that of a democratic average; but, however excellent democracy may be in other things, it is hardly meant to govern eating. Over every hotel dining-room nowadays might be inscribed, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, which in English means, "Call for what you like: you will get just what your neighbors get, and pay for their tastes as well as your own."

I for one cry, "Vive l'Empereur Amphitryon I.!" who earns my allegiance by giving me his best. That was the old way before hotel-keeping became a speculation for raising millionaires. There must be individual *rapprochement* between provider and consumer to insure good eating. When the Spartan fed at the public dining-table he got black broth, and very soon got enough of it.

A Club for Little Hercules. — If the babes must have battles waged over them, they are fortunate in having such a champion as the Contributor who stood up for them in the Club, recently. I rejoice with that Contributor in the belief that a defensive warfare is not necessary. The Philistines are unborn who are strong enough, either in numbers or in individual prowess, to kill the characters in the nursery classic drama. My attack, if I could organize one, would be upon the swarm of figures that infest modern literature for the young; and yet they are such creatures of a day that I am almost willing to let them die the death of ephemera. Now and then one of these figures has a momentary vogue, but the fashion is so clearly a reflection of some temporary sentiment that one can scarcely believe such characters have any permanent hold upon the affections of the young. We have all met Lord Fauntleroy on the street, — almost enough of him to make a company of infantry; but he is already fading away in real life, thanks to the innate sanity of boyhood, which will not let the youngster contemplate himself and his costume so long as there is a ball for him to fix his eye on, or a mechanical toy for him to pull to pieces. Not so offensive is this offshoot of the peerage as the mincing miss who has carefully framed her conduct upon a pattern which she has drawn from such inspiring literature as Polly Dolittle and Her Friends, or Four Little Girls of Dull Haven. I have shed gentle, pleasant tears over Mrs. Burnett's

charming creation, and often have found books with titles similar to the above-mentioned amusing and not unprofitable reading for one interested in studying child life. But then I have drawn this nutriment from them by virtue of my age and experience; if I were an innocent child, they would have done me the harm they do inflict upon actual children. How can the poor dears help growing artificial, if they are nourished on a realistic literature which their bewildered brains mistake for real life, and come to prefer to it? Why should they be asked to study child life? The proper study of mankind may be man, but no Pope, temporal, spiritual, or literary, will ever persuade me that the critical analysis of childhood is the proper study of children.

The best results of fiction for the young are to be found in the enrichment of the imagination, not in the cultivation of the moral faculties; and the genuine nursery literature is so clearly imaginative that no healthy-minded child mistakes such moral lessons as may be drawn from it. For my part, I should rather trust the morals of the young to the most improbable nursery tales than to the lifelike, hateful narratives of real life in which the daughter-in-law is set against her mother-in-law. Is it worse for an impressionable youth to contemplate the ingenuous depravity of the wicked uncle in *The Babes in the Wood* than to imbibe from the latest, most improved fiction the insidious poison which makes him critical of his own parents' disciplinary methods with him, because they differ from those of an ideally charming mamma in a story-book?

To draw upon my own recollections, my childhood was haunted by bears. They were not bears out of books, so far as I can remember, but a childish formula for the Dark Unknown which is apt to frighten every little stranger who comes alone into this great world of ours. Many an hour have I lain awake in an ecstasy of trembling lest the sonorous breathing of the sister-asleep at my side should be loud enough to rouse the dire beasts from their lurking-places. Yet those hours did not "embitter my infancy," nor do they now in retrospect cause me poignant grief. What does shame me is the remembrance of other hours of that same period when I was trying to ad-

just my emotions and actions to an agreement with those of the particular heroine out of fiction who happened to be my nearest acquaintance at the time.

I am aware that there is another side to this subject. There are ignorant nursery-maids capable of embittering any infancy by their manner of introducing hobgoblins to it; but so long as there is mother love in the world, there will be mothers wise and eloquent enough to act as the guides and interpreters of childhood in its excursions into Fairyland, and children who will rejoice to their latest day in the goodly heritage they possess in the realm which is ruled by an aristocracy of Red Riding-Hood and her peers.

Souvenirs of Victor Hugo. — Off from one of those busy, narrow streets near the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, opens a wide green court, where tall chestnut-trees shake out their rich green tops close to the high windows of a house surrounded by a seclusion and tranquillity as pervasive as those of some sleepy provincial town. Here in the lofty, square, old-fashioned rooms and narrow passages are gathered many souvenirs of Victor Hugo, treasured by the owner, who was the great romancer's friend.

The light in these apartments, softened by heavy hangings, falls on portraits, busts, carved wood-work, books, and furniture, all resting here in that touching way which inanimate things have when the life that gave them significance is gone. Here are grotesque figures carved by the strong hands of the poet on wainscoting, mirrors, and fireplace, during his exile at Guernsey. Almost every inch of wall in the rich-toned salon is covered with these carvings, which are as fantastic as many of the carver's thought-creations. Flowers, beasts, and birds, beings human and supernatural, all bear the touch of a powerful imagination in which humor appeared only in its grotesque form. One exception to this lack of humor is in the figure of a sanctimonious priest, whose face is formed by a clever arrangement of the three French accents, and who folds his hands in prayer, while a grim-looking angel holds a drawn sword over his head. Another example is shown in a representation of the future husband of Victor Hugo's cook, whose gastronomic genius he admired. This imaginary individual is attired like an Oriental, and, with

beaming countenance, sits before a table laden with the tempting viands prepared by his spouse. The panels and wainscoting are of hard wood, black and polished, and the carvings are painted in deep reds, yellows, and greens, by the poet's own hand. There are several splendid examples of his love of creating sprites, goblins, and such weird folk. On a door is carved a jar on which sits a *djinn*, whose red tongue and fiery eyes and red-tipped hands and feet are "enough to make one dream o' nights;" and, near by, an angel of most terrifying appearance blows an apocalyptic trumpet, as he speeds away over a blue surface dotted with golden stars. On the frame of one mirror are vines and birds. These last whirl round the glass, while a dainty verse, in the poet's firm lettering, calls upon the gay band to come and make music for his little grandchild. This mirror is the most human bit of art in the room. The rest leaves one as dreamy and questioning as a book of Eastern tales.

What is the key to all this? Did the Oriental treasures unloaded before the wondering boy in the harbor of Brest come back to the exiled man at Guernsey, and the fantastic shapes he saw in childhood become suggestive or creative to him then? All was symbolic to this mighty conjurér. Everywhere we find the initials V. H., often concealed in the most ingenious fashion in a leaf, a shadow, an angle, or the fold of a drapery; for, like some other great men, Victor Hugo believed that between his initials and his destiny there was some occult connection.

The poet's transcendent faculty has expressed itself again in his sketches. Many are familiar with his famous drawing of John Brown, — a figure hanging between heaven and earth, in intense blackness save for a single ray of searching light which falls upon it. A duplicate of the picture was presented to this friend, and here, beside it, hang strange, phantasmagoric creations, cities whose gloomy towers and palaces seem as if conjured up by Aladdin's lamp. We know how he did them, and can almost see that massive head bowed over the blackened paper, as, with the feather end of his quill pen or with his thumb, he worked out these astonishing pictures which captivate the imagination. He found them, he used to say, "by seeking," as he did so many of the word-pictures he has

left us. "I find oftener than I create," he frequently said of his work.

In still another room hang portraits and caricatures of Victor Hugo from childhood to old age. All are dominated by that wonderful forehead, which in most of the later sketches is supported by his hand, as if otherwise too heavy. Yet we know the rare equilibrium of his nature, and that work, instead of wearing, seemed to rest him. Below the portraits hang personal souvenirs, — hats, swords, and the valise in which Victor Hugo carried the manuscript of *Les Misérables* from Guernsey to Brussels, that he might write on the battlefield the description of Waterloo. Here, too, are pens given by the poet to his friend, — the immortal quills with which he wrote *Les Misérables*.

One beautiful afternoon we sat in a room rarely shown to visitors, and looked out on the green court, while the soft air brought the everlasting music of nature with the fragrance of the chestnut blossoms and the songs of the birds to our hearts. Here, in the poet's own words,

"A woman would say, 'Hush!' a priest, 'Peace!'"

We looked over books, original editions, dedicated with many words of friendship in the bold, firm handwriting of the author. Sketches lay upon the table, — pictures of the Guernsey home, where the owner of this mansion and these treasures shared the years of exile with the poet. Busts stood upon the mantel, and the mellow light touched their white surfaces with a golden benediction. Here *Les Châtiments* tells of a long-ago struggle over an empire whose crimes and achievements live only in the memory of men. This book, bound in Holland leather, is the gem of the whole collection. Inlaid in its cover is a golden bee, rescued from the imperial mantle when it was torn in pieces by the crowd, at the sacking of the Tuileries, and which was presented to Victor Hugo by a friend. It suggests one of those antitheses of which he was so fond; for *Les Châtiments* was written against Napoleon III., and one of its famous poems is an address to the bees of the imperial mantle to sting its wearer, since men are afraid to punish him, or to fly from a throne reared by crime.

The Iniquity of Reform. — The desirability of reform appeals to the callow and impetuous spirit of youth. But as one advances

in years and in knowledge of the world, the other side of the matter presents itself, and one begins to perceive that reform is almost always vulgar, and often positively iniquitous. A remark attributed to the Duke of Wellington illustrates this truth. He declared that the unreformed House of Parliament was an ideal political construction. This sentiment shocked me, when first I heard it. "To what a depth of ignorance and prejudice will Toryism sink a man!" was my internal comment, at the crude age of twenty-five. "The system of rotten boroughs an ideal system!" But five years later, at the intellectually budding period of thirty years, I was able to perceive in the Iron Duke's assertion at least that slight measure of truth which we commonly associate with an epigram; and by the time I had reached middle life — when, as a wise man happily said, one begins to see toward the bottom of one's mind — I recognized the substantial accuracy of this seeming paradox.

Of course, what the Duke of Wellington meant was that, assuming an aristocratic form of government to be the best, the unreformed Parliament was the fittest instrument that could be devised for carrying it on. Well, has not history justified the correctness of the Duke's inference? What reform had done for England is now plain enough. It had taken the government of the country out of the hands of the landed gentry, and put it in the hands of the middle classes. Who believes that Gordon would have been left to perish without assistance, had the unreformed Parliament continued to exist? And that was a typical instance.

So much for the hatefulness of reform in matters political. Of course I shall not be expected to enter here upon an elaborate demonstration of my point. In the Contributors' Club we simply state conclusions which recommend themselves at once to every frank intelligence, not requiring to be bolstered by argument.

What, then, is the essential vice of reform? I take it to be this: reform is an incomplete process of destruction. It mutilates. An institution grows up, based upon the moral necessities of human nature; both its virtues and its faults inhere in its constitution, and are so twisted together as to be inseparable. It is a spon-

taneous but gradual development ; it is replete with human nature ; it answers the purpose for which it was intended, and toward which it has been shaped through age after age. Such was the unreformed Parliament, — a clumsy, imperfect contrivance in detail ; and yet, on the whole, a fit instrument for carrying on an aristocratic system of government.

This being the situation, along comes your reformer, hot, zealous, intemperate, and bent, not on destruction, which might be wholesome, but on cutting and carving. He lops off a branch here, a bough there ; and the result is something bare, hideous, and vulgar. The tree grew up naturally, fostered by the slow and accurate hand of nature. The reformer, in a trice, reforms it, as he thinks, but in fact deforms it.

Here, then, is a good, logical, scientific ground for hating reform and distrusting reformers. Let us who are opposed to all reforms, — a faithful few, — let us get together and plant ourselves firmly upon this basis.

"But how about individuals ?" some timid brother may inquire. "Surely the doctrine does not apply to them ; we must admit that it is better for men to reform than to continue in the practice of evil habits." But I say No. There was never a reformed man who had not something nasty, or at least something highly objectionable, about him. Your reformed burglar takes to plundering his fellow-beings in the semi-legitimate channels of trade, — losing the manliness and candor which distinguished him in the unreformed condition. Your reformed drunkard, again (if in reality any such exist), is either a morose creature, whose *bonhomie* has fled with his liquor, or else a mushy, windy person, swollen with egotism and self-conceit, who turns reformer before the alcoholic flush has faded from his nose.

Besides, the unreformed class is a necessary component of society. Even so moral a man as Ralph Waldo Emerson perceived this necessity, and he frankly said : —

"Fools and clowns and sots make the fringe of every one's tapestry of life, and give a certain reality to the picture. What could we do in Concord without Bigelow's and Wesson's bar-rooms and their dependencies ?"

Such, I maintain, is the true doctrine of

reform, and let no one be shocked unduly by its strength. It is not, to be sure, the kind of doctrine that we teach to babes, or read in the newspapers, or preach from the pulpit. Truth never was, and never will be, proclaimed from the housetops. It is whispered in the ear of a friend ; and to the friendly reader whom I meet in the Contributors' Club I thus communicate it.

Curbstone Theatricals. — I once told the Club of various children encountered in city streets, each of whom, though

"Like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever,"

had nevertheless in that moment contrived to win upon my affections. The snowflake melts forever, but other snowflakes come, and now I am again begging listeners for a small budget of news from the pavement.

One day, as I was walking up Broadway from the Battery, my attention was attracted by a tenement-house little girl swinging along before me. She was, I suppose, about ten years old ; ragged, certainly not clean, though still not looking altogether uncared for. What caught my eye was the enjoying, free, unconscious gusto with which she was taking life. Her movement, the expression of her back (which was all I saw), fairly sang the fact aloud, to a simple-minded tune.

I kept her in sight for some minutes, and then Real Life, who sometimes for a moment shows the instinct of an artist, favored me with one glimpse of my heroine doing something in character. She stopped at an old woman's apple-stand, laid down a coin, took up an apple, and set her teeth in it instantly. As she accomplished her bite, the old woman held out her change to her. You will live long before you see anything more sweetly magnificent than the gesture and movement with which my Lady Bountiful, without turning her rough little head, gently pushed back the change-laden hand and went swiftly on her way. The tender, joyous pride of it was enough to give one hysterics, between laughing and crying. But, fortunately doubtless, our sensibility to mere spectacle in life rarely so far overcomes us ; and as for me, on this occasion, I only hurried on to catch a glimpse of Lady Bountiful's face, but I never caught it. In a moment she plunged into a little crowd gathered about something — I don't know what — in the street ; and the last I saw of her, she — still eating her apple —

was gallantly working her way to its front with a zeal and courage I could not imitate.

Not long ago I watched from my window a more complex case of infantine charity. A much-disheveled, shabby woman had come along and seated herself in a doorway opposite. Mine is not a neighborhood too fine to let many of its children play in the street, and soon there gathered about the sorry wayfarer a curious group of them. I suppose they soon might have been pelting her with stones, but I find the fact illustrative not only of the plasticity of children, but of the impressionability of the race, that they became very differently occupied. This "drunk lady," as they doubtless called her, despite the lingering disqualifications of the intoxication from which she was plainly but just emerging, had even now a genius for managing mankind. She had so far come to herself as to desire a respectable appearance. It was to attain this laudable ambition and some others that she engaged the children's assistance. She took off her hat, let down her hair, drew from her pocket a folded white apron, which she shook out carefully and laid on a fold of her dress beside her, and all the time she held her growing audience in what must have been fascinating conversation. I wish I could have heard it. The existence of her charm was further attested in three minutes by the eagerness with which competing messengers sped upon her errands. One came back with a wet handkerchief; another with a comb (!); another, though the drunk lady had furnished no pennies, with a bunch of radishes, obtained, as I saw, at the corner grocery. She at once sent another child for salt, as the event proved; then wiped her face and hands well with the handkerchief, and gave her attention to reshaping her battered hat and fastening properly its trimmings, getting pins from sympathetic boys as well as girls.

When the salt came she made a modest meal, sharing it with no one; but those children hung around her, not familiarly, but with a touch of awe, while she ate, as if the sight were in some occult way a feast for their souls. She needed more pins than they could furnish on the spot, and when, her radishes eaten, she returned to the care of her toilet, raiders on the domestic stock of various homes brought

them to her, and hairpins as well. The ardor and devotion of her ministers did not flag during the half-hour she stayed among them; and when, finally, vastly changed in appearance, she took herself off, I had not a doubt that the change helped her incalculably to make her peace with whomsoever she wished to conciliate. The children followed her to the corner, where, evidently at a word from her thrown over her shoulder, and without further pantomime of leave-taking, they stopped, and watched her out of sight.

I was glad and grateful when she gave that word, "Thus far and no farther," for I had made up my mind that she was the last incarnation of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and that if she would she might leave us with not a little girl or boy to bless ourselves with for blocks around.

Dogs as Intimate Friends. — No one has shown a more delicate sympathy with dog nature than the author of *Lorna Doone*. Mr. Blackmore says of the dog in Christowell, "The loveliest lady in the land has not such eloquent, lucid, loving eyes; and even if she had, they would be as nothing without the tan spots over them." That touch goes to the heart of one who, like me, has mourned a dear departed collie with just such eyes and such tan spots over them. My Colin's eyes, eloquent of so many things, were filled, too, with a certain melancholy, the presage, perhaps, of his untimely doom; for he was killed by an accident, in the flower of his days. My heart has been rent more than once by such bereavements, but I count it better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all; to be without a dog is a poor way of living.

It was a good while before I admitted a successor to Colin in my affections. The new dog was a pointer, dark gray and black, extremely handsome, but not especially intelligent. The look in his eyes bespoke his honest, simple nature. He was devoted to me, haunting my every step. My near neighbor had a dog, who, not being treated with much regard by the family, had turned to me for consolation, and was in the habit of visiting me frequently. Roderick Dhu, — such was his name, — upon the arrival of my dog Smoke, began at once to be jealous of him as a rival. Smoke, good fellow that he was, would gladly have made friends with him, but Rod repulsed all his advances.

At last, one day when I was on the lawn engaged in throwing sticks for Smoke to bring back to me, and he was racing about in the highest spirits, Rod appeared upon the carriage drive, and stood there looking on at the fun till it got to be too tempting. All at once, with a short, sharp bark, he sprang forward and joined in the pell-mell dash for the stick. In that manner the ice was broken, and the two dogs became fast friends, Rod being always on hand to accompany Smoke and me on a walk. Poor Rod had a hind leg badly stiffened by rheumatism, and could not keep up with his comrade in all his escapades; when Smoke, in exuberance of youthful activity, bounded to the top of a stone wall, Rod could not follow suit, and sometimes would stop stock still on the path below and utter a bark most expressive of his feelings on the subject.

It is noticeable how any decent dog will respect another's rights. Rod and Smoke often went with me to the house of some friends of mine, whose little Skye terrier strongly objected to uninvited canine visitors, and sturdily refused to allow them near the house. It was ill-natured in him, no doubt, and it seemed absurd, moreover, for such a mite of a creature to assert himself against these two big fellows, for whom he would have made not more than one mouthful apiece; but whenever he appeared with his resolved air of no admittance upon his premises, they at once beat a retreat to a respectful distance, and awaited there my return. Yet Wiggles, if sometimes ungracious, had a tender and faithful heart, for he died of grief a fortnight after his mistress's death. All three dumb friends of mine have gone where good dogs go,—wherever that may be, and I cannot bring myself to believe it is to utter annihilation.

Another little trait of dog nature I have observed, not unlike what might be seen in a human being. My uncle had a dog of great intelligence, but very unsociable temper; he was indifferent to most people, and did not care if they saw it. I had learned to take as little notice of him as he did of me. One night I had occasion to rouse my uncle's family to my assistance, long after

every one was sound asleep. The dog usually slept in the house, but the night being hot he was left to spend it in the open air. He heard some one coming, and when he recognized me he slowly followed me up the piazza steps and stood by me as I rang the bell. For a time I could not succeed in waking any one, and the dog, understanding the situation, turned to and helped me by giving a succession of barks. It was an unusual occurrence, which he could not fathom, and he hung about between the houses till he saw my uncle return to his own house. The fact that we had had some interest in common that night, and that he had rendered me a little service, seemed to have given the dog a certain bias in my favor, for after that he ceased to ignore me so completely, and let me see that he was willing, in his cool way, to be friends with me.

This dog's name was Don Pedro, but plain Peter would have been much more suitable to a creature of such plebeian appearance. The only feature which redeemed him from insignificance was his eyes, dark and very bright, and full of a steady intelligence.

Another trait I observed in him which testified to the presence in canine nature of feelings akin to the human. After a time my uncle's family was broken up: the head of the house died; Don's younger master, to whom he was especially attached, left home; one of the daughters married, and also went away; and the dog was left in the reduced household to a much more dull and lonely life than heretofore. Did he question, in his dog mind, what had become of these former members of the family? He missed them, without doubt; and I was touched to find that whenever I returned on a visit to the place, whence I too had removed, the poor dog seemed really glad to see an old acquaintance reappearing out of the blank unknown, and showed his gratification, as much as was consistent with his undemonstrative disposition, by walking round me with a gentle wagging of tail and lifting of recognizing eyes. Men and dogs prize affection according to their need of it.

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MR. TILDEN.

My acquaintance with Governor Tilden began a few years before the war of the Rebellion, and my first impressions were not favorable to him. Completely dominated by the combined and swelling impulse of patriotism, passion, and aspiration under which the Republican party was then gathering its mighty hosts, I was in no condition to tolerate anything in the nature of opposition to the movement, or even to appreciate the reasons upon which any such opposition might be founded.

It was not until the war was over, when the passions had subsided, when it became necessary to cultivate the arts of peace and to restore the waste and ruin which war had wrought, that I was inclined to extend any hospitality to the qualities for which he was most distinguished, or to lend any ear to his teachings. Drawn from year to year into a nearer acquaintance with him, and having occasion, when he came to fill stations of influence and power, to observe the ready sagacity and easy skill with which he conceived and carried through important measures for the redress of errors and frauds in public administration, I became more and more impressed with his prodigious superiority to other men.

What he would have been able to accomplish had he been permitted to assume the functions of the great office to which the majority of his countrymen believed him to have been elected is matter of idle conjecture only; but the

list of his achievements during the few years in which, upon a narrower theatre, he acted a public part can hardly be matched. Omitting from view the splendid contributions made by him from time to time, prior to 1871, by papers and speeches upon the principles of politics and the methods of governmental administration, and taking note only of the practical measures in the conception and execution of which he was the leader during the five short years in which, either as a private citizen or as public officer, he was actually engaged in the public service, we can distinctly impute to him the following results: In 1871 he seized the opportunity, suggested by the disclosure and publication of the prodigious sums drawn from the New York city treasury by way of pretended payment of municipal debts, to endeavor to fasten upon the principal city officials the crime, universally suspected, but of which there was no proof, of having corruptly embezzled to an enormous extent the moneys of the city. By a long and patient tracing of a multitude of accounts in different banks, he reached a series of results which, when compared, not only disclosed but conclusively demonstrated, by competent legal evidence, the whole scheme of fraud, the officials engaged in it, and the amounts received by each. Although a strict party man and chairman of the Democratic State Committee, yet, finding that the Democratic organization of the city of New York could not be wrested from the control

of the official delinquents, he organized and led the popular movement which effected their overthrow. He accepted, at the same time, a nomination for the legislature, was elected, and extorted from a reluctant majority the impeachment of the corrupt judges who had disgraced the judicial ermine. In 1874, when the craze for fiat money had become prevalent throughout a great part of the country, and more threatening to the public prosperity than the free silver delusion has at any time been, he drew from the Democratic State Convention of New York the first condemnation which it had received from either of the national parties. Elected in that year as governor of the State, he conceived an extensive series of reforms in administration, drew the necessary legislative bills, secured their adoption, and carried them into effect. These plans contemplated, by the adoption of new methods and various economies, extensive reductions in the public expenditures, the institution of suits for the punishment of frauds of public officers, and the recovery of moneys embezzled by them. They had very large practical results.

Nor was he less efficient in baffling mischievous schemes. The Democratic organization of Tammany Hall, reorganized, after the overthrow of Tweed, under the leadership of John Kelly, an able and not dishonest partisan chief, demanded from the Democratic majority in the legislature the passage of laws designed to secure to that organization a more complete control of the municipal patronage. Governor Tilden refused to lend his countenance to this policy, and the imperious leader undertook to force him into acquiescence by forming a combination in the legislature with the numerous adherents and stipendiaries of what was known as the Canal Ring. That coterie of men, powerful in both parties, had already scented the peril to their practices threatened by the governor's reformatory plans, and were

only too willing to join in a warfare against him. He suddenly found himself in danger of being deserted by a majority of his own party. The Democratic speaker of the Assembly took the floor, and arraigned him as unfaithful to the Democracy of the State. He had long before seen the possibility of this combination against him, and had sought by the practice of all the conciliatory arts, of which he was a thorough master, to prevent it. When it came, he was not daunted by it, but boldly went behind his enemies to the constituencies which they were betraying. They soon found that they were dealing with an adversary who possessed resources which they had not taken into account. Most of them abandoned their opposition. The rest were severely dealt with by their constituents. Never were the possibilities for good of a great office like that of governor of New York so happily developed and displayed. In the course of an administration of two years, an enormous reduction in taxation was effected; the administrative system in every department was improved; the lobby was almost dispersed; and at the same time the governor, in his communications with the public through his annual messages, his veto messages, and speeches upon official and other public occasions, was furnishing to the people of the State, and indeed of the whole country, a nearly complete exposition, theoretical and practical, of the whole work of public administration. I have never read a state paper which equals his second annual message in the power and ease with which it treats of the principles upon which government should be conducted, or in the order and perspicuity with which it arranges and sets forth the details of public business. In this paper he considers at much length the then depressed condition of business, its causes, and the proper remedies. It may be thought — was thought at the time by some — that this was going be-

yond the domain of state affairs in order to make an ambitious display of knowledge upon the larger concerns of the nation; but it would be well if every man possessing such knowledge as is here exhibited, and such a capacity for communicating it, would embrace all opportunities to display it. Governor Tilden, however, had a special motive in placing his views before the country at that time. He saw the false policy of indefinite issues of government legal-tender currency, everywhere taking hold of the public mind, and that, unless speedily corrected, it would acquire a force to which the timidity of political leaders would submit. He had already induced a convention of the Democratic party in New York to take ground against it. He wished to draw forth a similar declaration from the Democracy of the nation, at its next convention for the nomination of a President. He succeeded; and to his influence, probably, more than to that of any other man, we owe the downfall of the paper-money delusion.

An attempt to analyze the rare combination of talents and faculties which enabled him to accomplish so much in a period so brief may not be uninteresting. His original intellectual endowments were of the highest order. They were not of that character which, while leaving their possessor satisfied with some hasty and superficial conclusions that at the moment seem true, enable him to impress them upon others by fervid and moving language. These are the intellectual traits most frequently exhibited by the ablest men whom our public life brings into notice; but they do not make up the *scientific* mind which Governor Tilden's preëminently was. At the beginning of his intellectual manhood, he clearly perceived that the whole moral world was as rigidly as the physical world subject to an order, an arrangement, a law; and that all policies, whether in government, in

finance, or in business, not founded upon a recognition of this truth would result in confusion and mischief. Naturally attracted to the study of the public economy of states, his first aim was to discover the laws governing every part of that extensive domain. Whether the theme was expenditure, taxation, private or public justice, internal improvements, or any form of public administration, he would make no utterance until his brooding mind had reached what he conceived to be the underlying truth; and the same trait was manifest in him where the purpose was not to refute or establish a general policy, but to ascertain, in a particular case, the truth upon a disputed question of fact.

This was well illustrated in his defense, in 1856, of the title of Azariah C. Flagg to the office of comptroller of the city of New York, against the claim of John S. Giles. Flagg had been declared elected by the Board of County Canvassers. He was a man of resolute integrity, had held the office before this election, and, by his obstinate defense of the city treasury against unjust and fraudulent claims, had drawn upon himself the hatred of the municipal plunderers, and earned from them the title of "Old Skinflint." His enemies had made a combined and desperate effort to defeat his reëlection, and, having failed by a few votes only, they determined, upon the pretense of an erroneous return, to make an attempt to oust him from his office by a judicial proceeding and install Giles in his place. For this purpose they fixed upon the vote of the first district of the Nineteenth Ward, the majority of the election officers of which were bitter enemies of Flagg. Their pretense was that the return of the district election officers giving 316 votes for Flagg and 186 for Giles was a clerical error, by which Giles's vote was awarded to Flagg and Flagg's vote to Giles. Three of the election officers who signed and filed this return were

sworn as witnesses for Giles, and positively testified that the vote as actually counted was just the reverse of the return; that Giles had 316 votes, and Flagg 186. The original tally list of the regular tickets, which would have shown the truth, had been conveniently lost, but these witnesses produced what they swore was the original tally list of the split tickets, and upon which was a pretended transfer of the votes on regular tickets, which they swore was correct, and this fully supported their statements. Other witnesses on the same side testified that they were present at the close of the counting on the day of the election, and heard the result proclaimed, and that it gave 316 to Giles and only 186 to Flagg. This formidable case could be overthrown only by showing that these witnesses were perjurers, and this pretended split tally list a forgery. Tilden had no doubt that this was the fact, but he had no direct evidence to prove it. He was a determined enemy of these base conspirators and a close friend and ardent admirer of Flagg, and he was resolved that the fraudulent scheme should not succeed. Acting upon the assumption that a lie has no place in the regular order of nature, but is something violently thrust into that order and will not fit the surrounding and attendant facts, he laboriously endeavored to bring into light, so far as possible, all those surrounding and attending facts. It so happened that this election was a contest between numerous factions, and that there were seven *regular* tickets voted; that is, tickets having uniformly the same names and for the same offices; and there were twelve candidates for the various city offices on each ticket. There were also many split tickets, created by erasure of one or more names from a regular ticket, or otherwise. Here was fruitful material for the exercise of Tilden's powers of investigation. He demonstrated, and with mathematical certainty, by an analysis

and comparison of the actual returns of votes for all the candidates on these tickets, that the pretense of Giles was a pure fabrication. At the close of his argument he threw his demonstration into a dramatic form, which created such an impression that, as Mr. Charles O'Connor, who was associated with Mr. Tilden, once told me, the case of the plaintiff Giles was utterly defeated before the defendant had called a witness. It was of course difficult for the jurors to carry in their minds the numerous figures which made up the demonstration. Something was needed to impress upon them the result. For this Tilden pitched upon the lost original tally sheet of the regular vote. It was upon the amount of Flagg's *regular* vote that the whole controversy turned. If the contents of that lost tally could be shown, all doubt would be dispelled. Said he, "I propose now, gentlemen, to submit this case to a process as certain as a geometrical demonstration. *I propose to evoke from the grave that lost tally*; to reproduce it here, to confront and confound these witnesses who have been upon the stand swearing to what is not true. It is an honest ghost. It will disturb no true man." And he did it triumphantly. Handing to the jurors sheets containing copies of the regular tickets, and selecting a name which was found on only one of these tickets, that of Samuel Allen for street commissioner, he called off from the actual return to the Board of County Canvassers, and the jurors set down, Allen's vote, which was 215. It necessarily followed that every other name on that ticket must have received the same number, or the ticket would not be regular. Proceeding in the same way with all the names on all the tickets, and then deducting the regular vote from the whole vote as shown by the actual return, and thus obtaining the split votes for each candidate, and comparing these results, except as to Flagg and Giles, with the tally sheet of

the splits which had been produced by the witnesses for Giles, and which was presumably correct, except in respect to the vote for Flagg and Giles, he slowly, step by step, re-created an original tally of the regular ticket, which, when increased by the split votes shown on the split tally list, corresponded in every particular with the actual return to the county canvassers except as to three unimportant names, and as to these it was manifest that the actual return was erroneous. Each juror found, at the close of the calling, that he held in his hands what he could not but believe was an absolutely accurate count of the votes in the first district of the Nineteenth Ward for all the candidates voted upon, for whatever office, at the election under investigation. The hideous monstrosity of the figures assigned to Flagg and Giles in the split tally list became so palpable that none could doubt. It is needless to add that when the case was finally submitted to the jury they immediately returned with a verdict for "Old Skinflint."

He employed a similar method in the case, already referred to, of what was called the Six Million Audit fraud of Tweed and his accomplices. That the payment of this enormous sum was a gigantic fraud, no one could doubt; but there was no proof showing *how much* of the payments was in excess of what was due to the claimants, or among whom the excess was divided, and how much to one and how much to another. Mr. Tilden unlocked this mystery. He went to the banks in which the conspirators kept their accounts, and by a patient decomposition of the credits into the original items, as shown by the deposit tickets, evolved the plunderers' rule of division. Applying this rule to any one of the hundreds of paid city warrants embraced in this series of frauds, and without going beyond the face of the warrant, it could be determined how much each of the conspira-

tors received; and the determination would be verified by finding, upon examining the bank accounts and deposit tickets of the same parties, that they had received on the day of the payment of the warrants the same sums which, according to the rule applied, they ought to have received. It vexed Mr. Tilden very much that the shares of the conspirators, as thus computed, did not correspond with perfect exactitude to the amounts deposited to their credit. The difference, being trifling in amount, hardly affected the conclusiveness of the demonstration; but it showed that there was some element in the rule of division which he had not discovered. The missing link was subsequently found, and then the conformity between the computed and the actual shares was in every instance exact to a penny. This division and conformity, appearing upon the face of the accounts themselves, proved with absolute certainty the conspiracy to defraud, the amounts of the embezzlements, and the precise shares received by each. Had Mr. Tilden been present at the meetings of the conspirators and witnessed their division of the spoils, he could not have given evidence so conclusive of the fraud as that which he thus drew from written memoranda which the conspirators had thoughtlessly allowed to be made.

It was indeed wonderful to observe how a man who could study these dry details with such patience, and even with pleasure, could pass at once into the fields of political science and compel a wholly different class of facts to yield to him the loftiest generalizations. But in truth the process was the same in both instances. It was the original investigation of facts for the purpose of framing a just theory. It is a common practice, even with able men, to disparage the conclusions founded upon the employment of the reasoning powers as being *mere theory*; as if their own conclusions, so far as they have any value, were reached in any

other way. These are the criticisms of men who are too indolent to engage in the work of patient investigation, or not sufficiently instructed in the methods by which it should be pursued. Undoubtedly there are many minds that undertake the task of evolving the laws underlying some subject matter and reach conclusions which are confidently believed and asserted to be true, but that turn out when adopted in practice to be erroneous. It is in this way that the results of investigation and reasoning are brought into discredit. But the fault in such cases is not that the conclusions are those of mere theory, but of erroneous theory. The reasoner lacks the patience, or the skill, to embrace in his investigation all the material facts, and to exclude all others. These are, indeed, the rarest of qualities. They are possessed in an eminent degree by a few men only in each generation, and the value of such men to society is inestimable. Governor Tilden's preëminence was especially manifest here. His educated intelligence was able to pronounce, as if by instinct, whether the conclusion he had reached was sufficiently certain to be made the basis of action, or was so encumbered with doubt as to call for further scrutiny into the facts. He knew how — to use his own happy phrase — “to limit theory by practice and enlighten practice by theory.”

The mere pursuit of truth, the pleasure which comes from the actual exercise of superior powers, the sense of satisfaction which arises from the overcoming of difficulties, would have been a sufficient reward and stimulus to a mind like his; but this was not his principal motive. His chief aim was to convince others; and he knew that this could be done only by the effective use of language. He recognized the importance of the art of rhetoric, and labored upon the composition of his papers with the same care which the purely literary man employs; not for the purpose of

making up a piece of what is called fine writing, but to engage and hold the attention by imparting life and interest to his treatment, and, by an easy and natural development of his subject, to carry the mind gratefully along towards his conclusions. It would be hard to find better examples of the way in which subjects apt to be regarded as dull may be made lively and interesting, and yet without departing in the slightest degree from a rigid and logical development, than are found in his report, while a member of the legislature of New York, upon the causes of the anti-rent disorders and the proper remedy for them; or his speech in the constitutional convention of that State in 1867, unfolding the true policy to be pursued in relation to the canals; or his second annual message when governor in 1876. I find, on the page at which I open a volume of his speeches and writings, the following sentence, which well illustrates the ease and power with which he could clothe weighty truths in their appropriate language: “Generations, like individuals, do not completely understand inherited wisdom until they have reproduced it in their own experience.”

These high intellectual traits would have made him a man of mark had he been a philosophical recluse holding himself aloof from the busy activities of life; but the extraordinary thing was that he was at all times emphatically a man of action. Whether engaged in the conduct of some great lawsuit or of some important business enterprise, or managing a political campaign, he was equally at home. The schemes of small party chieftains and the power of local bosses gave way before his masterful leadership. He did not despise the aid of partisan machinery or of official patronage; but he fully perceived that the scope and influence of these instrumentalities were narrow, and that, unless held rigidly secondary and subordinate, they would obstruct, rather than aid,

the march of a political party. Profoundly convinced of the truth of the political creed which he avowed, he engaged in political warfare only to secure its permanent establishment. Any victory won by shiftily expedients he knew would be but temporary, and would not fail to retard a lasting success. At the same time he recognized the fact that no main purpose of a political party could ever be carried except by the permanent union of men differing from each other upon a multitude of minor points, and exhibiting every grade of culture, character, and conduct. Compromise and concession he recognized as the daily duties of the statesman. He had little regard for those impracticable natures which refuse to join any party because they find something to object to in all parties. He was the last man to yield to self-conceit and obstinacy the titles of conscience and wisdom. Such men, he once declared, forget "that without concession there can be no common action for a common object, and that without the capability of such action a man is fit, not for society, not even for a state of nature, but only for absolute solitude." I wonder that the mugwump-haters have not borrowed his description of some non-partisans of his day: "I know there is a class of no-party men who vindicate their claim to that character by doing injustice to all, even without the excuse of bias."

But *how far* should you carry the spirit of compromise and concession, — *how far* tolerate what you believe to be error in order to obtain an over-balancing good? This is the puzzle of statesmen, and indeed of every man, so far as he undertakes any part, even though only as a private citizen, in public concerns. There are two ways of dealing with it. One is to shirk it by an indolent abandonment of the important offices of social and public life. The other is to meet it with the best solution we can find. Tilden had little regard for the

first of these methods. He accepted the second; and with his matchless ability for drawing a line up to which we must, but beyond which we must not go, he would have had little excuse for the other choice. There were several occasions when he felt obliged to draw this line and rigidly observe it, although the result might be immediately disastrous to the party to which he was attached and to his own personal ambitions. His opposition, in 1871, to Tammany Hall, already noticed, is an instance. Occupying, as he then did, the important post of Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, he could not step out of the local organization in the metropolis and make war upon its leaders without seeming disloyalty to his party, nor without endangering its success in the next state election. But he determined, against combined solicitations and threats, to take this course, and the result showed the wisdom of his choice, even as a measure of party policy. And again, when the irredeemable paper money delusion had to a far greater degree than the free silver coinage craze gained possession of the popular mind throughout the West and South, and in the view of many ardent politicians promised a victory to the Democratic party if that party would extend some favor to it, he compelled from the National Convention of the party a repudiation of the heresy. No temporary advantage which his party might gain would in his view be worth acceptance, if purchased at the price of such a sacrifice of fundamental principle.

It is not to be wondered at that with his profound knowledge of the causes by which human affairs were controlled, combined with such capacities for skillful action, he should have accumulated a large fortune. Aside from what he received for professional services, his large gains were, I imagine, rather easily acquired. Among the mischiefs of an unstable currency is the facility with which

men who have the power of dealing skillfully with exceptional conditions may amass large fortunes. Few men understood such things better than Mr. Tilden. He had striven to prevent, as well as a man in opposition could, the issue, during the war, of an irredeemable government currency; but I remember his saying to me after the policy was adopted, in substance, "Now is the time to make yourself rich. Buy all that you can pay for, or run in debt for. Every day it will be easier and easier for you to pay, and your property will correspondingly rise in value, or rather in price." And at the close of the war, he advised the opposite course. I do not know, but I have little doubt that he acted extensively on this policy. If there were a question as to the propriety of such action, he certainly was excusable. Had his counsels been regarded, no such measure would have been adopted. The malice of political opponents was wont to ascribe his success in money-getting to schemes for obtaining interests in the property of insolvent railway companies at less than their value. They stigmatized him as a "railroad-wrecker." Never was there less foundation for a charge. He was a railroad-preserver. His skill in the management of difficult and complicated affairs, combined with his profound knowledge of the fundamental principles of equity, made his services invaluable to parties interested in the property and securities of railroad companies which by bad management, or in consequence of over-sanguine expectations, had fallen into difficulties. His capacious mind was just fitted for the survey of such situations. He was among the first, if not the first, to perceive that a ruthless attempt to foreclose a first mortgage and thus to crush out all subordinate liens and interests was ill suited to such cases; that the just and true method was to ascertain the real capacities of the business, and to reorganize the enterprise upon a scheme which would indulge the

hope of saving to the junior securities a large part of their supposed original value. More than one of the great railroads of the country have, at his skillful touch, risen from absolute bankruptcy into prosperity, and repaid all or the larger part of the original investment.

With all his capacity for making sober estimates, and escaping the illusions by which many minds are carried away, he was yet an enthusiast, especially in respect to the plans and enterprises which were the offspring of his own fruitful brain. This came partly from personal vanity, of which he had a plentiful supply, and partly from the exhilaration which attends the exercise of high intellectual powers and rewards the conquest of difficulties. I remember a display of this tendency which greatly impressed me. In the performance of a professional service for him while he was governor, in connection with a lawsuit to which he was a party, it became necessary that I should tarry several days at his house in Albany in order to secure his attention during the intervals between his official duties. It was while the St. Louis Convention was in session at which he was nominated for the Presidency. One would suppose that under such circumstances he could have given his mind to little else than the business in which his personal fortunes were so deeply concerned. But he could not have devoted himself more ardently to recalling and arranging the facts of the complicated transactions out of which this lawsuit grew than he did on the very day when he was nominated. Late in the afternoon of that day, after protracted work, he took me upon a long drive with him. In the course of it he did not even allude to the convention, or its doings, although a flight of telegrams had been coming to him. His conversation, animated and incessant, was upon false policies in government, the mischiefs and burdens of over-expenditure, the true principles of taxa-

tion, and of protective tariffs, etc. One consequence that the mere matter of holding a presidential office was little to him; but that the chance of laying his reforming hand upon the multitude of abuses with which, as he supposed, the whole administration of the general government was infested aroused his enthusiasm, as the prospect of a season of sport would that of a boy. Becoming animated with his theme, eloquent and intense in his language, he failed in attention to the high-spirited horse he was driving, and I was in constant fear of a catastrophe. Indeed, on a similar drive the succeeding day we met with one from the same cause. The injury was inflicted instead of received, and cost the governor several thousand dollars by way of damages. When, on our return, on the day first mentioned, we were near home, I observed to him that he would perhaps find at the house a telegram announcing his nomination. "No," said he, unconcernedly, "not until about half-past nine." It came not many moments from that time. Impressed upon this occasion with his profound and extensive knowledge of everything relating to the science of government, and thinking his views not substantially at variance with those held by leading Republicans, — for at that time the Republican party had not become committed to its present dogmas on the subject of protective tariffs, — I ventured to express to him the surprise I felt that he had not allied himself with that party; saying that it seemed to me that, considering the greatly superior number of men of education and public spirit to be found in its ranks, he could much more easily procure a general acceptance of his opinions by acting in alliance with them. He answered that he thought that I was mistaken; that, while it was true that a large majority of the men of culture, wealth, and force were to be found in the Republican party, the trouble was that, to use his language, "it was a

party of self-seekers." He explained that he did not mean this in any offensive sense; that what he meant was that the controlling men of that party were men of large pecuniary interests, seeking to build up fortunes and families; that these personal interests were so large as necessarily to engross their thoughts and control their opinions, leading them to use their powerful influence so as to shape the legislation of the country in a form which would favor those interests; that it was difficult to lead such men along the pathway of those fundamental principles of democratic government by which alone equal justice could be done to the masses of men; that the Democratic party held within its ranks a far less number of men of this description, — not enough to control its action, — and consequently the opinions of its great masses could be more easily shaped and moulded by the mere force of ideas; that this was the distinction between the former Democratic and Whig parties, and that the Republican party would, as the patriotic inspirations caught from the opposition to slavery and the defense of the Union died away, become the mere successor to the spirit and policy of the Whig party. These observations, as applied to the two present parties of the country, would not, probably, be accepted without dissent; but they intimate a most important truth. This is that when a man comes to be the possessor of large property interests, these will, whatever may be his character, control his opinions in relation to any question affecting them. The great railroad interests of the country are conducted by men, I suppose, of as honorable character as can be found in any walk of life: but they will not, in the face of threatened disaster, keep the agreements they make with each other. They do not hesitate, when these interests are threatened by adverse legislation, to defend them by secret arts and practices — kept secret because they

could not be avowed without a blush. Mr. Jay Gould, in some testimony drawn from him by a legislative committee, expressed the truth by saying that he was "sometimes a Democrat and sometimes a Republican, but always an Erie man." It must be admitted that the occasions are often fearfully trying. They sometimes impose a test which human nature is ill fitted to bear. The individual who is subjected to them is called upon to defend, not only his own property, but that of others. A man may surrender his own interests, but what account is he to give of himself when he surrenders interests which have been intrusted to him for defense?

I cannot help thinking that Governor Tilden possessed, on the whole, greater capabilities for usefulness in public life than any other man of his generation. I cannot find elsewhere such a union of the ability to discover true governmental policies with the firm and undeviating purpose to pursue them. This is not the universal estimate of him. A certain measure of distrust seems to have accompanied the general admiration of his talents. For this there never was any just foundation. I do not think any public man of his time was more faithful to his conceptions of truth. No impartial man could now well doubt this after going over the record of his services and reading his speeches and public papers. Indeed, it is hardly possible that so ardent a searcher after scientific truth could be otherwise than faithful to it. We can scarcely imagine Socrates and Newton to have been dishonest men. That Lord Bacon fell excites our wonder. And yet there must always be some ground for any widely extended impression. I think that in this instance the cause is manifest. His pre-eminence was in the intellectual, rather than in the emotional powers. In order to achieve his purposes, he preferred to appeal to the intellect rather than to the heart. Plain, blunt honesty is univer-

sally perceived and understood, and is admired and confided in, even when it blunders. But common men have so often been deceived by the sharp practices of those who are a little brighter than themselves, that they are apt to distrust intellectual superiority, and half suspect it to be a species of cunning. The malice of personal and party hostility, working upon this natural tendency, has found an easy acceptance of its calumnies.

But, beside this, Governor Tilden was a practical leader in affairs, both of business and politics; and although he was all openness and candor in his public discussions, yet in his methods of action he could not, any more than other men, dispense with secrecy and reserve; and as he was apt to excel others in whatever methods he adopted, he perhaps excelled them in secretiveness as well. A good share of another quality which does not tend to secure admiration for the possessor fell to Mr. Tilden. It was not unnatural that a man so conscious of superior powers should be somewhat vain. Men do not like to have "I told you so" flung into their ears at every turn in the course of events, and Mr. Tilden had a habit of doing this.

But he was by no means wanting in the sense of moral earnestness, and he had a just perception of the occasions demanding the exercise of that faculty. He was well aware that fraud and corruption could not be successfully combated with the weapons of reason, and that they did not deserve to be reasoned with. When he found himself confronted by the powerful canal ring, which had fattened for a generation upon fraudulent contracts for repairs and pretended improvements to the canals, a ring which had founded wealthy and influential families, and had its stipendiaries among the able lawyers of the State, he perceived that it was a warfare in which no quarter could be given, and which could not be carried on by the weapons of facts

and figures alone. He courageously determined to invade, single-handed, the strongholds of his enemies, and to arouse against them the moral indignation of the people. Using a vacation from pressing official duties, he made a series of speeches in a tour along the line of the canals from Buffalo to Albany. Flinging aside his customary temperance and moderation, he denounced his adversaries — men of wealth and the highest social standing — as criminals, and summoned the people to stand by his side in an effort to enforce against them the criminal law. Speaking at Syracuse, in the midst of the men he was condemning, he said, "Here, under your own eyes and your own observation, these transactions have been carried on in open day, by a combination that has sought to rule the State. . . . I was called upon this morning to speak some words of encouragement and hope to four hundred little boys in the Western House of Refuge. During all my journey I have been frequently followed by persons asking for their friends and those in whom they were interested a pardon from the penitentiaries and state prisons. I have been compelled to look into such cases to see who are the inmates of these institutions, and of what they have been accused, and to ascertain what it is that constitutes the wrong to society of which they have been convicted. When I compare their offenses, in their nature, temptations, and circumstances, with the crimes of great public delinquents who claim to stand among your best society, and are confessedly prominent among their fellow-citizens, — crimes repeated and continued year after year, — I am appalled at the inequality of human justice." He made by this series of addresses a profound impression upon the public mind.

He was cautious not to be imposed upon by those who wished his official aid or influence, and commonly subjected them to a searching cross-examina-

tion, but a case of real distress quickly moved him. I remember an instance which occurred during my sojourn, already mentioned, at the governor's mansion in Albany. We were at work together rather late one evening, when he was told that a little girl wished to see him. She was wretchedly clad, and seemed to be in great misery. Moments were then quite precious to him, but he dropped everything and spent half an hour with her. When he returned to the library where we were at work, he told me her tale. It was that she was the oldest of several children; that her father was a drunkard and cruel to her mother, who also sometimes got intoxicated, — though, as the girl said, only when her father abused her, — and who had, the day before, although having a nursing infant only a few weeks old, been sent to prison for ten days for drunkenness; that the little girl had been vainly endeavoring to take care of the infant and the rest of the family, but had given up in despair. The governor seemed a good deal moved at this separation of mother and infant, and spoke with indignation of the manner in which the criminal law was administered in the lower courts by incompetent magistrates. He immediately dispatched a secretary to the executive chamber for a sealed pardon in blank, filled it up and signed it, and sent the same secretary with the girl to the prison, with instructions to see that the woman was released and taken to her home that very night. I asked him whether this was not rather hasty and inconsiderate action, adding that possibly the magistrate, if consulted, might give a different statement of the case. He answered, "No, and I would n't believe him if he did. Don't I know that the little girl told me the truth?" *

In assigning to Governor Tilden capacities for public usefulness superior to those of other men of his generation, one qualification should perhaps be made.

He could not have led, or rather guided, as Lincoln did, the storm of patriotic passion which the Southern insurrection aroused. There are resistless currents in human affairs which disdain the feeble control of mere reason, and insist upon working their way by force alone. War is a conflict of the passions, and, when it becomes necessary or preferable to peace, those passions should be inflamed rather than checked.

But the superior *wisdom* of Governor Tilden was equally manifest in this great crisis, although, perhaps, incapable of dealing with it. Naturally antislavery, he had encouraged the first tendencies towards the assertion of the Free Soil sentiment of the North by joining in the revolt of the Northern Democrats against the nominees of the Democratic convention in 1848, and supporting the candidates nominated at the Barnburners' convention at Utica. But when he saw this movement developing into the formation of a permanent political organization under the name of the Republican party, with the avowed object of preventing by *national legislation* any further extension of slavery, he paused and receded.

The argument of the supporters of the new movement was that Congress had the power, not indeed to interfere with slavery in the States, but to prevent its establishment in the territories; and that they were but exercising their constitutional rights in forming a party for the purpose of securing such legislation. Tilden could not deny the mere claim of constitutional right; but this, with him, was but a small part of the question. What would be the consequence of a successful assertion of that right? Could it be reasonably supposed that the Southern States would view it otherwise than as an attack upon what they deemed to be a vital interest? Would not its necessary effect be to force unanimity among them in opposition to the policy? Was the supposition

that there was any considerable Free Soil sentiment in the South which would array itself on the side of the government anything but a dream? Should we not have two strictly sectional parties arrayed upon the question of preserving or destroying an institution which one of them, not unnaturally, regarded as essential to self-existence? These, in his view, were questions which must be first solved before such a movement could be encouraged. His solution led him to the conclusion that war would be the necessary result of such action; and this involved the further inquiry whether the object in view would be gained by a civil war, or, if gained, would be worth the terrible cost. Appalled by the uncertainties and terrors of such a conflict, he took refuge, as Mr. Webster had before him, in the belief that the natural forces in operation would of themselves accomplish all that could be gained by the policy of restriction. In a letter to William Kent in 1860, before the election of Lincoln, he stated his conclusions and the reasoning which led to them with his characteristic moderation, but with masterly force. His main conclusion was that if the Republican party should be successful, the national government in the Southern States would cease to be self-government, and become a government by one people over another distinct people, — a thing impossible with our race, except as a consequence of successful war, and even then incompatible with our democratic institutions. He said: —

"I assert that a controversy between powerful communities organized into governments, of a nature like that which now divides the North and South, can be settled only by convention or by war. I affirm this upon the universal principles of human nature, and the collective experience of all mankind." And again: "A condition of parties in which the federative government shall be carried on by a party having no affiliations

in the Southern States is impossible to continue. Such a government would be out of all relation to those States. It would have neither the nerves of sensation which convey intelligence to the intellect of the body politic, nor the ligaments and muscles which hold its parts together and move them in harmony. It would be in substance the government of one people by another people. That system will not do with our race."

This reasoning was founded upon the facts of human nature, the philosophy of government, and the teachings of experience. Its truth is more manifest now than when it was uttered. Who of the great Free Soil leaders would have had the hardihood to persist in their course, if they could have foreseen the consequences so clearly? Greeley, terrified by the horrible spectacle of war, was driven to say, "Let the wayward sisters depart in peace." Seward's short vision predicted that it would be all over "in sixty days"! But in great crises the foresight of the wisest is but blindness. Were it always given men to see what they are to go through with, the greatest steps in moral advancement would never be taken. Tilden did not foresee, through the storms of war, any more than others, the freedom of the slave with the acquiescence of the master, and the consequent unification of the republic.

But the trials of our popular system of government were not terminated by the simultaneous overthrow of the Rebellion and slavery. It may be, rather, that they have just begun. We were confident before the war that slavery was

the source of the only peril which really threatened us. That out of the way, we find ourselves confronted with new dangers, growing out of differences of opinion respecting the extent to which the black race shall be allowed to participate in government. That participation is now practically denied by the Southern States, and the mandate of the Constitution is unhesitatingly set at naught by the employment either of force or fraud. The remedy suggested is an enforcement of that mandate by Federal legislation, which means simply the enforcement of its will by one section against that of the other. This is not democratic government, but the rule of the conquered by the conqueror. The evil is bad enough; and the remedy will probably be worse. We begin to see that the real danger which has at all times menaced us is the presence on our soil of a different race, unequal, for the present at least, to the great office of self-government. Slavery was not itself the evil; but only one of the methods of dealing with it. Is our substitute, the bestowal upon the race of universal suffrage, a successful device? And, if this must be abandoned, what shall next be tried? These grave problems, already threatening, will assume a graver aspect if the results of the census just taken, when studied and compared, shall be found to show a more rapid rate of increase in the black population at the South than in the white. To meet such perils we need nothing so much as a class of statesmen of which Samuel J. Tilden was the most distinguished example.

James C. Carter.

THE STORY OF A CHILD.

V.

EFFIE, who said her head ached too much for study, was leaning out of the schoolroom window, kicking her toes against the wainscoting, while she waited for Ellen to finish the third declension. "Do hurry up with your old *regibuses*," she called over her shoulder, and a moment later seized Ellen's hand and went skipping from the room, much to the relief of weary Miss Dace.

Effie had a suggestion to make: "Let's go down to the back parlor and play house under the sofa."

"Won't it make your head ache more?" Ellen said, faintly polite, for playing house under the sofa was great happiness.

"No," Effie assured her; "it's only those old stupid declensions that make my head ache. Mamma's awfully afraid I'll overwork; so I always tell her when I think I'm going to have a headache. Isn't your grandmother afraid you'll overwork?"

"No," Ellen said bitterly.

But for once Effie forgot to be sympathetic. "Oh, Nellie," she said, "come look at the idol. Somebody brought it from China for papa."

She pulled Ellen across the room, where, in a dim corner, mounted on an ebony pillar, a small bronze Buddha sat on his jade throne. Under oblique and cynical eyebrows, his half-shut, dreaming eyes seemed to stare with strange contempt at the two children.

Ellen caught her breath and made a clutch at Effie's arm. The dark god was looking, from under those puffed and drooping eyelids, straight at her.

"Oh, Effie!"

"Isn't he ugly?" Effie inquired calmly. "And he's really an idol. He used to be in a temple with lots of little roofs on it, all strung with bells

that rung when the wind blew, papa says. And he had things sacrificed to him, — rice and things."

Ellen made no answer. So much came into her mind — scenes from Little Henry and his Bearer, and various other unpleasant and morbid stories, full of that cheap sentiment which once ministered to childish piety — that she did not find it easy to talk. She said she would not play house under the sofa; and, followed by Effie's reproaches, went home to think about the god. She was very silent at tea, and she lay awake that night for certainly a quarter of an hour, listening to the rain dripping on the leaves of the woodbine about her window, and thinking of the bronze image with his strange, still smile. She shut her eyes, and fancied the pagoda with its roofs strung with jangling bells; the hot, white sunshine pouring on the dusty streets; the palm-trees standing like great feathers against the sky, and the figures of people wearing their clothing all wrapped about them, like the paper spills she made for lamp-lighters. Her mind was a jumble of terms — palanquins, rupees, coolies, litters — gathered from the India stories of the Lady of the Manor. The Arabian Nights came in, too, and beautiful slaves and cream tarts and roc's eggs danced through her mind with bewildering interest. But with them all she seemed to see, sitting in the shadows of the temple, with rice and flowers spread before him, and joss-sticks filling the air with heavy fragrance, the dark, squatting figure of the god, smiling cruelly under his tilted eyebrows. She pictured his wonder now at Mr. Temple's drawing-room, his contempt for the two little girls who had stood and looked at him that afternoon, his homesickness for his worshippers, his anger because no

sacrifices were offered him. And then came a delightful and terrible thought, — a thought which made Ellen say to herself that she was very wicked! After that she fell asleep, but the thought came back to her the next morning, when she opened her sleepy eyes to the sunshine.

"He must miss those sacrifices. There would n't be any harm in doing it, — just for fun. And if all those heathen people think it's right to sacrifice things to him, why, may be it would be *safer* to?"

More and more delightful did the plan appear of taking some flowers and laying them down in front of him. Yet it was a week before she confided it to Effie.

"Oh, yes, let's worship him!" Effie agreed with enthusiasm.

But Ellen shrank at the word. "Oh, no, that would be wicked; let's only pretend."

It was Saturday afternoon, and there was no one at hand to interfere with the strange rites which the two children began to enact in the back parlor, where, cross-legged upon his jade cushion, the bronze god watched them from under his sleepy eyelids.

It was curious to see the difference in Ellen and Effie as revealed in their relation to their little drama. To Effie, until she grew tired of it, it was a play; to Ellen it was tasting sin, with the subtle, epicurean delight of the artistic temperament.

They made great preparations for their service. They lit the candles in the sconce in the corner where Buddha sat, and then a row of bedroom candles, stolen from the table in the back entry. Ellen made a larkspur wreath, sticking one blue horn into another, until the whole rested in her little palm, a flat, thin crown, just large enough for Buddha's head. Then she brought a dozen of those dark red and deeply sweet roses whose stems are thick with thorns, and put them in his lap. The cool

dusk of the room was pierced by thin lines of sunlight, creeping between the bowed shutters of the west windows, and falling in tremulous pools upon the floor. Each line was so clear in the dusk that Ellen chose to think they were golden barriers to the temple, and she must crawl under them to reach the inner court of worship. She did it, solemnly, her little head touching once or twice the slanting sunbeam above her, so that for a moment her forehead and eyes were glorified; then she dropped down on her knees and looked up into the still, dark face. She forgot that she was "making believe;" the god became horribly real to her; she felt the sombre mirth of his cruel eyes following her when she stepped back and forth before him, and the desire to propitiate him grew into actual terror. Effie brought some rice and scattered it in front of the image, and watched Ellen bowing and bending and muttering to herself a little, pagan prayer which spoke suddenly in her soul. The perfumes offered some difficulty, but Effie solved it by stealing into her mother's room and bringing down a long green bottle of cologne, which Ellen, with a lavish hand, sprinkled all about the god.

"We ought to sing, and we ought to have a mat to kneel on," she said in a whisper to Effie, who reflected, and then said she would go and get something. A moment or two later she came back with a green crape shawl in her hands.

"It came from China," she explained; "aunty said so. It's just the thing."

Ellen was too absorbed to question the propriety of taking Miss Jane's shawl, nor did she notice that she was staining the delicate "mat" at her feet when, with solemn gestures, she pressed the bottom of the oil-can from the sewing-machine, so that they might offer a libation of oil. "We must sing to him," she said, her eyes wide

with excitement; but only Christian words suggested themselves to her. "Heathen god," she began, "you — you — shall —

‘shall reign where’er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
Your kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.’”

Ellen’s eyes were vague with the vision of the words. She saw the yellow sun journeying through the silent sky; she saw water, heaving and swelling, gray and misty, lapping the shores of the world; she saw the thin and melancholy moon, curving like a sickle in dun clouds — “wax and wane no more — no more!” — an end of all things — emptiness — darkness — and this dreadful god unmoved and smiling at the desolation! She began to cry, under her breath.

“What is the matter?” said Effie.

“Hush!” Ellen whispered. “He’ll hear you!”

She was standing before Buddha, waving her arms over her head, and saying in a voice shaken with feeling the first long words that occurred to her — “Justification — sanctification — predestination!” She did not know what they meant, but they were out of the catechism, and so were proper to say to a god.

“What are you talking about?” demanded Effie. “Let’s play something else. I’m tired of this. Besides, I think it’s wicked. Oh, there’s aunty! Hide the shawl.”

But it was too late. Miss Jane came in, kindly curious, to see that the two little girls were having a happy time. The half-burned candles, the roses on Buddha’s lap, the scattered rice, and her own crape shawl, crumpled under Effie’s feet, made her silent for a moment with astonishment.

“We were playing heathen,” Effie explained hastily. “Ellen wanted to.”

“Where did you get my shawl, children?” said Miss Jane indignantly.

“Ellen said we had to have a mat;

she put it there. It’s an ugly old shawl, anyway!”

Miss Jane had lifted it with anxious hands. “And you have spotted it with something! Oh, Ellen, how could you be so naughty?”

“I’m so sorry — I — I did n’t know” — Ellen began to cry.

“There, my dear!” said Miss Jane, with remorseful forgiveness. “I did n’t mean to be cross, my child; only — I — I — value it very much. A friend of mine gave it to me,” she tried to comfort the child; “it is n’t any value in itself, but a friend of mine gave it to me, — a friend whom I have not seen for many years. There, dear, don’t cry; we won’t say anything more about it.” But her voice trembled.

Effie had run away, glad to leave reproof or reproach to Ellen, and glad to escape what the housemaid called “redding up the mess” she had helped to make about the idol. As for Ellen, she went home very soberly. The excitement of “making believe” over, the hideous fact of idolatry presented itself to her mind.

This was the beginning of remorse to Ellen, that most intolerable pain of life. The thought of her sin began to lurk under all innocent pleasures; ready to spring out upon her like some terrible wild beast when she was most unconscious of it, or most forgetful. When she read, or worked, or played, there would come, suddenly, a pang in the breastbone, and the thought of the god.

“Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image,” poor little Ellen said to herself again and again; “thou shalt not bow down to it or worship it,” and then she would follow over and over one line of reasoning which traveled in a circle through justification back to pain.

“If the heathen think it’s right to bring rice and flowers, and to pray to him, why, it can’t be wrong for them

to do it. So there is no need to confess to grandmother." She would draw a breath of relief here, and then the stab would come: "But I'm not a heathen! I did n't think it was right." The accusation and excuse, repeated and repeated, grooved into the child's mind. Once she had a shivering glimpse of a possible wreck of all her little faith; a vague, dull pain that grew into the question, "How do we know we are right? We can't do anything more than *think* so, and that's what the heathen do!" But this faded almost as soon as it came, with the reassurance, "Oh, yes; the Bible says so, and so does grandmother;" and so far as faith went she was satisfied, but her sin remained. Once, in a passion of pain, she burst out into confession to Miss Jane, who flushed a little, but said, "Oh, Ellen, dear, never mind; I took the spots out."

"I did n't mean that," Ellen whispered, hiding her face on that kind shoulder. "We — we played heathen, you know."

"Well, dear?" said Miss Jane cheerfully.

"Was it — was it — very wicked? Oh, shall I go to hell? Will it be visited upon the third and fourth generation? Oh, Miss Jane, will all my children go to hell, too?"

Miss Jane drew a breath of silent laughter above the brown little head that pressed against her bosom. "No, dear, no; it was only playing, of course. Why, my little Ellen, don't cry so." She stopped Ellen's tears, but the child knew that Miss Jane had not really understood.

VI.

When Miss Jane Temple interrupted the worship of Buddha, she carried the poor little stained shawl upstairs to her bedroom, and then stood and looked at it with eyes that were blurred with tears. It all came back to her, — the

night that Mr. Tommy had brought this offering and ventured to ask her acceptance of it. She remembered the look of pride and relief that came into his face when she thanked him and said it was beautiful. How cruel it was that just because she was her brother's sister she could have called such a look into his face! It cut her to the heart that Mr. Tommy had been afraid of *her*. It was not fair that he should have been made to feel she did not care for him because she felt herself better than he; it was not right that he should have thought her proud. Proud? Oh, how happy she could have been in those rooms above the apothecary shop, if duty had allowed her to think of her own happiness! Something like resentment came into Jane Temple's face. Her brother's family might have permitted her this one friend. It would not have interfered with her services to them! With a trembling lip, she folded her shawl and laid it back in the bottom drawer of her bureau. She took some rose-geranium leaves from the bunch of flowers on her stand and laid them among its green soft folds.

After this episode of the god, Effie and Ellen were not so intimate for a little while. Ellen's misgivings lest she had committed the unpardonable sin made her find Effie a less congenial companion, and Effie's self-congratulation on having escaped the scolding she deserved made her more cautious. But the estrangement did not last very long, and the two children were soon confidential again. Effie told Ellen every possible family matter, and it was remarkable how many family matters she knew. She repeated again, dramatically, the story of Mr. Tommy's interrupted proposal, although Ellen, with flaming cheeks, protested that she did n't believe Miss Jane would like it, and she wished Effie *would n't*! She was eloquent concerning Dick's extravagances at college, and how her aunt had given him money to pay his debts,

because he didn't want to tell his father. She commented, too, with the alarming frankness of youth, on her father's ill-temper. "Yes," said Effie, "he's horrid when he's cross," and then went on to mention her mother's jealousy of "anybody papa likes; at least, of any ladies," she ended calmly, with that peculiar and discriminating discernment which seems to belong to children and servants.

But for the most part the children talked of the hardships of Ellen's life: that her hair was kept short; that she had to go to bed at half past eight; that she was obliged to do a little sewing every day, hem a frill or backstitch a long seam. Effie, with fluent use of adjectives, pitied her for all these things, but she pitied her most of all because, on Mondays and Tuesdays, Ellen was obliged to make her own bed, and dust and tidy her little bedroom.

"Well," cried Effie, when this cruel fact had been revealed to her, "before I'd be a servant girl!"

Ellen had never thought of it in that way before; it had only been "helping." So, at least, she had been told. It had not seemed proper to Mrs. Dale to explain that her real reason for giving the child these little tasks was to teach her that any work was fitting for a lady that could be done with the fine, old-fashioned delicacy which the women of Old Chester brought to every duty.

But Effie left no doubt in Ellen's mind that she had been "imposed upon," and was doing a servant's work. Once, very soon after her eyes had been opened to this, Ellen confided her wrongs to Lydia, but was met with blank wonder, which she was quick to resent as "airs;" and the other child's protest, "If mother thinks it right, Ellen, I guess it is," only made her quarrel with Lydia, and "not speak" for several days. She was alert to discover further "impositions;" and as

such a search is always rewarded, she found many, and was in a chronic state of injured feelings, — a state which expressed itself by sullen looks and neglect of many small and pleasant duties; she grew irritable with the constant effort to "stand up for her rights." "I don't know what's the matter with our Ellen," Betsey sighed, more than once; "she's awful good, but she's that contrary!" The "goodness" had reference only to Ellen's devotions, which at this time were very marked. Betsey had never been obliged to wait so long with the bedroom candle while Ellen said her prayers. This was partly for the relief of complaining to her Maker; partly because she knew she was not behaving well, and was constrained to balance her naughtiness by a little extra religion; and partly because, most often at night, the thought of her idolatry assailed her, and urged upon her works of supererogation in the form of prayers and promises. No doubt much of her naughtiness grew out of these religious impulses, which satisfied themselves in visions of good deeds, and never crystallized into anything so commonplace as obedience. She was constantly planning great self-sacrifices; heroic bravery, sublime devotion. Such dreams were very concrete: as, for instance, what her conduct would be if the house were on fire; she would rush into the flames, and save — everybody! She gave herself up to such visions one Monday morning; she had left the breakfast-room and gathered some posies for the little blue jug that stood on her dressing-table, and then, forgetting the work in her bedroom, stopped, and got into the swing under the front porch. Ellen was very fond of this latticed inclosure under the high porch, from the rafters of which hung the little swing, that creaked with a dry and dusty rhythm when started by her foot; perhaps part of its charm was a lack of the austere order of the rest of Mrs. Dale's household. It still bore the

traces of Eben Dale's light-hearted and inconsequent life: under the rafters above the swing were his long bamboo fishing-rods, still with the lines wound in careful spirals from the quivering ends to the stout silver-clasped handles. As Ellen swung back and forth, they shook and trembled, as they had done, no doubt, long ago, on some green bank beside a trout pool. A loop of line from a broken reel hung just above the child's eyes, and through it, in delicious abstraction of great purposes, she looked out, across the sunshine on the side lawn, at the watering-trough in the stable yard, and at the pigeons strutting and cooing on the ridgepole of the barn.

She was saying to herself, with a swelling heart, "Suppose Betsey Thomas should have smallpox?" And then she went on to reflect upon how tenderly she would nurse her, how bravely, even though her grandmother and all her friends should implore her not to run such a risk. Ah, how they would appreciate her when they saw how noble she was! Very likely she would catch the dreadful disease, and lie for days between life and death; and then how saintly she would be, what hymns she would repeat, what appropriate texts!

"'It is not death to die,'"

quoted Ellen, her eyes brimming with delightful melancholy, and curling her arms about the ropes of the swing, so that she leaned sideways, comfortably.

"'It is not death to die,
To leave the weary road,
To join the brotherhood on high' —

I'd say that," she thought, very sorrowfully. But when she recovered (on the whole, she thought she should recover) she would be very beautiful; not a single scar would mar her face; and how Betsey Thomas would love her!

She paused in planning her saintly revenge long enough to look at the dia-

monds of sunlight falling through the lattice, and lying on the black, hard earth of the floor; how much nicer it was here, under the porch, than in the parlor! There were garden tools in the corners, and on one side of her playroom, like a long, red cornucopia encrusted with crumbling earth, were flower-pots of lessening sizes fitted into one another. Ellen could scrawl a large E on the dusty top of an old chest of drawers that stood against the wall of the house; it had scarcely been touched since Dr. Dale had put his flies away, after his last fishing trip. Some of the drawers were half open, and there were packets of flower-seeds scattered about in them, and one or two books in yellow paper covers, dog-eared and torn. Ellen had looked at them with a view to improving her mind by reading some of grandpapa's wise books; but alas! they were in French, so that aspiration had been checked. On top of the chest was a china bowl half full of water; Ellen had coiled a dozen horsehairs in it, and was waiting to see them turn into snakes. She kept her paper dolls in a cupboard hanging on the wall; its sagging doors and rattling shelves could not have given the tissue ladies a sense of security, but Ellen liked to think that they were sheltered there, when she, safe in her little bed, heard the wind blow, and caught the murmuring complaint of the giant in the locust-trees. The dolls, she saw fit to say, were in a fort, and they were in great terror lest one of the pythons coiled in the white china tank should crawl out, and up to their little shelter, and open his horrible jaws and hiss at them! Ellen shivered for very horror of the situation, but did not abate her care for the horsehairs, nor put a better fastening on the cupboard door. She liked to think that the beat of wind or rain was the assault of pirates upon the unhappy paper ladies, and the idea of their distress when the door banged gave her

all the exhilaration of danger, without its personal element. "If pirates were to break into our house," said Ellen, her foot tapping a diamond of sunshine every time she swung forward, "I would say, 'Sir, kill me, but save grandmother — save ' —"

But at that moment Betsey Thomas came hurrying out to look for her. Betsey was busy, and not in the best temper; her patience had been sorely tried that morning because Ellen had seen fit to pour water on the floor when she had been dressing her, for the purpose of discovering whether it would run under her instep. "If it does," said Ellen, holding up her skirts and dabbling her little bare foot in the water, "it shows I'm very aristocratic, Betsey, and would have had my head cut off in the French Revolution." Betsey had been most unsympathetic, and there had been a tussle, followed by a truce; and now the maid would rather have done Ellen's work herself than get into any discussion with her. But Mrs. Dale had bidden her remind Ellen that her bed was not made, and it was after nine.

Ellen, with a very red face, jumped out of the swing. "I just wish you'd do your work yourself, Betsey Thomas, so there!" she said.

Betsey looked at her soberly. "Ellen, you ought n't to talk that way, 'deed you ought n't; 't ain't right."

"Well, it isn't your place to tell me what I ought to do, anyhow," Ellen answered.

The chambermaid put her red arms akimbo on her hips and gazed at Ellen with real concern. She was a pleasant-looking maid-servant, with an honest Welsh face and curly red-brown hair; she wore a brown calico gown, and a long blue apron with a bib pinned up over her ample bosom. "I don't know what's the matter with you, these days, Ellen," she said. "Come, now; be a good girl, and do your work nice, and please your grandmother."

Ellen made no answer, but she followed the maid upstairs.

"You know well enough, Ellen, you ain't behavin' as you ought, nowadays," Betsey went on. "You ought to think what the Good Man likes little girls to be. My! I never see any little girl so sassy as you!"

"Will you be quiet, Betsey Thomas?" said Ellen, turning suddenly upon her.

"Why, Ellen Dale!" cried Betsey, dropping admonition, in personal affront; "you're real impudent. I've a good mind to tell your grandmother!"

Ellen's face was white. "You are a low, mean, miserable, lazy woman," she said in a high, quivering voice, "and if you speak another word more to me I'll kill you!"

This was so awful that Betsey was shocked into real dismay. "Ellen, I'll have to tell your grandmother," she said reluctantly.

"I don't care!" cried Ellen. She stamped her foot, stood trembling, flew at Betsey and struck her with all her little might, and then dropped sobbing upon the floor.

Betsey was appalled, but angry also. She turned, and hurried out of the room to find Mrs. Dale.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, coming breathlessly into the dining-room, "Ellen is acting awful! She beat and beat me, ma'am! She acted like as if she was possessed!"

Mrs. Dale was sitting at the head of the long table with as much stateliness as though it were surrounded by guests, instead of merely holding a big basin of hot water, a mop, and glass-towels. "Tell me just what Ellen has done," she said briefly, and then listened to the agitated complaint, but made no comment. "You may go, now," she said, and proceeded calmly to wipe the teaspoons; she was in no haste to go upstairs. She knew that silence and reflection would be very alarming to Ellen.

Ellen, sobbing on the floor, was straining her ears for her grandmother's step. By and by the waiting grew dreadful; she stopped crying and sat up, pushing her hair back from her eyes. The house was very silent. It seemed to Ellen as though everything held its breath to hear the reproof which was coming. At last she felt she could not bear it any longer, and she crept out into the entry and looked over the balustrade down into the wide hall. The front door was open, and she could see the hot, bright garden. Stretched out in a strip of sunshine that fell across the threshold into the hall was Rip, the red setter; his glossy side was stirred by his deep breathing, and once a paw twitched, as though he were running in some pleasant dream. Her grandmother's work-table was beside the long sofa, which stood between the dining-room and library doors; there was some knitting on the table, and a book, with Mrs. Dale's gold-bowed spectacles across an open page, and one of Ellen's white aprons, waiting to be mended. The child felt a quick repentance. How naughty she had been; how good her grandmother always was; and even Betsey Thomas was sometimes kind! She would go downstairs and ask to be forgiven; she would tell Betsey she was sorry; she would say — But at that moment, running lightly up the front steps, came Effie Temple. Rip, startled at the sound, rose, yawning and stretching, but Effie did not notice him. She had seen Ellen, and dashed at once upstairs.

"Why, what's the matter?" she demanded. "You have been crying! Why, Nellie, what's the matter?"

Ellen felt the tears stinging again, and all her anger came back with a rush. "Come into my room," she whispered, and drew the eager Effie into her bedroom. "Oh, Effie, it's awful!" she said in a trembling voice.

"What's awful?"

"I've had such a time with Betsey

Thomas; she — she — oh, she talked to me!" Ellen caught her breath in a sob. She did not know whether she was more angry at Betsey, or frightened at the prospect of the interview with her grandmother.

"Oh, is that all?" cried Effie. "I hope you talked back to her?"

And Ellen straightway poured out the whole story. As she talked, her courage returned, and her anger burned more fiercely. Effie, sitting on the edge of the bed beside her, interrupted her now and then with exclamations of pity and indignation, and when Ellen had quite finished she was ready with advice. "I'd make that girl get down on her knees and beg my pardon," she said shrilly. "Gracious, I wish you had some spirit, Nellie!"

"Beg *my* pardon?" said Ellen. "Why, I" — She was ashamed to finish the sentence.

"Of course; and if she should say she would n't — well, then I know what I should do."

"What?" asked Ellen faintly.

Effie leaned towards her and whispered something in her ear.

"Oh!" said Ellen.

VII.

For a moment after Effie's whisper the two children looked at each other in guilty silence.

"Oh, would you, *really*?" Ellen said at last, under her breath; but before Effie could answer the door opened and Mrs. Dale entered. A quick displeasure came into her face at the sight of Ellen's guest, but she only said gravely, "Good-morning, Euphemia," and looked to see the child rise, as Ellen had done; but Effie, as she sat on the edge of the bed, swinging her foot to and fro and playing with her rings, only nodded, with a sheepish look, and said, "Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Dale?"

Mrs. Dale put on her glasses and

looked at her. "Euphemia," — Ellen caught her breath at the solemnity of the tone, — "I wish to talk with Ellen, so I must ask you to leave us."

"All right," said Effie. She rose and shook her skirt, which had wrinkled a little, and gave a careless glance into the mirror as she put on her hat. "Mrs. Dale, may Ellen come over and take tea with me to-night? Mamma said I might ask her," she added impatiently, having learned that such reference to her mother was a necessary formality in Old Chester.

"No."

"Oh, please!" Effie teased, but was dismissed with a decision which ignored her coaxing.

Ellen's face grew red and sullen as Effie left the room, and she stared at the carpet that she might not see her grandmother.

"Now, Ellen, tell me what this means."

"What what means?" the little girl said in a low voice, still looking at the carpet.

"I am very much grieved, Ellen," Mrs. Dale said, not noticing the question.

No response.

"Betsey Thomas tells me that when she spoke to you about putting your room in order you grew very angry, and — struck her. Ellen, no little girl could do such a thing, unless she had"

— Mrs. Dale spoke very solemnly — "unless she had the feeling of murder in her heart. Suppose you had had a knife in your hand when you struck Betsey? You might have killed her! You did not have a knife, but you had the feeling in your soul. Oh, Ellen, I hope you will ask your Heavenly Father to give you a better heart."

Ellen did not reply; her chin quivered, and she felt as though something was beating up in her throat. But her silence was not repentance; it was embarrassment at this talk about her "heart" and her Heavenly Father.

Mrs. Dale sighed; she did not know what to say next. She had been prepared for the fluent and fatiguing excuses of an active imagination, and Ellen's silence confused her. To show affection in such a crisis did not occur to her; she looked at the stubborn little face, and wondered how the child could be so hard. "She does not show a trace of feeling!" thought Mrs. Dale, and sighed. She felt as though she stood outside this one heart in all the world that belonged to her, and sought an entrance in vain. There was a wistful disappointment behind the stern justice in her eyes. "Why have I never gained her love?" she thought; but all she said was that Ellen must spend the rest of the day in her room; at five o'clock, if penitent, she might come downstairs and ask forgiveness. ("Such hardness can be conquered only by severity," Mrs. Dale was thinking sadly.) "I hope," she ended, "that you will remember what I have said about the sin of anger; and that you may remember it, I have made out for you a list of verses in the Bible which speak of anger and passion. You will look them out during the day, commit them to memory, and repeat them to me when you come downstairs at five."

She had written the references on a slip of paper, and, putting it down on the white work-table, left the room without another look at Ellen.

She was very much troubled. But it never occurred to her to prick the bubble of the child's naughtiness by treating the matter lightly. She gave to the imagination of a foolish child the deference of earnest conscientiousness, and took the situation seriously. That Ellen might find it interesting never occurred to her, for Mrs. Dale could no more have been theatrical in her view of life than she could have been flippant. "I am too old," she thought, with the painful and pathetic humility of age, "too old to manage

children; and I cannot make her love me." Her mouth looked stern and hard, for she pressed her lips together to keep them steady, and her glasses were so dim she did not see that some one was waiting for her in the hall, until she heard a voice say, "Good-morning, dear Mrs. Dale," and found Miss Jane Temple ready to take her hand at the foot of the stairs.

Now, Miss Jane Temple had come to see Mrs. Dale with a purpose which had only taken definite form that day, although it had been smouldering in her heart for many weeks. She had gone that morning down into the village upon an errand, and had stopped absently at the little gate that shut Mr. Tommy Dove's garden away from the dusty street. The garden was full of the sweet confusion of flowers which had been watched and tended for nearly a generation, and then suddenly left to untrained and untrammelled liberty. There were not many weeds, unless the Johnny-jump-ups growing outside the borders could be called weeds; or the portulaca, which had sown itself in the grass from the round bed that lay below the shop window, half in sunshine, blazing with crimson cups, and half in shadow, with tightly shut and shining buds. White petunias flared broadly between the flagstones of the path, and morning-glories were braided among the prickly branches of the moss rose; the friendly perennials were more decorous, and kept their old places; the queen-of-the-meadow still lifted her powdery crown, close to the gate; and the hollyhocks and bleeding hearts and peonies blossomed as they had blossomed on the same spot thirty years before.

Miss Jane Temple, leaning on the gate, remembered how she had stopped there one morning four years ago, just after old Mrs. Dove's death, to tell Mr. Tommy she was sorry for his grief. She remembered that she had sat on the broad door-stone, which lay warm

in the sunshine, and they had talked of many things. Effie was with her, and the little girl's lip had curled with contemptuous amusement when Mr. Tommy tried to entertain her. The color came into Miss Jane's cheek as she thought of the child's rudeness; and then came the remembrance of that other rudeness to Mr. Dove, on the night when he had tried to tell her that he "cared," — the rudeness of her brother, who, entering in the midst of those gentle, stumbling words, dismissed the apothecary with courteous contempt. She remembered how Mr. Tommy dashed into the darkness, leaving his sentence unfinished, and never coming back again, even to learn that, although she would not leave her brother's family, she too "cared." At first there had been a faint reproach in her heart because he did not come back, but she had long since understood it; he wanted to spare her the sight of his mortification. She never supposed that disappointed love could long prey upon him. Miss Jane Temple had had snubs enough in her life to know that mortification leaves a pang more lasting than the serpent's tooth or than disappointed love.

But she wished that he would come back to this neglected garden, this quiet, shabby house that seemed shrinking behind its lilac and sweet-brier bushes. She wished she knew where he was. In a dozen timid ways she had tried to find out, rather by suggesting the question than by any direct inquiry. And yet, why should she not inquire? A question, boldly put, need not betray her; and her heart leaped at the very thought of hearing about him.

The mortar and pestle which hung above the shop door, and had long ago parted with any gilding they had possessed, creaked in a puff of wind. "I will find out!" she said, and pushed open the gate and went across the deep tangle of the grass to the big thorny

bush of yellow Persian roses. She picked one, resolution growing in her face; and then she went at once up the hill to Mrs. Dale's house. "Mrs. Dale will tell me," she said to herself.

But when the two ladies sat down by the work-table in the open hall, and Mrs. Dale, with a little sigh, took up Ellen's apron to mend, Miss Jane began to talk of anything and anybody but Mr. Tommy Dove: the weather, first, and the gardener's anxiety about the drought; her sister-in-law's health, and her own regret that since the death of old Dr. King there had been only his son, a young boy of twenty eight or nine, to minister to physical ills in Old Chester.

"He can't help being young, I know," said Miss Jane, "but I am sure I hope my sister will not have to consult him this summer. I suppose young doctors must have some patients to practice on, or else they would never get experience, but I don't want him to practice on sister."

Mrs. Dale agreed with her, but in the tone of one who is liberal enough to put up with a necessity. "They've got to be young some time," she said.

"I suppose so," Jane Temple admitted; "but really, even I know more about some things — chicken-pox, for instance — than Willie does. When Effie had it, I knew just what to do, and I am sure Willie had to ask his mother before he dared prescribe. And then, in preparing medicine, a young man is apt to be careless. I wish some more experienced person" — Miss Jane's voice was not quite even — "some more experienced person had charge of the drugs."

Mrs. Dale glanced at her over her spectacles, keenly. "Indeed, dear Jane, you are needlessly concerned. Willie is really careful; and beside, his dispensing the medicines is only a temporary arrangement. Tommy Dove is our apothecary usually, and he is old enough, I am sure. He is absent just

now, but he is a most capable person. Of course Old Chester would not encourage any one who was not capable."

Miss Jane bent down to pat Rip's red-brown head. "Yes, he is capable; but — as you say, he is not here this summer? I noticed, the first time that I went down to the village, that his house was shut up, and all his pretty garden so neglected; it seemed so strange! I — I wondered where — I should say why — I mean where, he had gone?"

She stroked Rip's ears rapidly, the color fluttering into her face.

"Dear me! one would think Jane was interested!" Mrs. Dale said to herself; but aloud she only observed that she was not surprised that her companion thought Mr. Tommy's conduct strange. "In spite of his years, and in spite of the influences of his life, — though sometimes I think influences amount to very little," said Mrs. Dale, with a sigh, the thought of Ellen heavy upon her heart, — "in spite of everything, Mr. Tommy's conduct shows, I fear, an ill-regulated mind."

"Does it, indeed, ma'am?" Miss Jane asked tremulously. "He always seemed to me most estimable, — though of course I have n't seen much of him," she ended weakly.

"Oh," said Mrs. Dale, putting down the little white apron and adjusting her spectacles, "he is, of course, a very estimable person in his walk of life. But, my dear Jane, his leaving Old Chester as he did shows a weak character." She was very grave. "This is really very serious," she thought. "Poor foolish girl!"

"I had — I have — a great respect for Mr. Dove," Miss Temple said.

"Every one has," Mrs. Dale agreed, resenting an unspoken reproach. "Indeed, I have sometimes thought I would invite him to tea." Miss Jane drew in her breath, as if something hurt her. "He did the same thing about four years ago," Mrs. Dale went on. "Let me

see — why, it was the summer you were here. He disappeared without a word to anybody; such a sensational, foolish thing to do. Don't you remember?"

"I remember," replied Miss Jane faintly.

"I heard," Mrs. Dale continued, "that he was in Philadelphia this summer. I don't know what he is doing. But even to see as little of the world as Philadelphia is good for Mr. Tommy."

"Yes."

"No doubt he will come back some time, and then it will be our duty to let him see that we do not approve of him. Still, if he will settle down and marry a — a suitable person, you know, no doubt his conduct will be overlooked in time. But I doubt if we can have quite the confidence in him that we had; eccentricity is more dangerous than mere youth."

"He must have had good reasons," said Jane Temple, — "I am sure he must!" It occurred to her that she was betraying herself, but that did not matter. "I — I knew Mr. Dove quite well, and I — trust his judgment absolutely," she said with emphasis, for anger had come to her aid.

"You are too kind, dear Jane," said Mrs. Dale. She was sincerely troubled. "Dear! dear!" she said to herself; "to think that Jane Temple can be so weak! Well, Mr. Tommy did right to go away!"

Miss Temple's indignation brought a fine glow into her cheek; her eyes shone; she began to feel a warmth about her heart that meant happiness, although she did not know it. She was defending him; how sweet it was to defend him! Never mind if she never saw him again, if he never knew that she "cared." She did care, and that was happiness enough. Mrs. Dale's condescension roused her to sudden self-knowledge. "I have a — a regard for him, and I have a right to my own life," she thought.

"I think I must go now," she said stiffly. She felt she must be alone to think this thing out, and decide what to do; for, without reasoning about it, she knew she was going to do something to make amends to this man, who had given up his home for her sake. Then, with an effort to seem at ease, she added, "I met Effie, as I came over, and she told me Ellen could not take tea with her to-night; I am so sorry."

The mention of Ellen brought Mrs. Dale back from her consternation at Jane Temple's folly to her own troubles. "I am afraid," she said, "that I was a little stern to Euphemia when she came to make her request. I was obliged to send her home somewhat abruptly." And then she explained that Ellen had been naughty, and it was necessary to punish her.

Miss Jane's kind eyes filled with pity. "Dear little Ellen!" she said.

VIII.

The day was long and sad to Mrs. Dale; she was disciplining Ellen according to her light, but she was not hopeful. "She is repenting now," she thought, "but she will have forgotten both her repentance and her naughtiness by to-morrow." As it happened, however, Ellen was too interested in the situation to repent. She had made haste to commit to memory the verses her grandmother had brought her, meditating, as she studied, not upon the sacred words, but upon her wrongs. The verses memorized, she went over to the window and knelt down, her cheek resting on the sill.

She did not want to read any of her sedate little story-books. The Parent's Assistant, or Harry and Lucy, or the Rollo books were not as entertaining as was her own misery. Oh, how long, how long was this cruel punishment to last? For she would never

beg Betsey's pardon! Perhaps she should grow old, shut up here in this room. She fancied how, little by little, in the dusty solitude of the years, her clothes would wear out, her hair grow gray; she had a vision of her children, and even her grandchildren, urging her to leave her prison; but she would never give in to Betsey Thomas! A moment later, however, she decided that she should not like such a life, and determined that she would bring her punishment to an end: *she would starve herself!* She would not eat any dinner nor any supper. Probably she would die in a few days, and then how sorry everybody would be! She should be going to heaven, so she should not be sorry.

"I'll plume my wings and take my flight," said Ellen to herself. But before doing this she would forgive her enemies.

She pictured the scene. Her grandmother would find her lying, white and still, in her bed. She would see that Ellen had eaten nothing; then she would implore her to eat — oh, anything! Yes, fruit cake, if she wished it! But no; Ellen would turn her head away, and whisper that she should rather go to heaven. (The tears were rolling peacefully down her face by this time.) At last her grandmother would say, "Oh, my darling Ellen, I have been very cruel to you; is there anything I can give you for a present?"

Here Ellen stopped crying, and reflected upon what she should accept to signify her forgiveness. "Yes," she decided to reply, "yes, grandmother, you may give me a wig of long yellow curls, and — a Bible." What a pang that last word would give her grandmother! How it would betray the saintly character to which Mrs. Dale had been so blind! The Bible would not be of much use, as she was going to die immediately. But she might leave it to Effie? "Effie does n't read her Bible as much as I do," Ellen

thought, with solemn satisfaction. As for the lovely yellow wig, she would wear that when she was dead. At this thought she wept afresh.

She wondered what would be done with her "things," — her china dishes, her best hat, her little iron bank, into which, on every birthday, her grandmother slipped a gold-piece.

"Why," said Ellen to herself, "I ought to make my will!"

She jumped up at that thought, and began, with a blunt blue lead pencil, to inscribe her last wishes upon a large sheet of foolscap. "I leave my geography to Betsey Thomas," she wrote in a round, childish hand, and added, "but she's a cross girl." Here she paused to remember her legatees and her possessions; then, hurriedly, wrote Miss Jane Temple's name, and bit the end of her pencil for two minutes before she could decide what to bequeath to her kind friend. The thought of Miss Jane awoke the remorse for her idolatry, and for a moment that horrible melancholy, which has a physical abiding-place just below the breastbone, dimmed her pleasure in the prospect of death. But to leave Miss Jane a lock of her hair, and Lydia Wright her paper dolls, cheered her to tears; for with a thrill of pride she felt her eyes blur with a sudden mist.

This touched her deeply, and she leaned forward and squeezed her eyes tightly shut, at which one single tear trickled down her cheek and splashed full upon the paper; it made a round blot with a little fringe all about it. She breathed on it to dry it; but, as the spot rose into a wet blister, she had a bitter moment of feeling that her heirs might not recognize it as a teardrop. She wondered how it would do to write "tear" above it. She wished she could cry some more to make another blot; but alas! interest had dried her eyes, and she could only proceed to divide her property among those who appreciated her so little.

Her horsehair snakes she bequeathed to Mrs. Temple; Little Henry and his Bearer to Mr. Temple.

"I will give my bank to my grandmother," she wrote, but, sighing, added, as older consciences have done before her, "the money in it is for the poor heathen."

She paused here to note with satisfaction the perfection of her teardrop, and to look out over the garden. How hot and bright it was out of doors! There was a bed of scarlet poppies blazing in the sunshine; even the shadows looked hot. She could see, across the lane, the stone posts of Mr. Temple's gate, and that made her think of Effie and of the Bible she must leave her.

Just then she noticed that the telegraph string was jarring and thrilling; that meant that Effie was at the other end of it, and was about to send her a note. The thought of communication with the outside world made her forget death; she dropped her will, and leaned out of the window. In a moment, slowly and with little jerks, came the bit of folded paper, floating over the sunny garden, catching for a perilous instant on the highest twig of the laburnum, and then landing safely among the leaves of the woodbine, below the window. Ellen, with trembling fingers, unfastened it, and, smoothing the crumpled paper, read, "*Come up to the somer hous after diner.*"

She dropped it dismally. What was the use of Effie's saying that? Why did n't she sympathize?

"Grandmother won't allow me to go out of my room," she wrote. "She says I must ask Betsey's pardon."

She fastened her answer to the line, and watched it flutter back to Effie; but the excitement had faded from her face. "Effie knows grandmother won't let me go up to the summer-house," she said to herself. But Effie's next note explained her meaning.

"*Is the door loked? Can't you get out?*"

"Goodness!" said Ellen. She read it over and over. The door locked? Why, no, of course not. And after dinner her grandmother always took a nap; and Betsey Thomas would be carrying in the clothes from the lines on the kitchen green; and there would be no one to see her leave her room! "I won't do it," she said to herself; "only, it would be easy to do it." She was so absorbed and excited that she forgot to send an answer to the note. Very quietly, on tiptoe, she crossed the room and tried the door. It was not locked; but Ellen stood staring at it with great eyes. This punishment of being obliged to stay in her room she knew well; it had happened only too often before, although never, perhaps, for so serious an offense. But it had never occurred to her that it was voluntary. She went back to the window with a bewildered air, and started to see another note awaiting her among the leaves.

"*Why don't you anser? Are you loked in?*"

Ellen's reply betrayed the agitation of a new idea.

"*I'm not loked in, but I can't get out.*"

She hoped and feared at once that Effie would not send any more notes, but a moment later another little folded temptation came over the string.

"*If you're not loked in, come up to the somer house right after diner. Your grandmother is wiked to shut you up in prizon. If you beg that servant girl's pardon I'll never speak to you again. Anser if you'll come up to the somer hous.*"

Effie, standing on the locust stump, on the other side of the wall, waited a long time for Ellen's reply; the delay made her first angry, and then scared. Perhaps Mrs. Dale had come in and caught Ellen reading the notes! At this thought she was about to jump down from the stump and run away, when lo! there was an answer coming

slowly along the line. Effie, in her eagerness to get it from the string, tore it a little, but she could read it in spite of that. "*I will come.*"

IX.

Ellen had been hurried into decision by hearing Betsey Thomas's careful step upon the stairs, and then the sound of a tray bumping against the door. Betsey must not discover the correspondence, and the only way to prevent that was to consent to Effie's wishes.

With excitement Ellen's appetite had returned, and she was glad to eat the bread and butter and cold meat which had been sent her. The thought of the hot dinner downstairs made this severe diet seem a cruelty which justified rebellion.

As she ate, she was excitedly planning her "escape." Ellen had many a time acted out her own fancies of adventure or peril, but she had never had the chance to make them real if she chose. Her skill in weaving romance blurred just now the actual fact of her naughtiness, and gave the whole situation an unreality and an interest that kept her conscience quiet.

She might as well look over her verses, she thought, until it was time to dismiss this exciting possibility. "*He that ruleth his spirit,*" said Ellen, sitting in the big dimity-covered chair, her hands clasped above her head, her small heels swinging to and fro, "*is greater than he that taketh a city.*" Oh! She heard Mrs. Dale's step upon the stairs, then the closing of her bedroom door.

Ellen sat with parted lips; the clock in the lower hall struck three. The great moment had come! She rose stealthily, and, opening her door, looked out into the hall. Then a sudden gush of determination took the little temptation she had played with and

carried it into action. She was bewildered, absorbed, fascinated, to find herself yielding — yielding! She had not supposed she was really going to do it; her own possibility intoxicated her. Hardly breathing, she slipped on tiptoe out of the room, past her grandmother's door, and then, step by step, downstairs.

It was a still August day. Far off, beyond the meadows at the foot of the terrace, came, through the thinning leaves, the sparkle and flash of the river; nearer, in the stone vase in the middle of the garden, a bunch of scarlet geraniums blazed and glowed. Rip lay stretched on the warm dust of the carriage road at the foot of the steps. There was a scent of hot sunshine in the hazy air. Ellen, palpitating with excitement, stood a moment on the porch and looked at it all; then she heard a step somewhere in the silent house, and darted like a bird out into the freedom of the sunshine! Three minutes later she had gained the summer-house, and Effie, awaiting her for half an hour, was crying out impatiently for particulars.

"Wait till I — get — my breath" — Ellen gasped. When she did get her breath, they talked in whispers, though there was no one nearer than Betsey taking the clothes off the lines down on the kitchen green; but, considering how astonished Betsey would have been could she have overheard that conversation, it was no wonder that they whispered.

Suddenly Ellen jumped up. "Oh, Effie, what time do you think it is? Oh, I'm afraid it's late!"

"No, it is n't," Effie reassured her; "only, may be you'd better go. Now don't forget: if she does n't apologize to you, you are to be here to-morrow morning, with some clothes and food and your bank; and I'll be here with my things, and" —

"Oh, Effie, I *must* run. Grandmother will be downstairs, and then

what shall I do? Oh, Effie, I must go!" Ellen stamped her foot with impatient fright.

But Mrs. Dale had not yet come downstairs from her nap, so Ellen was able to regain her room quite unobserved. There, with a wildly beating heart, she opened her Bible for a look at the verses; the habit of doing as she was bidden made this final study instinctive, but she could hardly see the words, much less take in their meaning.

"I will certainly do it," she assured herself. "And oh, what will Lydia say? Yes, I will not come back until I am twenty years old. (*Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.*) When I'm twenty, grandmother will know that she can't order me around, and starve me, and treat me so cruelly; and very likely Betsey Thomas will be married then, — in nine years."

The two children had arranged how they were to support themselves during these years of absence, in which their families were to repent. "We'll go to a city," Effie had said vaguely. And once there, they were to be milliners. There had been a moment's wavering in favor of a candy-shop, but reflection upon the amount of money Mrs. Temple paid for her bonnets decided them; for, as Ellen pointed out, if they sold a dozen twenty-five-dollar bonnets a day, they could well afford to buy candy, instead of serving behind a counter for the chance to eat it. Effie explained incidentally that her reason for including herself in these delightful plans was that her aunt Jane made her life a burden, and tried all the time to make Mrs. Temple "cross."

Everything being thus arranged, it only remained for Ellen to have firmness in the coming interview with her grandmother. It occurred to the child to consider, as an interesting possibility, what she should do if her grandmother were to have a change of heart before

the carefully planned retribution could fall upon her. Suppose Mrs. Dale should say she was sorry? It would be disappointing, but such things had been, and it was well to be prepared. Suppose she were to say, "Ellen, I was very unkind, and Betsey Thomas shall beg your pardon. And what would you like me to do for you?"

Ellen put her cheek down on the open Bible and meditated. She would like to have all the pin-wheels and fire-crackers that she wanted; also torpedoes, — those little white bags of flame and noise. With these she would give an exhibition to the village, especially to the tannery hands. The thought of her own importance and beneficence, in thus officiating, filled her with a glow of self-approval which seemed to fade into a blur of general satisfaction; and the next thing she knew, she heard Betsey Thomas saying, "Wake up, Ellen; your grandmother is waiting down on the porch to hear you say your verses. Wake up, and let me brush your hair and tidy you up a bit."

Betsey was very much affected by observing that Ellen had fallen asleep upon the open page of her Bible, and she made haste to report the fact to Mrs. Dale, who was likewise somewhat impressed by it. It made her ready to forgive the child at once, and to hope that Ellen had been seeking a higher forgiveness.

Ellen gathered up her courage, and went slowly downstairs; and then, in her fresh white apron, her brown hair tucked smoothly behind her little ears, and her hands folded in front of her, she stood before Mrs. Dale, and repeated quite perfectly the half dozen verses she had been told to learn. With downcast eyes she listened in dutiful silence to her grandmother's admonitions. "And now, Ellen," Mrs. Dale said, with a sigh of relief that this trying day was ended, — "now, Ellen, I hope that you will always remember your duty as a little Christian child,

and never forget that a lady is as courteous to those whom God has placed in a different station as to her own friends. You may kiss me good-night, my child, and then go and tell Betsey Thomas that you are sorry. To-morrow morning you will turn over a new leaf and start out fresh."

Ellen was quite pale. "No 'm," she said briefly.

"You mean it shall never happen again? I am very glad, my dear. And I am sure you have asked your Heavenly Father to forgive you, also?"

Ellen's response of silence to appeals of this kind always confused Mrs. Dale; like one who pronounces a magic formula and sees no result, she was vaguely disturbed. It had happened many, many times, but she never grew accustomed to the pain of it. "Now go to Betsey Thomas," she said, with the sternness which means embarrassment.

"No 'm; I don't want to, grandmother."

In the explanation which followed this, and in the order that she was to go to bed without any supper, and spend the next day, until she apologized to Betsey, in her own room, it seemed to the child as though she could hear her heart beat. It did not occur to Mrs. Dale, grieved and anxious, and viewing the situation with a seriousness of which it was not worthy, that some patient reasoning might have brought the suggestion of apology from the child's own lips, although she would have been the first to realize that such an impulse from within would have counted more in character than when it was the result of insistence from without.

Perhaps the whole difficulty was in Mrs. Dale's lack of imagination; but, besides that, it must be admitted that it is not easy for a righteous and inflexible will to concede a point. Indeed, it would be interesting to know how often the sense of personal dignity is responsible for mistakes made in the

training of children; mistakes which apparently do not injure the children very much, — for, after all, we most of us turn out pretty well, — but from which the characters of the elders certainly suffer.

X.

Miss Jane Temple was strangely distraught that afternoon. She forgot her sister-in-law's beef tea at four, and glass of sherry at six. She told Effie, briefly, that she should not play backgammon with her after tea. "I have — some writing to do," she explained, in answer to the child's impatient protest, and there was something in her voice that made Mrs. Temple look up and say, —

"Is there anything the matter, Janey?"

"Oh, no, dear sister," she answered. "Come, Effie, I'll play just one game; but I really am too busy to play any more than that."

Effie ran for the board, but she was as nervous as her aunt, and the single game was more than enough for her. Her impatience worried her mother, so that she was sent to bed, stamping her foot as she went, to Mrs. Temple's further annoyance.

"I don't know why Effie is n't like that dear little Ellen," said Mrs. Temple, with a sigh. "Now she has gone, Janey, write down here, won't you? Whom are you going to write to?"

Miss Jane's face flushed suddenly and painfully. "I — well — I have to write to a — friend," she stammered.

Mrs. Temple raised herself on her elbow, and looked at her with undisguised curiosity. "Why, Janey, one would think you were a girl writing to her lover."

Miss Jane's laugh was so forced and conscious that Mrs. Temple was fairly breathless with astonishment. "Why, Jane Temple!" she said. But the younger woman had hurried upstairs

for her writing materials. Mrs. Temple fell back among her cushions with a puzzled face. "Why," she said to herself, "what does it mean? Whom can she be writing to? That Dove man? Is it possible?"

But when her sister-in-law came back with her little old rosewood writing-desk, which folded over on itself, and was lined with faded purple velvet, Mrs. Temple was quite apologetic. "I didn't mean to seem curious, Janey; I did not know that you had any secrets of that kind. I'm sure I beg your pardon?" She could not help the question in her voice, nor an injured look.

"Of course, dear Euphemia, I know that. I—I only just have a letter—of no importance, to write. I thought I would write it to-night, though."

"It is to Mr. Dove," said Mrs. Temple to herself. "Dear me! I should not have thought that of Janey! Still, I don't know why she should n't be friendly to the poor little man; he would never dare to presume upon it. And Janey never would leave us." Mrs. Temple grew tearful at the thought, but Miss Jane was too absorbed in the composition of a very brief letter to notice the invalid. That love develops selfishness is readily granted by those who are not lovers.

Miss Temple wrote a line, and paused; then she made some straight marks on her blotting-paper, and looked at them thoughtfully; after that, she mended her pen, and took a fresh sheet, and began her letter again, but stopped a moment to press down the curling corners of the worn velvet lining of her desk.

"You don't write very much," Mrs. Temple observed, with something like malice in her voice; and certainly, in a half hour, it was not unreasonable to suppose that more than half a page should be written.

"There is my stamp box, Janey, dear," she ventured, a little later; and

Miss Jane thanked her, but said she had stamped her envelope.

"So it is n't to anybody in Old Chester," Mrs. Temple assured herself. "Yes, it must be to Mr. Tommy!" Mrs. Temple was growing interested and amiable.

"I'm sure I don't want to seem to pry," she said, with a little cough behind her thin white hand, as, with a quickened breath, Miss Jane suddenly put down her pen and folded her letter; "I don't want to pry, but it seems to me that a letter that puzzles one to write, as that has evidently puzzled you, should be—well, I should think you would want advice. Not that I want to give advice. I should be quite unwilling to advise; only I'd—give it a good deal of thought, if I were you," she ended weakly.

"I have," answered Miss Temple gently. Then the determination with which she had folded the letter seemed to desert her, and for a moment she held it with tremulous hesitation. "I have thought," she repeated absently. And then she seemed to come to herself and remember her duties. "Are n't you ready now for your gruel, dear sister?" she said. "I'll go and get it." She put the letter in her pocket and rose.

Mrs. Temple shut her eyes and whimpered, "I'm sure I did n't mean to be impertinent. You're very unkind to me, Janey."

Miss Jane was full of protestations. "Why, of course nothing you could say would be impertinent. Indeed, I'm always grateful for your interest. Now, won't you sit up and take this gruel?" Her voice was nervous with unspoken excuses.

She slipped her arm under the invalid's head and held the bowl to her lips, and said she was sure Mrs. Temple was a little stronger, and she did think that gray silk wrapper was so becoming. But she did not mention the address of the letter.

Margaret Deland.

TAILLEFER THE TROUVÈRE.

THEY sailed in their long gray galleys, they tossed on the narrow sea,
 Till dim in the mists of morning were the shores of Normandy.
 They were sixty thousand warriors, with never a fear at heart;
 They were knights and squires and yeomen, adept in the soldier's art;
 They were knights and squires and yeomen, whose school was the press of men,
 Whose alphabet was their armor, whose sword was their only pen;
 And none of the bold war-farers, though the flower of the land was there,
 Bared braver brow to the south wind than Taillefer the Trouvère.

No laugh like his at the banquet, no hand like his on the lute,
 No voice like his in the courtyard to banter the brawlers mute;
 And never from lip of a jester did a blither quip take wing,
 And never on caitiff's cuirass did a nobler brand outring.
 But song was the soul of his living; ay, song was the breath of his life;
 He had taken song to brother, he had taken song to wife.
 In the tide-pulse of the ocean, in the wild wind-pulse of air,
 There was more than mortal music to Taillefer the Trouvère.

They have harried the coast of Sussex, they have harried the coast of Kent;
 They have trod the soil of the Saxon, and come to his peaked tent, —
 To the fortified hill of Senlac, that out of a marsh uprears,
 Where the golden Wessex dragon is hedged by the gleam of spears.
 They have girt them tight for the onset, they have leaped in line for the fray;
 What manner of man shall lead them, shall show them the victor's way?
 To be first to fall on a foeman what manner of man shall dare?
 Neither valorous knight nor bowman, but Taillefer the Trouvère.

In front of the foremost footman he spurs with a clarion cry,
 And raises the song of Roland to the apse of the glowing sky.
 A moment the autumn's glory is a joy to the singer's sight,
 And the war-lay soars the stronger, like a falcon, up the height;
 Then springs there a Saxon hus-carl, with thews like the forest oak,
 And, whirling a brand of battle, he launches a titan stroke;
 A sudden and awful shadow, a blot on the azure glare,
 And dawn in a world unbordered for Taillefer the Trouvère,

Shall song overspan the ages for the Duke men name the Great,
 Who founded the walls of empire on the ruins of a state?
 Nay, not unto him our greeting across the flood of the years,
 With the countless slain ensanguined, and bitter with mourners' tears;
 But unto the soul of the singer, to him of the fearless heart,
 Shall our hail-cry strengthen starward o'er the seas that have no chart;
 For song was the love of his lifetime, and he met death's chill eclipse
 On the verge of the fight at Senlac with a song upon his lips.

Clinton Scollard.

THE ENGLISH OCCUPANCY OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE idea that the dangerous and increasing power of Spain and Rome in America should be checked had been growing in England ever since the arrival there, in 1565, of the Huguenots who escaped massacre by the Spaniards in Florida. The spark kindled by the betrayal of Hawkins, Drake, and others at Vera Cruz in September, 1568, never went out. "The wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death," but the ideas of Cecil, Gilbert, Raleigh, Walsingham, Carleill, Sidney, and others did not die. Private and public enterprises for "annoying the Kinge of Spaine" in America continued to be sent out from time to time; sometimes, "under pretense of letters patent, to discover and inhabit" the country, and sometimes openly to destroy or to make "prizal of the shipping of Spain." From 1585 to 1603 there was actual war. After the conclusion of the treaty of peace (1604-1605) between England and Spain, "the then only enemy of our nation and religion," it was determined by many in England to take advantage of "this opportunity" — "commended by the English politicians" — for securing a part of America for the English race and religion.

This enterprise was necessarily a national one. The country selected by the English was claimed as a part of the Spanish Indies by Spain, a power with forces and resources both in Europe and in America, and with her claim supported by the interest of the great opposing religion; and England could secure possession thereof only by consent, by diplomacy, or by breaking the treaty and resorting to war.

It has been supposed that "Spain set forth no claim to Virginia; that had she done so Gondomar would not have failed to urge it, and James I. would have been

probably ready to recognize it." But our earliest history has been built of imperfect material, and therefore the structure is very defective. Spain did not consent. James I. preferred diplomacy to war, and from the beginning the movement which finally resulted in securing a firm hold for England on a lot or portion in the New World was an affair of state, under the protection of the crown, under the supervision of the prime minister and privy council, and under the especial management of royal councils selected and appointed for that purpose; "it being a worck, to speake truth, which to bring to perfection required the power and the purse of a monarch."

The enterprise was under the eye of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury and secretary of state, until his death in May, 1612; then James I. (who said that "he was the best secretary that he ever had") looked after it for himself until March, 1614, when it became one of the special charges of Sir Ralph Winwood, the new prime minister. Every ambassador from England to foreign courts, especially Spain, France, and the Netherlands, was instructed to have a constant eye to the interest of this movement, and they kept the state office in England fully informed as to everything coming to their knowledge apt to injure or to aid it. The Spanish government was not less alert. The ambassadors of Spain in England made it their "prime object," and were especially vigilant, active, and aggressive.

Serious difficulties of almost every kind had to be met and overcome, not only in England and in Spain, but also *en route* and in Virginia. Therefore the successful prosecution of the enterprise required the most careful supervision and management not only of the great statesmen of that period, but also

of the wonderful men of affairs who were then in charge of the several great companies for spreading abroad the interests of the English-speaking people.

On June 15, 1605, the treaty of peace between Spain and England was signed by Philip III. at Valladolid; his oath to the same being taken by Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham. After some delay incidental to the festivities and bull-fights with which he was entertained on the occasion (an account of which was written by Cervantes), Howard returned to England with the ratified treaty. And although it had to be handled with nice diplomacy by the statesmen of England, in the subsequent controversies with Spain regarding the colonies, it was this peace which made possible the settlement of the English "across the Atlantic battleground in the far-distant land of Virginia."

On July 18, 1605, Captain George Weymouth returned to Plymouth, England, from a voyage to America; "which accident," says Sir Ferdinando Gorges, "must be acknowledged as the means under God of putting on foot and giving life to our plantations." Among the most active and influential men in putting this movement on foot were Sir John Popham, lord chief justice, and Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

The first draft for the proposed first Virginia charter, annexed to the petition for the same, was probably drawn by Sir John Popham. The petition was signed by Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, knights; Richard Hakluyt, clerk, prebendary of Westminster; Edward-Maria Wingfield, Thomas Hanham, and Raleigh Gilbert, esquires; William Parker and George Popham, gentlemen, and divers others. It was granted by James I. The warrant for the charter was issued by the secretary of state (Robert Cecil); the charter was prepared by the attorney-general (Sir Edward Coke) and the solicitor-general (Sir John Dodderidge); and on April

10, 1606, it was passed under the great seal by the lord chancellor (Sir Thomas Egerton). It was a general charter, claiming for England all of America lying between 34° and 45° north latitude; granting to two companies (one for North and the other for South Virginia) limited areas of indefinitely located lands; and subjecting the whole boundary, as well as the two proposed colonies and the two companies, to the control of one supreme royal council resident in England. Each colony was to have a separate subordinate council in Virginia, to govern, etc., there, according to such laws, ordinances, and instructions as should be afterwards ordered by the king. These remarkable articles, etc., were issued by James I. on November 20 following, in a single sentence of about four thousand words (probably one of the longest on record), in which he decreed a form of government for the colonies, but gave the appointment of the "first several Councillours of those several Councils . . . for those two several Colonies," etc., to "His Council of Virginia resident in England."

The first expedition of the South Virginia Company was sent from London in December, 1606, in three ships: the *Sarah Constant*, Captain Christopher Newport, the commander of the voyage; the *Goodspeed*, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, vice-admiral; and the *Discovery*, Captain John Ratcliffe. The fleet reached Virginia on April 26, 1607, and the site of Jamestown on May 13. (I am using the Old Style dates.) On the 14th of May they landed, the councilors met, and Captain Edward-Maria Wingfield was chosen to be the first president of the council by the votes of Newport, Gosnold, Ratcliffe, Martin, and Kendall. Captain John Smith had been appointed by the council in England to the council in Virginia, but he was restrained as a prisoner from the time of the departure from the Canaries, and was not

admitted to the council in Virginia until June 10, 1607.

On June 22, leaving Wingfield president of the council in Virginia, Newport sailed for England; he arrived at Plymouth on July 29, and at once reported to the secretary of state. He sailed from Plymouth on Friday, July 31, and arrived in London about the 15th of August. On the 12th of August, Zuñiga, the Spanish ambassador in England, wrote to Philip III. of Spain, notifying him of Newport's return; and as soon as the vessel reached London he sent to ask an audience of James I. (who was then at Salisbury, on his western progress), "in order to protest, in the name of the king of Spain, against the English establishing themselves in Virginia, a part of the Spanish Indies." On one pretext or another, James I. put off the interview for over forty days, until September 27. From Zuñiga's letters of ^{Sept. 28}_{Oct. 8} and October ⁶₁₆ it will be seen that the king, in his reply, in dealing with the treaty, follows the same line of diplomatic argument which had been laid down by the secretary of state in his speech before the committee of

Parliament on June 15,¹ and that the secretary assured Zuñiga, with a bow, that *he* had "discussed it with the king," and that he had been met with the same (his own) reply. The matter was promptly brought before the Spanish council of state, and from their report of ^{Oct. 31}_{Nov. 10}, 1607, we learn that Juan Ferdinand de Velasco, the "Condestable" of Castile, an envoy to England for negotiating the treaty of 1604-1605, had been consulted by that council, and had given his views on this diplomatic transaction. "He reported that when he was making the treaty he considered that if he made a point of excluding the English from the Spanish Indies, and especially from Virginia, he would have to meet the difficulty that it was more than thirty years [Gilbert's charter? or is this a reference to the evacuation of the country by the Spaniards in 1572?] since they had had peaceful possession of it; and that if he yielded the point, and acknowledged Virginia to be not a part of the Spanish Indies, a very dangerous door would be opened. For these reasons he determined not to contest these points openly, but to agree to it, as was done,

¹ On the occasion of considering a petition from the merchants of London who had suffered at sea at the hands of Spaniards. The Earl of Salisbury's speech was reported by Sir Francis Bacon, on June 17, to the House of Commons. The earl divided "the wrongs in fact" into three: first, the trade to Spain; second, *the trade to the West Indies*; and third, the trade to the Levant. I will give a few extracts from Bacon's report on the second division: —

"For the trade to the [West] Indies his Lordship did discover unto us the state of it to be thus: The policy of Spain doth keep that treasury of theirs under such lock and key, as both Confederates, yea and subjects, are excluded of trade into those countries [even France and Portugal were debarred], such a vigilant dragon is there that keepeth this golden fleece. Yet nevertheless such was his Majesty's magnanimity in the debate and conclusion of the last treaty, as he would never condescend to any article, importing the exclusion of his subjects from that trade: as a

prince that would not acknowledge that any such right could grow to the crown of Spain by the donative of the Pope, whose authority he disclaimeth; or by the title of a dispersed and punctual occupation of certain territories in the name of the rest; but stood firm to reserve that point in full question to further times and occasions. So as it is left by the Treaty in suspense, neither debarred nor permitted. The tenderness and point of honour whereof was such as they that went thither ~~must~~ run their own peril. [The idea of this subterfuge was probably originated by Gilbert, November 6, 1577.] Nay further his Lordship affirmed, that if yet at this time his Majesty would descend to a course of intreaty for the release of the arrests in those parts, and so confess an exclusion, and quit the point of honour, his Majesty might have them [the English prisoners in Spain] forthwith released."

See also Sir Ferdinando Gorges and his Province of Maine, Pub. Prince Soc., vol. iii. p. 132, and the Genesis of the United States, pp. 119-124, 126.

that the navigation of the English should only be allowed in the Spanish dominion where of old and before the war it was usual to navigate, — by which agreement the English were tacitly excluded from navigating in the Spanish West Indies." He also said "it appeared difficult to him to insist upon it as a right that all that is contiguous to the Spanish Indies was a part of them," and for this reason he thought that "it would be prudent to proceed cautiously."

James I. had told the Spanish envoy, when negotiating this treaty, that "he would not acknowledge any right to the crown of Spain which depended solely on 'the donative of the Pope, whose authority he disclaimed;' or 'by the title of a dispersed possession of certain territories in the name of the rest.'" And after due consideration of the matter the whole Spanish council of state agreed that the proper thing to do was "to drive out of Virginia all the English who were then there, and thus take actual possession, before they were reënforced;" and they asked Philip III. to "order it to be seen to, that everything should be provided which might be necessary for proceeding forthwith to the accomplishment of this object."

But Spain had another "piece of work to treat of" in the Netherlands. "The time of the year was far spent, and Spain was not so sudden in such attempts." However, the diplomatic war between the English and Spanish prime ministers, privy councils, and ambassadors continued to go on as vigorously as ever, for years. Among the diplomatic cards played were the treaty; the prior rights of the English to the country, against the claims of Spain; the condition of "the colony was so desperate that it would finally die of itself;" the Spanish marriage with Henry, Prince of Wales, would settle the matter amicably, etc.

Among the obstacles placed in the

way of Spain were the secrecy, subterfuge, and diplomacy which made everything uncertain. In 1611 Philip III. himself felt called upon to send a special expedition to Virginia, in order to obtain definite and reliable information as to the location of the colony and as to the condition of affairs therein; and these spies most fortunately were captured by Captain James Davies (formerly of the North Virginia Company), and held as hostages in Virginia by Sir Thomas Dale. (But the "Alcayde" Molina sent from Jamestown such information as he could obtain, secretly sewed in "between the soles of a shoe," etc.) The Spaniards, however, captured and carried off Captain John Clark, who was afterwards (1620) the pilot of the Mayflower.

The great natural obstacle was the formation of James River, the strategic importance of which has been recognized as "a commoditie to our Realme" from that day to this, which made a successful attack on the colony with the implements of war then in use almost impossible. The channel at the mouth of the river (Point Comfort) was soon commanded by a land battery, as was the channel at Jamestown, forty-two miles from the mouth of the river. And Gates and Dale, who had served long in Holland, soon made the bends in the river at Henricopolis and Bermuda Hundred well-nigh impregnable by cross-cuts, Dutch gaps, pales, and dikes.

Although Spain seems to have abandoned all idea of removing the English from the country by force, after Gondomar's letter of December 7, 1616, she did not give up all hope of regaining possession, and in the proposed marriage contract with Charles, Prince of Wales, in 1623, the Spaniards required, among other things, that "James I. should surrender unto the king of Spain Virginia and the Bermudas, and altogether quit the Spanish West Indies."

Zuñiga was very discreet in dealing with James I. and the Earl of Salisbury,

but he did not mince matters when writing to Philip III. He told the king of Spain plainly "that the colony in Virginia should be uprooted at once; that it would be serving God to drive these villains out from there, hanging them in time which was short enough for the purpose,"—that is, as quickly as possible. And he informed his king that "he had at once found a confidential person to act as a spy on the council of Virginia."

But, regardless of the demands and the espionage of Spain, the managers of the South Virginia Company "freshly and cheerfully sent" Newport back to Virginia with emigrants and supplies on October 8, 1607. He reached Jamestown on Saturday evening, January 2, 1608, and found that factions had already sprung up in the council and among the colonists. On September 10, 1607, Ratcliffe, Martin, and Smith, the only other surviving members of the council in Virginia, had removed Wingfield not only from the presidency, but from the council, also, and then Martin and Smith had elected Ratcliffe to be president. After this Captain Gabriel Archer was added to the council. When the vessel arrived, Captain John Smith was a prisoner, condemned to be executed; but Newport released him that evening, and on Monday morning (the 4th) he landed his supplies and succored the colonists.

On April 10, leaving Ratcliffe president of the council in Virginia, Newport returned to England, arriving there in May; and notwithstanding the fact that Spanish agencies were most actively at work, the managers in England "had courage and constancie to releev" the colony again. They sent Newport back in the summer; he reached Jamestown late in September, and again succored "the hungry and sick" colonists.

On the 10th of September, 1608, Ratcliffe's term expired, and the presidency was yielded to Captain John

Smith, "to whom by course it did belong." He was the senior surviving member of the council; and, under the articles of government, "the president could not continue in office above the space of one year." In December, 1608, leaving Smith for the first time president of the council in Virginia, Newport sailed for England, reaching there late in January, 1609; "at which returne experience of error in the equality of Governors, and some out-rages and follies committed by them, had a little shaken so tender a body." And the managers of the enterprise, "perceiving that the plantation went rather backwards than forwards," held special meetings at the Earl of Exeter's house and elsewhere in London, and "after consultation and advise [with Hakluyt, Hariot, and others] of all the inconveniences in these three supplies [1606, 1607, and 1608], and finding them to arise out of two rootes,—the forme of Government, and length and danger of the passage by the southerly course of the [West] Indies,"—determined to petition the king for a special charter granting such powers as would "insure the correction of the errors already found out, as well as such others as in the future might assail them."

In answer to this petition made by "divers of our loving subjects, as well adventurers as planters of the said first colony," the special charter was promptly granted by James I. The North Virginia colonists, having abandoned their colony late in 1608, had arrived in England not long before Newport's return from South Virginia; and on February 17, 1609, the members of that company were invited to coöperate in the formation, under the new charter, of a new company for the purpose of making a concentrated effort, "and, with one common and patient purse," to secure for England a firm footing in America in the mild climate of South Virginia, in the remarkably strong position

afforded for their purpose by the natural construction of James River, "safe from any danger of the Salvages, or other ruin that may threaten us." Many of the North Virginia Company accepted this invitation.

The first draft for the new charter, annexed to the petition, was probably drawn up late in January, 1609, by Sir Edwin Sandys; the warrant for the charter was issued by the secretary of state (Robert Cecil); the charter was prepared by the attorney-general (Sir Henry Hobart) and the solicitor-general (Sir Francis Bacon); and it was finally passed under the great seal on May 23, 1609, by the lord chancellor (Sir Thomas Egerton).

This was really the first charter (and is frequently alluded to as such in the records) to a new company, composed of members of both old companies and others. It is usually called the Virginia Company of London, or the London Company for Virginia; but the full title of the new corporation was the Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London for the First Colony in Virginia. The charter "erected them into a corporation and Body Politic," and granted to them "in perpetuity" a large definitely located boundary of territory, and many other "privileges, powers, liberties and authorities."

Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury and secretary of state, heads the list of this honorable company. "And as the success of the plantation depended, next under the blessing of God and the support of the crown of England, upon the provident and good direction of the whole enterprise by a careful and understanding council," James I. appointed for that purpose such a royal council, inserting their names in the ninth article of the charter; and by the next article appointed Sir Thomas Smith (a mem-

ber of the said council) to be the first treasurer (or governor) of the said company.

The form of government under the charter of 1606, as we have seen, was designed by James I. himself, but under this charter the royal council in England had full power to appoint and to remove officers, to establish the forms of government for the colony, etc. The fifteenth article, "for divers reasons and considerations us thereunto especially moving," ordered that as soon as the officers appointed by "the Treasurer and Council" arrived in Virginia "the powers of the former President and Council there were to cease."

Henry, Prince of Wales, was persuaded to become the especial "Protector of Virginia." A special supervision over the necessary change in the form of government in the colony, and the directions, orders, and instructions for regulating the same, were given by the managers to Henry, Earl of Southampton (the early patron of Shakespeare); William, Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery (to whom the great folio Shakespeare of 1623 was dedicated); Robert Sidney, Viscount Lisle (Sir Philip Sidney's brother, who went to the Low Country wars with his uncle Robert, Earl of Leicester); Theophilus, Lord Howard of Walden (whose mother was a secret pensioner of Spain); Edmond, Lord Sheffield (whose mother, "the Lady Douglas Howard," married secondly Robert, Earl of Leicester, who took Sheffield with him to the wars of the Reformation in the Low Countries in 1585); and George, Lord Carew of Clopton (who married in 1580 Joyce Clopton, to whom the Clopton estates ultimately passed, and from which estate Shakespeare bought in 1597 the house in which he died in 1616).

To the establishment of a government such as should "meete with all the revealed inconveniences,"¹ the managers of

¹ The affairs of the company were at a very low ebb in 1612, and it came to pass that some

doubted the wisdom of this change in the government in Virginia. As the first form was

the Virginia Company of London "did nominate and appoint an able and worthy gentleman, Sir Thomas Gates, sole and absolute governor," "with the authority of a Vice-Roy," "and with him Sir George Summers, Admiral, and Captaine Newport, vice - Admirall of Virginia." "Gates and Sommers were appointed by commission to reside in the countrie to governe the Colonie," and Newport was to continue to have charge of the voyages to Virginia.

The celebrated poet and divine, John Donne, sought the appointment of "Secretary in Virginia" at this time; but that office was given to William Strachey, another author and poet, who wrote "the rugged sonnet" on Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, an account of *The Tempest*, etc. Captain Samuel Argall was selected to find out a different route to the colony.

The first fleet sent out by the Virginia Company of London sailed from England in June, 1609. Captain Christopher Newport was in command of the "Admirall" ship; Captain John Ratcliffe of the "Vice-admirall;" Captain John Martin in the "Reare-admirall;" then Captain Gabriel Archer, . . . Captain James Davies in the *Virginia*, late of the North Virginia Company, etc. The new commission, issued under the especial supervision of the abovesaid friends of Shakespeare, was on the "Admirall" ship. Under favorable circumstances this ship should have arrived in Virginia about August, 1609, when the change in the government would

designed by the king, it was natural, particularly at that time, for some people (especially those who were not active members of the Virginia Company of London, those who regarded the king as a Solomon, and those who had been of the Smith faction in Virginia) to favor the idea of the Oxford Tracts: "That the cause of the past defeilement in Virginia was owing to the character of sundry members of the council and of the planters there, and *not* to the form of government." As the Earl of Salisbury, the head of the company, and Henry, Prince of Wales, "the Protector" of the colony, were both dead, it was very fortunate for

have taken place properly; but the tempest arose, —

"The most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake," —

and drove the king's ship, on which the governor was, to "the still-vex'd Bermoothes."

The old commission having been revoked, and the vessels which *Ariel* had dispersed meeting again at Jamestown without the new commission, there was no strictly legal government in Virginia from September, 1609, to the arrival of Gates in May, 1610. This want of legal government, for prudent reasons, was then generally given out as the cause of the disasters during that period; but many other serious misfortunes were then obtaining in the colony.

Late in November, 1609, the remnant of "Sir Thomas Gates his fleet," returning from Virginia, reached England. Captain John Smith was sent back on board of one of the vessels, "to answer some misdemeanors." The fleet was "laden with nothing but bad reports and letters of discouragement." The colony had been found in a most deplorable condition, and had been left in but little if any better. The supplies carried over by the fleet had been destroyed or damaged by salt water during the tempest, and the colony had been necessarily left without sufficient provision or comforts of any kind, with a terrible disease (the yellow fever or the plague, or both)

the enterprise that James I. was not induced to restore "the president and council" in Virginia, and to give his own form another and (to his own mind, of course) a fairer trial under the immediate supervision of his own prime ministry; and he would probably have done this if there had been anything really to justify his doing so; but the wisdom of the change in the charters, etc., was self-evident, and that the Oxford Tract was an *ex parte* appeal is manifest.

If the form of government had not proven to be inordinately bad, I doubt if his Majesty would have been asked to alter it in the first instance.

raging at Jamestown. The colonists were at war with the Indians; the legal governor had not arrived, and so far as was then known never would. "The hand of God was heavy on the enterprise," and "the hand of God reacheth all the earth; who can avoid it, or dispute with Him?"

The return of this fleet marks the beginning of the crucial period of our earliest history.

"When those gentlemen the adventurers here saw that the expectance of so great a preparation brought nothing home but adverse successe and bad reports, they for the most part with-drew themselves in despaire of the enterprise, and so gave it over, not enduring to repayre the ruines nor to supply what themselves had underwritten to discharge the deepe engagement whereinto the Company was drawne by their encouragement."

The work was carried forward in England by a comparatively small number of "Constant Adventurers."

Many of those who had been sent out as planters to Virginia, taking advantage of the lack of legal authority in the colony, returned to England in this fleet, "giving out in all places where they come (to colour their own misbehaviour and the cause of their retorne with some pretence) most vile and scandalous reports, both of the country itselfe, and of the cariage of the businesse there."

Probably no one thing had a more depressing effect on the enterprise than the reports of the men who from time to time returned, or were sent back, from Virginia, and remained in England, excusing their conduct by criticising and fault-finding; for they apparently spoke with a knowledge of the true state of affairs in Virginia; and many in England, particularly those who had lost money or friends in the enterprise, were

prone to hold the active managers responsible for every disaster and misfortune, and to believe any account that was derogatory to them.

To meet this serious crisis in the life of the enterprise, Thomas West, Lord De La Warr, was appointed by commission, dated February 28, 1610, to be "Lord Governor and Captain-General of Virginia" for life, with ample authority "both by Land and Sea." He sailed from England in April, 1610, to succor, to save, and to plant the first colony in Virginia which took root and grew.

The colonists had become so reduced when Sir Thomas Gates finally arrived, in May, 1610, that it was found necessary to abandon Jamestown; and this was done on Thursday, June 7, 1610; but, most fortunately, they were met by the new supplies, under Lord De La Warr, and returned by him to Jamestown, where the old and the new planters, landed on "the 10th of June, being Sondag," 1610.

The colony never prospered under the first form of government, and no colony was established under the first charter. The first four years (1606-1610) were regarded by "the undertakers" "as an experimental period which gave more light by the errors thereof what to avoid than by the direction of the same what to follow." Very many and more serious difficulties than any that had ever assailed the enterprise were yet to be met and overcome, and the outlook at times was to be very discouraging; but the actual and continued life of the colony dates from June 10, 1610 (Old Style). The king's "Aristocraticall government by a President and Councell had been removed and those hatefull effects thereof together; while order and diligence repayed what confusion and faction had distempered."¹

etc., the managers were convinced that, although circumstances beyond the control of man had destroyed the possibility of any good

¹ Sir Thomas Gates returned to England in September, 1610, and after he had made a full report of all affairs incidental to the tempest,

Of the thirteen members of the council in Virginia under the first form of government, Gosnold, Kendall, Scrivener, Waldo, and Wynne had died in Virginia, and Wingfield had returned to England before the issuing of the new commission (1609); Archer and Ratcliffe had been retained in the service of the new company, but had died in Virginia in the winter of 1609-1610; Smith had been removed from office and sent back to England, and was never in the active service of the Virginia Company of London, under whose auspices the colony was finally founded;¹ Martin, Newport, Percy, and West were still in active service, and engaged in the landing of June 10, 1610. Percy seems to have given satisfaction so long as he remained, but he left the colony in April, 1612. Captains Christopher Newport, John Martin, and Francis West were the only surviving members of the first form of government in Virginia whose services were deemed by the managers worthy of reward. Martin founded Brandon on James River, the West brothers established plantations at Shirley and Westover, and Newport's heirs made a settlement near Newport News. They were all most deserving men; but the colony of Virginia was not founded by any one of them, and none of them ever pretended that it was.

The Virginia Company of London — containing members of both old compa-

which might otherwise have resulted from the first large fleet of emigrants and supplies sent out by them, their original idea — "that an able and strong foundation for annexing another kingdom to the crown was to be secured only by an able and strong force" — was the correct idea. They set to work collecting another large fleet of emigrants and supplies, which were sent out in 1611 in two divisions (two chances of success): the first under Sir Thomas Dale, with Newport again in the command of the voyage, and the second under Sir Thomas Gates. Under the government of Gates, and then of Dale, the colony finally came to be regarded as a settled, and to some extent, at least, a self-supporting plantation.

nies — was not only securing the special grant to itself, but it was also protecting the claim of England from Florida to New France. Soon after De La Warr arrived, in 1610, Captain Samuel Argall was sent out, and a survey of the coast line claimed by England was made; and this coast was thereafter continuously guarded and looked after by this company until the issuing of the special New England charter in 1620.

The colony of Virginia was founded, and the first hold for England on the lot or portion of the New World between 34° and 45° north latitude was secured, by the Virginia Company of London after many years of constant and patient labor, and at an expense of over four million dollars in present values, "under the blessing of God, under the support of the crown (the King, the Prime Minister, and the Privy Council), under the good management of a careful and understanding Council and officials in England, and under the faithful direction of able and worthy Governors in Virginia."

James I., I believe, is the only man alluded to in authoritative contemporary documents as "the founder of Virginia," "the father of American colonization," etc.

"Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,

His honour and the greatnesse of his name
Shall be, and make new nations."

And in December, 1616, Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador in England, became convinced, and so assured Philip III. of Spain, that "the English would *never* give it up."

¹ In reading the records of the company, "Mr. John Smith," one of the founders of Berkeley, on James River (a seat of the Harrisons), and a very active member of the company, has been taken to be "Captaine John Smith," and this fact has given "the captaine" a position in the company to which he is not entitled. The name was not an uncommon one. Four of the name were members of the company. The captain soon left Virginia; but at least five of the name settled in the colony prior to 1625, and devoted their lives to the plantation.

But there are references to Robert, Earl of Salisbury, to the same purport.

There was a diplomatic motive, especially in the communications with Spain, in the contemporary assertions that this company was a mere "Company of English Merchants trading to Virginia." It was organized for the purpose of taking possession of a foreign country—claimed by Spain—for the crown of England, and was really an instrument of the state, "next under the king," under the management of his Majesty's councils especially appointed for that purpose. The gentry were always in the majority in this council, but it is true that the most active officials of the company from 1606 to 1619 were merchants; and it is also true that merchants were more numerous in the company than any other class, but they were never in the majority. Of about one thousand incorporators named in the charters of 1609 and 1612 less than four hundred and fifty were merchants; and three fourths of those added between 1612 and 1624 were not merchants.

The taking of the first firm hold for Protestant England on a country claimed by Catholic Spain without breaking the treaty, and almost without firing a gun, while the movement was constantly under the espionage of critics, spies, and enemies, foreign and domestic, is one of the most remarkable events in history. It could have been managed successfully only by men of the greatest skill and judgment, with splendid diplomacy and profound secrecy. And it would be hard indeed to find, in any age or nation, more capable men than those selected for "His Majesty's Council" for the management of the London Company and colony of Virginia. The principal officials of this company (Sir Thomas Smith and others) were also members of "His Majesty's Council;" and all of the great companies for new trades, discoveries, and colonization of that period were largely under the management of

the same men, many of whom had been devoting themselves to such enterprises for a generation or more; and it was chiefly owing to their intelligent management that the English colonies in America were founded, and that the commerce of Great Britain took its great rise.

The men who deserve the commanding place in our earliest annals for services rendered in Virginia were almost without exception old soldiers trained in the wars of the Reformation, and sailors who had fought Spain on the old Atlantic battleground. All contemporary accounts, save Captain John Smith's, concur in placing at the head of the list the men selected to rescue and to save the colony at the critical epochs. These were Sir Thomas Gates, the first governor, selected to reform the government in Virginia (May, 1609); Lord De La Warr, the first "Lord Governor and Captain General," selected to breast the crucial test; and Sir Thomas Dale, the first "high marshall," selected early in 1611 to meet emergencies, as he was afterwards chosen by the East India Company to protect their interests in the East Indies. But of those who "planted an English nation where none before had stood," no men deserve our consideration more than those men who came to this country and devoted their lives to the plantation.

Briefly stated, the object of the enterprise was to check the increasing power of Spain and Rome in America, and to advance the interest of England and of the Protestant religion.

As the enterprise had to be carried on with diplomacy, secrecy was essential to success. Not only the officials, but every freeman of the company was bound by oath "not to betray the secrets and privities of the company or colony; not to write or to colour any accounts of the country." And the records not only were never accessible to the public, but abstracts alone were avail-

able to the generality of the company, — the whole being kept securely in “the companies chest of evidences,” under the supervision of a comparatively few trusted officials; and no history was compiled from them. All such matters as his Majesty’s council for Virginia wished the public to know were published by them or by their authority; but, for reasons of policy, they neither themselves published, nor authorized the publication of, any map, complete description of the colony, or full account of events therein.

Of course the English public must have wished to see maps of, and to read about, the new colonies and the new countries, as we do now about the centre of Africa; and a promising field was thus presented to those writers who catered to or for the public, and to those who wrote for some personal purpose, regardless of the wishes or interests of the managers of the enterprise. Some maps and descriptions of the country were published without authority from the council, and some personal narratives criticising past acts of the managers in England, and of some of their past agents in Virginia; but no contemporary account was published which conveyed a complete, accurate, and just idea of the movement which resulted in the beginning of this nation, of the mana-

gers, of their acts, of their motives, and of their faithful agents in Virginia while accomplishing their task.

It is not strange, therefore, that certain misrepresentations of our early history became current, and have largely affected the attitude which more recent historians have taken toward the planting of Virginia. Captain John Smith, a free lance, who asserted that the colonies in America were “the fruites of his adventures and discoveries,” and who seems to have imagined that their continued existence in some way depended on him, was actively engaged for only a short time; but he devoted a large part of his life to publishing, selling, etc., unauthorized books about “his children,” as he called the colonies, and professedly in their interest, but the interest of “the father” was never overlooked. Smith pushed himself to the front, whenever possible, in everything that was written by him, — discourse, description, narrative, and compilation; and “he did not spare to appropriate many deserts to himself which he never performed, or to stuff his relacyons with many falsities and malyceyous detractyons of others.”¹ And the personal narrative contained in his publications was the only one purporting to give a full history of the first planting of the colonies which was then published and made available to the pub-

The real “exquisite incident” in the life of *the Pocahontas*, whose name was Matoaka, was her conversion to Christianity. And she was carried to England by Sir Thomas Dale, was introduced at court by Lord De La Warr, and was entertained by Dr. John King, the Bishop of London, because she was “the firste fruite of the English church among the Virginians.”

An Indian princess saved the life of her father’s captive in Florida as early as 1528 (an account of which was published in London in 1609). Even if the Pocahontas incident were true, the original of the incident would not belong to the early history of Virginia, but to Florida; and in that history it is not robbed of its virtue by connection with “malyceyous detractyons” of most worthy men.

¹ It is curious to note how implicitly his story has been followed. Take the Pocahontas incident as an example. This incident rests on the same evidence as some of the gravest charges against others in Smith’s *Generall Historie*, and yet it has been asserted that those who doubted its accuracy were trying to rob Virginia’s earliest history of “its most exquisite incident;” while no thought has been given to the fact, by those who accept it as true, that they are equally obliged to accept as true “the malyceyous detractyons” of every surviving member — except the faultless author of the book — of the council in Virginia. Indeed, the reference to “the unskilfull presumption of our ignorant transporters that understood not at all what they undertook” reflects on Gosnold, who was then dead, as well as on Newport and Ratcliffe.

lic. As "first impressions are lasting," it is especially unfortunate that this very objectionable partisan narrative should have been for over two hundred years "almost the only source from which we derived any knowledge of the infancy of our state."

Schiller says that "what is gray with age becomes religion." Age has invested the Smith story with a sanctity which it never deserved; and on the faith of this story we have been taught to believe that "the colony of Virginia was founded by Captain John Smith;" that he was "the father of New England," and "the prime actor in settling the first English colonies in America;" that "what Sir Francis Drake was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that was Captain John Smith in the reign of her successor;" that he was "the only man in Virginia," "the rest of the council there being notoriously incompetent," while "the council in England was a marplot council," etc. All of these opinions laudatory of Smith and condemnatory of his peers are fully sustained by the Smith stories, but they are not sustained by the facts. There had been factions in Virginia; there were fault-finders in England, and differences of opinion there were of necessity. Some

thought that Smith's services in Virginia during 1607-1609 were deserving of some recognition or reward, while others did not, and that is the extent of Smith's case. But this was really a matter of little consequence, save as a factor in the discussion over the wisdom of the change in the form of government in Virginia. It had no bearing on the final result of the enterprise, as whatever had been done in Virginia by the council, company, planters, Captain John Smith, or any one else prior to 1610, was swept away by the celebrated tempest and by matters mainly incidental thereto. The work of planting had to be done over again, and Captain John Smith had no part in carrying this work forward to success. The American enterprise never depended on him save in imagination. It was one of the most momentous strokes of national policy in the annals of history. The statesmen of England kept those of Spain at bay by diplomatic skill, while the managers of the enterprise were securing the first firm hold for England as rapidly as the circumstances would admit, and as quietly as possible. *They* accomplished their task, and left to Captain John Smith the easier rôle of writing the history with himself as centre.

Alexander Brown.

ROCCO AND SIDORA.

A CALABRIAN STORY.

I.

IN the village, that afternoon, they had left off work. Even the men who were building the new part of the baron's house were gone with the other people to meet the lads — among these, their companion Rocco d' Andrea, the mason — who were on their return from

the military draft at Paola. The syndie, don Calogero Motta; the town clerk, mastro Pasquale Bevilacqua; don Filippo Tesa, the apothecary, — all the big pieces, one might say, — were assembled in the piazza, waiting to learn who had drawn the low numbers, and who the high ones.

Near the well stood the women in

a group, — the mammas, the wives, the sisters, and the young girls. Don Saverio, the curate, moved among them, trying to encourage, to repress, to calm, all those anxieties and fears. Some of the women wished to hear their fate beforehand from zia Caterina, who had the fame of a witch, and could tell fortunes with grains of wheat in a basin of water, and cure sick fowls, and avert the evil eye, and — though this she denied — knew how to make philters and charms. This time she would only say, "Those that the king wants will go to be soldiers, and those that he does not take can stay at home."

Nothing could be learned from her nor from don Saverio, who went about repeating, "Patience, my daughters; we must have patience."

With zia Caterina was her granddaughter, Sidora, who would have given the gold hoops out of her ears to know that Rocco d' Andrea had drawn a favorable number. But when the girls who were already betrothed said proudly, "If Maso mio goes, the king will have a fine soldier, strong as a Turk," or, "I have made a vow to San Francesco that he may do me the grace of a good number for Carmelo," the poor Sidora could say nothing, because Rocco had not yet dared to ask the grandmother for her.

The young men had gone down to Paola the day before, and would return that afternoon. The mothers and the sweethearts, who meanwhile had moved about as if in a dream, with hearts bursting with fear that the king would take their lads, with the sight of uniforms and bayonets always before their eyes, and the blood beating like a kettledrum in their ears, — these would soon know how things had gone at Paola.

Finally the noise of wheels was heard at the turn of the road, and there came the strong bay mules of compare Vito, the carrier. He sat with his legs stretched upon the shafts, letting the

beasts take their own pace. Some of the women crossed themselves. Rocco's mother, comare Grazia d' Andrea, white as a washed rag, ran forward with her arms in the air.

"Give me news of my son, compare Vito!"

Sidora felt suffocated; she wrung her small hands under her apron.

"And my son Maso, compare Vito!"

"For the sake of your dead, Vito, tell me about my Vincenzo!"

"And Cola Scardelli!"

They were about him, pulling at his sleeves as he got down from the cart.

"Let me speak, blessed women! Cola stays at home after the forty days of the second category, and Vincenzo has drawn an ugly number, and Maso can remain to dance with comare Nennella; and you, gnà Rosaria, must wait for your third husband until he has done military service, while massaro Vanni Sciorsi can count upon his son for the chestnuts."

"And my Rocco!" insisted the mother.

"Rocco has to be a soldier," answered compare Vito, grinning.

Comare Grazia waited for nothing more; she turned, covered her face with her hands, and went weeping into her house. Don Saverio followed her, trying to comfort her with holy words which, to her with that anguish in her heart, might have been so much Latin.

Hardly was the mother at a distance: "A rabbit, that fellow!" exclaimed compare Vito.

"How, a rabbit?" asked the people.

"Which is to say?" inquired don Calogero.

One saw that compare Vito was bursting with desire to tell the facts.

"A real rabbit, perbacco!" he repeated.

The poor Sidora became red and pale by turns. What was she to hear, she who had no right to open her mouth to defend Rocco, not even if things of all colors were said about him?

"Explain yourself," said the syndie.

"Speak," added the town clerk.

"What has he done?"

"Su, su! tell us about him, Vito."

They pulled him this way and that, while he, in order to make himself precious, took out his pocket handkerchief, blew his nose, shook his head, wiped some mud from the shoulder of one of the mules, sighed, and ran his eye over the crowd as if to count his hearers. Then, with thumbs in his waistcoat, he began at his ease.

"We all went yesterday to Paola, some on foot and some in a cart."

"So much we know."

"Then tell the story yourselves."

"Ah, Vito benedetto, say on."

"If you let me speak. There were the lads for the conscription, and also we others who went for our business. As for me, I don't say it for sake of talking, I had to carry some big casks to don Cosimo Mastrangelo" —

"An apoplexy on your casks!" The syndie had, as the saying is, a fly on his nose, and Vito judged it prudent to come to the facts.

"There was a great crowd. Behind the table sat the syndie of Paola, and the clerk, and the brigadier, and a captain, and two young lieutenants so handsome that they appeared like sons of an emperor, all silver braid and pointed mustaches; and upon the wall the portrait of King Umberto, that smiled as if to give courage to the boys; and the urn stood there on the table, full of the fate of the poor fellows who, one by one, went to draw a billet; while we and others who had lads there, or were curious, pressed against the wicket like so many sheep. The numbers came as Heaven willed, the good and the bad. It was 'Viva San Francesco!' or 'Poor me!' according to the case. There were also those who took it in holy peace. But compare Rocco" — Here Vito interrupted himself, shrugged his shoulders and coughed solemnly, in order to be entreated.

"Onward, compare Vito!"

"Eh, dispatch!"

"Let him tell it in his own way."

"And it is for this that I say that compare Rocco has the heart of a rabbit: when it was his turn he muttered some ejaculation, perhaps to San Francesco, then stretched forth his hand and withdrew it again. 'Here's a simpleton,' said the signor brigadiere. 'Eh! put in your hand,' said one of those fine lieutenants; 'there are no serpents inside; animo!' So, in order not to make a poor figure, Rocco, red as a tomato, drew a number. 'Let us see, my good fellow,' says that lieutenant. And behold a bad number, 13! 'Ah, Judas of a number!' howls Rocco. 'Ah, San Ciccu mio, the bad turn that you've played me! You have betrayed me, after that banner which I carried last year at your festival, that weighed like an uprooted oak. Beast of a saint!' They wished to silence him, but he bellowed like a calf. 'Mamma mia! They will kill me.' 'And you break our heads with your noise,' said the brigadier, and ordered two carabinieri to take compare Rocco by the shoulders and put him out of the door. 'Look out that you don't hurt him,' recommended that lieutenant. 'Sometimes those who cry out the most at first later become excellent soldiers.'

"Outside, with us that formed a group around him, compare Rocco vented his anger. 'Judas of a number! Oh, why did I not get it astrologized by zia Caterina, that I might have cut off my forefinger in time! Ah, San Ciccu mio, you would have me dead!' Then mastro Nunzio Baicalupo, who had served in the army, would make him believe that one was n't so badly off there. But he shook his head, and would not hear reason. 'In military life,' he lamented, 'one wears out body and soul.' He had heard tell of it, — how the superiors treat you worse than a dog, and if every time that they kick you behind you don't say, 'So many

thanks,' they put you in prison, and you have black bread and that wine which is squeezed from the clouds; and if you lose a button off your jacket, quick, the prison again; and if you can no more of it and try to run away, platoon, fire! And there you are, laid out cold, with bullets in your back.

"Mastro Nunzio kept repeating to him that it was not true, it was not true; on the contrary, it is a very fine thing to serve his Majesty, to make one's self liked by the superiors, to learn at the regimental schools how to read and write, to see a little of the world beyond the bell-tower of one's own town; then to come home, marry a good girl, set up a family, and show one's self a serious man. 'And meanwhile, 't is the risk of my skin,' objected compare Rocco. Then somebody said that there would be the medical visit; perhaps he would be judged defective. Neither did this please compare Rocco, who cried, 'My mother's son can call himself strong as a wolf! I have good sight and hearing, and a chest twice that of another man,' and he beat his breast with his fists, and began to bellow again, 'Amaru iu! that I must go for a soldier!' So much noise he made that none of us thought whether the draft was finished until the galantuomini came out, and that lieutenant approached and said, 'Ohè, Rocco d' Andrea! You look to me like a fine brigand of a lad. You put so much good will into howling that I'm disposed to believe that you can be taught other things, too.' 'Gnursì,' says Rocco, 'gnursì, signor tintintieddu, I do what I can.' 'So it appears,' said the officer, and went away laughing."

At this moment, some urchins who had climbed a tree called out that the fellows were coming. The women who had listened to compare Vito's story now thought each of her own case, and ran, weeping or laughing, or both together, to meet the lads. The people gave way to the mayor and the town

clerk, who walked solemnly in front, followed by the others like a flock of sheep. The young men approached, moving up the mountain road in a company, with a regular step, as if they already felt themselves soldiers, singing a march. Among them was Rocco, whose scare had passed as it came, his head high, singing with the chorus.

Why, he wondered, did people smile at seeing him? It would be because he was going for a soldier. And, proud as a cock, he approached comare Sidora, who turned her shoulders to him, and then ran off to her own house. He followed her, but she slammed the door, and then the window shutters, in his face; leaving him, as the saying is, with a palm's length of nose. "Oh, comare Sidora, what harm have I done to you?" cried Rocco.

Some young women, walking abreast, — that chatterbox Barbara Scardelli, and the daughters of mastro Bacigalupo, and Nennella Seiorsi, a saucy little girl, the size of a peniyworth of cheese, — began to laugh at him, at compare Rocco, who in a fortnight was going to serve the king. His mother, comare Grazia, came in haste, waddling like a fat duck; she threw herself on the neck of her son, and led him away to her house. Little by little the crowd dispersed: some gathered at the apothecary's shop and at the tavern of mistress Rosaria; the masons returned to the baron's wall, where soon were heard the strokes of the trowels.

Rocco d' Andrea, after a while, came there in his working-clothes to put a hand to it with the others. He wished to play the bravo, singing at the top of his voice, on purpose to make himself heard by comare Sidora, in the house near the new wall of the baron. She, however, would not hear out of that ear, but instead made a great noise with her loom. For all that, Rocco sang the song which so well expressed their case, dragging the

last note of each verse so that it appeared like the howl of a vagrant dog. He had to sing alone: the voice of Sidora that was accustomed to reply to his was lacking. That song was so dear to him!

"When you go by this way, pass honestly,
That people may not say we are in love.
Our sign of salutation this shall be:
Your eyes cast down, and I my head will
move.
People are watching from their balcony
To learn the many sorrows that we prove.
A festival will come for you and me,—
There is a day for every saint above!"

But when, the day's work ended, the masons went home to supper, the poor Rocco could not flatter himself that comare Sidora had listened to him, so that the minestra which he ate had no relish.

The new walls which were being built at the house of the baron were for the rooms of the baronello, don Luigino, just returned from his studies in Naples. In order to keep his son in the village, the baron would content him in everything, — horses, dogs, the new chambers which were to be furnished in the style of the great cities. The old lord himself preferred the large empty rooms in which he had always lived; his wife thought of nothing but her ailments and her religion. Donna Basilissa, the cousin of the baroness, who in thirty-eight years that she had not found a husband was turned to vinegar, was housekeeper and kept the servants in order. She sometimes made a sweet little eye at her young cousin, don Luigino; and then Gennariello, his Neapolitan servant, would wink at the cook or the housemaid and observe, "Too mature, that one!" Meanwhile, don Luigino considered her like a second mother, who never let his shirts lack buttons, and always put on the table his favorite dishes.

Superintending the work of the wall, the baronello had more than once

seen comare Sidora in the very narrow strip of land that there was between her house and the new structure. There she tended some plants, rosemary and basil and pansies and carnation pinks, which she watered at morning and at evening, stirring the earth around them, and removing the worms that disputed them with her. Sometimes the baronello threw down bits of mortar from the wall, to make her look at him. Then he would bid good-day to his neighbor, and more than once he said to her, "If I were down there, would you give me a pink for my buttonhole?" She said neither yes nor no, but the back of her neck, bent over the plants, grew rosy.

One day Rocco d' Andrea chanced to see and hear these things, and said within himself, "Here's the reason that comare Sidora will not talk with me more than with a dog! May these stones that I lay be for the tomb of that renegade Turk of a don Luigino! A fortune for him if I don't crack his head with my trowel! One of these days, I'll make split herring of baptized flesh."

Thus Rocco, who really had such a good heart he would not have hurt a fly.

Another day, afterward, Rocco, from the top of the building, saw the baronello sitting astride of the low wall that divided the land of the palazzo from that little bit of garden. He talked in a low voice, laughing a little; he had in his hands some cakes which he offered to Sidora. She, on her knees, was pulling up weeds, and did not say a word. Rocco, in order to see, nearly lost his equilibrium; but, as Heaven willed, at that moment the shrill voice of the old woman, inside the house, called Sidora, and the girl went in at once. "This time, it has really been San Ciceu benedetto who has put in a hand for me that I might not commit a mortal sin," judged Rocco.

But these things gave him matter for thought. Since that afternoon when

comare Sidora had slammed the door on his mustache he had not been able to talk with her; in the streets or at the well, she always had at her skirts that little imp of a Nennella Sciorsi, her intimate friend, black as a peppercorn, and as biting, so that one could not have the occasion to explain himself with her. At other times she was at work in the house, or off on the mountain tending a few goats. Formerly, that is to say before the time of the military draft, comare Sidora, inside the house, would sing whatever tune was dictated to her by the song of Rocco d' Andrea; and when she came to the door to throw away cabbage-stalks and onion-peels there were always exchanged some words of the sort that lovers use, and that mean much or little according to who hears them. Now everything was changed. Rocco could not give himself a reason why, for he had a head that was not made for a lawyer's. It did not enter his mind that Sidora's displeasure should be on account of his resistance to the levy; in fact, he had thought little about that blunder of his. Some of the masons and others had begun to jeer at him for it, but he had answered honestly, "I was an ass; but in future I shall do my duty." And because there is no juice in teasing a person of that sort, and also because it was known that Rocco, though he was by no means one to seek a quarrel, had solid fists, they soon let him alone.

"With the aid of San Francesco, I'll make an end to this torment before I go for a soldier," Rocco resolved.

So one evening he stayed later than the other masons, with the pretext of smoothing a part of the structure while the mortar was still fresh. When they were gone away, he came down the ladder and seated himself upon the low wall, so that his homespun fustian trousers occupied just the place of those broadcloth ones of the baronello, and awaited Sidora. She came out of the

house with a bit of broken pottery in her hand to stir the earth round the roots of her plants; when she perceived compare Rocco, she would have gone back, but he called her in a tone that she could not resist.

"Come, Sidora bella, come to tend your plants. If I am an inconvenience, I'll go away. But in these days you hide yourself like a sparrow in the woods, so that one cannot say two little words to you. Must so much love end this way? If I have offended you, comare Sidora, you need not send me to Rome for a penance, for here I am like a soul of purgatory. Tell me, I pray you with clasped hands, tell me what harm I have done to you."

His voice was as sweet as in former days; and comare Sidora, because of the habit of loving him, and by reason of the melancholy of the twilight and of the dew that drew out the odors of the herbs, did not know how to refuse to listen to him.

"How could I have harmed you,—I who would not twist a hair of yours? For you appear to me a princess, a saint, and you can always command me. What have I done to you, then, comare Sidora?" insisted Rocco.

"To me you have done nothing," She sat on the ground, digging in the earth with the fragment of pottery. "To me, nothing at all, compare Rocco."

"Perhaps you have seen me look with rage at the signor baronello, who makes you so many compliments?"

"I don't care for don Luigino, nor for his saint!"

"Then why do you have it against me?"

Sidora was silent for a moment, and then broke forth: "Listen! It is because of that which you know, down there at Paola; because at the head of my bed there are hung, under the blessed olive branch, the likeness of my grandfather, good soul, who was a Garibaldino, and lost his right arm

fighting, and died at seventy-five years old with the name of Italy in his mouth; and of my father, who also served in the army, and, if he did not see war, gave his life taking care of the people who had cholera at Messina. They look at me from the wall, those two! Rocco, I swear it to you, not even if my heart were to break, I dare not marry a lad whom, were they alive to-day, they would curse for having shown himself cowardly!"

She turned aside her head. Compare Rocco, who had already brought both legs over to that side of the wall, in case peace were to be made, then and there jumped down into the basil, crushing it with his big feet.

"If it is so, comare Sidora, I have nothing more to say but good-night."

And he went away, through the doorway and into the street, while Sidora, crouching on the earth, wept hopelessly, alone there in the dusk. Everything was ended: all the years in which she and Rocco had cared for each other were passed away like smoke. When they were children, he had always defended her, if their companions threw it in her face that her grandmother was a witch, and said, "Look out that la Sidora doesn't put the *envy* on you." He, because he was a handsome, robust boy, had availed to make his little friend respected; whoever teased Sidora had to do with Rocco's fists; and if he were attacked by one bigger than himself, Sidora caught on to the shoulders of the enemy, and scratched him with holy reason, worse than a wildcat. Then the victorious allies would go off together to eat the blackberries among the rocks, or to seek mushrooms in the pastures. Later, Rocco and Sidora had not been so much in company; but when they met at church or in the piazza, it was a festival for them. Then Rocco began to come under her windows to sing, and danced with her oftener than with other girls. While he worked on the baron's wall they had

seen each other several times a day, and she had given him a red carnation pink. To the nonna they had said nothing, because she looked askance at Rocco, who had nothing but his trade, and had, moreover, his mother on his shoulders, who now would live with the family of his elder brother. Neither was comare Grazia content that her son should marry the granddaughter of the witch, without a penny of dowry, only the fir-wood chest and a mattress, to which the old woman would add some kettles and dishes, if ever she found a match that should please her for her beautiful Sidora, who was like the pupil of her eye.

The next day and the day after, Rocco and Sidora did not see each other. On that following, the conscripts went in a company down the road toward Paola. The whole town came forth to say good-by to the brave boys; only Sidora stayed up on the mountain, and did not bring home her goats until twilight.

After a few days, compare Vito reported news of the conscripts. But of Rocco he said nothing particular, because, in fact, when one behaves well and does his duty there is little to tell about him.

II.

The winter past, March came to rejoice the fields. The rooms of the baronello were built, and awaited the return of don Luigino, who, with the permission of his father, had been some time in Naples, enjoying festivities and theatres. As soon as he came home he busied himself with the decoration of his apartment. Now and then he talked from the courtyard with his beautiful neighbor, who, finding him always kind, had not much awe of him. She was still angry with compare Rocco. In the long winter evenings she had thought over the matter, and it gnawed her soul. Heart of a rabbit he had

shown himself also upon that occasion when she had reproached him, going away without a word to justify himself. If he had had a little courage, he would have silenced her; he would have conquered her, made her love him and marry him despite herself and those two photographs under the blessed olive. Heart of a rabbit! She was quite of the opinion of compare Vito, whom, moreover, she hated precisely for that cause. So when don Luigino, who, instead of displeasures like those others, had for her only good little words and sweetmeats, sat on the low wall, it often happened that she stayed to talk with him. Meanwhile, nobody noticed that cousin Basilissa was growing always greener, for spite. The fact is that for many years her face had lacked the red and white of the Italian tricolor. She spied from the windows, and bore tales of the doings of don Luigino to his mother, who sent in haste to the druggist for a sedative, and to don Saverio, the curate, that he should come to give her spiritual consolations. She filled the ears of the holy man with complaints of that bold girl who was not ashamed to bind around the young baron with her affectations of a peasant flirt. This saddened the kind curate, who wished well to all his parish, and repeated, "It can't be like that, signora baronessa. I will not believe ill of Sidora, whom I baptized with my own hands." But the baroness admitted no doubt, and said, "And if we have seen with our eyes, reverendo?"

So, with the approval of the curate and unknown to her own family, the baroness wrote to Naples to an old schoolmate, inviting her to bring her daughter to make a visit. The signorina Adelina Jeraci had made a certain impression upon don Luigino while he was studying in Naples. It would be necessary to drive in that nail! The invitation was accepted; and one fine day, the baroness, who because of her

neuralgia excused herself from all work, called cousin Basilissa, and recommended to her to have the two best chambers swept and aired, with clean sheets on the beds; for the next day would arrive two guests, the signora Jeraci and Adelina. It was like a thorn in the heart of donna Basilissa, who scented there a marriage for don Luigino. She dared not reply, because after all she lived on the charity of the baroness, and whoever holds the money can make the fasts and the feasts in the house.

Cousin Basilissa betook herself to the kitchen, where she baked some cakes, and scolded the cook and the scullion. She opened chests of drawers and chose sheets and pillow-cases, shaking the lavender angrily from the folds, and throwing the linen on the arm of the housemaid. The old baron smoked in his study, or went with the factor to look after the lands which master Sciorsi wanted to take on mezzadria, without disturbing himself about the guests who were to come. Don Luigino had gotten some new furniture and curtains from Naples, and with Gennariello ran about arranging them. After sunset, in order to take a mouthful of fresh air, the baronello went down into the courtyard and watched comare Sidora, who sat on a stone knitting in the twilight.

"Always at work, my little neighbor."

"Gnursi, signor baronello. One must work in order to live."

"That is true. Also I have been toiling like mastro Vanni's donkey. I can tell you my arms are tired, moving furniture and driving nails. Very fine thing to work!"

"And when you have a servant!"

"That does n't count. I like to do things myself, sometimes. Do you know, I'm bored until it seems to me that I shall die of yawning, or blow out my brains. Say, comarella, would you like to come in and see my new rooms?"

"No, indeed, signor baronello."

"And why not? I'm not a wolf, to eat you. Are you afraid of me? Look at me in the eyes."

Sidora raised her eyes, serious and a little troubled.

Don Luigino planted his hands on the low wall and leaped over it.

"You're a good child, Sidora," he said. "I won't tease you."

She was silent.

"On my soul, I meant no harm," protested don Luigino, "and you please me the more because you know how to behave so well. You are as pretty as a wood-pigeon, and you sing like a nightingale. By the way, what's the news from that big Rocco, the mason who split his throat singing up there on my wall?"

"Of that Christian I don't wish for any news."

"A little spite, eh? The usual angers of lovers."

"Nossignore, we are not lovers."

"Fine fellow, that Rocco!"

"Do me the favor, your lordship, not to talk to me of him."

"Ah, I comprehend. After the story that compare Vito told, — that about the levy."

"Also that Vito, I can't see him!"

"So much the better. Say, comarella, you don't detest me, too, perhaps?"

"Too much liberty, don Luigino!"

That caused the baronello a great laugh. Cousin Basilissa, who liked to clean things by candlelight, because the dust is better seen, came just then to the window. Hearing don Luigino laugh, she stood there as if of stone, as she later told his mamma, to see the baronello stoop, take Sidora by the chin and kiss her.

"Now, good-night, my neighbor," said he. "I tell you that I have not been bored this time."

"Holy night, signor baronello," replied Sidora, as he leaped over the wall into the courtyard of the palazzo.

To Sidora all those words of don Luigino were like honey that took out of her mouth the bitter of the mortification caused her by Rocco d' Andrea. The baronello was so kind, so handsome, so gay, just like a big boy. He had stood there beside her like any person whatever, without aristocracy. Her little heart beat: in all the nonna's legends, it was always the poor girls who became the brides of the kings with crowns, and the lads without shoes who had the luck to marry the princesses. Who could know? And in that case, if also compare Rocco found for himself an emperor's daughter who would have him, she, Sidora, would have great pleasure to dance at their wedding.

Gennariello, who had been in the courtyard, seated on a bench, quiet in order that no one should notice him, rose and went into the house. Sidora remained beside the wall, with her hands one in another. Lights shone through the windows of the room of the baronello; she could hear him chatting with the servant who moved about to set things to rights.

"Do you know, just now my mother has told me that she wishes me to marry that pretty little blonde, signorina Jeraci."

"So much happiness, don Luigino. A beauty, she is."

"Perbacco! she is n't equal to the little neighbor Sidora."

"That also is true, signorino."

"Look here, why don't you marry la Sidora, Gennariello?"

"So that it would be convenient for your lordship to take her by the chin and kiss her when you please? A woman like that I don't want."

Gennariello, from the balcony, emptied a little vase containing the ashes and stumps of the cigars smoked that day by his master. The ashes fell upon the head of Sidora. Quickly she heard up there some blows and a scuffle, and the voice of don Luigino, who

exclaimed, "Take it, and take it! Beast! This time I kick you and shake the dust out of your jacket, but if another time — true as I live! — you speak of that honest girl what you would not say of the saints in Paradise, I'll twist your neck, I'll twist it for you!"

"Your excellency did it; I've only said it. He who makes ugly faces need not therefore smash the looking-glass," rebutted Gennariello.

All this, for the poor Sidora, was a thousand times worse than even that other affair of Rocco d' Andrea. So many woes! She dragged herself into the house. No one would have her now, she thought. Rocco and don Luigino, and even that rogue of a Gennariello, all despised her. Nor had she comfort from the portraits on the wall, stiff against the pillar and the curtains of the photographer's studio; they appeared to look at her with hard faces that did not seem real. Rocco, — what would Rocco have said and done, to know her so scorned? Poor fellow! only the Madonna knew what he must feel, far away from his own town, among all those soldiers.

Neither did the sorrows of the poor Sidora end there. The next day came donna Basilissa, bursting with venom, under pretext of getting some rags woven for a quilt for the cook's bed; and when she found herself alone with old Caterina, she made her a preachment fit to scare Satan himself.

Oh, why had zia Caterina brought up her girl to be the shame of her house? That one invited the young men with singing like a siren; so much so that Rocco d' Andrea, the mason, had preferred to go for a soldier and leave his bones there, if that were the will of Heaven, rather than have his soul damned for sake of a girl. Also don Luigino, who for sanctity of behavior was a second San Luigi Gonzaga, walking, one might say, in the footprints of his saint, — Sidora put so

many temptations before him that the poor child did not know where to turn his gaze, in order not to have her under his eyes.

The grandmother said it was not true; that to Sidora she had given a good education, and these tricks the girl did not play. Donna Basilissa pecked back like a ruffled hen, and said that with low people, to wish to make them hear reason was like washing the head of a donkey, — one loses time and soap. And she went out of the house, while the old woman shrieked after her, "May evil come upon you!"

This ill augury was a serious affair, spoken by zia Caterina, whom everybody knew to be a witch. In fact, compare Felice Spaccaceppo maintained that, coming home from the woods one evening, with his axe on his shoulder, he had seen her riding through the air on a goat, — that black one which wore the bell, in the flock tended by Sidora, — on the way "over the waters and over the wind" to the nut-tree of Benevento, to dance there the ridda of the devil. 'Tis not needful to believe all that is said, and compare Felice was known to raise his elbow at the tavern of gnà Rosaria; but he swore by his saint that this about zia Caterina was the holy truth.

So donna Basilissa went home like a beaten dog. She had said her say, but meanwhile the witch had cursed her, and who else could take off the magaria? At first zia Caterina felt herself quite triumphant, having driven off the enemy; but the drop of poison had entered her mind, and she began to have suspicions of Sidora. So that when, at Avemaria, the girl brought home the goats from the mountain the grandmother was already in bed, with her face toward the wall, and would not say a word, only, "To-day I have heard all from donna Basilissa, how you play the coquette with every Christian that passes by. Do not speak to me, do not touch me, for you are my death!"

The fire was spent upon the hearth; Sidora ate some cold minestra. Later, not daring to lie down at the side of the grandmother, she seated herself on the floor and leaned against the ladder where the hens had gone to roost. How could the poor girl know that the nonna was anything but at the point of death, that it was all words? When the screech-owl alighted on the eaves that night and cried, Sidora thought, "She comes because she knows that the nonna is to die." Sidora was innocent, — ah! the Madonna knew that, — but no one would believe it. If Rocco had been at home, he, perhaps, would have listened to her and defended her. But she had learned from the letters sent by him to his mother that, although by fortune he was assigned to the regiment where was that kind lieutenant who had even taken him for orderly, the brigade was sent in detachment to another town, somewhat distant. If they had remained at Paola, he might have obtained a short leave of absence to visit his mother; but it was so long that he had been away, and only those at Rome, who make war and peace as they wish, could know where the regiment would be commanded.

Sidora, sitting there with cramped legs, thought over these things; finally she arose and lighted the lamp, shading it with her hand, to look at the old woman. The nonna, still with face to the wall, did not move; she seemed like an image carved in walnut-wood. Sidora called her, but she had her deaf ear uppermost, so that it was like talking to a stone.

"Who will help me?" said the girl to herself. She went to the door and looked out. The moon was risen above the black mountain, large and golden in the light mists of March; the stars sparkled, and the Great Bear stood above Paola like so many tapers lighted to the honor of San Francesco. Oh, that saint would help her; that fa-

therly image of solid silver had such a kind look, when they carried him about at his festival. He, who must have heard so many confessions, and had given absolution even to kings with crowns, would have pity for her, a poor girl, accused unjustly. It was true that she had given her promise to compare Rocco and then turned her shoulders to him, but that was because of the fine example of her dead, who would not have her marry one who had resisted the military levy. It was also true that she had eaten the cakes given to her by don Luigino, and had absorbed his words, still more sugared; but she had not done it with ill intent. And meanwhile she felt herself scorched with shame and sorrow, worse than the ewe lamb of San Francesco that was butchered and put on the coals by wicked persons, down there at the furnace near the monastery.

"Ah, San Francesco benedetto," she prayed, with her eyes raised toward those stars, "bring me out of the fire of these brands, that I may come forth white like thy little sheep, without even the smell of burning!"

It seemed to Sidora that the stars winked at her like the eyes of the statue of the Madonna del Carmine when to some devout person she promises a special grace. "I will go with the Daughters of Mary to the festival, and I will make with my tongue the six steps of the furnace of San Francesco, so that he may protect me."

Then she turned and went into the house, with consolation in her heart. The grandmother had been awakened by the gleam of the lamp which was left on the chest of drawers. She sat up in bed. "What have you been doing, bad girl, slipping out at night like a cat?" she asked.

To Sidora the hard words seemed like a benediction. She had not, then, been the death of the nonna. "No harm, grandmother. I could not sleep, and stood on the threshold to take a

mouthful of air. And I have prayed to San Francesco."

Zia Caterina looked fixedly at Sidora; the clear gaze of the girl could not be doubted. "Eh, come to bed, then," recommended the old woman. "'Do no ill and you 'll have no harm,'" says the proverb; and who says his prayers is n't stealing pears. Also, that old maid may have said worse than the truth of you."

With these expressions, not too flattering, Sidora was content. She blew out the light, and went to lie down beside the grandmother, who put the coverlet over the trembling shoulders of the girl.

Before closing her eyes, Sidora asked, "Say, nonna, do you permit me to go with the Daughters of Mary to Paola next week, for the festival of San Francesco?"

That ear which had good hearing was now uppermost, as the old woman lay with her face turned toward Sidora.

"You will do well to go there. I shall speak to comare Mariantonia Sciorsi, that she may take you with her Nennella."

The two women fell asleep.

III.

What does San Francesco think about it up there, to see in these years a part of his monastery used for infantry barracks? So that it may be said that he has peace on one hand and war on the other! To those few monks who yet remained there it appeared that Heaven sent to them of all sorts together, this time, when, in the last of March, just as they were preparing for the festival of the saint, there came the battalion which was in detachment to change garrison with that which had been quartered in the building. What would San Francesco have said, he who kept Lent the whole year, and scourged

his flesh with the knots of his rope girdle, and preached to the people, and was even godfather to a king with a crown at Paris of France, and set him in the way to Paradise?

But so wills the government; and as the padre missionario told the others in the refectory, "Patience; for wars are things of this world and must pass away, but the saints abide in heaven." So they gave themselves peace when they heard the tramp of the battalion that entered the courtyard, and stayed at table without even raising their eyes from the gifts of Heaven which they had in their plates.

Around the monastery swarmed the soldiers; there was a great coming and going on the staircase and in the corridors of the right wing of the edifice. From the lower rooms over the arch of the torrent were heard the officers' horses, that neighed and stamped their hoofs in the stalls. In front of the chapel of the saint, the courtyard was a house of the devil, one might say, with the corporals who scolded and swore, and the soldiers who ran into each other trying to obey orders. Among all those who hardly stayed in their skins for joy were Rocco d' Andrea and the lover of mistress Rosaria, Pomponio Tregambe. The family got its name, from Borrelli that it was, when the great-grandfather broke a knee by a fall from a chestnut-tree, so that he was obliged to use a walking-stick for the third leg.

When it was known that the detachment was to go to Paola, these two soldiers had planned to ask for a few days of furlough to visit their town and make a pleasant surprise to their friends. Rocco hoped in his heart that, with absence and by favor of the good name which he had earned in those months of the military service, — for the terrible "page 18" recorded no misconduct on the part of private d' Andrea, — comare Sidora might return to care for him as before. Then the mamma would

be waiting for him with open arms; he would be so glad to see his little old woman again, and his brother's family. And the signor curate, and the neighbors, and the beasts, and the walls of the houses, — all were dear to him. To Pomponio it seemed a thousand years until he could find himself again at the tavern of gnà Rosaria, of whom he was to be the third husband. She had married first the pig-driver Turi Musso, for sake of his fine eyes. When he was shot in a quarrel, on the threshold of the tavern of zio Onesimo Marrone, and fell face downward in a pool of blood, she ran from their hovel; and while she was shrieking at the sight of that poor fellow, who never would kiss her or beat her again, the warm yellow light showed her zio Onesimo leaning forward to look, among his bottles and glasses; and crowding toward the door so many customers that must make his fortune, with all the water that he put into his wines, and the great bush over the door as if to say, Here one eats and drinks. So two months after the pig-driver was buried the widow took uncle Onesimo; and although it displeased the curate, he was obliged to marry them, because, after all, they would have it so, and were masters to do as it appeared and was pleasing to them. Mistress Rosaria drew customers to the tavern. Now that she was no longer hungry or cold, she looked like a ripe peach; she laughed and chatted with everybody, and for certain persons would drink first from the glass, — “by way of putting in some honey,” said compare Pomponio Tregambe. People had begun to murmur about Tregambe, who buzzed around the wife of uncle Onesimo, when, as if in order to shut their mouths, the old man went off to the other world. Rosaria, who had conscientiously taken care of the poor old fellow, who she said was a second father to her, as soon as she had closed his eyes made compare Pomponio understand that the tavern and the wine-cellar and the bush and

the landlady were at his disposal whenever he would buy the wedding-ring. At that point was the affair when the military levy took place. Now, compare Pomponio could not give himself peace; he was consumed with the desire to enter that tavern again, take mistress Rosaria by the waist, eat her up with kisses on the face that bewitched him, and go with her, as soon as might be, to the syndic and the priest.

The handsome lieutenant who had taken Rocco d' Andrea for his orderly learned somewhat of these love affairs; and indeed he often encouraged Rocco, advising him for his good how to make himself esteemed by Sidora. But instead of a spur there was needed a curb for Pomponio Tregambe, who seemed to have the demon in his body, and was always under punishment for escapades and breaches of discipline. More than once Pomponio had slipped away at night, and returned to quarters before dawn with a broken head that bore witness to the cudgel of some offended citizen, and procured him new troubles with his superiors. At first the lieutenant tried him with kind words, saying, “See here, Tregambe, these ways will not please your sweetheart.” That was one day when it happened that Rocco was ill, and had asked his fellow-townsmen to take the lieutenant's commands in his stead. Pomponio had answered, “She likes a man of spirit, signor ufficiale; she is n't like a girl, you know.” Then the lieutenant warned him: “Take care that when you are returned to Paola you do not go to prison instead of to your town,” — as in fact happened.

The brigade was quartered, with the officers in the rooms over the arch of the torrent, while the soldiers were lodged in the right wing of the building. In the left wing, which formed one side of the inclosure of the courtyard, while the wall built upon the steep bank of the river was the other, lived a few monks, passing their latter

years in pious works and meditation. From these holy men it was soon heard that on the second day of April would be celebrated, with great pomp, the festival of the patron, San Francesco di Paola, to which many people would come, not only from the town near by, but from the mountain and seacoast villages at a distance of one or two days' journey. To many of the military this would be a novelty. The Calabrian soldiers, who knew the deeds of San Francesco, added their explanations to the words of the monks. The lieutenant, who was from Tuscany, had Rocco act as his guide in the surroundings of the monastery. Together they followed the course of the torrent, stood under the cascade for a thorough wetting, strayed upon the terraces of the hill, and, before reëntering the quarters, rested on the grass near the so-called furnace of San Francesco.

"Inside that iron grating, signor tenente, you see the furnace; and if you will, I'll tell you the miracle. San Francesco had a little ewe, white and beautiful, that he loved like a daughter. Because, your excellency, the beasts don't sin; and it was a consolation to the saint to have some one near him that did not say, 'Father, I confess and accuse myself.' The little sheep would rub her head against the knots of the scourge on his rope girdle, quite content, and the saint would say, 'Blessed are the innocent!' One day, the little sheep was nibbling the tender grass here on the slope, when there came some ruffians, who took her, cut her throat, and skinned her; then they made a fire in the furnace, which the saint had built for some holy purpose, and put the sheep on the coals to roast. After they had eaten, they consumed the skin and the bones of the little sheep in the furnace, and went away, without thinking that they had blessed meat in their bodies, — may it have been to them for poison! At Avemaria came San Francesco

to bring his little sheep to the stall, but he did not find her. He called and called her, but she did not come. Then the saint smelt the odor of roast meat as he approached the furnace, and guessed what had happened. He called her once more: 'Pecorella, come forth, in the name of Heaven!' And she leaped out from the embers, white and unharmed, with her fleece not even singed, and ran to rub herself against the girdle of the saint, as if to say, 'Pray for all sinners, even those who have wished to do me harm.' And the saint took her in his arms and carried her back to the monastery."

"A fine story," said the lieutenant. "But had not the ruffians eaten the sheep? Was not their dinner beyond the sound of the saint's voice? What have you to say about that?"

"Signor tenente," answered Rocco, very serious, "when 't is a question of miracles, we must have faith."

"Right you are. That was truly a great saint. Now we will return to the quarters."

As the lieutenant, followed by his orderly, reëntered the courtyard there was a case of insubordination. As usual, the one in fault was the soldier Tregambe. Because his shoes were dirty the corporal had ordered him to clean them, and he had answered without respect. The corporal called him a Calabrian pig; and he replied that he would break the ugly mastiff's muzzle of the corporal. The squabble was just there when the lieutenant appeared.

"Stop! Be silent!" cried the officer. "Go about your business, corporal. This time, Tregambe, you go to prison and lose your furlough."

Having given some orders, the lieutenant, who was officer of that week, went to his room.

"Signor tenente," said Rocco humbly, "excuse me, but I'm sorry for that poor devil, because — because — he is from my town, and — when one has a sweetheart, signor tenente" —

"I understand. Go to bring a pitcher of water."

Hardly was the lieutenant alone when he heard a sound of shots in the sleeping-room of the soldiers. He hastened there. In the middle of the camerone was the soldier Tregambe, muttering to himself as if mad. He had taken his Vetterli from the rack, and was loading and firing it rapidly, turning about in a circle.

"Down with your gun!" cried the lieutenant.

"'T is you I want, beast of an officer!" Tregambe fired again, aiming at the lieutenant, who stood in the doorway. Some soldiers ran up the staircase, at the sound of the shots. Tregambe fired again and again; his eyes were red; he was like a fierce wild beast, mad and roaring. From another door Rocco d' Andrea leaped out. With the pitcher of water that he had in his hand he struck down the rifle of Tregambe; the pitcher smashed, and the gun went off again with a little cloud of smoke. Tregambe was flung hard upon the floor, as Rocco shouted, "There you are!" Then were heard the dull blows of Rocco's fists, that solemnly pounded Tregambe and spoiled him for the festival days. Then the flash of steel, and Tregambe in his turn gave a cry of ferocious joy. A sergeant and some privates ran and seized Tregambe. Handcuffed, he was carried away, struggling and blaspheming like a lost soul.

"Has he hurt you, signor tenente?" asked Rocco, picking up from the floor Tregambe's clasp-knife dripping with blood, and the rifle.

"Not at all. But you, go to find the doctor, for your sleeve is soaked with blood."

"A scratch that a cat could have made. But you see, signor tenente, that Pomponio Tregambe is no joke."

"Go, go. You have done well, d' Andrea."

Between officer and soldier compli-

ments are not made; but Rocco understood the glance of the lieutenant; and because we love most those to whom we have done good, Rocco from that day would have given not only the ounce of blood which he lost, but life itself, for his officer.

As to Pomponio Tregambe, he went to the galleys, and gnà Rosaria had to seek another husband. But "he who is dead and alive is the one that pleased me best," she would say afterward. And whoever has heard the whole story of mistress Rosaria knows that she, too, came to a bad end.

Rocco's wound, in the forearm, was judged curable in twenty days, and he minded it but little; for he was accorded leave to go home and stay there until fit to resume service, and he calculated that, provided comare Sidora were not too cruel, they might have a wedding in that time. So much he hinted to the lieutenant, who told him, as is the saying, not to count four until you have it in the bag. But what one desires it is easy to hope. At all events, Rocco would return with the people from his town who would come for the festival of San Francesco, which was to take place in a few days. Meanwhile, it made him somewhat melancholy that another soldier must act as orderly to his lieutenant, while he carried his arm tied to his neck and stayed idle to watch the flies in the air. It was a fine moment for him whenever the lieutenant came to speak a few words to him, as he sat on the balcony of the barracks to enjoy the sun.

Rocco would not have a letter written to his mother to tell her of his wound, or even that the battalion was come to Paola. "I will make her a surprise, returning with the devout," he said. Neither could the news be taken to the village, as usual, by compare Vito, the carrier, because, in moving some of those big casks of don Cosimo Mastrangelo, he had let one of them roll upon his foot, so that he was

obliged to stay in his house and listen to the bay mules that fired off kicks in the stall because they had a tickling in the legs from idleness.

The expectation to see his townspeople, perhaps among them some dear person, his brother and his sister-in-law, — he dared not imagine to himself that Sidora would come, — made Rocco immensely happy, although it slightly increased the fever of the wound. • He sang his favorite songs, so that the corporal said to him, "One may know that it is n't your throat which was cut, — may San Biagio save it to you!"

Before the dawn of the festival day Rocco arose from his bed, and, having put on his clothes as best he could, with that arm which was a hindrance, he went to seat himself at a window that looked out across the torrent upon the level road and the courtyard of the chapel of San Francesco. A soldier in the bed next to his awoke.

"What is the matter, d' Andrea? Does your arm hurt you?"

"No. It is the music that does me good," answered Rocco.

In fact, with the sharp hearing of a mountaineer, he had perceived far away the shrill buzzing notes of the piva; and soon also the voices of the chorus, men and women, who sang psalms on their way toward the monastery.

"Do you hear it? They will come also from my town," said Rocco.

The other soldier turned over in bed and went to sleep again. Rocco, at the window, was intently listening to the music, which now reached him and now not, according as it was borne by the wind. To him it appeared like the voice of his own village; it recalled his departure, the first days of military life, when he was so lonely and did not even know how to wear his coat to please the corporal, all the hopes and anxieties and need to see his dear ones. That music spoke all that he would not have known how to say in words, nor even to think.

The rush of the torrent mixed with the voices, which little by little came nearer. Down there in the ravine was a black depth; beyond, in the other wing of the monastery, lights appeared in some windows; in the courtyard moved the yellow flames of torches, whose glare made certain groups of people stand out from the shadow. Those arrived the evening before were lodged by charity of the monks in unoccupied cells and corridors. Of these, some weary ones slept soundly; others issued to meet the new-comers. Every moment the noise increased, as more companies reached the courtyard. Confraternities, sodalities of women, whole populations of towns, advanced in a living stream, constantly greater. The bells of the monastery rang, amid a babel of instruments and voices. Now the rush of the river was not heard, only felt, like the jar of heavy wheels upon a stony road. Little by little the darkness melted away; the stars went out like sparks, and then the sun arose behind the mountain, whose peak appeared golden. Slowly the rays spread down the slope, to color the mists and rejoice the fig-groves and the vineyards.

Later, Rocco descended into the courtyard to see the procession that was to move from the church at nine o'clock. The crowd was a mingling of colors, — black cloaks of peasants, white gowns of brethren, banners that looked like fountains of gold, with figures of saints, red, blue, purple, jostling, swaying, as they went. New streams of people poured along the road, with here and there a hindrance or an eddy, just like the torrent that never ceases to hasten down the mountain to visit the saint. Then came more banners, borne aloft. Rocco wondered who would carry the standard of his parish this year, — that fine Sant' Antonio with his pig, big and fat so that it seemed real.

Peddlers cried their wares fit to tear their throats, leaning over their

benches of trinkets or fruits. At the doors of the church was the press of believers who could not find a place inside, among the great crowd densely packed there in order to witness the functions. The hour of nine struck, and the white gowns of a confraternity appeared at the door of the church. A stout layman went before with the banner of the parish, a real flame of red and gold. The crowd made way to let pass the double files, that seemed endless, of confraternities, walking behind their banners, with wax candles lit. And if a taper, too much inclined forward, let fall a scalding drop of wax on the back of the neck of the brother in front, he took it in holy peace, for sake of the saint. Last of each company, with a layman on either side, came a priest, keeping in sight the two lines of his flock, to right and left. They passed and passed, while the band played, and the devout cried, "Viva San Francesco!" Finally came forth the saint in person, a fine image of silver, of natural size, but half-length.

"And in fact," said Rocco, "what need of legs has the blessed image of San Francesco, that always stays in the church, to protect with his hands, all ringed with jewels, those little walls of his city, with two angels that open their palms to recommend charity? Or he goes carried about on that fine pedestal that looks like gold, better than the throne of a king, while the flowered canopy shades him from the sun that would look him in the face. He can do very well without legs, San Francesco benedetto!"

The band burst forth loudly, with trumpets and bass drum. San Francesco crossed the threshold of the church, while the people fell on their knees and cried, "Pray for us, San Francesco! Do us the grace, San Francesco!"

Then the procession went down the road toward the town of Paola, near the sea, where balconies and doors

were hung with rugs and festoons of bright colors, and filled with people who waited to receive the benediction of the saint. He was carried through the streets, the way was strewn with many flowers, the crowd followed the procession, while bells and music and vivas and the uproar of voices and of feet made honor to the patron of the city.

Afterward, the saint was brought home as he went; and he being set again in his place in the church, the people scattered to enjoy the festival, each in his way. Rocco had seen pass the confraternity of his parish, with the others. Compare Cola Scardelli appeared as if he carried with difficulty that heavy banner of the blessed Sant' Antonio with the pig. "For that saint are needed certain arms!" thought Rocco. "Oh, why does not some one of my town come to find me?"

Tired and disappointed, he sat in a corner, with his head against a wall, looking at some women from the town of Guardia Piemontese who passed, all stripes of gay colors and embroidery and gold fringes, like Turks, when he heard his name called. Nennella Sciorsi, the "peppercorn," came toward him, in company with the Bacigalupo girls and their mother, comare Menica.

"Oh, compare Rocco, has there been the war?"

"No war, comare Nennella. 'T is a question of a knife out of place."

"Does it hurt you much?" asked comare Menica.

"Thanks, very little. But tell me the news from the town. How is my mamma?"

"She is well, but too stout to run to festivals, she says."

"And my brother and his wife, are they here?"

"No; for Pietro has gone to the Piana to the fields of massaro Arcangelo, and without him Rosa would n't come."

Rocco did not dare to name Sidora.

"There's don Saverio making signs that we go to him," said one of the Baicigalupo sisters. "We will tell him that you are here, compare Rocco."

They turned to go to the curate; but Nennella Sciorsi thrust out her little brown face toward Rocco.

"And you, in an hour, seek Sidora at the furnace of San Francesco. Now she's in the church, praying. You will find her later at the furnace," Nennella told him, behind the shoulders of the Baicigalupo girls.

Rocco thrilled with love. Nennella was inside the mind of Sidora, and she gave him hope. He wished to appear indifferent, for one cannot be sure before the fact. "So many thanks, compare Peppercorn," said he.

That hour of waiting appeared to him endless. Don Saverio came to talk to him, and also the syndic and the town clerk, with others who had heard of his brave deed. Finally, as Heaven willed, arrived the moment when he could betake himself to the furnace. Having made his way there, Rocco saw on the steps of the furnace some persons, — comare Mariantonio Sciorsi with Nennella, and mastro Vanni with their youngest boy, Ciccillo, who had wished to bring his own little sheep for a gift to the patron saint. And among them — it did not seem to him real — was comare Sidora on her knees, who made her way up the steps, with lowered head, passing her tongue across each of those dusty stones. Then she raised herself and stood upon the highest step, against the grating, tall and beautiful, with her face aflame, so that she appeared like a blessed wax taper to the praise of San Francesco.

Rocco could not restrain himself. He ran to her, and, without asking leave, embraced her with his sound arm and let off a great kiss on her cheek. Not to be an inconvenient witness, the little sheep made a great jump for liberty; mastro Vanni and the boy were

after her. Comare Mariantonio and Nennella feigned to be absorbed in the affair of the little sheep, and took no notice of the two lovers.

This time, heart of a rabbit could not be said of Rocco d'Andrea. He had taken Sidora to himself without compliments. And she murmured to him, "My fine brigand, my dear soldier!"

For he had captured her, conquered her, and the way pleased her. They all sat down near the furnace, Rocco and Sidora a little apart from the Sciorsi family, that was wholly occupied with taking off some brambles which had hooked themselves into the fleece of the little sheep.

"Blessed be San Francesco that has brought me unharmed out of the furnace where I was in torment," said Sidora, as she finished telling to Rocco all that trouble of hers.

"Blessed forever!" he answered.

At that moment arrived the lieutenant, who sought Rocco to say good-by to him. The latter, quite glorious, explained things in few words: "Signor tenente, here is my bride, la Sidora."

The lieutenant wished her every happiness. "And I shall come to the wedding."

They confused themselves with compliments. "Vossignoria will be the welcome guest! Too much honor, signor tenente! Since your excellency deigns so much!"

The officer turned to Nennella Sciorsi, whose small mouth was puckered like a red rosebud. "Ohè, little brown girl, you must dance with me, that day!"

And Nennella, for once, had nothing to say but a meek "Sissignore."

The valorous action of Rocco had been told by those who first reached the village; and as he with his friends came up the road, he met his mother running with open arms to meet him. She embraced him, and wept for pity

and for consolation to see that arm tied to his neck, and that cheerful face that for so long she had beheld only in dreams. He passed his left hand over her head. "Poor mamma! Come, take courage, I tell you, for I bring you a daughter," and he pushed Sidora into the arms of the old woman.

Then came zia Caterina, who looked like a revived mummy from Egypt, hastening with her arms raised and her hands clutching the air, screaming benedictions upon Rocco. She invoked the Madonna and all the saints in a string, — those who have their day in the calendar, and those "extravagant" ones who must depend upon the good memory of the believers. But to Rocco she made a still greater pleasure when, that evening, as he approached her house, she threw open the door, saying, "Enter, my son. You are welcome. I give to you my Sidora, for you have a heart of gold."

When it was known that the wedding-day was fixed, don Luigino carried a gold necklace to Rocco and asked him to take it as a gift to Sidora. Rocco, now that he was a soldier, could look any one in the face, were it the king; and he and the baron talked together like two honest men who need not to conceal their thoughts. The little scandal had passed, like the smoke of one of the baronello's cigars. Don Luigino was formally affianced to donna Adelina Jeraci, and would not concern himself any more with girls. Everybody was content except cousin Basilissa — green and sour, worse than an unripe lemon — and gnà Rosaria. The latter, because of the misfortune of compare Pomponio Tregambe, hung a piece of black cloth on the bush of the tavern door, and put on a black gown, and over it a waistcoat of Pomponio's, which she begged from his mother, and declared that she would wear until it should fall off in rags. Just as if she were the widow of that third husband whom she never had! And,

as has already been said, that woman ended badly.

According to his promise, the lieutenant came to the wedding of his orderly. He danced with comare Nennella, with the Bacigalupo girls and the others, as well as with donna Adelina Jeraci. He was invited to visit at the palazzo of the baron, where he made a great friendship with don Luigino. The day of the marriage was about the middle of the beautiful month of April, when the fields and hedges are in bloom, and the air is filled with odors and songs. It was fine to see Sidora d' Andrea go to the house of her husband, walking proud as a queen, carrying on her head the great fir-wood chest that contained all her store of woolen and linen cloth, her skeins, reel and spindle, her dishes and household utensils.

"That one will give strong sons to my son," said comare Grazia, on the thresh-old to receive her daughter-in-law.

In the evening there was merrymaking in the piazza, and people danced to the music, while the April moon, large and round, appeared like a silver mirror for so much joy. Nor were fireworks and squibs lacking, so that Nennella Sciorsi said, "It is as if compare Rocco was being made a saint;" and he answered, "If I were a saint, I would do a miracle for you, by way of gratitude, comarella Peppercorn!"

Later, Sidora rained sugar-plums into the hands of those who came to sing the serenade. Rocco stood behind her, laughing and giving pushes and pinches to her elbow. "Better for you," he told her, "that I keep one hand yet in repose."

As the musicians went away along the road flooded with the moonlight, Sidora turned to her husband. Great tears gleamed in her eyes, as she said, "Listen, Rocco. In a few days they will recall you to the regiment, where you have done yourself such honor. Who knows when we shall see each other

again? For there will be the summer camp that you told me of; and then perhaps you will have to go far away where, if you speak the name of your town, there is no one who knows it. And to me who will wait for you, every year will appear ten."

"And to me who leave you, a hundred!"

"Which of us has the worst of it only Heaven knows. But here, in my heart, I shall have you always present, until you come back from being a soldier."

The night was tranquil; in the west the stars of the Great Bear sparkled above the monastery of San Francesco di Paola.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

IV.

OUT OF DOORS.

WE were close by the Common. The Common was still recognized as

1. A pasture for cows.
2. A playground for children.
3. A place for beating carpets.
4. A training-ground for the militia.

It had served these purposes, or some of them, for two hundred years, since Blackstone had first turned in his cows among its savins and blackberries and rocks to pick up a scanty living. In modern days it had not been fenced until 1815. After the war with England, there was some money left from a popular subscription for fortifying the harbor, which the Virginian dynasties had, in their way, neglected. This money was used for making a wooden fence around the Common. The rails of this fence were hexagonal, — two or three inches in diameter, perhaps. If a flat side were on top, as was generally the case, it made a good seat for boys, as they sat on the top rail with their feet on the second. If the corner came uppermost, it was not so good. The fence was double, — inside the mall and outside. When a muster took place, or Artillery Election, or when the Sacs and Foxes danced on the Common, the

space within the inner fence was cleared. Then boys and girls sat on it to witness the sports within, and those taller stood in rows behind.

There cannot be a square yard of the Common on which I have not stood or stepped, and the same could be said of most boys of that time. As for the cows, we saw but little of them. I cannot think that in our time there were ever fifty at once there. They retired to the parts near Charles Street, with which we had less, though much, to do. So did the people who beat carpets. Practically the Common was ours to work our own sweet will upon. On musters, and on the two election days and Independence Day, we shared it with the rest of the town. On those days "old Reed" would appear with his constable's pole; but on other days it was ours, and ours only.

Even Mrs. Child, in her *Juvenile Miscellany*, gave the impression that the coasting scene, in which the Latin School boys defied General Gage, began with coasting on the Common. But she was wholly wrong there. In 1775, no boy went out of town to coast on the Common. And the famous embassy which the Latin School boys sent to General Haldimand, to complain that their rights were violated, negotiated about a coast which went down Beacon Street, across Tre-

mont Street, and down School Street, opposite their school. The story was told me by Mr. Robins, the last survivor of the delegation.

Fifty-five years later, we coasted on Beacon Street when we dared. But this was in face of the ordinances of the young city. In one of Dr. Jacob Bigelow's funny poems, printed in the *Advertiser*, he made himself our spokesman:—

"Mr. Pollard, Mr. Pollard, be a little kinder.
 Can't you wink a little bit, or be a little blinder?
 Can't you let us coasting fellows have a little fun?
 Were you born old, or was 't your way all childish sports to shun?
 Did you ne'er know how slick it is to coast from top to bottom?
 And can't we use our ironers and planers, now we 've got 'em?
 Five dollars makes our pas look cross, — that 's proper bad, you know;
 Our youth will soon be gone, alas! and sooner still the snow."

Practically we went to the Common for coasting. The smaller boys made a coast on Park Street mall. But the great coast was from the foot of Walnut Street, where a well-marked path runs now, leaving the great elm on the right as you went down.

This may be my last chance to put on paper a note of Percy's encampment. His brigade, in the winter of 1775-76, and perhaps of the previous year, was encamped in tents, in a line stretching southwest from the head of West Street. As the weather grew cold, the tents were doubled, and the space between the two canvas roofs was filled with straw. The circles made by such tents and the life in them showed themselves in a different color of the grass for a hundred years after Percy's time. The line is now almost all taken up by what I may call the highway from the Providence station down town.

As the snow melted, and the elms blossomed, and the grass came, the Common opened itself to every sort of game.

We played marbles in holes in the malls. We flew kites everywhere, not troubled, as boys would be now, by trees on the cross-paths, for there were no such trees. The Old Elm and a large willow by the Frog Pond were the only trees within the pentagon made by the malls and the burial-ground. Kite-flying was and is a science; and on a fine summer day, with southwest winds, a line of boys would be camped in groups, watching or tending their favorite kites, as they hung in the air over Park Street. Occasionally a string would break. It was a matter of honor to save your twine. I remember following my falling kite, with no clue but the direction in which I saw it last, till I found that the twine was lying across a narrow court which opened where the Albion Hotel is now. There were two rows of three-story houses which made the court, and my twine festooned it, supported by the ridgepoles of the roofs on either side. I rang a doorbell, stated my case, and ran up, almost without permission, into the attic. Here I climbed out of the attic window, ran up the roof as Teddy the Tyler might have done, and drew in the coveted twine. For the pecuniary value of the twine we cared nothing; but it would have been, in a fashion, disgraceful to lose it.

Boats on the Frog Pond were much what they are now. The bottom of the pond was not paved until 1848. There were no frogs, so far as I know, but some small horned pout were left there, for which boys fished occasionally. The curb around the pond was laid in Mr. Quincy's day, in 1823; I mean when he was mayor. To provide the stone the last of the boulders on the Common were blasted. In old days, as appears from Sewall, they were plenty; he blasted enough for the foundations of a barn. Among those which were destroyed was the Wishing Stone. This stood — or so Dr. Shurtleff told me — where two paths now join, a little east of the foot

of Walnut Street. If you went round it backward nine times, and repeated the Lord's Prayer backward, whatever you wished would come to pass. I once proposed to the mayor and aldermen to go round the Frog Pond nine times backward and wish that the city debt might be reduced fifty per cent. But they have never had the faith to try. Mr. Quiney proposed that the Frog Pond should be called Crescent Lake. But nobody ever really called it so. I have seen the name on maps, I think, but it is now forgotten.

Charles Street was new in those days, and the handsome elms which shade the Charles Street mall were young trees, just planted, in 1825. By the building of the Milldam, about that time, the water was shut out from the southern side of Charles Street. There existed a superstition amongst the boys that law did not extend to the flat, because it was below high-water mark. On holidays, therefore, there would be shaking of props and other games of mild gambling there, which "old Reed" did not permit on the upland. This was, of course, a ridiculous boyish superstition. In those days, however, we had a large number of seafaring men, who brought with them foreign customs. Among others was "props," a gambling game which the boys had introduced perfectly innocently as an element in playing marbles. I dare say people played props for money on the dried surface of the Back Bay.

Of all the entertainments of the Common, however, nothing, to our mind, compared with the facilities which the malls gave for driving hoop and for post-offices. The connection of the two may not be understood at first, and I will describe it. When the season for driving hoops came round, — for, as Mr. Howells has remarked, such things are regulated by seasons as much as is the coming of apple blossoms, — we examined last year's hoops; and if they

had come to grief, Fullum negotiated some arrangements by which we had large hoops from sea-going casks. I see none such now. These hoops were as distinguished in their way as Sunol is to-day in hers. My hoop was named Whitefoot. With these hoops it was our business to carry a daily mail.

The daily mail was made chiefly from small newspapers, which were cut from the leading columns of larger ones. In an editor's house we had plenty. The Quebec Gazette was specially chosen, because its column-head was a small copy of its larger head, and squares cut from that column made very good little papers. With a supply of these folded, we started at the head of Park Street, two or three of us, secret as the grave, to leave the day's mail.

No, I will not, after sixty years, tell where those post-offices were. I have no doubt that the ashes of the Quebec Gazette are now fertilizing some of those elms. But one was near Joy Street, one was in a heart which some landscape gardener had cut in the turf near Spruce Street, one was halfway along Charles Street. They were holes in the ground, or *caches* between the roots of trees. At each was a box, — or, in one case, two tight-fitting oyster-shells, — which received the mail. From it the yesterday's mail was taken to the next office.

When the mail-riders with their hoops arrived at one of these post-offices, they threw themselves negligently upon the ground, as if tired; but one dug with care for the box buried below. Of course he found it, unless some fatal landscape gardener, of whom the Common knew but few, had interfered. When found, the paper or letter from the last office was left here, the sods or stones or sand were replaced, and the cautious mail-riders galloped on. At the end of a winter the chances were worse for finding a mail, or after a long rain or vacation.

There was then no mall on Boylston Street. The burial-ground, with a brick wall, ran close to the street, and there was no sidewalk on that side, so that we generally crossed by the line of Percy's encampments. And to all boys, I imagine, that little corner where the deer-park is was comparatively little known.

It is, however, a waste of honest paper to be telling of such trifles about the Common, when its great importance was as a training-field, or for holidays, as one may read in Sewall's Diary and in the old votes of the town. There were four holidays in the year, — 'Lection proper, Artillery Election (generally called 'Tillery 'Lection), the Fourth of July (called Independence Day, I think, more than it is now), and, in October, Muster, or the Fall Training. By good luck, of course, Lafayette might come along, or General Jackson, or the Sacs and Foxes might dance, but these could not be expected. And alas! by a utilitarian revolution, in 1831, the real old Election Day was changed from the last Wednesday in May to the 1st of January. When my father confessed to me that he had himself voted for the change in the constitution of Massachusetts, I think he did it with a certain shame. I was at that time nine years old, so that I could not rebuke him as the vote seemed to require. But he knew, and they all knew, that if the vote had been submitted to the children of Boston no such innovation would have been made.

Unlearned readers, unhappily not born in Massachusetts, must be informed that, under the first charter of Massachusetts, "yearly once in the year forever after, namely the last Wednesday in Easter term yearly, the governor, deputy governor, and assistants of the said company, and all other officers shall be in the General Court duly chosen." Under the charter of the province, given by William and Mary, the last Wednesday in May was fixed for the beginning of

the political year; and when the constitution of the State was made, in 1779, the same date was retained. The General Court met, — that is the name to this day of the legislature of Massachusetts; in the first charter it meant what we should call a stockholders' meeting. In old days the General Court elected the governor on this day; so Winthrop, Dudley, and all the early governors were elected. Under the constitution, the election returns were examined on this day, and perhaps reported on. Anyway, the legislature met, referred them to a committee, and, under escort of the Cadets, who were the governor's guard, they marched to the Old South Meeting-House to hear the election sermon.

With these intricacies of government, I need not say, the boys of Boston had nothing to do. What was truly important was the festivity, principally on the Common, of Election Day. Early in the morning, perhaps even Tuesday evening, hucksters of every kind began to put up their tables, tents, and stalls on each side of the Tremont Street mall, and, to a less extent, on the other malls. On the Common itself, a mysterious man — in a mysterious octagonal house painted green and red, as I remember — displayed camera views of the scene. Of these I speak from hearsay, for I never had money enough to pay for admission to this secret chamber.

I found in Hawthorne's English Notebook some curious bits of information about fairs in England which reminded me, queerly, of some of these customs of holidays on the Common.

To prepare for these festivities, every child in Boston expected "'Lection money." 'Lection money was money given specifically to be spent on the Common on Election Day. The day before Election my mother sent Fullum to the office for three or four dollars' worth of silver; and she knew that all her train of vassals, so far as they could pretend to be children, would expect "'Lection money"

from her. First, she had her own children, to whom she gave twelve and a half cents each. There was a considerable number of nephews and nieces who might or might not look in; but if they did, each of them was also sure to have a "ninepence," which was the name given to the Spanish piece which was half a "quarter dollar." American silver coinage was still very rare.

It may be of use to young orators getting ready to speak on the silver question to know that when, in 1652, the colony of Massachusetts Bay usurped the royal privilege of the mint and coined its own silver, the leaders thought they could keep this silver at home by making it two thirds the weight of the king's silver. The Massachusetts shilling, therefore, was two thirds the weight of the English shilling. Six shillings went to the Spanish dollar. It proved that Spanish coin became very largely the currency of the colonies, and so of the States for long years after independence. We took the Spanish dollar for our unit when we made a national currency. Twelve and a half cents of that currency, the old Spanish real-piece, became worth ninepence in the Massachusetts standard; and fourpence-halfpenny and ninepence, the half-real and real of the early time, were the coins most familiar to children. The "piece of eight" in Robinson Crusoe is a dollar-piece, amounting to eight of our ninepences. Old-fashioned New Englanders will to this hour speak of seventy-five cents as four-and-sixpence, or of thirty-seven and a half cents as two-and-threepence. These measures are in pine-tree currency.

To come back to Election money. Other retainers expected it. There were families of black children, who never appeared at any other time, who would come in with smiling faces and make a little call. Mother would give each one his or her ninepence. On the other hand, if in the street I happened to meet an uncle, he would ask me if I did not

want some Election money, and produce his ninepence. I never heard of "tipping" in any other connection except when a boy held water for a horse, as you rode anywhere; then you always gave him a bit of silver or a few cents.

Thus provided with the sinews of war, we went up on the Common with such company as might have happened along,—girls with girls, and boys with boys. The buying and selling were confined almost wholly to things to eat and drink; though there is a bad story told of me, that, having gone out with a quarter of a dollar one morning, I spent the whole of it for a leather purse, into which, for the rest of the day, I had nothing to put. This is my experience of Ben Franklin's whistle. Certain things were sold there which we never saw sold anywhere else, and which we should never have thought of buying anywhere else. Boston was then in active trade with the West Indies, more than it is now. You could not bring bananas in the long schooner-voyages of that time, but we had cocoanuts in plenty, and occasionally a bit of sugar-cane. Oddly enough, tamarinds, in the curious "original packages," were always for sale, and dates, of which we did not see much on other occasions. At home we never had oysters, I believe because my father did not like them; but on the Common we could buy two oysters for a cent, and we ate them with rapture. To this day I doubt if a raw oyster is ever as good as it was when eaten under the trees of Park Street mall, with vinegar and pepper and salt *ad libitum*, and this in May! Candy of all the kinds then known was for sale, but the kinds were limited. There was one manufactured form which, I am sorry to say, has died out. One or two dealers sold large medals of checkerberry stamped with a head. Whom this originally represented I do not know, but very early we all said it was John Endicott, because he was the first governor of Massachusetts Bay,

and we called them "John Endicotts." I advertised in a newspaper for anybody who knew how to make these things, some years ago, but I had no answer. You would see sailor-looking men eating lobsters, but those we were quite sure of at home. Ginger beer and spruce beer were sold from funny little wheelbarrows which had attractive pictures of the bottles throwing out the corks by their own improvised action. You might have a glass of spruce beer for two cents, and to boys as impecunious as most of us were the dealers would sell half a glass for one cent. Why we did not all die of the trash which we ate and drank on such occasions I do not know. But we are alive, a good many of us, to tell the story to this hour.

In all this we had little thought or care for the election itself. Independence Day passed in much the same fashion. I remember, as I returned home from the Common, having expended every cent of my money, one Independence Day, I saw a procession of children going into Park Street Church. To see a church open on a week-day was itself extraordinary. To see children going in procession into a church was more extraordinary. With a disposition to find out what was going on I followed in the train, and went into the gallery. We were not Orthodox at our house, but I had been in that meeting-house before. I soon perceived that it was a Sunday-school entertainment, at which I remained as long as seemed pleasing to me, and then retired. I have no recollection of anything that passed there, but, by putting the dates together, I am fond of believing that then and there I heard Dr. Smith's national song, "My country, 'tis of thee," sung for the first time that it was ever sung in public. Possibly my untrained voice joined in the enthusiasm of the strain.

It was at one of the first of the elections after the anniversary had been

changed to January that an event took place which made quite a mark in the local history, and to which boys attached immense importance. Governor Lincoln had been escorted to the Old South Meeting-House by the Cadets, whose force was not large at that time. The escort had opened to the right and the left for the civic procession to pass in, and then, instead of following them, had repaired to the Exchange Coffee-House for refreshment. The commander had left a messenger who was to inform him when the sermon approached its close, so that he might be ready with the escort at the door of the church to go back with the governor to the State-House. Unfortunately, the preacher wound up too suddenly, the hymn which followed the sermon was too short, and when the governor, who was the prince of punctilio in such matters, came, with the council and the legislature, to the door there was no escort. Governor Lincoln walked up Winter Street with the gentlemen of his personal staff, but without any Cadets. The colonel of the Cadets arrived at the church a minute too late. He put his men at double quick, and they fairly ran up Bromfield Street, and came to the corner of the Common in time to meet the governor, and presented arms. But the governor declined to recognize his escort, and proceeded on the sidewalk to the State-House or his lodging-house, with the melancholy Cadets following as they might. A court-martial ensued, of which the proceedings are in print, and military circles and the circles of schoolboys were highly excited about it. It was one of the fortunate events of my early life that I stumbled on the governor and his staff as they walked up Winter Street on that fatal occasion.

On the evening of Independence Day there was sometimes a display of fireworks on the Common; but the science of pyrotechnics was then but little advanced in America, and there was much

more waiting than there was exhibition. My recollections of these displays are of our always leaving to go home, tired out, before the successful pieces were shown. To the boys and girls of to-day it will be interesting to know that the pieces were set up either for spectators who stood on the hill and looked down toward St. Paul's Church, or near the foot of Walnut Street for groups of spectators below who were to look up to them there. The entire absence of trees from the Common inside the malls enabled those in charge to make the stages for the fireworks just where they pleased.

The military system of the State in those days required two annual parades, in which every militiaman should appear with his gun and other equipments. It is by a comparatively modern arrangement that the State or the United States furnishes the arms for the militia. Under the simpler arrangements of the colony, and of the State at the beginning, every man who considered himself a man was obliged to have a gun, a cartridge-box, a belt, a "primer," and the other necessities for an infantry soldier. We therefore had, in the attic, Fullum's gun, cartridge-box, and primer, which made good properties in any theatricals which required the presence of an army. My father was a member of the New England Guards, and his gun was kept in the armory.

These arms the militiaman bought with his own money, and he must produce them once a year for inspection. I believe that they were shown at a certain spring meeting, to which comparatively little attention was given by boys. But in the autumn every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, unless he were on the list of "exempts," had to appear in person, with his gun, belt, and cartridge-box, to show that the commonwealth had him as a soldier, and that he knew something of the art of arms.

Young men who had a real interest

in the military art did as they do now. They volunteered into what were called the "volunteer companies," or sometimes the "flank companies." These companies had uniforms, had generally their own separate charters as fusileers, rangers, light infantry, or guards; they were proud of their history; the State or somebody provided them with armories, — generally over Faneuil Hall, — and they had frequent parades, while they had sufficient instruction for keeping up their military discipline. All this was precisely as uniformed militia companies exist to-day. But whereas now the other militiamen are simply on a certain register, which they never see and of which they know nothing, — though they are counted to the credit of Massachusetts in the quota which exists at Washington, — then the militiaman had to appear and show himself; and this he did at the annual training. A man knew to what company he belonged. He was notified that he must attend at a certain place on the morning of the fall muster; he did attend there, and thence he marched to the Common for the fall training.

The military zeal of the war of 1812 had not wholly died out, but there was beginning to be a suspicion that the conditions were such that it was not necessary for every man to be trained to arms. A certain ridicule, therefore, attached itself to what was called the "militia" in distinction from the "volunteer companies." Occasionally a militia company, under spirited lead, tried to distinguish itself by its drill, but this seldom happened. Old Boston people will remember a joke of that time about the Berry Street Rangers. The particular company which met in front of Dr. Channing's church in Berry Street chose, one year, as their captain a gentleman who, they thought, would let them off lightly. But he interested himself at once in bringing up the company's equipment and drill, and gave

them the name of the Berry Street Rangers; so that for some years we heard of their exploits in one way or another.

The interest among young men which now goes largely to the keeping up of military companies was then expended on the volunteer fire department. So it was that, when the fall training came, the prime interest of the boys was naturally in the companies which were in uniform; and when the parade was formed on the Common, these companies always held the right of the line, either by courtesy or because they were entitled to it by law. According as the major-general commanding had more or less enthusiasm there would or would not be a sham fight. The whole Common was cleared for these exercises. Of course a considerable detail of melancholy sentinels was required to keep the boys from running in, and the principal fights, sham or real, on these occasions, were their contests with these sentinels. But as the army to be reviewed really amounted to one fifth of the men of Boston, even after this large detail of sentries there would be a considerable force in the field. It seems to me that the line always extended, with its back to the Tremont Street mall, for the whole length of that mall. The reviewing officers would pass it, as in any review to-day, and then the sham fight would begin. We boys, sitting on the fence, criticised the manœuvres of this Waterloo with such information on tactics as we had got from reading *Botta's History of the American Revolution* or *Cæsar's Commentaries* on the war with Gaul. I recollect a sham fight in which the hill — still fortified, as I have said — was defended against an attack. It appears to me, however, that the attacks were generally made by the whole force against an unseen enemy. This mode of fighting has its advantages. Practically, however, after the Rangers had been thrown out as skirmishers, and the different companies had moved backward

and forward across the Common, at about five in the afternoon the whole line was formed again, and a discharge of blank cartridges began, which lasted till all the cartridges of all the soldiers were burned up. I say all the cartridges, but we would solicit Fullum to slip one or more cartridges into his pocket instead of firing them off, and on rare occasions he succeeded in doing this. Then there were superstitions that individual soldiers were afraid to burn their cartridges, and dropped them surreptitiously on the grass; so that, the next morning, we always went over to the Common to see if we could not find some of these. I cannot recollect that any boy ever did. The actual presence of war, as it showed itself in this discharge of powder, was of course very attractive, and muster had a certain value which belonged to none of the other holidays of the year.

There was great antipathy in the ruling circles at our house to boating, in any of the forms then pursued in the harbor. On the other hand, my father and mother were both country-bred, and, as I believe I have said, my mother was very fond of flowers. As soon as spring opened, in the earlier days, father and mother went to drive very often on Thursday and Saturday afternoons. This drive was taken in the chaise, and, for the purpose of the ride, a little seat was fitted in, which was in fact a trunk, in which mother brought home any wild flowers which she picked. On this trunk one of "us four" went, in a regular order laid down by the Medes and Persians. This entertainment of a holiday was one of the great joys of my early life. But for the half-holidays which were not thus provided for my brother and I took care by using "the means which God and nature put into our hands." That is to say, we walked out of town to such woodland generally as we had not explored before, until we were personally acquainted with

the whole country for a circle of five miles' radius around the State-House.

An enterprising English surveyor named John G. Hales had lived in Boston long enough to make a good working map of the suburbs of Boston. He printed a little book, still known to the curious, on that country. He was rather in advance of the times, I suppose, and when he succumbed to adversity my father bought from him all the plates and drawings of his different maps. Among these was the map of Boston and vicinity, which is still a good map, and is still regularly stolen from by anybody who wants to publish such a map, without much regard to any copyright which existed in the original surveys. Two or three times new editions of this map were published, and in such a case "we four" generally had more or less to do with the painting of the different towns, so that their lines might be the better designated. It thus happens that at this moment I could pass with some credit a competitive examination which should turn on the township lines of the various towns within fifteen miles of Boston.

But the personal knowledge of tramping through the interior circle of such towns was worth much more than the painting. The Hales map indicated the woodland which was then left, and to this woodland we boys regularly repaired. I need not say that such expeditions were encouraged at home. Whenever we chose to undertake one, two cents were added to our allowance, for the purchase of luncheon.

We always kept for such expeditions what were known as phosphorus-boxes, which were the first steps in the progress that has put the tinder-boxes of that day entirely out of sight. Most of the young people of the present day have not so much as seen a tinder-box, and I do not know where I should go to buy one. But in the working of the household the tinder-box was the one resource for

getting a light. We boys, however, with the lavishness of boys, used to buy at the apothecary's phosphorus-boxes, which were then coming in. These boxes were made in Germany; they were of red paper, little cylinders about four inches high and an inch in diameter. You could carry one, and were meant to carry it, in your breast-pocket. In the bottom was a little bottle which contained asbestos soaked with sulphuric acid, and in the top were about a hundred matches, made, I think, from chlorate of potash. One of these you put into the bottle, and pulled it out aflame. We never should have thought of taking one of these walks without a phosphorus-box. When we arrived at the woodland sought, we invariably made a little fire. We never cooked anything, that I remember, but this love of fire is one of the earlier barbarisms of the human race which dies out latest. I suppose, if it had been the middle of the hottest day in August, we should have made a fire.

So soon as school was over, in the summer or autumn months, if it were a half-holiday, we would start on one of these rambles. Sometimes, if the walk were not to a great distance, we invited, or permitted, the two girls to come with us. We had a tin box for plants, and always brought home what seemed new or pretty. On rare occasions, when we had made up a larger party, we took the "truck" with us, that we might treat any weaker member of the party to a ride. The truck was quite a fashionable plaything at that time; I do not see it much now, excepting in the hands of boys who have to use it for freight. But in those days boys rode on trucks a good deal. A truck was a pair of wooden wheels on a stout axle, — generally not stout enough, — with two thills, in which the boy harnessed himself by the simple process of taking hold of them with his hands. If he chose to be jaunty, he had twine reins passed under his arms, that the person who sat on

the seat of the truck might pretend to be driving.

When, in 1833, the Worcester Railroad was opened, this walking gave way, for a family as largely interested in that railroad as we were, to excursions out of town to the point where the walk was to begin. The line to West Newton was opened to the public on the 7th of April, 1833, but from the day when the Meteor, which was the first locomotive engine in New England, ran on her trial trip, we were generally present at the railroad on every half-holiday, to take our chances for a ride out upon one of the experimental trips. We knew the engineers and the men who were not yet called conductors, and they knew us. My father was the president of the road, and we thought we did pretty much as we chose. The engine-drivers would let us ride with them on the engine, and I for one got my first lessons in the business of driving an engine on those excursions. But so soon as the road was open to passengers these rides on the engine dropped off, perhaps were prohibited. Still, we went to Newton as often as we could in the train, and afterwards to Needham. There were varied cars in those days, some of them open, like our open horse-cars of to-day, and all of them entered from the side, as in England up to the present time. After this date, our long walks out of town naturally ceased. Nothing was more common in our household than for the whole family to go out to Brighton or to Newton, and, with babies and all, to establish ourselves in some grove, where we spent the afternoon very much as God meant we should spend it, I suppose, returning late in the evening with such spoils of wild flowers as the season permitted.

More methodical excursions out of town took forms quite different from what they would take to-day. At our house the custom was to deride canals in proportion as we glorified railroads.

All the same, in the summer of 1826 — still recollected as the hottest summer which has been known in this century in New England — it was announced one day that we were going to Chelmsford, and that we were going by the canal. I have no recollection of the method by which we struck the Middlesex Canal; I suppose that we had to drive to East Cambridge and take the General Sullivan there. The General Sullivan was what was known, I think, as a packet-boat, which carried passengers daily from Boston to the Merrimac River, where the name "Lowell" had just then been given to a part of the township of Chelmsford. Mr. Samuel Batchelder, the distinguished engineer and manufacturer, to whom New England owes so much, was one of my father's most intimate friends. He was engaged in some of the first works at Lowell, and by way of escape from the heat father had arranged that the whole family should go down to the tavern at Chelmsford and spend a few days.

The present generation does not know it, but traveling on a canal is one of the most charming ways of traveling. We are all so crazy to go fifty miles an hour that we feel as if we had lost something when we only go five miles an hour. All the same, to sit on the deck of a boat and see the country slide by you, without the slightest jar, without a cinder or a speck of dust, is one of the luxuries. The difficulty about speed is much reduced if you will remember, with Red Jacket, that "you have all the time there is." And I have found it not impossible to imagine that the distance over which I am going is ten times as great as in fact the statistical book would make it. Simply, I think a man may get as much pleasure out of a journey to Lowell on a canal which is thirty miles long as he may out of a journey of three hundred miles by rail between Albany and Buffalo. But this leads into metaphysical considerations which do

not belong to the boyhood of New England.

What did belong to it was a series of very early reminiscences which have clung to me when more important things have been forgotten. Fullum, of course, was of the party. He would spring from the deck of the General Sullivan upon the tow-path, and walk along the path collecting flowers, or perhaps more active game. I have never forgotten my terror lest Fullum should be left by the boat and should never return. When he did return from one of these forays, he brought with him for us children a very little toad, the first I had ever seen. My mother put him in her thimble, he was so small. Not long after, we heard that a delicate friend of hers had taken cold because she put on her thimble when it was damp. With a child's facility, I always associated the two thimbles with each other; and I think I may say I never see a little toad now without ima-

gining that he is carrying the seeds of catarrh or influenza to some delicate invalid.

We stayed at the old tavern on the Merrimac, which, I suppose, was long ago pulled down. A story of that time tells how Mr. Isaac P. Davis, who was, I think, one of the proprietors of the locks and canals which made Lowell, went to this same hotel with a party, and inquired what they were to have for dinner. The keeper said that a good salmon had come up the river the night before, and he proposed to serve him, — with which answer Mr. Davis was well pleased. Later in the morning he said he should like to see the salmon. But the man only expressed his amazement at such folly on the part of a Boston man. "You don't suppose I would take him out of the water, do you? He is in the water at the foot of the falls, and has been there since last night. When it is time to cook him, I shall go out and catch him."

Edward Everett Hale.

THE BETTERMENT OF OUR HIGHWAYS.

PERHAPS the best of the many measures which may be applied to modern states, in order to determine the degree of advancement to which they have attained, may be found in the condition of their common roads. On the character of these ways intimately depends the ease with which a people secure neighborly communication, as well as advantageous relations to the outer world. It is doubtful, indeed, whether a sound democracy, depending as it does on close and constant interaction of the local life, can well be maintained in a country where the roadways put a heavy tax on human intercourse.

Judged by the standard of our local ways, America as a whole must be regarded as the least advanced of all

countries which are commonly classed as civilized. It is true that our great transportation routes, those which are ploughed by the steamers of our inland waters and traversed by locomotives, are well organized, wide-spreading, and efficient in a high degree; but these ways serve in a direct manner only a narrow belt of country on either hand. They have a high interstate and international value, but little relation to the needs of local life. So far from meeting the necessities of rural neighborhoods or aiding in their development, they have tended to retard the growth of the less conspicuous but really more important channels of communication, our common country roads.

A very strong argument could be

made to support the point that the United States would have been in all essential regards more prosperous than it is at present if, in place of its railways, it had secured a system of highways constructed and maintained in the highest state of the road-maker's art. It is true that our great export industries would have been much less important than they are now. It is true also that a prosperity in manufacturing which has brought great bodies of our people to the Birmingham state of hived employment would not exist. Many of our cities would be but country towns, and the buffalo would still roam over much of the country to the west of the Mississippi. On the other hand, our farmers would know more of one another than they do at present. Though they could not market their corn in Liverpool, they would still be able to take it to mill without the sore tax which the bad roads so generally levy upon them, or which the toll-taker requires as the price of a passable way. In such a well-united community, distance counts for little against the duties of life, or against those pleasures which are in the higher sense a part of human obligation. The farmers could attend their town meetings, if they were so fortunate as to live in a part of the world which is governed by local parliaments. They could do their duty by their churches, and have a share in the festivities which enliven and enlarge their days. On the contrary, where the roads are bad, all the duties of the citizen and the social being are most imperfectly done. The people get in the habit of a hermit life; the winter season, which should be the time of social intercourse, is passed in seclusion; households have but little touch with one another, and any real communal life becomes impossible.

The period of railway construction began in this country when the attention of the people had just been effectively directed to the construction of highways.

In the years between about 1820 and 1840 all the thickly settled portions of our land had acquired the habit of improving these lines of communication. From the local market towns good roads were carried on radiating lines, so that many communities of the older sort, even as far west as western Kentucky, had made great advance in their highway systems. Though not well planned with reference to the surface over which they passed, or built with the skill which now characterizes the highway art, these roads were of great and rapidly increasing utility. With the use of the railway in this country there came a great change in the ideals and the practices of our people. They began to look forward to the construction of iron ways as the means whereby they might insure connection with the outer world. It seemed to them not to be worth while to give time and money to the making of old-fashioned carriage-paths, which indeed appeared contemptible as compared with the new-fashioned means of travel. Now, however, that it has become plain that railways cannot profitably be arranged so as to reach every hamlet and cross-road, and the people have had a quarter of a century or more in which to experience the evils of bad roads, we find our folk once again turning to this ancient question as to the means of local intercommunication.

The sudden access of interest in the construction of highways which characterizes our time is in good part due to the invention of the bicycle. The wheel carriage propelled by foot power is a relatively old contrivance, but until the last quarter of a century the machine adhered to the old type of the four-wheeled vehicle. It required the hardy spirit of our time to lead the inventor to the conjecture that a man might ride on but two wheels. In its social importance the bicycle deserves to rank next to the railway and the telegraph, among the inventions of our waning century. The

use of these instruments, the number of which is probably now to be reckoned by the million, affords to those who employ them constant object lessons as to the condition of our highways. Where a man is drawn by a horse, he needs to have a very keen sympathy with his beast in order to perceive how apparently slight differences in the condition of the roadway may greatly vary the amount of strain which is put upon the propelling agent. When, however, his own thews are employed, every little accident of the way makes a distinct impress on his body. Thus every cyclist becomes a critic of the highways he traverses; and as these people are scattered far and wide over the land, and are of a station to make themselves efficient developers of public opinion, we have through their art gained a very stimulating influence in favor of better roads.

It may seem at first sight as if public interest in better highways would of itself be sufficient to insure all needed improvements in these means of communication. Those, however, who have studied the development of the road-maker's art, in this and other countries, clearly see that public opinion must be well informed before there will be any chance of securing the end in view. We have to face a situation in which ancient habits and ignorances will greatly obstruct the process of reform. We cannot expect to clear away evils which for a thousand years have been borne in dull content, or to revolutionize bad practices of construction which are rooted in the customs of the people. Above all, it will be difficult to persuade our rural people to provide themselves with systems of highways the cost of which at the outset will be far greater than that of all the existing public improvements in their respective communities. Those who enter on this work must expect to hasten slowly, and to encounter many backsets in their undertaking. Their task is to educate as well as to inform. They have to teach

by example rather than by precept, and the examples cost a deal of money.

It seems worth while for all intelligent people to have some general notion concerning the simpler facts involved in the science and art of road-making. With such persons the study of these matters may well begin with certain fundamental conceptions as to the essential relation of these constructions. All highways are intended to afford a hard, smooth, and as nearly as possible horizontal surface over which that great instrument of civilization, the wheel, with its burden, can be made to move with the least possible friction. Every unit of friction which is encountered is a measurable element of cost, either in time, power, or damage to the road and carriage. For every foot of distance he traverses the wagoner is incurring a tax. If he is conveying the weight of a ton to market, the amount of this tax for a mile may, under favorable conditions, not exceed five cents. From this minimum scale of expenditure, with the advancing degradation of the way, the cost may increase until it amounts to ten or twenty times what it is in the ideal though seldom realized state of a highway. At a certain stage in the accumulation of the tax, even the more adventurous, wisely, though without clear reckoning, regard the way as economically impassable. This conception of a roadway tax, and a clear idea as to the frequent enormity of the imposition, are the fundamental notions which we need to fix in the minds of our people. With these well affirmed, we may hope to interest them in the questions of betterment.

As in most other matters, the details connected with the construction and use of roads are much harder to present than the general considerations of the subject. There are, however, certain simple considerations which will enable any one to know the essential differences between sound and unsound practice in the construction of highways. The first

and most important, though in all countries the most neglected, element of care concerns what engineers call the profile of the way; that is, the irregular line described by its centre across the country. The ordinary road-master is in all cases tempted to draw his proposed line as directly as possible between his principal objective points. If he makes a digression from a rectilinear path, it is generally because he has encountered an insuperable obstacle, or because some landowner has effectively objected to having his fields cut in twain. Thus it comes about that the greater part of our roads are, from their unnecessary up hill and down, sorely taxing to the community which they are supposed to serve. In many parts of New England and the other hilly portions of this country, a wagon usually has to climb an aggregate height of a thousand or more feet in going the distance of ten miles, an amount of grade which could readily have been avoided by adding two or three miles to the length of the way.

In the rough reckoning of the country engineer, it always seems to be advantageous to construct a road on the most direct alignment which will be passable to loaded vehicles, with all the power which can conveniently be put upon them. It is easy, however, to show that usually the only economy which is thus effected is in the cost of the first construction. A close reckoning will always indicate that this initial economy is bought at a disproportionate annual cost in the expenses of use and maintenance. The load which can be drawn over the direct way is often not more than half that which could be taken over the longer route, and the proportionate wear on the draught animals and the vehicle will often vary in a similar measure. Moreover, the expense of maintaining hilly roads, under the wearing action of rain, frost, and locked wheels, will more than counterbalance the cost of a longer but less inclined route.

Many persons, particularly those of small experience, are of the opinion that they carry in the mind a wide stretch of country so effectively that they may be able to design a route which will fit the topography in a satisfactory manner. This is clearly a delusion, as is shown by the fact that no trained engineer, however wide his experience, dares trust himself to stake out a mile of railway without a careful preliminary survey of the ground, one which will enable him to take to his office the data by which he can plot and compare the several possible routes. This care as to the location of a railway, though invariably taken, is, in proportion to the magnitude of the interests involved, of rather less consequence than that demanded in the case of a common road. The increase in the expenditure of energy required to convey the loads of ordinary wagons up steep slopes is quite as great as it would be in the case of a locomotive climbing like grades, and the power which is applied through horseflesh costs far more per unit than that used in a locomotive. It is therefore clearly important to take the same kind of care in determining the route to be followed by a highway as is taken in the choice of a line for the newer kind of transportation.

The difficulty of securing proper engineering skill to determine the route to be followed by our ordinary roads arises in part from the fact that the greater portion of these lines, even in our little-settled districts, have already been fixed in a way which makes it almost impossible to correct their course; in part from the incompetence of our rural road-masters to do the kind of topographic work which is demanded of those who plan such constructions. Only slowly can we hope to correct the alignment of these ways. This task will have to be done in a piecemeal manner, and almost always the end will have to be attained against much opposition. In constructing new roads, much help will doubtless

be had from the contour maps which the United States Geological Survey, in some cases with the aid of the several States, is now making. The more perfect of these charts delineate the surface of the country on the scale of one inch to the mile, and the heights are indicated by contour lines which show in a generally accurate way the form of the surface at intervals of twenty feet of elevation. So far, maps of this description of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Jersey have been prepared, and work of a similar nature is now under way in most of the States of this country. With such maps, a discreet engineer, however limited his education, can plan the route of a highway, and determine with an approximation to accuracy the aggregate grade which will be encountered along the various lines which may be suggested. Though the results obtained by this method will be less satisfactory than they would be if based on an accurate map prepared for the particular end in view, they will be vastly better than if they had been won by the old method, where the surveyor worked his way across the country, planning the road with reference to the ground which was immediately within the scope of his vision.

Difficult as is the task which the surveyor has to meet in planning a highway, the work is relatively simple as compared with the more detailed part of his duties when he comes to determine the exact form and structure of the road-bed. These features have to be related to a much-entangled set of natural and artificial conditions. He must then take into account the general nature of the traffic for which the way is to be used, the quality of the underlying earth as regards its solidity and the effect of the water upon it, the penetration of frost and its effects, the dangers arising from the scouring action of rain, and the character of the materials to be used in building the traveled way. These considerations, though numerous,

are indeed only a part of those which have to be borne in mind by the person who is responsible for the planning of such a work. Simple as the task of road-building may seem to be, it is in fact more complicated than that which is encountered by the railway engineer. It demands something of the multifariousness of considerations required in the architect's art. In the construction of a highway say ten miles in length, designed to meet the needs of a rural community in a country of irregular surface, there are needed as much constructive knowledge and skill, and perhaps a larger grasp of complicated conditions than are demanded in planning a great building.

Perhaps the first question which the road-master has to consider is that concerning the width of the way he is to build. In this country, as well as in most of the states of Europe, the tendency is to make the road-bed a good deal wider than sound practice dictates. A part of the badness of our American roads is generally due to the fact that the trackway is far too wide to be effectively maintained. In this, as in many other of the grosser arts, we may well take a lesson from the ancient Romans, perhaps the earliest skillful road-makers in the world. They invariably built their road-beds with no more width than was sufficient to permit two wagons conveniently to pass each other. In general, the paved portion of their ways, even those which were most frequented, did not exceed fourteen feet in width. They were, indeed, much narrower than those which are commonly found in our country districts. Our American ideas of largeness demand a road-bed from eighteen to twenty feet in width, bordered on either side by a waste of land forming a useless kind of common, and having an aggregate width of from twenty to eighty feet. This selva of untilled territory, which is often worse than worthless, because it becomes a nest and nursery of weeds, is frequently main-

tained beside our best constructed ways. The demand for this waste room beside the highway is due to a tradition founded in a time before any effort had been made to provide any artificial support in the way of a road-bed. In those olden days it was very convenient, and indeed often necessary, to turn aside from the ruts which had been cut axle-deep in the unprotected earth, to seek an untrodden field on either side. The loss of good arable land arising from the unnecessary width of the highway and its fringes often amounts to as much as four acres in area for the mile in length; and in some parts of the country more than one per cent of the tillage value of the region is thus, in obedience to an absurd tradition, deprived of all utility.

The nature of the traffic which is to go over a highway is an important element in determining both the width and character of the construction. The main point to be ascertained is the number, weight, and width of the carriages of all kinds which are to traverse the way. If the traffic is likely to be large, the road will need greater width and more strength near its margins than where it is to serve the need of but few vehicles. The solitary driver may be trusted to take the middle of the way; horses, indeed, incline to do so of their own motion: thus the marginal wearing of the road will be limited to those points where vehicles pass each other, and the whole amount of such wearing will be inconsiderable. Where, however, the carriages are numerous, they often drive in parallel lines, the outer wheel of each column on the margin of the road-bed. Moreover, a considerable difference in the width of roads is required by the length of axles which are in use. Farm-vehicles, in most parts of this country, are now tending toward shorter distance between the wheels than of old. There is, however, a great variety in this regard. Thus the light carriages in use in Barnstable and Dukes counties, Mas-

sachusetts, have axles about eight inches longer than those which are found near Boston. Therefore a well-devised road from that city to any point on Cape Cod would properly be sixteen inches wider at its southern than at its northern end.

The weight which is carried on vehicles in well-paved cities is prevailingly very much greater than that which is borne upon the wagons in the open country, and this for the simple reason that the roads are better in the towns than in the rural parts. Yet in our country communities the amount of heavy traffic varies over a wide scale. Where the farming industry provides large amounts of heavy products, such as grain, cotton, or tobacco, materials of which the price is sufficiently great to permit of distant carriage to railway or river, the roads are sure to be taxed by very destructive wagons. On the other hand, where, as in New England, the principal marketed products are from the dairy or the market-garden, the average load upon the wagons may not be one third as great as it would be if they carried the crops above mentioned. The discreet road-master will reckon for the maximum weight on four wheels which his roadway will have to sustain, and on that basis he will determine the required strength of the platform which he has to maintain.

A large part of the trouble with American roads arises from the absurd narrowness of the tire or bearing part of our wagon-wheels. It was probably from considerations of economy, in the days when iron was high-priced, that the American people, as if by common consent, adopted excessively narrow tires. If this unhappy fashion was due to this motive, it was certainly "penny wise and pound foolish" in a measure which is rarely to be found among rational people. Some argument may be made for the use of a narrow rim to a wheel where the roads could have the hardness of granite blocks, but in our ordinary American conditions a wagon

carrying the weight of a ton upon its bearing points must be regarded as an instrument of destruction. At the very best, a wagon-wheel is a millstone with the road-bed for its grist, and the measure of the damage which it inflicts is, the weight being equal, inversely proportional to the width of the tire. We may see in the *arastra* of the Spanish miner or the common pug-mill of the brick-maker how effective is the continuous action of the wheel in grinding up rocky matter of varied hardness. The dust on a common macadamized road tells the story with equal clearness. But little of this waste comes from the horses' feet; the most is ground up by the wheels. On account of this destructive effect of the wheel, it is necessary to secure the smoothest and hardest surface which can be obtained for it to move over.

The ideal surface for the wheel is that which is obtained in the continuous steel bar of a well-constructed railway. The aim in the common road is as nearly as possible to approach the conditions which are afforded by such a track. Every irregularity of the surface on which the wheel bears, whether it be on the axle or the tire, is an element of cost, and is inevitably found in the bill for repairs, whether it come on town or private account. A pebble in the road over which the wagon has to be lifted requires an expenditure of power in traction to win the height, and when the wheel falls it strikes the roadway like a trip-hammer, damaging road and wagon alike. In the present or any probable state of our road-making art, it appears to be impossible to give wagons the conditions of a metal tramway. We have to approach this ideal as best we may by making the tracks of some stony material found near the line of the road, and convertible, at small cost, into suitable foundations for the highway.

The accumulated experience of more than a century serves to show that only in rare cases can we find conditions

where the materials of the soil or of the subsoil are fit for the construction of roads. The reason for this is simple. It is found in the fact that the processes which affect the earth's surface and produce the *débris* suited to the uses of plants tend to divide the rocky matter into more or less distinctly rounded bits which have soft outer surfaces. Whenever the shearing strain of a wheel is brought upon this detrital matter, the particles generally move over each other, so that the greater part of the pulling force which is applied to the vehicle is expended in a kind of ploughing work, a task which is about as far removed from the legitimate business of traversing a way as can well be imagined. The best exemplification of this class of actions is found where a road is floored with gravel. We can there clearly see and hear the effects of the shearing action which the wheel produces on the materials, and from this example we more readily perceive that the first object of the road-maker is to keep the substances which form the bed firmly in place. In cities he may attain this end by paving with blocks of stone or brick, or by covering his roads with a cemented material like asphalt. The Romans adhered to the principle of pavement composed of blocks, in all their important great ways. But these types of construction are impracticable in country districts on account of the great cost which they entail; and they are, moreover, damaging to the feet of horses when they are moving at a faster rate than a walk. Road engineers, therefore, have come to the conclusion that the staple or standard foundation for roads must consist of broken stone, the angular faces of the fragments so driven together that they will cling unmoved under any pressure which vehicles will bring upon them. Whatever be the variations on the theme, the plan of foundation made of angular bits of stone, and named "macadam," from the man

who first brought it into extensive use, seems to be firmly fixed in our system of road construction. Upon this foundation of coarse material a superstructure for the contact with the wheel can be made in different ways, according to the needs and conditions to which the road-master has to adapt his work.

So great and so extreme are the variations in the conditions which limit the constructive work involved in road-making that this field of activity must ever be classed with the labors of the architect, and not with those of the mere builder. In time it will come to be perceived that the construction of highways demands a range of knowledge and a capacity for adapting means to ends which are required in but few of the branches of engineering. The range and scope of the problems are clearly greater than those which have to be dealt with by the railway engineer. If we take into account only the discretion which has to be exercised in the choice of road materials from among the various rock formations which the country near to the way may afford, we perceive at once how wide and full the knowledge of the road-master needs to be. Thus, in New England, it is rare indeed to find that a reasonably good choice has been made from the resources which the varied geology affords, and rarer still that the constructor wisely combines the substances which are at his disposition. To most of the men a rock is a rock, and even experience seldom tells them the difference in the value of the substances in road-making. With such men whims often take the place of knowledge, and the untutored man may amuse himself by efforts to mend a road with scraps of leather, with much resulting damage to the feet of horses from the nails which this waste commonly contains; or he may satisfy his limited desires for betterment by scraping the mud from the gutters into the cradle-holes which the wheels have formed in the trackway.

Properly to construct or repair a highway demands an intimate knowledge of the geology of the country which it traverses. If the under-structure of the earth, as is usual, varies much in character, there is certain to be a great choice in the materials which may be made to serve in road-making. Some of these may prove, under the action of frost and rain, totally unserviceable, though their general aspect and momentary character may appear exactly suited to the end in view. Others, though soft on first exposure, rapidly become compact and enduring through a process of hardening which resembles that which takes place in good mortar. Here, as elsewhere in the road-maker's art, we find that he needs to be a naturalist; or, in other words, he must have a keen sense of the variety of conditions in the world about him. Although something of this sense may be born in men, we cannot trust to chance for discretion, but must seek to attain it by education.

Many of the worst roads in this country are brought into their abject state by an unreasonable interference with natural processes, — an interference which arises from an ignorant prepossession that all roads should have the same general aspect. Thus, in sandy regions, such as those in southeastern Massachusetts, and in many other districts near the southern margin of the area occupied by the ice during the last glacial period, the first wagon-roads belonged to the class which we may call trackways, in which the path was just wide enough for a single vehicle, with occasional turn-outs to permit wagons to pass each other. On these trackways a single pair of parallel ruts were quickly formed, the growth of bushes and low forest trees pressing so close to the roadway as to form a wall of foliage on either side. In many cases the crease made by the hubs of the wagons could be distinctly traced in the thick-set vegetation. Roads of this description af-

forded excellent wheeling, and were maintained almost without cost. The falling leaves and small branches were swept into the ruts, and there mingled with the sand, forming a compact and elastic foundation for the wheels. The sandy soil permitted the rain-water quickly to drain away, so that no gutters were required. Although an unreasoning desire for improvement has led to the widening of almost all these old-fashioned trackways, we may here and there find bits of them which have escaped the merciless hand of the uneducated road-master. The present writer is accustomed frequently to pass over a stretch of road which was originally all of this nature; but a part of it has been altered to the regulation width of forty feet, while another portion remains in its primitive state. On the improved road the constantly shifting sands are not readily to be passed over by a pair of swift horses drawing a light wagon at a greater rate than six miles an hour. On the more ancient and natural type of way it is easy to attain twice that speed. The horses themselves know the difference in the quality of the roads, and adjust their pace to the conditions.

The foregoing account of the road-maker's art, though a most incomplete sketch of its conditions, will serve to show the reader that this field of activity is not one which can be advantageously cultivated by ignorant men, whatever be their natural capacities, or the measure of the experience which they may have derived from a wise use of their blunders. This art demands a wide and well-founded training. It must rest, indeed, upon a good knowledge of several natural sciences. No amount of general determination to improve our conditions in this economic field will be fruitful unless we provide our communities with men who are well trained for the work which is to be done. Unless provision is at once made to educate road-masters, the present access of interest in this art will lead in-

evitably to a vast array of costly mistakes which will be likely to discourage our people, and to lead them to the conviction that their new estate is worse than the old. At present there are probably not fifty engineers in the United States who have been properly trained for the work of constructing highways. There may be several times this number who are more or less satisfactorily expert in constructing city streets; but that particular task, though difficult enough, is, as compared with that which the rural-highway engineer has to take up, of a relatively simple nature. Few, if any, of our engineering-schools pay any particular attention to this science and art. The question of common ways is treated incidentally, and with no emphasis at all commensurate with its importance. There is practically no effort made to develop specialists in this profession.

The first step towards our new dispensation is to persuade our greater schools to undertake the systematic education of road-masters, giving to the task the same care which they devote to the preparation of young men for railway or hydraulic engineering. There is reason to hope that the schools of this class which have generally shown admirable alacrity in responding to public demands will quickly meet this. The Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University has already arranged for the services of an instructor in this department, who will devote all his teaching to matters connected with road construction. It is proposed to accumulate a sufficient collection of models and other apparatus to illustrate the teaching in the laboratory, while the manifold experiments in the methods of construction exhibited in eastern Massachusetts can be used as object lessons. If a dozen of our engineering-schools in different parts of the country will provide similar systematic and continuous instruction, we may hope, in the course of four or five years, to graduate trained road-masters who are well in-

formed in the science and art of their profession.

The next question for the reformer in the matter of road-building concerns the method by which the work of construction, improvement, and repair can be insured against the evils of ignorance. There is an old adage to the effect that it is one thing to lead a horse to water, and quite another to make him drink. Where ancient manners and customs, however bad, are to be modified, we must expect difficulty, and be prepared to move on the lines of least resistance. If we trust to the present desire to improve our roads under the existing methods of control, we cannot expect much amelioration. We must find some way in which well-informed authority can so direct the work as to assure a satisfactory result. It is obviously out of the question to look to the federal government for any considerable aid in this work. The Geological Survey is now providing, through its excellent topographical maps, something which may serve as a geographic foundation in planning the vast number of new roads which are to be constructed to meet the needs of our increasing population. To the same survey we may also turn for accurate studies and accounts of the road-materials of the country. It is evident that our state governments are the largest units of a legislative or administrative nature from which we can reasonably expect direct help. Even in these commonwealths, it may prove desirable to limit the action of the central authority to furnishing information to the several counties or towns. Where, as in Massachusetts, and prevailing in New England, the counties are large, it may prove advantageous to have a state board of road engineers, one of whom shall represent the commonwealth, and one for each of the several counties. These officers, sitting together, could adopt regulations adapted to the State as a whole, or to its several natural divisions; and in their own bailiwicks they could con-

trol the methods of construction adopted by the towns or other municipalities.

So strong is the noble motive of self-government, even in those communities which least recognize its existence, that we must expect a certain amount of resistance against even so much of an invasion into the ancient privileges of a people. If the condition of highways were a matter of importance only to the inhabitants of the town within whose limits they lie, the discreet reformer would hesitate to make this trespass; but such is the measure of interaction among our population that in many, if not in most cases, the highways of our municipalities of any grade are as much used by those who dwell without their borders as by their own inhabitants. Moreover, from a certain point of view we may fairly hold that the State has a right to protect its people so far as it can against the vile, discriminating taxation which bad highways inflict.

There is reason to hope that the advance in our methods of road construction will take place with exceeding rapidity, provided we guard the existing movement against the dangers of ignorant enthusiasm. As soon as, in any town, a few miles of good rural highway have been constructed, we may trust to the quick-witted nature of our people to extend the system. We see the same contagion of example, to which we may trust, in the ready imitation which is made in the edifices of our communities. It requires but a few years for good or evil in architecture to traverse a wide field. It is, therefore, the more clearly important that our first essays in the way of better roads should be undertaken as advisedly as possible, that they should represent the utmost which knowledge can do for us. If we but proceed in this way, we may fairly hope to avoid serious blunders with our innovations, and within the lifetime of a generation we may reckon on winning gains of great social as well as economic value.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

ARRIA.

"PÆTUS, my master sends death, but thereto addeth this grace,—
Choose thou the hour and the hand that shall drive the steel to its place."
Thus spake a Dacian slave, noiseless retiring apace.

Blanched were the lips of Arria.

Anon their rich color returned in a threefold resurgent wave.

"Death must thou have, O my dearest, yet not by the hand of a slave!
Lordly give back to the gods the lordly gift that they gave!"

Smiled the red lips of Arria.

(Mark! not the starveling of life, not the scorner, is freest from fear;
Hearts richest in love are foremost to rush on the foeman's spear;
And the keen accolade that maketh immortal falls sacred and dear
As the kiss from the lips of Arria.)

And yet mused the knight; for who would not stay, though but for a span,
Ere he pass to the untried gods this life in the known frame of man?
So strong through his veins the impact of years to be canceled yet ran,—
And so sweet were the lips of Arria!

"Now death or craven delaying!" clear rang her silvery note.

"Thou wouldst not falter in choice, thou ever to honor devote!"

As throbs the soft breast of a startled dove, so throbbed her soft throat,
Yet firm the red lips of Arria.

With the dower of her beauty upon her she stood in his wavering sight;
A true Roman wife, he beheld her, the peer of a true Roman knight.

"Hast thou lost the old way, O my lord, dost thou need one to set thee
aright?"

Still smiled the red lips of Arria.

And, smiling, she laid her warm hand on the steel true-tempered and cold.

"This were the way!" (She has driven the point through her tunic's white
fold!)

"This *is* the way,—none other; but, Pætus, it hurts not—behold!"—
And hushed were the lips of Arria.

Oh, horror! oh, pity! oh, love! But now is no moment to weep;
Let the bright death, from her heart to his own, importunate leap;
Ay, for it hurts not when life flitteth forth from its cabinet deep,—
Forth to the soul of Arria!

One touch of her consecrate lips, one instant above her he stands;
In the next he hath caught the life-drinking blade in his two firm hands.
He hath tried the old way,—the old way that ever mocked tyrannous bands,—
Now forth to the soul of Arria!

Edith M. Thomas.

DON ORSINO.¹

XXII.

ORSINO felt suddenly relieved when he left his office in the afternoon. Contini's gloomy mood was contagious, and so long as Orsino was with him it was impossible not to share the architect's view of affairs. Alone, however, things did not seem so bad. As a matter of fact, it was almost impossible for the young man to give up all his illusions concerning his own success in one moment, and to believe himself the dupe of his own blind vanity instead of regarding himself as the winner in the fight for independence of thought and action. He could not deny the facts Contini alleged. He had to admit that he was apparently in Del Ferice's power, unless he appealed to his own people for assistance. He was driven to acknowledge that he had made a great mistake. But he could not altogether distrust himself, and he fancied that after all, with a fair share of luck, he might prove a match for Ugo on the financier's own ground.

He had learned to have confidence in his own powers and judgment, and as he walked away from the office every moment strengthened his determination to struggle on, with such resources as he might be able to command, so long as there should be a possibility of action of any sort. He felt, too, that more depended upon his success than the mere satisfaction of his vanity. If he failed, he might lose Maria Consuelo as well as his self-respect. He had that sensation familiar enough to many young men when extremely in love, that in order to be loved in return one must succeed, and that a single failure endangers the stability of a passion which, if it be honest, has nothing to do with failure or success.

At Orsino's age, and with his temper, it is hard to believe that pity is more closely akin to love than admiration.

Gradually the conviction reasserted itself that he could fight his way through unaided, and his spirits rose as he approached the more crowded quarters of the city, on his way to the hotel where Maria Consuelo was stopping. Not even the yells of the newsboys affected him, as they announced the failure of the great contractor Ronco, and offered, in a second edition, a complete account of the bankruptcy. It struck him, indeed, that before long the same brazen voices might be screaming out the news that Andrea Contini and Company had come to grief. But the idea lent a sense of danger to the situation which Orsino did not find unpleasant. The greater the difficulty, the greater the merit in overcoming it, and the greater, therefore, the admiration he should get from the woman he loved. His position was certainly an odd one, and many men would not have felt the excitement which he experienced. The financial side of the question was strangely indifferent to him, who knew himself backed by the great fortune of his family, and believed that his ultimate loss could only be the small sum with which he had begun his operations. But the moral risk seemed enormous, and grew in importance as he thought of it.

He found Maria Consuelo looking pale and weary. She evidently had no intention of going out that day, for she wore a morning gown, and was established upon a lounge, with books and flowers beside her, as though she did not mean to move. She was not reading, however. Orsino was startled by the sadness in her face.

She looked fixedly into his eyes as

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she gave him her hand, and he sat down beside her.

"I am glad you are come," she said at last, in a low voice. "I have been hoping all day that you would come early."

"I would have come this morning, if I had dared," answered Orsino.

She looked at him again, and smiled faintly.

"I have a great deal to say to you," she began. Then she hesitated, as though uncertain where to begin.

"And I" — Orsino tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it.

"Yes, but do not say it. At least, not now."

"Why not, dear one? May I not tell you how I love you? What is it, love? You are so sad to-day. Has anything happened?"

His voice grew soft and tender as he spoke, bending to her ear. She pushed him gently back.

"You know what has happened," she answered. "It is no wonder that I am sad."

"I do not understand you, dear. Tell me what it is."

"I told you too much yesterday."

"Too much?"

"Far too much."

"Are you going to unsay it?"

"How can I?"

She turned her face away, and her fingers played nervously with her laces.

"No, indeed, neither of us can unsay such words," said Orsino. "But I do not understand you yet, darling. You must tell me what you mean to-day."

"You know it all. It is because you will not understand" —

Orsino's face changed, and his voice took another tone when he spoke.

"Are you playing with me, Consuelo?" he asked gravely.

She started slightly, and grew paler than before.

"You are not kind. I am suffering very much. Do not make it harder."

"I am suffering, too. You mean

me to understand that you regret what happened yesterday, and that you wish to take back your words; that, whether you love me or not, you mean to act and appear as though you did not, and that I am to behave as though nothing had happened? Do you think that would be easy? And do you think I do not suffer at the mere idea of it?"

"Since it must be" —

"There is no must," answered Orsino, with energy. "You would ruin your life and mine for the mere shadow of a memory which you choose to take for a binding promise. I will not let you do it."

"You will not?" She looked at him quickly, with an expression of resistance.

"No, I will not," he repeated. "We have too much at stake. You shall not lose all for both of us."

"You are wrong, dear one," she said, with sudden softness. "If you love me, you should believe me and trust me. I can give you nothing but unhappiness."

"You have given me the only happiness I ever knew, and you ask me to believe that you could make me unhappy in any way except by not loving me! Consuelo, my darling, are you out of your senses?"

"No. I am too much in them. I wish I were not. If I were mad, I should" —

"What?"

"Never mind. I will not even say it. No, do not try to take my hand, for I will not give it to you. Listen, Orsino; be reasonable; listen to me."

"I will try to listen."

But Maria Consuelo did not speak at once. Possibly she was trying to collect her thoughts.

"What have you to say, dearest?" asked Orsino at last. "I will try to understand."

"You must understand. I will make it all clear to you, and then you will see it as I do."

"And then — what?"

"And then we must part," she said in a low voice.

Orsino said nothing, but shook his head incredulously.

"Yes," repeated Maria Consuelo, "we must not see each other any more after this. It has been all my fault. I shall leave Rome, and not come back again. It will be best for you, and I will make it best for me."

"You talk very easily of parting."

"Do I? Every word is a wound. Do I look as though I were indifferent?"

Orsino glanced at her pale face and tearful eyes.

"No, dear," he said softly.

"Then do not call me heartless. I have more heart than you think, and it is breaking. And do not say that I do not love you. I love you better than you know; better than you will be loved again when you are older — and happier, perhaps. Yes, I know what you want to say. Well, dear, you love me, too. Yes, I know it. Let there be no unkind words and no doubts between us to-day. I think it is our last day together."

"For God's sake, Consuelo" —

"We shall see. Now let me speak, if I can. There are three reasons why you and I should not marry. I have thought of them through all last night and all to-day, and I know them. The first is my solemn vow to the dying man who loved me so well, and who asked nothing but that, — whose wife I never was, but whose name I bear. Think me mad, superstitious, what you will, — I cannot break that promise. It was almost an oath not to love, and if it was I have broken it. But the rest I can keep, and will. The next reason is that I am older than you. I might forget that, I have forgotten it more than once, but the time will come soon when you will remember it."

Orsino made an angry gesture and would have spoken, but she checked him.

"Pass that over, since we are both young. The third reason is harder to tell, and no power on earth can explain it away. I am no match for you in birth, Orsino" —

The young man interrupted her now, and fiercely.

"Do you dare to think that I care what your birth may be?" he asked.

"There are those who do care, even if you do not, dear one," she answered quietly.

"And what is their caring to you or me?"

"It is not so small a matter as you think. I am not talking of a mere difference in rank. It is worse than that. I do not really know who I am. Do you understand? I do not know who my mother was, nor whether she is alive or dead, and before I was married I did not bear my father's name."

"But you know your father; you know his name, at least?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?" Orsino could hardly pronounce the words of the question.

"Count Spicca."

Maria Consuelo spoke quietly, but her fingers trembled nervously, and she watched Orsino's face in evident distress and anxiety. As for Orsino, he was almost dumb with amazement.

"Spicca! Spicca your father!" he repeated indistinctly.

In all his many speculations as to the tie which existed between Maria Consuelo and the old duelist, he had never thought of this one.

"Then you never suspected it?" asked Maria Consuelo.

"How should I? And your own father killed your husband. Good heavens! What a story!"

"You know now. You see for yourself how impossible it is that I should marry you."

In his excitement Orsino had risen and was pacing the room. He scarcely heard her last words, and did not say anything in reply. Maria Con-

suelo lay quite still upon the lounge, her hands clasped tightly together and straining upon each other.

"You see it all now," she said again. This time his attention was arrested, and he stopped before her.

"Yes. I see what you mean. But I do not see it as you see it. I do not see that any of these things you have told me need hinder our marriage."

Maria Consuelo did not move, but her expression changed. The light stole slowly into her face and lingered there; not driving away the sadness, but illuminating it.

"And would you have the courage, in spite of your family and of society, to marry me, a woman practically nameless, older than yourself" —

"I not only would, but I will," answered Orsino.

"You cannot, but I thank you, dear," said Maria Consuelo.

He was standing close beside her. She took his hand and tenderly touched it with her lips. He started and drew it back, for no woman had ever kissed his hand. "You must not do that!" he exclaimed instinctively.

"And why not, if I please?" she asked, raising her eyebrows with a little affectionate laugh.

"I am not good enough to kiss your hand, darling, still less to let you kiss mine. Never mind. We were talking; where were we?"

"You were saying" — But he interrupted her.

"What does it matter, when I love you so, and you love me?" he asked passionately.

He knelt beside her as she lay on the lounge, and took her hands, holding them and drawing her towards him. She resisted, and turned her face away.

"No, no! It matters too much. Let me go; it only makes it worse!"

"Makes what worse?"

"Parting."

"We will not part. I will not let you go!"

But still she struggled with her hands, and he, fearing to hurt them in his grasp, let them slip away with a lingering touch.

"Get up," she said. "Sit here, beside me — a little further — there! We can talk better so."

"I cannot talk at all" —

"Without holding my hands?"

"Why should I not?"

"Because I ask you. Please, dear."

She drew back on the lounge, raised herself a little, and turned her face to him. Again, as his eyes met hers, he leaned forward quickly, as though he would leave his seat. But she checked him by an imperative glance and a gesture. He was unreasonable, and had no right to be annoyed, but something in her manner chilled him and pained him in a way he could not have explained. When he spoke, there was a shade of change in the tone of his voice.

"The things you have told me do not influence me in the least," he said, with more calmness than he had yet shown. "What you believe to be the most important reason is no reason at all to me. You are Count Spicca's daughter. He is an old friend of my father, — not that it matters very materially, but it may make everything easier. I will go to him to-day and tell him that I wish to marry you."

"You will not do that!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo in a tone of alarm.

"Yes, I will. Why not? Do you know what he once said to me? He told me he wished we might take a fancy to each other, because, as he expressed it, we should be so well matched."

"Did he say that?" asked Maria Consuelo gravely.

"That, or something to the same effect. Are you surprised? What surprises me is that I should never have guessed the relation between you. Now, your father is a very honorable man. What he said meant something,

and when he said it he meant that our marriage would seem natural to him and to everybody. I will go and talk to him. So much for your great reason. As for the second you gave, it is absurd. We are of the same age, to all intents and purposes."

"I am not twenty-three years old."

"And I am not quite two and twenty.

Is that a difference? So much for that. Take the third, which you put first. Seriously, do you think that any intelligent being would consider you bound by such a promise? Do you mean to say that a young girl—you were nothing more—has a right to throw away her life out of sentiment by making a promise of that kind? And to whom? To a man who is not her husband, and never can be, because he is dying; to a man just not indifferent to her; to a man?"—

Maria Consuelo raised herself and looked full at Orsino. Her face was extremely pale, and her eyes were suddenly dark and gleamed.

"Don Orsino, you have no right to talk to me in that way. I loved him; no one knows how I loved him!"

There was no mistaking the tone and the look. Orsino felt again, and more strongly, the chill and the pain he had felt before. He was silent for a moment. Maria Consuelo looked at him a second longer, and then let her head fall back upon the cushion. But the expression which had come into her face did not change at once.

"Forgive me," said Orsino, after a pause. "I had not quite understood. The only imaginable reason which could make our marriage impossible would be that. If you loved him so well,—if you loved him in such a way as to prevent you from loving me as I love you,—why then you may be right, after all."

In the silence which followed, Orsino turned his face away and gazed at the window. He had spoken quietly enough, and his expression, strange to

say, was calm and thoughtful. It is not always easy for a woman to understand a man, for men soon learn to conceal what hurts them, but take little trouble to hide their happiness, if they are honest. A man more often betrays himself by a look of pleasure than by an expression of disappointment. It was thought manly to bear pain in silence long before it became fashionable to seem indifferent to joy.

Orsino's manner displeased Maria Consuelo. It was too quiet and cold, and she thought he cared less than he really did.

"You say nothing," he said at last.

"What shall I say? You speak of something preventing me from loving you as you love me. How can I tell how much you love me?"

"Do you not see it? Do you not feel it?" Orsino's tone warmed again as he turned towards her, but he was conscious of an effort. Deeply as he loved her, it was not natural for him to speak passionately just at that moment, but he knew she expected it, and he did his best. She was disappointed.

"Not always," she answered, with a little sigh.

"You do not always believe that I love you?"

"I did not say that. I am not always sure that you love me as much as you think you do. You imagine a great deal."

"I did not know it."

"Yes, sometimes. I am sure it is so."

"And how am I to prove that you are wrong and I am right?"

"How should I know? Perhaps time will show."

"Time is too slow for me. There must be some other way."

"Find it, then," said Maria Consuelo, smiling rather sadly.

"I will."

He meant what he said, but the difficulty of the problem perplexed him,

and there was not enough conviction in his voice. He was thinking rather of the matter itself than of what he said. Maria Consuelo fanned herself slowly and stared at the wall.

"If you doubt so much," said Orsino at last, "I have the right to doubt a little, too. If you loved me well enough, you would promise to marry me. You do not."

There was a short pause. At last Maria Consuelo closed her fan, looked at it, and spoke.

"You say my reason is not good. Must I go all over it again? It seems a good one to me. Is it incredible to you that a woman should love twice? Such things have happened before. Is it incredible to you that, loving one person, a woman should respect the memory of another and a solemn promise given to that other? I should respect myself less if I did not. That it is all my fault I will admit, if you like: that I should never have received you as I did, I grant it all, — that I was weak yesterday, that I am weak to-day, that I should be weak to-morrow if I let this go on. I am sorry. You can take a little of the blame, if you are generous enough or vain enough. You have tried hard to make me love you, and you have succeeded, for I love you very much. So much the worse for me. It must end now."

"You do not think of me, when you say that."

"Perhaps I think more of you than you know or will understand. I am older than you, — do not interrupt me! I am older, for a woman is always older than a man in some things. I know what will happen, what will certainly happen in time, if we do not part. You will grow jealous of a shadow, and I shall never be able to tell you that this same shadow is not dear to me. You will come to hate what I have loved and love still, though it does not prevent me from loving you, too" —

"But less well," said Orsino, rather harshly.

"You would believe that, at least, and the thought would always be between us."

"If you loved me as much, you would not hesitate. You would marry me living, as you married him dead."

"If there were no other reason against it" — She stopped.

"There is no other reason," said Orsino, insisting.

Maria Consuelo shook her head, but said nothing, and a long silence followed. Orsino sat still, watching her, and wondering what was passing in her mind. It seemed to him, and perhaps rightly, that if she were really in earnest, and loved him with all her heart, the reasons she gave for a separation were far from sufficient. He had not even much faith in her present obstinacy, and he did not believe that she would really go away. It was incredible that any woman could be so capricious as she chose to be. Her calmness, or what appeared to him her calmness, made it even less probable, he thought, that she meant to part from him. But the thought alone was enough to disturb him seriously. He had suffered a severe shock with outward composure, but not without inward suffering, followed, naturally enough, by something like angry resentment. As he viewed the situation, Maria Consuelo had alternately drawn him on and disappointed him from the very beginning; she had taken delight in forcing him to speak out his love, only to chill him the next moment or the next day with the certainty that she did not love him sincerely. Just then he would have preferred not to put into words the thoughts of her that crossed his mind. They would have expressed a disbelief in her character which he did not really feel, and an opinion of his own judgment which he would rather not have accepted.

He even went so far, in his anger,

as to imagine what would happen if he suddenly rose to go. She would put on that sad look of hers and give him her hand coldly. Then, just as he reached the door, she would call him back, only to send him away again. He would find on the following day that she had not left town, after all, or at most that she had gone to Florence for a day or two, while the workmen completed the furnishing of her apartment. Then she would come back, and would meet him just as though there had never been anything between them.

The anticipation was so painful to him that he wished to have it realized and over as soon as possible, and he looked at her again before rising from his seat. He could hardly believe that she was the same woman who had stood with him watching the thunderstorm on the previous afternoon.

He saw that she was pale, but she was not facing the light, and the expression of her face was not distinctly visible. On the whole, he fancied that her look was one of indifference. Her hands lay idly upon her fan, and by the drooping of her lids she seemed to be looking at them. The full, curved lips were closed, but not drawn in as though in pain, nor pouting as though in displeasure. She appeared to be singularly calm. After hesitating another moment Orsino rose to his feet. He had made up his mind what to say, for it was little enough, but his voice trembled somewhat.

"Good-by, madame."

Maria Consuelo started slightly and looked up, as though to see whether he indeed meant to go at that moment. She had no idea that he really thought of taking her at her word and parting then and there. She did not realize how true it was that she was much older than he, and she had never believed him to be as impulsive as he sometimes seemed.

"Do not go yet," she said instinctively.

"Since you say we must part" — He stopped, as though leaving her to finish the sentence in imagination.

A frightened look passed quickly over Maria Consuelo's face. She made as though she would have taken his hand; then drew back her own and bit her lip, not angrily, but as though she were controlling something.

"Since you insist upon our parting," Orsino said, after a short, strained silence, "it is better that it should be got over at once." In spite of himself his voice was still unsteady.

"I did not — no — yes, it is better so."

"Then good-by, madame."

It was impossible for her to understand all that had passed in his mind while he had sat beside her, after the previous conversation had ended. His abruptness and coldness were incomprehensible to her.

"Good-by, then, Orsino."

For a moment her eyes rested on his. It was the sad look he had anticipated, and she put out her hand now. Surely, he thought, if she loved him she would not let him go so easily. He took her fingers and would have raised them to his lips, when they suddenly closed on his, not with the passionate, loving pressure of yesterday, but firmly and quietly, as though they would not be disobeyed, guiding him again to his seat close beside her. He sat down.

"Good-by, then, Orsino," she repeated, not yet relinquishing her hold. "Good-by, dear, since it must be good-by, but not good-by as you said it. You shall not go until you can say it differently."

She let him go, and changed her own position. Her feet slipped to the ground, and she leaned with her elbow upon the head of the lounge, resting her cheek against her hand. She was nearer to him now than before, and their eyes met as they faced each other. She had certainly not chosen her attitude with any second thought of her

own appearance, but, as Orsino looked into her face, he saw again clearly all the beauties that he had so long admired, — the passionate eyes, the full, firm mouth, the broad brow, the luminous white skin, — all beauties in themselves, though not, together, making real beauty, in her case. And beyond these he saw and felt over them all and through them all the charm that fascinated him, appealing as it were to him in particular of all men as it could not appeal to another. He was still angry, disturbed out of his natural self, and almost out of his passion; but he felt none the less that Maria Consuelo could hold him, if she pleased, so long as a shadow of affection for her remained in him, and perhaps longer. When she spoke, he knew what she meant, and he did not interrupt her nor attempt to answer.

"I have meant all I have said to-day," she continued. "Do not think it is easy for me to say more. I would give all I have to give to take back yesterday, for yesterday was my great mistake. I am only a woman, and you will forgive me. I do what I am doing now for your sake, — God knows it is not for mine. God knows how hard it is for me to part from you. I am in earnest, you see. You believe me now?"

Her voice was steady, but the tears were already welling over.

"Yes, dear, I believe you," Orsino answered softly. Women's tears are a great solvent of man's ill temper.

"As for this being right and best, this parting, you will see it as I do, sooner or later. But you do believe that I love you, dearly, tenderly, very — well, no matter how — you believe it?"

"I believe it."

"Then say 'Good-by, Consuelo,' and kiss me once for what might have been."

Orsino half rose, bent down and kissed her cheek.

"Good-by, Consuelo," he said, almost whispering the words into her ear.

In his heart he did not think she meant it. He still expected that she would call him back.

"It is good-by, dear; believe it, remember it!" Her voice shook a little now.

"Good-by, Consuelo," he repeated.

With a loving look that meant no good-by he drew back and went to the door. He laid his hand on the handle and paused. She did not speak. Then he looked at her again. Her head had fallen back against a cushion, and her eyes were half closed. He waited a second, and a keen pain shot through him. Perhaps she was in earnest, after all. In an instant he had recrossed the room and was on his knees beside her, trying to take her hands.

"Consuelo — darling — you do not really mean it! You cannot — you will not" —

He covered her hands with kisses and pressed them to his heart. For a few moments she made no movement, but her eyelids quivered. Then she sprang to her feet, pushing him back violently as he rose with her, and turning her face from him.

"Go, go!" she cried wildly. "Go! Let me never see you again! — never, never!"

Before he could stop her she had passed him with a rush like a swallow on the wing, and was gone from the room.

XXIII.

Orsino was not in an enviable frame of mind when he left the hotel. It is easier to bear suffering when one clearly understands all its causes, and distinguishes just how great a part of it is inevitable, and how great a part may be avoided or mitigated. In the present case there was much in the situation which it passed his power to analyze or comprehend. He still possessed the taste for discovering motives in the actions of others as well as in

his own, but many months of a busy life had dulled the edge of the artificial logic in which he had formerly delighted, while greatly sharpening his practical wit. Artificial analysis supplies from the imagination the details lacking in facts, but common sense needs something more tangible upon which to work. Orsino felt that the chief circumstance which had determined Maria Consuelo's conduct had escaped him, and he sought in vain to detect it.

He rejected the supposition that she was acting upon a caprice; that she had yesterday believed it possible to marry him, while a change of humor made marriage seem out of the question to-day. She was as capricious as most women, perhaps, but not enough so for that. Besides, she had been really consistent. Not even yesterday had she been shaken for a moment in her resolution not to be Orsino's wife. To-day had confirmed yesterday, therefore. However Orsino might have still doubted her intention when he had gone to her side for the last time, her behavior then and her final words had been unmistakable. She meant to leave Rome at once.

Yet the reasons Maria Consuelo had given him for her conduct were not sufficient in his eyes. The difference of age was so small that it could safely be disregarded. Her promise to the dying Aranjuez was an engagement, he thought, by which no person of sense should expect her to abide. As for the question of her birth, he relied on that speech of Spicca's which he so well remembered. Spicca might have spoken the words thoughtlessly, it was true, and believing that Orsino would never, under any circumstances whatever, think seriously of marrying Maria Consuelo. But Spicca was not a man who often spoke carelessly, and what he said generally meant at least as much as it appeared to mean.

It was doubtless true that Maria

Consuelo was ignorant of her mother's name. Nevertheless, it was quite possible that her mother had been Spicca's wife. Spicca's life was said to have been full of strange events not generally known. But though his daughter might, and probably did, believe herself a nameless child, and, as such, no match for the heir of the Saracinesca, Orsino could not see why she should have insisted upon a parting so sudden, so painful, and so premature. She knew as much yesterday, and had known it all along. Why, if she possessed such strength of character, had she allowed matters to go so far, when she could easily have interrupted the course of events at an earlier period? He did not admit that she perhaps loved him so much as to have been carried away by her passion, until she found herself on the point of doing him an injury by marrying him, and that her love was strong enough to induce her to sacrifice herself at the critical moment. Though he loved her much, he did not believe her to be heroic in any way. On the contrary, he said to himself that if she were sincere, and if her love were at all like his own, she would let no obstacle stand in the way of it. To him, the test of love must be its utter recklessness. He could not believe that a still better test may be, and is, the constant forethought for the object of love, and the determination to protect that object from all danger in the present and from all suffering in the future, no matter at what cost.

Perhaps it is not easy to believe that recklessness is a manifestation of the second degree of passion, while the highest shows itself in painful sacrifice. Yet the most daring act of chivalry never called for half the bravery shown by many a martyr at the stake; and if courage be a measure of true passion, the passion which will face lifelong suffering to save its object from unhappiness or degradation is greater than the passion which, for the sake of pos-

sessing its object, drags it into danger and the risk of ruin. It may be that all this is untrue, and that the action of these two imaginary individuals, the one sacrificing himself, the other endangering the loved one, is dependent upon the balance of the animal, intellectual, and moral elements in each. We do not know much about the causes of what we feel, in spite of modern analysis; but the heart rarely deceives us, when we can see the truth for ourselves, into bestowing the more praise upon the less brave of two deeds. But we do not often see the truth as it is. We know little of the lives of others, but we are apt to think that other people understand our own very well, including our good deeds, if we have done any, and we expect full measure of credit for these, and the utmost allowance of charity for our sins. In other words, we desire our neighbor to combine a power of forgiveness almost divine with a capacity for flattery more than parasitic. That is why we are not easily satisfied with our acquaintances, and that is why our friends do not always turn out to be truthful persons. We ask too much for the low price we offer, and if we insist we get the imitation.

Orsino loved Maria Consuelo with all his heart, as much as a young man of little more than one and twenty can love the first woman to whom he is seriously attached. There was nothing heroic in the passion, perhaps, nothing which could ultimately lead to great results. But it was a strong love, nevertheless, with much of devotion in it, and some latent violence. If he did not marry Maria Consuelo, it was not likely that he would ever love again in exactly the same way. His next love would be either far better or far worse, far nobler or far baser; perhaps a little less human in either case.

He walked slowly away from the hotel, unconscious of the people in the street, and not thinking of the direc-

tion he took. His brain was in a whirl, and his thoughts seemed to revolve round some central point upon which they could not concentrate themselves even for a second. The only thing of which he was sure was that Maria Consuelo had taken herself from him suddenly and altogether, leaving him with a sense of loneliness which he had not known before. He had gone to her in considerable distress about his affairs, with the certainty of finding sympathy and perhaps advice. He came away, as some men have returned from a grave accident, apparently unscathed it may be, but temporarily deprived of some one sense, — of sight, or hearing, or touch. He was not sure that he was awake, and his troubled reflections came back by the same unvarying round to the point he had reached the first time, — if Maria Consuelo really loved him, she would not let such obstacles as she spoke of hinder her union with him.

For a time Orsino was not conscious of any impulse to act. Gradually, however, his real nature asserted itself, and he remembered how he had told her, not long before, that if she went away he would follow her; and how he had said that the world was small, and that he would soon find her again. It would undoubtedly be a simple matter to accompany her, if she left Rome. He could easily ascertain the hour of her intended departure, and that alone would tell him the direction she had chosen. When she found that she had not escaped him, she would very probably give up the attempt and come back, her humor would change, and his own eloquence would do the rest.

He stopped in his walk and looked at his watch, and glanced about him. He was at some distance from the hotel, and it was growing dusk, for the days were already short. If Maria Consuelo really meant to leave Rome precipitately, she might go by the evening train to Paris, and in that case the people of

the hotel would have been informed of her intended departure.

Orsino only admitted the possibility of her actually going away, while believing in his heart that she would remain. He slowly retraced his steps, and it was seven o'clock before he asked the hotel porter by what train Madame d'Aranjuez was leaving. The porter did not know whether the lady was going north or south, but he called another man, who went in search of a third, who disappeared for some time.

"Is it sure that Madame d'Aranjuez goes to-night?" asked Orsino, trying to look indifferent.

"Quite sure. Her rooms will be free to-morrow."

Orsino turned away, and paced slowly up and down the marble pavement between the tall plants, waiting for the messenger to come back.

"Madame d'Aranjuez leaves at nine forty-five," said the man, reappearing.

Orsino hesitated a moment, and then made up his mind.

"Ask madame if she will receive me for a moment," he said, producing a card.

The servant went away, and again Orsino walked backwards and forwards, pale now and very nervous. She was really going, and was going north, — probably to Paris.

"Madame regrets infinitely that she is not able to receive the Signor Prince," said the man in black at Orsino's elbow. "She is making her preparations for the journey."

"Show me where I can write a note," said Orsino, who had expected the answer.

He was shown into the reading-room, and writing materials were set before him. He hurriedly wrote a few words to Maria Consuelo, without form of address and without signature.

"I will not let you go without me. If you will not see me, I will be in the train, and I will not leave you, wherever you go. I am in earnest."

He looked at the sheet of note-paper and wondered that he should find nothing more to say. But he had said all he meant, and, sealing the little note, he sent it up to Maria Consuelo, with a request for an immediate answer. Just then the dinner-bell of the hotel was rung. The reading-room was deserted. He waited five minutes, then ten, nervously turning over the newspapers and reviews on the long table, but quite unable to read even the printed titles. He rang, and asked if there had been no answer to his note. The man was the same whom he had sent before. He said the note had been received at the door by the maid, who had said that Madame d'Aranjuez would ring when her answer was ready. Orsino dismissed the servant and waited again. It crossed his mind that the maid might have pocketed the note and said nothing about it, for reasons of her own. He had almost determined to go upstairs and boldly enter the sitting-room, when the door opposite to him opened and Maria Consuelo herself appeared.

She was dressed in a dark close-fitting traveling costume, but she wore no hat. Her face was quite colorless, and looked, if possible, even more unnaturally pale by contrast with her bright auburn hair. She shut the door behind her and stood still, facing Orsino in the glare of the electric lights.

"I did not mean to see you again," she said slowly. "You have forced me to it."

Orsino made a step forward and tried to take her hand, but she drew back. The slight uncertainty often visible in the direction of her glance had altogether disappeared, and her eyes met Orsino's directly and fearlessly.

"Yes," he answered, "I have forced you to it. I know it, and you cannot reproach me if I have. I will not leave you. I am going with you wherever you go."

He spoke calmly, considering the

great emotion he felt, and there was a quiet determination in his words and tone which told how much he was in earnest. Maria Consuelo half believed that she could dominate him by sheer force of will, and she would not give up the idea even now.

"You will not go with me; you will not even attempt it," she said.

It would have been difficult to guess from her face at that moment that she loved him. Her face was pale, and the expression was almost hard. She held her head high, as though she were looking down at him, though he towered above her from his shoulders.

"You do not understand me," he answered quietly. "When I say that I will go with you, I mean that I will go."

"Is this a trial of strength?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"If it is, I am not conscious of it. It costs me no effort to go; it would cost me much to stay behind, — too much."

He stood quite still before her, looking steadily into her eyes. There was a short silence, and then she suddenly looked down, moved and turned away, beginning to walk about slowly. The room was large, and he paced the floor beside her, looking down at her bent head.

"Will you stay if I ask you to?"

The question came in a lower and softer tone than she had used before.

"I will go with you," answered Orsino as firmly as ever.

"Will you do nothing for my asking?"

"I will do anything but that."

"But that is all I ask."

"You are asking the impossible."

"There are many reasons why you should not come with me. Have you thought of them all?"

"No."

"You should. You ought to know, without being told by me, that you would be doing me a great injustice

and a great injury in following me. You ought to know what the world will say of it. Remember that I am alone."

"I will marry you."

"I have told you that it is impossible. No, do not answer me! I will not go over all that again. I am going away to-night. That is the principal thing, — the only thing that concerns you. Of course, if you choose, you can get into the same train and pursue me to the end of the world. I cannot prevent you. I thought I could, but I was mistaken. I am alone. Remember that, Orsino. You know as well as I what will be said; and the fact is sure to be known."

"People will say that I am following you."

"They will say that we are gone together, for every one will have reason to say it. Do you suppose that nobody is aware of our — our intimacy during the last month?"

"Why not say our love?"

"Because I hope no one knows of that — well, if they do — Orsino, be kind! Let me go alone. As a man of honor, do not injure me by leaving Rome with me, nor by following me when I am gone!"

She stopped, and looked up into his face with an imploring glance. To tell the truth, Orsino had not foreseen that she might appeal to his honor, alleging the danger to her reputation. He bit his lip and avoided her eyes. It was hard to yield, and to yield so quickly, as it seemed to him.

"How long will you stay away?" he asked in a constrained voice.

"I shall not come back at all."

He wondered at the firmness of her tone and manner. Whatever the real ground of her resolution might be, the resolution itself had gained strength since they had parted, little more than an hour earlier. The belief suddenly grew upon him again that she did not love him.

"Why are you going at all?" he

asked abruptly. "If you loved me, you would stay."

She drew a sharp breath and clasped her hands nervously together.

"I should stay if I loved you less. But I have told you, — I will not go over it all again. This must end, — this saying good-by! It is easier to end it at once."

"Easier for you."

"You do not know what you are saying. You will know some day. If you can hear this, I cannot."

"Then stay, if you love me as you say you do."

"As I say I do!"

Her eyes grew very grave and sad as she stopped and looked at him again. Then she held out both her hands.

"I am going now. Good-by."

The blood came back to Orsino's face. It seemed to him that he had reached the crisis of his life, and his instinct was to struggle hard against his fate. With a quick movement he caught her in his arms, lifting her from her feet and pressing her close to him.

"You shall not go!"

He kissed her passionately again and again, while she fought to be free, straining at his arms with her small white hands and trying to turn her face from him.

"Why do you struggle? It is of no use." He spoke in very soft, deep tones, close to her ear.

She shook her head desperately, and still did her best to slip from him, though she might as well have tried to break iron clamps with her fingers.

"It is of no use," he repeated, pressing her still more closely to him.

"Let me go!" she cried, making a violent effort, as fruitless as the last.

"No!"

Then she was quite still, realizing that she had no chance with him.

"Is it manly to be brutal because you are strong?" she asked. "You hurt me."

Orsino's arms relaxed, and he let

her go. She drew a long breath, and moved a step backward and towards the door.

"Good-by," she said again. But this time she did not hold out her hand, though she looked long and fixedly into his face.

Orsino made a movement as though he would have caught her again. She started and put out her hand behind her towards the latch. But he did not touch her. She softly opened the door, looked at him once more, and went out.

When he realized that she was gone, he sprang after her, calling her by name.

"Consuelo!"

There were a few people walking in the broad passage. They stared at Orsino, but he did not heed them as he passed by. Maria Consuelo was not there, and he understood in a moment that it would be useless to seek her further. He stood still a moment, entered the reading-room again, got his hat, and left the hotel without looking behind him.

All sorts of wild ideas and schemes flashed through his brain, each more absurd and impracticable than the last. He thought of going back and finding Maria Consuelo's maid; he might bribe her to prevent her mistress's departure. He thought of offering the driver of the train an enormous sum to do some injury to his engine before reaching the first station out of Rome. He thought of stopping Maria Consuelo's carriage on her way to the train, and taking her by main force to his father's house. If she were compromised in such a way, she would be almost obliged to marry him. He afterwards wondered at the stupidity of his own inventions on that evening, but at the time nothing looked impossible.

He bethought him of Spicca. Perhaps the old man possessed some power over his daughter, after all, and could prevent her flight if he chose. There were yet nearly two hours left before

the train started. If worst came to worst, Orsino could still get to the station at the last minute and leave Rome with her.

He took a passing cab and drove to Spicca's lodgings. The count was at home, writing a letter by the light of a small lamp. He looked up in surprise as Orsino entered, then rose and offered him a chair.

"What has happened, my friend?" he asked, glancing curiously at the young man's face.

"Everything," replied Orsino. "I love Madame d'Aranjuez, she loves me, she absolutely refuses to marry me, and she is going to Paris at a quarter to ten. I know she is your daughter, and I want you to prevent her from leaving. That is all, I believe."

Spicca's cadaverous face did not change, but the hollow eyes grew bright and fixed their glance on an imaginary point at an immense distance, and the thin hand that lay on the edge of the table closed slowly upon the projecting wood. For a few moments he said nothing, but when he spoke he seemed quite calm.

"If she has told you that she is my daughter," he said, "I presume that she has told you the rest. Is that true?"

Orsino was impatient for Spicca to take some immediate action, but he understood that the count had a right to ask the question.

"She has told me that she does not know her mother's name, and that you killed her husband."

"Both these statements are perfectly true, at all events. Is that all you know?"

"All? Yes, all of importance. But there is no time to be lost. No one but you can prevent her from leaving Rome to-night. You must help me quickly."

Spicca looked gravely at Orsino and shook his head. The light that had shone in his eyes for a moment was

gone, and he was again his habitual, melancholy, indifferent self.

"I cannot stop her," he said, almost listlessly.

"But you can—you will—you must!" cried Orsino, laying a hand on the old man's thin arm. "She must not go."

"Better that she should, after all. Of what use is it for her to stay? She is quite right. You cannot marry her."

"Cannot marry her? Why not? It is not long since you told me plainly that you wished I would marry her. You have changed your mind very suddenly, it seems to me, and I should like to know why. Do you remember all you said to me?"

"Yes, and I was in earnest, as I am now. And I was wrong in telling you what I thought at the time."

"At the time! How can matters have changed so suddenly?"

"I do not say that matters have changed. I have. That is the important thing. I remember the occasion of our conversation very well. Madame d'Aranjuez had been rather abrupt with me, and you and I went away together. I forgave her easily enough, for I saw that she was unhappy. Then I thought how different her life might be if she were married to you. I also wished to convey to you a warning, and it did not strike me that you would ever seriously contemplate such a marriage."

"I think you are in a certain way responsible for the present situation," answered Orsino. "That is the reason why I come to you for help."

Spicca turned upon the young man rather suddenly.

"There you go too far," he said. "Do you mean to tell me that you have asked that lady to marry you because I suggested it?"

"No, but"—

"Then I am not responsible at all. Besides, you might have consulted me again, if you had chosen. I have not

been out of town. I sincerely wish that it were possible, — yes, that is quite another matter. But it is not. If Madame d'Aranjuez thinks it is not, from her point of view, there are a thousand reasons why I should consider it far more completely out of the question. As for preventing her from leaving Rome, I could not do that even were I willing to try."

"Then I will go with her," said Orsino angrily.

Spicca looked at him in silence for a few moments. Orsino rose to his feet and prepared to go.

"You leave me no choice," he said, as though Spicca had protested.

"Because I cannot and will not stop her? Is that any reason why you should compromise her reputation, as you propose to do?"

"It is the best of reasons. She will marry me then out of necessity."

Spicca rose, also, with more alacrity than generally characterized his movements. He stood before the empty fireplace, watching the young man narrowly.

"It is not a good reason," he said presently, in quiet tones. "You are not the man to do that sort of thing. You are too honorable."

"I do not see anything dishonorable in following the woman I love."

"That depends on the way in which you follow her. If you go quietly home to-night and write to your father that you have decided to go to Paris for a few days and will leave to-morrow, if you make your arrangements like a sensible being and go away like a sane man, I have nothing to say in the matter" —

"I presume not," interrupted Orsino, facing the old man somewhat fiercely.

"Very well. We will not quarrel yet. We will reserve that pleasure for the moment when you cease to understand me. That way of following her would be bad enough, but no one would have any right to stop you."

"No one has any right to stop me as it is."

"I beg your pardon. The present circumstances are different. In the first instance, the world would say that you were in love with Madame d'Aranjuez, and were pursuing her to press your suit, of whatever nature that might be. In the second case, the world would assert that you and she, not meaning to be married, have adopted the simple plan of going away together. That implies her consent, and you have no right to let any one infer that. I say, it is not honorable to let people think that a lady is risking her reputation for you, and perhaps sacrificing it altogether, when she is in reality trying to escape from you. Am I right, or not?"

"You are ingenious, at all events. You talk as though the whole world were to know in half an hour that I have gone to Paris in the same train with Madame d'Aranjuez. That is absurd!"

"Is it? I think not. Half an hour is little, perhaps, but half a day is enough. You are not an insignificant son of an unknown Roman citizen, nor is Madame d'Aranjuez a person who passes unnoticed. Reporters watch people like you for items of news, and you are perfectly well known by sight. Apart from that, do you think that your servants will not tell your friends' servants of your sudden departure, or that Madame d'Aranjuez's going will not be observed? You ought to know Rome better than that. I ask you again, am I right or wrong?"

"What difference will it make, if we are married immediately?"

"She will never marry you. I am convinced of that."

"How can you know? Has she spoken to you about it?"

"I am the last person to whom she would come."

"Her own father" —

"With limitations. Besides, I had

the misfortune to deprive her of the chosen companion of her life, and at a critical moment. She has not forgotten that."

"No, she has not," answered Orsino gloomily. The memory of Aranjuez was a sore point. "Why did you kill him?" he asked suddenly.

"Because he was an adventurer, a liar, and a thief, — three excellent reasons for killing any man, if one can. Moreover, he struck her once, — with that silver paper-cutter which she insists on using, — and I saw it from a distance. Then I killed him. Unluckily, I was very angry and made a little mistake, so that he lived twelve hours, and she had time to get a priest and marry him. She always pretends that he struck her in play, by accident, as he was showing her something about fencing. I was in the next room, and the door was open, — it did not look like play. And she still thinks that he was the paragon of all virtues. He was a handsome devil, — something like you, but shorter, with a bad eye. I am glad I killed him."

Spicca had looked steadily at Orsino while speaking. When he ceased, he began to walk about the small room with something of his old energy. Orsino roused himself. He had almost begun to forget his own position, in the interest of listening to the count's short story.

"So much for Aranjuez," continued Spicca. "Let us hear no more of him. As for this mad plan of yours, you are convinced, I suppose, and you will give it up. Go home, and decide in the morning. For my part, I tell you it is useless. She will not marry you. Therefore leave her alone, and do nothing that can injure her."

"I am not convinced," answered Orsino doggedly.

"Then you are not your father's son. No Saracinesca that I ever knew would do what you mean to do, would wantonly tarnish the good name of a woman,

— of a woman who loves him, too, and whose only fault is that she cannot marry him."

"That she will not."

"That she cannot."

"Do you give me your word that she cannot?"

"She is legally free to marry whom she pleases, with or without my consent."

"That is all I want to know. The rest is nothing to me."

"The rest is a great deal. I beg you to consider all I have said, and I am sure that you will, — quite sure. There are very good reasons for not telling you or any one else all the details I know in this story, — so good that I would rather go to the length of a quarrel with you than give them all. I am an old man, Orsino, and what is left of life does not mean much to me. I will sacrifice it to prevent your opening this door, unless you tell me that you give up the idea of leaving Rome to-night."

As he spoke he placed himself before the closed door and faced the young man. He was old, emaciated, physically broken down, and his hands were empty. Orsino was in his first youth, tall, lean, active, and very strong, and no coward. He was, moreover, in an ugly humor, and inclined to be violent on much smaller provocation than he had received. But Spicca imposed upon him, nevertheless, for he saw that he was in earnest. Orsino was never afterwards able to recall exactly what passed through his mind at that moment. He was physically able to thrust Spicca aside and to open the door without so much as hurting him. He did not believe that, even in that case, the old man would have insisted upon the satisfaction of arms; nor would he have been afraid to meet him if a duel had been required. He knew that what withheld him from an act of violence was neither fear nor respect for his adversary's weakness and age. Yet

he was quite unable to define the influence which at last broke down his resolution. It was in all probability only the resultant of the argument Spicca had brought to bear, and which Maria Consuelo had herself used in the first instance, and of Spicca's calm, undaunted personality.

The crisis did not last long. The two men faced each other for ten seconds, and then Orsino turned away with an impatient movement of the shoulders.

"Very well," he said. "I will not go with her."

"It is best so," answered Spicca, leaving the door and returning to his seat.

"I suppose that she will let you know where she is, will she not?" asked Orsino.

"Yes. She will write to me."

"Good-night, then."

"Good-night."

Without shaking hands, and almost without a glance at the old man, Orsino left the room.

XXIV.

Orsino walked slowly homeward, trying to collect his thoughts and to reach some distinct determination with regard to the future. He was oppressed by the sense of failure and disappointment, and felt inclined to despise himself for his weakness in yielding so easily. To all intents and purposes he had lost Maria Consuelo; and if he had not lost her through his own fault, he had at least tamely abandoned what had seemed like a last chance of winning her back. As he thought of all that had happened, he tried to fix some point in the past at which he might have acted differently, and from which another act of consequence might have begun. But that was not easy. Events had followed one another with a certain inevitable logic, which looked unreasonable only because he suspected

the existence of facts beyond his certain knowledge. His great mistake had been in going to Spicca; but nothing could have been more natural, under the circumstances, than his appeal to Maria Consuelo's father, nothing more unexpected than the latter's determined refusal to help him. That there was weight in the argument used by both Spicca and Maria Consuelo herself he could not deny; but he failed to see why the marriage was so utterly impossible as they both declared it to be. There must be much more behind the visible circumstances than he could guess.

He tried to comfort himself with the assurance that he could leave Rome on the following day, and that Spicca would not refuse to give him Maria Consuelo's address in Paris. But the consolation he derived from the idea was small. He found himself wondering at the recklessness shown by the woman he loved in escaping from him. His practical Italian mind could hardly understand how she could have changed all her plans in a moment; abandoning her half-furnished apartment without a word of notice even to the workmen; throwing over her intention of spending the winter in Rome as though she had not already spent many thousands in preparing her dwelling; and going away, probably, without as much as leaving a representative to wind up her accounts. It may seem strange that a man as much in love as Orsino was should think of such details at such a moment. Perhaps he looked upon them rather as proofs that she meant to come back, after all; in any case, he thought of them seriously, and even calculated roughly the sum she would be sacrificing if she stayed away.

Beyond all he felt the dismal loneliness which a man can feel only when he is suddenly and effectually parted from the woman he dearly loves, and which is not like any other sensation of which the human heart is capable.

More than once, up to the last possible moment, he was tempted to drive to the station and leave with Maria Consuelo, after all; but he would not break the promise he had given Spicca, no matter how weak he had been in giving it.

On reaching his home he was informed, to his great surprise, that San Giacinto was waiting to see him. He could not remember that his cousin had ever before honored him with a visit, and he wondered what could have brought him now, and induced him to wait, just at the hour when most people were at dinner.

The giant was reading the evening paper, with the help of a particularly strong cigar.

"I am glad you have come home," he said, rising and taking the young man's outstretched hand. "I should have waited until you did."

"Has anything happened?" asked Orsino nervously. It struck him that San Giacinto might be the bearer of some bad news about his people, and the grave expression on the strongly marked face helped the idea.

"A great deal is happening. The crash has begun. You must get out of your business in less than three days, if you can."

Orsino drew a breath of relief at first, and then grew grave in his turn; realizing that unless matters were very serious such a man as San Giacinto would not put himself to the inconvenience of coming. San Giacinto was little given to offering advice unasked, still less to interfering in the affairs of others.

"I understand," said Orsino. "You think that everything is going to pieces. I see."

The big man looked at his young cousin with something like pity.

"If I only suspected, or thought, as you put it, that there was to be a collapse of business, I should not have taken the trouble to warn you. The crash

has actually begun. If you can save yourself, do so at once."

"I think I can," answered the young man bravely. But he did not at all see how his salvation was to be accomplished. "Can you tell me a little more definitely what is the matter? Have there been any more failures to-day?"

"My brother-in-law, Montevarchi, is on the point of stopping payment," said San Giacinto calmly.

"Montevarchi!"

Orsino did not conceal his astonishment.

"Yes. Do not speak of it. And he is in precisely the same position, so far as I can judge of your affairs, as you yourself, though of course he has dealt with sums ten times as great. He will make enormous sacrifices, and will pay, I suppose, after all. But he will be quite ruined. He also has worked with Del Ferice's bank."

"And the bank refuses to discount any more of his paper?"

"Precisely. Since this afternoon."

"Then it will refuse to discount mine to-morrow."

"Have you acceptances due to-morrow?"

"Yes; not much, but enough to make the trouble. It will be Saturday, too, and we must have money for the workmen."

"Have you not even enough in reserve for that?"

"Perhaps. I cannot tell. Besides, if the bank refuses to renew, I cannot draw a check."

"I am sorry for you. If I had known yesterday how near the end was, I should have warned you."

"Thanks. I am grateful as it is. Can you give me any advice?"

Orsino had a vague idea that his rich cousin would generously propose to help him out of his difficulties. He was not quite sure whether he could bring himself to accept such assistance, but he more than half expected that it

would be offered. In this, however, he was completely mistaken. San Giacinto had not the smallest intention of offering anything more substantial than his opinion. Considering that his wife's brother's liabilities amounted to something like five and twenty millions, this was not surprising. The giant bit his cigar and folded his long arms over his enormous chest, leaning back in the easy-chair, which creaked under his weight.

"You have tried yourself in business by this time, Orsino," he said, "and you know as well as I what there is to be done. You have three modes of action open to you. You can fail. It is a simple affair enough. The bank will take your buildings for what they will be worth a few months hence, on the day of liquidation. There will be a big deficit, which your father will pay for you, and deduct from your share of the division at his death. That is one plan, and seems to me the best. It is perfectly honorable, and you lose by it. Secondly, you can go to your father to-morrow and ask him to lend you money to meet your acceptances and to continue the work until the houses are finished and can be sold. They will ultimately go for a quarter of their value, if you can sell them at all within the year, and you will be in your father's debt, exactly as in the other case. You would avoid the publicity of a failure, but it would cost you more, because the houses will not be worth much more when they are finished than they are now."

"And the third plan, — what is it?" inquired Orsino.

"The third way is this. You can go to Del Ferice, and if you are a diplomatist you may persuade him that it is in his interest not to let you fail. I do not think you will succeed, but you can try. If he agrees, it will be because he counts on your father to pay in the end; but it is questionable whether Del Ferice's bank can afford

to let out any more cash at the present moment. Money is going to be very tight, as they say."

Orsino smoked in silence, pondering over the situation. San Giacinto rose.

"You are warned, at all events," he said. "You will find a great change for the worse in the general aspect of things to-morrow."

"I am much obliged for the warning," answered Orsino. "I suppose I can always find you, if I need your advice, — and you will advise me?"

"You are welcome to my advice, such as it is, my dear boy. But as for me, I am going towards Naples to-night on business, and I may not be back again for a day or two. If you get into serious trouble before I am here again, you should go to your father at once. He knows nothing of business, and has been sensible enough to keep out of it. The consequence is that he is as rich as ever, and he would sacrifice a great deal rather than see your name dragged into the publicity of a failure. Good-night, and good luck to you."

Thereupon the Titan shook Orsino's hand in his mighty grip and went away. As a matter of fact he was going down to look over one of Montevarchi's biggest estates with a view to buying it in the coming cataclysm, but it would not have been like him to communicate the smallest of his intentions to Orsino or to any one, not excepting his wife and his lawyer.

Orsino was left to his own devices and meditations. A servant came in and inquired whether he wished to dine at home, and he ordered strong coffee by way of a meal. He was at the age when a man expects to find a way out of his difficulties in an artificial excitement of the nerves.

Indeed, he had enough to disturb him, for it seemed as though all possible misfortunes had fallen upon him at once. He had suffered on the same day the greatest shock to his heart

and the greatest blow to his vanity which he could conceive possible. Maria Consuelo was gone, and the failure of his business was apparently inevitable. When he tried to review the three plans which San Giacinto had suggested, he found himself suddenly thinking of the woman he loved, and making schemes for following her; but so soon as he had transported himself in imagination to her side and was beginning to hope that he might win her back, he was torn away and plunged again into the whirlpool of business at home, struggling with unheard-of difficulties, and sinking deeper at every stroke.

A hundred times he rose from his chair and paced the floor impatiently, and a hundred times he threw himself down again, overcome by the hopelessness of the situation. Occasionally he found a little comfort in the reflection that the night could not last forever. When the day came, he would be driven to act in one way or another, and he would be obliged to consult his partner, Contini. Then at last his mind would be able to follow one connected train of thought for a time, and he would get rest of some kind.

Little by little, however, and long before the day dawned, the dominating influence asserted itself above the secondary one, and he was thinking only of Maria Consuelo. Throughout all that night she was traveling, as she would perhaps travel throughout all the next day and the night succeeding that. For she was strong, and, having once determined upon the journey, would very probably go to the end of it without stopping to rest. He wondered whether she too were waking through all those long hours, thinking of what she had left behind, or whether she had closed her eyes and found the peace of sleep, for which he longed in vain. He thought of her face softly lighted by the dim lamp of the railway carriage, and fancied he could actually see it, with the delicate shadows, the

subdued richness of color, the settled look of sadness. When the picture grew dim, he recalled it by a strong effort, though he knew that each time it rose before his eyes he must feel the same sharp thrust of pain, followed by the same dull wave of hopeless misery which had ebbed and flowed again so many times since he had parted from her.

At last he roused himself, looked about him as though he were in a strange place, lighted a candle, and betook himself to his own quarters. It was very late, and he was more tired than he knew; for, in spite of all his troubles, he fell asleep, and did not awake till the sun was streaming into the room.

Some one knocked at the door, and a servant announced that Signor Contini was waiting to see Don Orsino. The man's face expressed a sort of servile surprise when he saw that Orsino had not undressed for the night, and had been sleeping on the divan. He began to busy himself with the toilet things, as though expecting Orsino to take some thought for his appearance. But the latter was anxious to see Contini at once, and sent for him.

The architect was evidently very much disturbed. He was as pale as though he had just recovered from a long illness, and he seemed to have grown suddenly emaciated during the night. He spoke in a low, excited tone.

In substance he told Orsino what San Giacinto had said on the previous evening. Things looked very black indeed, and Del Ferice's bank had refused to discount any more of Prince Montevarchi's paper.

"And we must have money to-day," Contini concluded.

When he had finished speaking, his excitement disappeared, and he relapsed into the utmost dejection. Orsino remained silent for some time, and then lit a cigarette.

"You need not be so down-hearted, Contini," he said at last. "I shall not

have any difficulty in getting money; you know that. What I feel most is the moral failure."

"What is the moral failure to me?" asked Contini gloomily. "It is all very well to talk of getting money. The bank will shut its tills like a steel trap; and to-day is Saturday, and there are the workmen and others to be paid, and several bills due into the bargain. Of course your family can give you millions, in time. But we need cash to-day. That is the trouble."

"I suppose the state telegraph is not destroyed because Prince Montevarchi cannot meet his acceptances," observed Orsino. "And I imagine that our steward here in the house has enough cash for our needs, and will not hesitate to hand it to me if he receives a telegram from my father ordering him to do so. Whether he has enough to take up the bills or not I do not know; but as to-day is Saturday, we have all day to-morrow to make arrangements. I could even go out to Saracinesca and be back on Monday morning when the bank opens."

"You seem to take a hopeful view."

"I have not the least hope of saving the business; but the question of ready money does not of itself disturb me."

This was undoubtedly true, but it was also undeniable that Orsino now looked upon the prospect of failure with more equanimity than on the previous evening. On the other hand, he felt even more keenly than before all the pain of his sudden separation from Maria Consuelo. When a man is assailed by several misfortunes at once, twenty-four hours are generally enough to sift the small from the great, and to show him plainly which is the greatest of all.

"What shall we do this morning?" inquired Contini.

"You ask the question as though you were going to propose a picnic," answered Orsino. "I do not see why this morning need be so different from other mornings."

"We must stop the work instantly" —

"Why? At all events, we will change nothing until we find out the real state of business. The first thing to be done is to go to the bank as usual on Saturdays. We shall then know exactly what to do."

Contini shook his head gloomily, and went away to wait in another room while Orsino dressed. An hour later they were at the bank. Contini grew paler than ever. The head clerk would of course inform them that no more bills would be discounted, and that they must meet those already out when they fell due. He would also tell them that the credit balance of their account current would not be at their disposal until their acceptances were met. Orsino would probably at last believe that the situation was serious, though he now looked so supremely and scornfully indifferent to events.

They waited some time. Several men were engaged in earnest conversation, and their faces told plainly enough that they were in trouble. The head clerk was standing with them, and made a sign to Orsino signifying that they would soon go. Orsino watched him. From time to time he shook his head and made gestures which indicated his utter inability to do anything for them. Contini's courage sank lower and lower.

"I will ask for Del Ferice at once," said Orsino. He accordingly sought out one of the men who wore the bank's livery, and told him to take his card to the count.

"The Signor Commendatore is not coming this morning," replied the man mysteriously.

Orsino went back to the head clerk, interrupting his conversation with the others. He inquired if it were true that Del Ferice was not coming.

"It is not probable," answered the clerk, with a grave face. "They say that the Signora Contessa is not likely to live through the day."

"Is Donna Tullia ill?" asked Orsino, in considerable astonishment.

"She returned from Naples yesterday morning, and was taken ill in the afternoon. It is said to be apoplexy," he added in a low voice. "If you will have patience, Signor Principe, I will be at your disposal in five minutes."

Orsino was obliged to be satisfied, and sat down again by Contini. He told him the news of Del Ferice's wife.

"That will make matters worse," said Contini.

"It will not improve them," answered Orsino indifferently. "Considering the state of affairs, I should like to see Del Ferice before speaking with any of the others."

"Those men are all involved with Prince Montevarchi," observed Contini, watching the group of which the head clerk was the central figure. "You can see by their faces what they think of the business. The short, gray-haired man is the steward. The big man is the architect. The others are contractors. They say it is not less than thirty millions."

Orsino said nothing. He was thinking of Maria Consuelo, and wishing that he could get away from Rome that night, while admitting that there was no possibility of such a thing. Meanwhile, the head clerk's gestures to his interlocutors expressed more and more helplessness. At last they went out in a body.

"And now I am at your service, Signor Principe," said the grave man of business, coming up to Orsino and Contini. "The usual accommodation, I suppose? We will just look over the bills and make out the new ones. It will not take ten minutes. The usual cash, I suppose, Signor Principe? Yes, to-day is Saturday, and you have your men to pay. Quite as usual, quite as usual. Will you come into my office?"

Orsino looked at Contini, and Contini looked at Orsino, grasping the back of a chair to steady himself.

"Then there is no difficulty about discounting?" stammered Contini, turning his face, now suddenly flushed, towards the clerk.

"None whatever," said the latter, with an air of real or affected surprise. "I have received the usual instructions to let Andrea Contini and Company have all the money they need."

He turned and led the way to his private office. Contini walked unsteadily. Orsino showed no astonishment, but his black eyes grew a little brighter than usual as he anticipated his next interview with San Giacinto. He readily attributed his good fortune to the supposed well-known prosperity of the firm, and he rose in his own estimation. He quite forgot that Contini, who had now lost his head, had but yesterday clearly foreseen the future, when he had said that Del Ferice would not let the two partners fail until they had fitted the last door and the last window in the last of their houses. The conclusion had struck him as just at the time. Contini was the first to recall it.

"It will turn out as I said," he began, when they were driving to their office in a cab, after leaving the bank. "He will let us live until we are worth eating."

"We will arrange matters on a firmer basis before that," answered Orsino confidently. "Poor old Donna Tullia! Who would have thought that she could die! I will stop and ask for news as we pass."

He stopped the cab before the gilded gate of the detached house. Glancing up, he saw that the shutters were closed. The porter came to the bars, but did not show any intention of opening.

"The Signora Contessa is dead," he said solemnly, in answer to Orsino's inquiry.

"This morning?"

"Two hours ago."

Orsino's face grew grave as he left his card of condolence and turned away.

He could hardly have named a person more indifferent to him than poor Donna Tullia, but he could not help feeling an odd regret at the thought that she was gone at last, with all her noisy vanity, her restless meddlesomeness, and her perpetual chatter. She had not been old, either, though he called her so, and there had seemed to be still a superabundance of life in her. There had been yet many years of rattling, useless, social life before her. To-morrow she would have taken her last drive through Rome, — out through the gate of St. Lawrence to the Campo Varano, there to wait many years, perhaps, for the pale and half sickly Ugo, of whom every one had said for years that he could not live through another twelve-month with the disease of the heart which threatened him. Of late, people had even begun to joke about Donna Tullia's third husband. Poor Donna Tullia!

Orsino went to his office with Contini, and forced himself through the usual round of work. Occasionally he was assailed by a mad desire to leave Rome at once; but he opposed it, and would not yield. Though his affairs had gone well beyond his expectation, the present crisis made it impossible to abandon his business, unless he could get rid of it altogether. And this he seriously contemplated. He knew, however, or thought he knew, that Contini would be ruined without him. His own name was the one which gave the paper its value and decided Del Ferice to continue the advances of money. The time was past when Contini would gladly have accepted his partner's share of the undertaking, and would even have tried to raise funds to purchase it. To retire now would be possible only if he could provide for the final liquidation of the whole, and this he could do only by applying to his father or mother; in other words, by acknowledging himself completely beaten in his struggle for independence.

The day ended at last, and was succeeded by the idleness of Sunday. A sort of listless indifference came over Orsino, — the reaction, no doubt, after all the excitement through which he had passed. It seemed to him that Maria Consuelo had never loved him, and that it was better, after all, that she should be gone. He longed for the old days, indeed, but, as she now appeared to him in his meditations, he did not wish her back. He had no desire to renew the uncertain struggle for a love which she denied in the end; and this mood showed, no doubt, that his own passion was less violent than he had himself believed. When a man loves with his whole nature, undividedly, he is not apt to submit to separations without making a strong effort to reunite himself, by force, persuasion, or stratagem, with the woman who is trying to escape from him. Orsino was conscious of having at first felt the inclination to make such an attempt even more strongly than he had shown it, but he was conscious also that the interval of two days had been enough to reduce the wish to follow Maria Consuelo in such a way that he could hardly understand having ever entertained it.

Unsatisfied passion wears itself out very soon. The higher part of love may, and often does, survive in such cases, and the passionate impulses may surge up after long quiescence as fierce and dangerous as ever. But it is rarely, indeed, that two unsatisfied lovers who have parted by the will of one or of both can meet again without the consciousness that the experimental separation has chilled feelings once familiar, and destroyed illusions once more than dear. In older times, perhaps, men and women loved differently. There was more solitude in those days than now, for what is called society was not invented, and people generally were more inclined to sadness from living much alone. Melancholy is a great strengthener of faithfulness in love.

Moreover, at that time the modern fight for life had not begun; men, as a rule, had few interests besides love and war, and women no interests at all beyond love. We moderns should go mad if we were suddenly forced to lead the lives led by knights and ladies in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The monotonous round of such an existence in time of peace would make idiots of us; the horrors of that old warfare would make many of us maniacs. But it is possible that youths and maidens would love more faithfully and wait longer for each other than they will or can to-day. It is questionable whether Bayard would have understood a single page of a modern love-story, Tancréd would certainly not have done so; but Cæsar would have comprehended our lives and our interests without effort, and Catullus could have described us as we are, for one great civilization is very like another where the same races are concerned.

In the days which followed Maria Consuelo's departure, Orsino came to a state of indifference which surprised himself. He remembered that when she had gone away in the spring he had scarcely missed her, and that he had not thought his own coldness strange, since he was sure that he had not loved her then. But that he had loved her now, during her last stay in Rome, he was sure, and he would have despised himself if he had not been able to believe that he loved her still. Yet, if he was not glad that she had quitted him, he was at least strangely satisfied at being left alone, and the old fancy for analysis made him try to understand himself. The attempt was fruitless, of course, but it occupied his thoughts.

He met Spicca in the street, and avoided him. He imagined that the old man must despise him for not having resisted and followed Maria Consuelo, after all. The hypothesis was absurd and the conclusion vain, but he could not escape the idea, and it an-

noyed him. He was probably ashamed of not having acted recklessly, as a man should who is dominated by a master passion, and yet he was inwardly glad that he had not been allowed to yield to the first impulse.

The days succeeded each other and a week passed away, bringing Saturday again and the necessity for a visit to the bank. Business had been in a very bad state since it had been known that Montevarchi was ruined. So far he had not stopped payment, and, although the bank refused discount, he had managed to find money with which to meet his engagements. Probably, as San Giacinto had foretold, he would pay everything and remain a very poor man indeed. But, although many persons knew this, confidence was not restored. Del Ferice declared that he believed Montevarchi solvent, as he believed every one with whom his bank dealt to be solvent to the uttermost centime, but that he could lend no more money to any one on any condition whatsoever, because neither he nor the bank had any to lend. Every one, he said, had behaved honestly, and he proposed to eclipse the honesty of every one by the frank acknowledgment of his own lack of cash. He was distressed, overcome by the sufferings of his friends and clients, ready to sell his house, his jewelry, and his very boots, in the Roman phrase, to accommodate every one; but he was conscious that the demand far exceeded any supply which he could furnish, no matter at what personal sacrifice, and, as it was therefore impossible to help everybody, it would be unjust to help a few where all were equally deserving.

In the mean while he proved the will of his deceased wife, leaving him about four and a half million francs unconditionally, and half a million in addition to be devoted to some public charity at Ugo's discretion, for the repose of Donna Tullia's unquiet spirit. It is needless to say that the sorrowing hus-

band determined to spend the legacy magnificently in the improvement of the town represented by him in parliament. A part of the improvement would consist of a statue of Del Ferice himself, — representing him, perhaps, as he had escaped from Rome, in the garb of a Capuchin friar, but with the addition of an army revolver to show that he had fought for Italian unity, though when or where no man could tell. But it is worth noting that while he protested his total inability to discount any one's bills, Andrea Contini

and Company regularly renewed their acceptances when due, and signed new ones for any amount of cash they required. The accommodation was accompanied with a request that it should not be mentioned. Orsino took the money indifferently enough, conscious that he had three fortunes at his back in case of trouble; but Contini grew more nervous as time went on and the sums on paper increased in magnitude, while the chances of disposing of the buildings seemed reduced to nothing, in the stagnation which had already set in.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

THE history of the several experiments made in the separate collegiate education of women in America is but a single phase of the general history of the development of women in our time. As in the general, so in the specific, the clue to the philosophy of the movement lies in the recognition of individualism. There is nothing novel in the application of this principle to education. It has slowly been asserting itself in the methods at work among children and men, so that the reduction of the number of pupils to one teacher in primary schools and the development of the elective system in colleges have gone along together. But the absence of tradition and the sense of the demands of the womanly nature have greatly quickened the process by which individualistic treatment has come to be the keynote of progress in colleges for women.

This is clear as regards discipline and social considerations. The first experiments were somewhat monastic. The preference was for a location removed from the busy haunts of men. The aim was, to some extent at least, to organize a form of activity that should be neither

in the world nor of it. Strict rules and a good many of them governed the intercourse of the students among themselves and with the outside world. A more than maternal solicitude hovered about them when they were learning their lessons, and accompanied them in their shopping excursions. At this stage the results were not altogether what was expected. Instead of being grateful, the girls were mutinous. They did not appreciate the efforts made in their behalf, and, instead of profiting by the exclusively refining influences under which they were living, some of them manifested curious and disturbing symptoms. It was then discovered that a discipline separate from that of men was not sufficient. There were evils resulting from a large number of women living together. These evils were physical as well as mental, and required constant vigilance if one would guard against them. Members of the community suffered from a certain feeling of tension that became well known in its effects of excitement or depression.

The method of meeting these difficulties came more and more to be that of breaking up the crowd into as small

groups as possible, and making each member of the smallest feel her individual responsibility to definite persons at definite times and places. So for a time rules were on the increase in the interest of a strictly family discipline. It may seem an astonishing thing that young women doing justice to Tacitus, logic, and conic sections should be asked to report weekly for attendance on chapel, exercise, and baths; but it is still more astonishing that in refined associations and surroundings they should have needed to. Gradually it became evident that if this anomalous state of things were ever to be done away, it must be by throwing out of consideration as far as possible the crowd, treating it as if it did not exist, and dealing with the single student. The cottage system of later colleges improved upon the material conditions of the older ones, with their cavernous buildings, associating lecture halls and students' rooms. The habit of solemnly presenting the sub-freshman with a student's manual, or of compelling her to make her first recitation on the rules and regulations of the institution, came more and more into disrepute, and some of the women's colleges are now saying in effect to the new student who asks, "How am I to learn the rules?" "By breaking them." This, of course, on the ground that her relation to the government is close, that intercourse between her and it is direct, and that she is constantly under formative influences that will make her intelligent about the principles underlying the rules rather than their wording.

Another aspect of this early culture came under investigation on account of what seemed its questionable results. The withdrawal of the college from the world was not entirely satisfactory. Three forms of evil were alleged: First, some students came out wedded to the routine, full of admiration for the life they had enjoyed for four years, ambitious to do something that could be

checked off on a schedule, and too nice for the people about them. Second, some students of evident ability failed to be stimulated by the college life, complained of its monotony, and grew nervous and hysterical in the long terms. Third, some students neither admired nor complained, but showed abnormal excitement whenever the college routine was broken in upon. Mild social distractions were seized upon with a fury indicative, to the shocked observer, of starvation. The difficulty on the part of the faculty in providing a satisfactory social diet under so restricted conditions emphasizes the importance of having women's colleges at least on the edge of things. The advantages of learned seclusion gave way before those of being near the market-places. It was pointed out that it was better that girls should be homesick for home than for college; that they had been sent there to be prepared for life, not heaven; and that their attitude toward society ought not to be characterized by skittishness. So the task of bringing society within college gates, at desirable intervals and in suitable quantities, being attended with difficulty, the governments of some colleges determined not to attempt it. They tried to place their colleges where the student could readily make part of the general town or city life. They provided no college church, but expected attendance on those of the town or village. Under such circumstances, the student's life became much what she chose to make it, within certain broad limits laid down by the college discipline. In Northampton, where Smith College is placed, students of the college may take part in bazaars, tableaux, and plays for churches and city charities. They may do regular work in the Home Culture Clubs, or under the inspiration of the King's Daughters Society; sing to old women, or cook soup in the homes of disabled washerwomen. They may share the hospitality of citizens in North-

ampton, in Holyoke, in Springfield, and in Amherst. They may see Edwin Booth play, or they may watch the struggle between Yale and Harvard at football. They may go to prize exhibitions and Junior Promenades at the neighboring colleges; nor are they without society life of their own, with literary, dramatic, and charitable development. Wellesley College exercises a most abounding hospitality. Famous people from all over the world are entertained there, and add stimulus and interest to its culture. All students of Vassar College know what distinct interest was added to the daily routine by the visits of Maria Mitchell's friends, by recurring tours of inspection of curious Englishmen, by the official visits of governors and their staffs.

From another point of view, it may be said that this early discipline suffered from variety. When five young women shared three bedrooms and one study parlor of small size, or three occupied one large room serving for study and sleeping-room, the danger was, not that life would have too little variety, but that it would have too much. To meet this difficulty, as well as for other reasons, doubtless, study hours were appointed and enforced, besides a short period, night and morning, when each student was assigned to some room where she was to be entirely alone. Year by year it became plainer that an hour, more or less, of enforced solitude was not compensation for enforced society the rest of the day, and in Vassar single rooms are now the rule. Each college built since Vassar has gone further in this matter, the circular of the Woman's College in Cleveland promising a set of three rooms to two students.

This gradual but not slow development has shown clearly that whether or not men can be successfully educated in the mass, women cannot, no matter how carefully the mass is apprehended as feminine. One lesson has been clearly taught by the common experience growing out of

the varied aims of the women's colleges: success varies with the recognition of the student's individuality. The rest is a matter of comparative indifference. With this assured, the avowed aim may be to make learned missionaries, cultured ladies, or scholarly women, and the result will not so much vary. Indeed, it will not be at all easy to tell the college-bred woman from any other good woman, by simple inspection. It is safe to predict this for the future, because it has been so in the past, notwithstanding the fact that principles have slowly embodied themselves, or have been stumbled upon, or have been taken refuge in, instead of being matters of definite calculation and foresight. On the social side, then, the college for women may claim that it has not unsexed its students, ruined their health, or made them queer. Here, too, it must admit that its methods have been increasingly individual, even at the cost of a reasonably constant proportion of its government lying awake nights, in fear lest the four hundred should all err in the mass, though persuaded to wisdom only one by one. Doubtless much remains still to be done, but the trend of affairs is clear enough to merit the name of development.

In the intellectual life of the woman's college individualism from the outset is equally evident. An avowed principle of action it certainly was not. On the contrary, the pioneers in the work were much more concerned to find a safe middle course between their own ideals and the supposed prejudices of the public than to embody a pedagogic reform. As a matter of fact, the practical compromises were, from another point of view, educational reforms. On the ground that Greek was possibly too severe for any but the exceptional woman to study, the exceptional and average woman alike were allowed to substitute a modern language for it. Considering that it is the mission of woman to be beautiful, every student was allowed to devote a

certain proportion of her time to the practical study of art. So the student of the representative college for women found herself almost at the outset possessed of opportunities for the cultivation of individual tastes afforded only by the most advanced of the colleges for men. In the belief that girls are almost stupidly conscientious, some police work was intermitted, some of it given up altogether. "Exactly," is the comment, "the standard of scholarship and discipline was lowered both in quantity and quality as compared with that of men, and because of the intrinsic lack of ability in women." For the moment, let this be admitted. Let women, like the sailors in Sindbad's immortal fifth voyage, make the most of their cocoanuts. Practically, the colleges for women have already done so, for with these insults they have pocketed good round sums in tuition fees. They are a mercantile success. They stand well with the public, and have longer class rolls than they ever expected. It is an edifying fact, too, that every one of them is doing more serious work and more of it than it hoped for in the beginning. Comparison of the catalogues of early years with those of the present courses will show differences in numbers and in the ground covered amounting to little less than transformation. With every decade the work has become more efficient and more extensive. This is due partly to the fact that women are no longer taught in the spirit of Keats on first looking into Chapman's Homer. There is little wild surmise about their discipline at present. Most of those who have to do with them have given up feeling as if they were perpetually on the brink of discovery, and have contented themselves with treating women provisionally, as a good working hypothesis. Indeed, ever since those few months of breathless tension when it was a question whether the experiment would work at all, the woman's college has been less hampered

and embarrassed in its development than might have been looked for. The general public and its immediate patrons have been less exacting as well as less prejudiced than was feared. Newspaper wit has sometimes been provoking, but it has not kept away students nor interfered with the development of the elective system. In the early days and ever since, Dr. Raymond's wisdom in associating a preparatory course with Vassar has been seriously questioned. Whatever the final judgment on this subject may be, it must be admitted that there was some general advantage in securing a chance to show what sort of preparation could be assured under favorable circumstances. Besides this, the college virtually controlled the bulk of its preparation for a series of years, and so was able to modify its course of study without fear of objection on the score of disturbance in the preparation. Other colleges were able to profit by Vassar's example. By one means or another they have all now managed to secure what are practically their own terms. Whether it has been the whim of the public to indulge them, or whether they have not been thought worthy of opposition, becomes almost indifferent, in view of the fact that this freedom from interference has enabled them to experiment in peace, and to make their reforms, for the most part, by a stroke of the pen. So the preparation department at Vassar went; so also its time-honored scheme of three studies five days in the week, for half the year; in such quiet the literary and scientific courses at Smith were ushered in; with so little outcry have some of the salient features of Bryn Mawr been incorporated.

In the woman's college, from the first, there has been neither orthodox nor heterodox, but each has done what seemed good in its own eyes. Variety of aim and result has been the natural outcome. A woman's college may be officered by women, or by men and women; or it

may have its resident officers women, and depend for instruction in some studies upon non-resident men. This variety is impressive to a superficial observer; it confuses the careful student at a certain stage of his investigations. He can hardly believe that the phenomenon he examines has any fixed form or any stable character. What is the college spirit? where is the true collegiate discipline? he asks. Is it to be found in the group system of Bryn Mawr, in the three courses of Smith, the two of Wellesley, the degree without Greek of Vassar, or the conventional Latin, Greek, and mathematics for half the course, with practically free choice for the rest? In any, in all, in proportion as they keep themselves healthfully tentative and meet individual needs; not the needs of self-occupied, self-deceived, self-satisfied human atoms, but the needs of the individual as determined by an enlightened psychology.

The college for women must solve the problem of education at first hand. To that end, it must cut loose from the traditions of men, not because they are men's, nor indeed because they are traditions, but because the best men have no saving faith in them. It would require a good deal of intellectual boldness, at the present day, to assert that the superlative in education, represented by our leading colleges for men, is even remotely suggestive of anything absolute. Why insist upon sharing the wreck of educational dogma? Why insist upon ranking as "advantages" the under-inspiration of our under-influenced, over-marked, and over-examined young men? In its almost total exemption from the practical embarrassments of tradition and superstition, the work in a woman's college offers an ideal field for experiment. Here alone, perhaps, exist the conditions for the most thorough-going cultivation of the teacher, for the speediest extermination of the martinet. There is little to hope from the woman's college in the

direction of restoring a fixed meaning to the Bachelor's degree. Instead of trying to establish some one of its various forms and stages as permanent, its aim will be more and more to make the discipline perfectly elastic, while of equal efficiency, at any point of application. The leading colleges for women have never been orthodox on this point. Vassar gives its degree without Greek; Smith offers three degrees, — in arts, in science, and in letters; Bryn Mawr adopts the group system; and Wellesley offers two courses. In view of the considerations pressing upon the governments of colleges for men, it will not seem strange that the less embarrassed position of the faculties in women's colleges has enabled them from the outset to take more liberal views of the length of the college course, the value of strict class division, the importance of routine. But the college for women will have to go further. What has been to some extent matter of chance, often of regret, will have to become matter of principle. The ideal of a liberal education as comprising certain things that everybody must know must be definitely abandoned. In like manner, the conception of certain studies as characteristically ornamental must be relegated to mythology. The present decade has proved, if proof were needed, that the most serious branches are capable of being worked up into a varnish as idea-proof as if they were ornamental. The number of things that every well-educated person ought to know must still undergo indefinite attenuation. Pack the course as close as the division of labor and the coöperation and subordination of departments will permit, but stop there: the student's mind is a republic of powers, not a receiving vault.

Among what Mr. Venn would call "the interesting results" given to the world in Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's Educational Review is the generalization that women are prone to minute requirements in teaching, that their discipline

tends to punctilio. If this be unqualifiedly true, the education of more women would increase the evils we suffer from. But it must be remembered that the bulk of these teachers are not graduates of women's colleges, but of normal schools, academies, and seminaries. The desire of the self-educated teacher, or of one from some other of these organizations, to prove herself every bit as good as a college-bred woman often leads, as is well known, to an emphasis of routine supposed to be peculiarly collegiate. From a certain medical college for women comes the testimony of a woman's-college graduate, and a candidate for honors in the medical school, that the teachers who bind burdens too heavy to be borne, and who impose for the sake of imposition, are the women who do not hold diplomas from a woman's college. She herself says, with admirable self-respect, that her woman's-college training enables her to meet their requirements, but her woman's-college conscience protests all the time that it is a sin. She would prefer to take a larger proportion of her honors in something besides dead strain. The character of the women's colleges in this respect has been marked by a steady growth. In the early days of Vassar, the close of the semester was the signal for reviews, written examinations, and oral examinations with visitors. The visitors went first, then the oral examinations. The present usage bears hardly an analogical resemblance to the old one. It is dreadful only to the froward.

The woman's college is in danger from its own success. Its growth has been unprecedented and unexpected; to a certain extent inexplicable. Among those who have been attracted is the social being. She would naturally find her proper place in the fashionable finishing school, it might be thought. But she chooses college, as likewise does her prototype, the business man. They are alike in many points. Both are admir-

ably competent and limited. Because they are competent they succeed in passing examinations for entrance to college, and term examinations afterwards; because they are limited the examinations are necessary; and because they worship their limitations they are a menace to scholarship. Nevertheless they have rights, and rights in the college, and a clear discrimination of these rights is due them. At present the entire relation is ill adjusted. The social being is perfectly certain of her ultimate aims, but is quite at sea as regards those of scholars. She does not appreciate the fact that her seventy-five per cent ambitions are eternally different from intellectual aspiration,—in short, that she is a drag; nor indeed has the college appreciated this until a comparatively recent date. It is becoming daily more evident that some adjustment is necessary to secure their rights to the two contrasted types of student. The distinction between required and elective work afforded the college adequate protection for a considerable time. But now the better preparation and the desire to have what anybody else enjoys combine to make the average student inconveniently experimental. The result reverses St. Paul's dilemma. The weakness is not of the flesh, but of the spirit. The free growth of the scholar is obstructed, she hardly knows why. The mediocre performance of the society girl does not give satisfaction, but she firmly declares the injustice of finding fault with her. By honor divisions, by group systems, or by a compact course of essentials, the needs of one of these classes would be met, and free scope left for the other. The whole course must not be subject to the friction from which it suffers at present. Then, again, the college for women has not made the most of its almost autocratic power. It is doubtful whether any other educational movement has had such generous and unquestioning support. In spite of all

theoretical opposition, and in spite of a certain air of latent criticism, the colleges for women have had their own way.

The time has come when they ought to honor this spontaneous recognition by taking it for granted. It is perhaps hardly just to say that the woman's college has ever followed public opinion to its own hurt; but in any event it must now lead, definitely and aggressively. Finally, it must clearly perceive and thoroughly accept the realities of its position, foremost among which is its costliness. However rich the return they bring, and however economical in the true sense, therefore, the outlay may seem, it must be admitted that large sums of money have been spent by the women's colleges. Nor can it be denied that even larger ones will be required in the future. For the success of the experiments that the college is to try, and for which, to a considerable extent, it exists, the best teachers must be had. At present, teaching women is not so attractive to men as teaching men, other things being equal. For the immediate future, therefore, it is essential that other things be unequal, salaries and equipage particularly in their favor.

At this point the reader probably feels that a very satisfactory demonstration has been offered of the straight road that

leads to coeducation. Granted that the woman's college has the lead in its freedom of experiment, it cannot hope to keep that forever, and afterwards what ground is there for its separate existence? A very simple one, and one capable of expression in a single word, — taste. Without pressing too far the interpretation of the phrase about the still air of delightful studies, or insisting upon the breathing-space provided by four years of exemption from certain of the experiences more imminent in the companionship of men, it is safe to say that there will always be women who will prefer, if they must study away from home, to do so in the society of women rather than of men. There are preferences for all sorts of exceptional and possibly inexplicable things. The woman's college is neither markedly exceptional nor inexplicable, and if it is true to itself its future is assured. In the past, embarrassed as its workings have been by misunderstanding and misadjustment, its history has been most honorable. It has revolutionized the intellectual training of women without making them invalids or bluestockings. It has made them wiser and happier. It remains to complete the work by more adequately providing for the liberal education of the average woman, for the scholarship of the exceptional one.

Mary A. Jordan.

THE NAULAHKA AND THE WRECKER.

Two collaborations, each the work of a seasoned pen joined to one newly cut; each a story of adventure, a tale of the West and of the tropics, a romance of dollars and cents, showing our American

civilization in humorous relief against a phase of existence which is its very antipode, — it would seem as if *The Naulahka*¹ and *The Wrecker*² had been written in competition, two against two, like

¹ *The Naulahka*. A Story of West and East. By RUDYARD KIPLING and WOLCOTT BALESTIER. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

² *The Wrecker*. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and LLOYD OSBORNE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

a duel in which the seconds take part. We leave it to readers who are skilled in the detection of style and brush-stroke to point out, if they can, the part of one and the other author in each book; to discover where Mr. Osborne's performance dovetails into Mr. Stevenson's, or whether Mr. Kipling did really, as has been somewhat obviously surmised, reserve for himself the Indian scenes of *The Naulahka*, and leave the Western ones to his talented American collaborator, whose early death cut short so much promise. We will only remark that *The Wrecker* hangs somewhat loosely together, while in form and tone *The Naulahka* is as compact and individual as if written by one person at a single sitting; and further, that while in the latter volume some of the traits which we have been wont to consider most characteristic of Mr. Kipling's writing are conspicuously absent, yet the book is fairly up to the level of his performance, whereas *The Wrecker* would by no means rank with Mr. Stevenson's happiest pages, although it is full of things which, if not the direct product of his pen, are evidently there by the inspiration of his spirit. Mr. Kipling has repelled a certain number of readers, and attracted many more, by a cynicism which, for all its youth, is far from being ignorant or ineffective; but if there is any cynicism in *The Naulahka*, it is of the most benign and good-humored description, while the Bohemianism and unconventionality of tone which have frightened a few of Mr. Stevenson's readers, and grappled others to his side, have become in *The Wrecker* bitter and morbid in tone, — likable still, but to be regretted.

A collaboration, however, is a thing apart, bearing so little relation to the individual work of one or another of its makers that it is hardly apropos of the two books before us to discuss the talents and respective achievement of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling. But the mem-

ory of pleasant hours beguiles us to a backward glance at that heterogeneous little set of volumes in which Mr. Stevenson has carried us hither and yon, as his fancy pleased, — books which have now been long enough with us to show how well they stand the test of reperusal, — and at that compact yet varied collection of short stories with which Mr. Kipling astonished literature a short time ago. In both cases we find talent and youth, activity of invention, excellent powers of narration, and above all the gift of style, a certain originality and force in the use of words, a readiness in hitting the verbal nail precisely on the head. But what a difference, after all, between that youth of delays and dreams, that growing, searching, romancing youth, which we find in Mr. Stevenson's books and that precocity which enabled Mr. Kipling, on emerging from his cradle, to give points to the French in literary form and the successful treatment of decadent phases! And how different, with all their half-similarity in effectiveness, the styles of the two authors: Mr. Kipling's, brief, clean, polished, and hard as a nut, with a certain stamp of mannerism on it from the first; Mr. Stevenson's, equally telling, but plastic and free throughout, and never more than an individuality. Mr. Kipling handles the short story to perfection; holds it, if anything, with too firm a grip. He is a thorough *nouvelliste*, with the world and society to draw from; with all the literary material at hand to be found in a society new to many of its readers, yet ancient and gone to decay, — a society presenting all the complexity and interest afforded by an intermingling of civilizations. It is an excellent field, and Mr. Kipling knows well how to work it to literary uses. It is astonishing what a variety of scenes he has depicted, all sketched from the same life, presenting various phases which supplement and in a sense emphasize each other. Mr. Stevenson is a

poet and buccaneer of letters, doing many things well, but no one thing long. He has now and then forced his invention a little, in revolt against realism on the one hand, and fine writing on the other; but behind his invention lie a deep hill spring of imagination and a charm not easily forgotten.

This charm and imagination have placed *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* apart as rare and delightful books of adventure. They are not lacking in *The Wrecker*, but it would require a larger amount of them than is to be found in its pages to leaven so inchoate a mass, or to sweeten a scene so irredeemably unpleasant as that of the massacre of the ship's crew. How the book came to be written we learn from the prologue: it was the upshot of a voyage in the South Seas, of watching storms and listening to sailors' yarns, joined to a thread of homesickness and recollection of a different life, and to the deliberate purpose of making a new sort of detective story. Its superiority to the ancient detective story is not in morality. It would not do for a Sunday-school prize. Never in a dime novel, seldom in any line of fiction, has evil been so unblushingly rewarded. Speculation and humbug have their hard times, but they weather them successfully; the murderer is made heir to a property, and the receiver of his secret the captain of a ship. And none of these circumstances are left to act themselves out in an inscrutable manner; they are all abetted and cheered with a cynical joy by the authors. Perhaps one reason for this distribution of rewards and diplomas, unusual, as we have said, in fiction, particularly in tales for the young, is that there are no virtues to speak of in competition; only courage and friendship, which take their chance with the vices and come in for a share in their honors.

In fact, it is such a willfully naughty book that it ought to be very jolly, instead of which it is a trifle depressing

in tone. But it is extremely readable and full of good things, among them a very fine description of a storm at sea. The joining of piratical romance to the prose of every-day business life in America is effected happily enough by means of that curious versatility or aimlessness of the American character by which one man, in the course of an ordinary lifetime, goes through seven or more professional ages, being in turn broker, preacher, editor of a paper, inventor of a machine, and head of a college. No aspect of our life is more diverting than this to Europeans. It is hardly stretching a point to throw in, as the authors of *The Wrecker* have done, a little piracy and adventure; and if a home-truth should be carefully looked for amid all this immorality, it might be found in the similarity of the commercial scenes to the smuggling and wrecking ones.

The two heroes are amusingly conceived and contrasted. They meet in the Paris studios, where Dodd has assimilated intellectually all the technique without apparently producing any great works, while Pinkerton is as unaffected by the whole atmosphere as if he had carried a supply of Sierra air with him. It is Pinkerton who takes the lead in a business partnership in San Francisco, who becomes an embodied advertisement, embarks upon the shadiest schemes with impetuous honesty of purpose, and tramples unwittingly upon the artistic sense and intellectual conscience of his friend. Pinkerton marries a little teacher, herself an American type, hit off in a few words as "a well-enough-looking mouse, with a large limpid eye, very good manners, and a flow of the most correct expressions I have ever heard upon the human lip." As a record of the *impressions de voyage* of Messrs. Stevenson and Osborne, the San Francisco scenes are very diverting, particularly the account of the business, which was a real-estate and advertising agency, and a dozen things besides. Pinkerton slept

in the office "stretched on a patent sofa which sometimes collapsed, his slumbers still further menaced by an imminent clock with an alarm." There was a tremendous correspondence and accumulation of work, "but the far greater proportion of our time was consumed by visitors," who blankly turned the crank of the agricultural machine for five minutes at a time, "simulating (to nobody's deception) business interest." Among these bits of traveler's observation we have enjoyed coming across an account of a meeting with Charles Warren Stoddard, mentioned not by name, but by description which is unmistakable, and of which we cannot forbear quoting a few lines: "Doubtless you have read his book. You know already how he tramped and starved, and had so fine a profit of living, in his days among the islands; and meeting him, as I did, one artist with another, after months of offices and picnics, you can imagine with what charm he would speak, and with what pleasure I would hear. It was in such talks, which we were both eager to repeat, that I first heard the name and first fell under the spell of the islands."

It takes a number of books to fasten one book securely in the memory of the general public, so "doubtless" many readers have forgotten *A Prodigal* in Tahiti, which made its first appearance in the pages of *The Atlantic*, and the unique charm of that delicious volume of *South Sea Idyls*, which contained a sort of foretaste of the flavor which we get in Mr. Stevenson's books. There is too little of this flavor in *The Wrecker*, but more than in *The Wrong Box*, and for the sake of it we are willing to be wrought to a pitch of curiosity to which the climax is a poor satisfaction, and to be harrowed by scenes more physically unpleasant than those of *Treasure Island*, but lacking their weirdness and terrors of imagination.

The Naulahka is not a great imaginative work, but is one of the happiest and

finest jests we have had for a long time, a superb bit of gasconading. The question of the relation of a jest to actual life is a very nice one. Much of the food for laughter supplied to us on the Anglo-Saxon stage, for instance, contains so little reference to the facts of existence that it is pointless and inane, and calculated only to divert the infant mind, or one able to divest itself wholly of experience. On the other hand, if the jest runs too close to life, it is apt to be a little bitter, as on the French stage, where point is seldom lacking, and the extravagance is seldom without an appeal to observation. *The Naulahka* sails triumphantly between these rocks. Its wildest romance has a sound of probability; its allusions are all local, and its extravagances delightful accretions upon a nucleus of fact. The town history of Topaz, and its aspect on the plane of reality and in the mirror of Tarvin's imagination, is one of the prettiest bits of humorous idealism. The angle of incidence is equal to that of reflection, but the whole scale of the reflection is somehow vaster, and the gain in truth looks immense. And Tarvin himself is a creation, an American Don Quixote, at once a mock hero and a real one. His love for Kate, his love for Topaz, and his eye for business are all blended in the most delightful way. The Topaz affection compels our sympathy so strongly that we almost lose sight of the proportions, and feel it to be the one important *dénoûment* that Topaz should come out all right, and that the Three C's should make a great railway centre of that modest town. If anything could reconcile us to disappointment on this score, it would be the aptness and strength of the actual climax in which Kate's conscience, apparently defeated in its high purposes and overcome in its scruples by the long fidelity of love, remains in the end the sole victor, and the innocent cause of the defeat of Topaz.

It is by no means common to find a book so purely entertaining as *The Naulahka*, or one in which the humor is at once so obvious and so fine. We could pardon it many literary sins for the amusement extracted from it, but as a matter of fact there are none to forgive; while it is not a book with a literary atmosphere, it is extremely well done, deft in construction, light yet firm of touch, and abounding in felicities of phrase. Tarvin in the East is as roundly diverting as Tartarin; he carries his West with him in speech and habit of thought, and it adjusts itself so perfectly to the new medium that we are left with an

undefined impression that Indian guile and romance and Western enterprise and exaggeration are somehow akin, and that the true missionary is a speculator who is a member of a state legislature and can tell a good story. Not that Tarvin would for a moment usurp Kate's prerogative, for he is one of those described by the author's remark that "men to whom life is a joke find comfort in women to whom it is a prayer." He has many points of resemblance with Major Kirkland's admirable national type, Zury; but Zury is real, while Tarvin remains from choice on the other side of the fence, in the land of romance.

CURZON'S PERSIA.

MR. CURZON, who has written a great book¹ of some thirteen hundred pages on Persia, cannot be accused of approaching the subject without reasonable preparation. He had already visited central Asia before conceiving the idea of the present work, and had issued a volume on the Russian question. Subsequently he devoted six months to steady travel over eastern, central, and southern Persia. The Caspian and north-western provinces he appears not to have visited. He has supplemented his personal observations by a study of the various works, from two hundred to three hundred in number, written by Europeans on Persia, and has aimed to give correctness to his observation and study by correspondence with residents in that country. Three solid years have been given to collecting and throwing the material thus obtained into the two volumes now before us.

The result is complex, and for that reason it is not altogether satisfactory.

Books of travel and observation may be classified under several heads, from the trait which most predominates; although perhaps few are absolutely distinct from the others. One traveler cares not for statistics or politics; it is the personal element that gives value to his book, and it is impressions rather than facts that we find in his pages, which are therefore sometimes very fascinating. Such works are *Eothen*, *Monasteries in the Levant*, written by Mr. Curzon's father, *Brydone's Italy*, and *Beckford's Portugal*. We are not sure that for one who wishes to gain a clear *ensemble* of the character of a country this class of books of travel is not the most valuable, as it is also the only one that can be included with works of literature.

Another traveler, while giving us a thread of narrative on which to string his facts, is really concerned with facts alone, and aims at a detailed description of races, customs, topography, or politics, one or all. Such works are *Chardin's* of All Souls College, Oxford. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.

¹ *Persia and the Persian Question*. By the Hon. GEORGE N. CURZON, M. P., late Fellow

Persia, Young's France, and Wallace's East Indian Archipelago. Of a different order, although the result of travel, are works like Madame de Staël's Germany, or those of Tocqueville and Brice on America, from which the personal element is entirely eliminated, while at the same time they are directly due to personal observation and travel.

Now, Mr. Curzon's book is complex because it undertakes to combine the features of the last two of the above classes. He tells us that "although the primary object of this work may be described as political, there will yet be found a good deal of history in its pages. . . . Similarly, in the domain of archæology, I have not forgotten that while Persia is primarily the battleground of diplomatists and the market of tradesmen, it also contains antiquarian remains in great number that have employed the pens, and still engage the intellects, of famous scholars. . . . To the professor, therefore, as well as to the politician and the student, I make my appeal."

This is a sufficiently comprehensive plan. But the importance of the subject is such that, if for no other reason than for the pivotal character of Persia in the intrigues of European powers for the control of central Asia, it would have been better if the author had cast the work into a purely impersonal survey of the country, as he has done regarding those parts of Persia which he did not visit. But he has confused his plan by a narrative of travel over certain provinces, which adds little or nothing of importance to what other competent tourists have already said, and presents no stirring compensating adventures. Aware of this incongruity, the writer suggests in a note that certain specified chapters be read by the "amateur," while the others are commended to the "trained acumen" of the student. The first list might have been judiciously omitted, or relegated to a distinct volume. In this way a more dignified

and symmetrical form would have been gained, and the "trained acumen" of the "student" would have been saved labor in hunting for his subject, as well as in handling a work that even then would have been sufficiently bulky.

It is also to be regretted that when undertaking such a comprehensive plan the author should have omitted a chapter on the religious question or the variety of sects in Persia. One cannot thoroughly understand the Persian character, nor the trend of its history for thousands of years, without investigating the serious side of a people who have been treated as volatile and insincere by so many who have failed to recognize this phase of the subject. Whether there ever was such a man as Zerdusht, or whether, as some now claim, he never existed, the fact remains that one of the world's great religions originated in Persia; and from the remote period of its origin until now the Persian mind has always shown a distinct bias in the direction of religious and philosophical speculation, blending in some cases with aspirations in the direction of social and political reform such as no other Asiatic people have exhibited to the same degree. There is something wonderfully impressive in the spiritual creed of the worshipers of fire in those vague, weird ages before Alexander the Great, — ages of which we know so little, and which appeal so keenly to the imaginative mind. The revolt organized by the house of Sassan was a religious as well as political movement; and one of the great events of the reign of Ardeshir Babegan was the reduction of the Zendavesta to writing, and the revival of the influence of the Magian hierarchy. The intellectual restlessness or activity of Persia under the Sassanidæ was shown by the numerous sects which arose at that period, of which one was the famous eclectic sect called Manichæan after its founder, Manee. Another politico-religious sect was established by Mazdâk, which ac-

quired such influence that kings were among its converts. It aimed at a communistic attack on existing institutions, and became so dangerous that Auourshirvan was obliged to subvert it by stratagem, and over one hundred thousand of its followers were slain in one day. The doctrines of Mazdâk spread beyond Persia; and, as St. Martin shows, that prophet was enrolled with the teachers of true gnostic wisdom. Mohammedanism did not check this tendency to speculative religion, which continues in full activity until now in Persia. Under the guise of Islamism it finds vent in many directions. It is not the tombs of Hafiz or Omar Khayyâm which are therefore of chief interest to us, but their doctrines and speculations, which are still rife in Persia, the land of their birth.

Babism, or the sect of the Bab, about which Mr. Curzon has something to say, perhaps because of its political aspects, is one of the latest of these religious phenomena. But in many respects it reminds us of the sect of Mazdâk. The author places the number of Bábées at about a million. Although they are doubtless increasing rapidly, and form a positive menace to the established *régime*, it is probable that he has considerably exaggerated their importance and numbers. He also denies the alleged communistic doctrines of the Bab. In this regard we think he is mistaken. Some of the more prominent members of the sect undoubtedly disclaim and perhaps condemn such views. But the opinions regarding the theoretic communism of the Babs come from too many distinct sources to be without some foundation in fact.

What Mr. Curzon has to say about the scope, results, and possibilities of Christian missions in Persia is less flip-pant and superficial than the hasty observations of so many travelers. Although perhaps not strictly in accordance with the opinions of the home churches or of the missionaries them-

selves, his views appear to us to be, on the whole, kind in spirit and sound in theory. His remarks on the friendly toleration of the Shah's government are also eminently just. The fact is that missions in Persia and Turkey offer a practical illustration of Christ's statement, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." The missionary is generally an agitator, in countries where the rulers already have very great difficulty in preserving order among numerous races eying each other with jealousy and hatred, and perpetually intriguing for national independence, or for liberties for whose adoption the conditions are not yet ripe. The missionary is so full of zeal, and of belief in the absolute correctness of his own creed and the absolute falsity of all other creeds, that he can hardly move or speak without arousing sentiments qualified to disturb the *status quo*. We do not intend by this to inveigh against missions, but rather to suggest, in view of these facts, that missionaries in Asiatic countries do not always sufficiently realize the embarrassing position of the governments whose hospitality they enjoy, and are not sufficiently grateful for the measure of toleration permitted to their residence and labors. There are so-called Christian countries where no such liberties would be allowed. Russia, notwithstanding her treaty of comity with the United States, only reluctantly allows our missionaries to cross her territory to reach Persia. Is there any one so fatuous as to suppose for a moment that, if the Muscovite ruled either on the Bosphorus or at Teherân, an American missionary would be permitted to remain in either country a month?

The author's observations regarding the temporary marriages of Meschêd appear to us to be unjust towards that place, of which he says, "There is probably not a more immoral city in Asia." Whatever we may think of the system of the *sighêh*, or temporary wife, it is allowed in most Mohammedan countries;

it is not more peculiar to Meschêd than to other parts of the East; it is considered strictly lawful, and is as much regulated by the written code of Persia as any other part of the social system.

At the outset Mr. Curzon gives a list of all the writers of travel in Persia for the last six centuries whose works have been either written in or translated into a European tongue. He gives the date of residence or travels of each author; and one's respect for that ancient empire cannot but be increased by such a formidable bibliography and the noted names it presents. It is a rather curious exhibition of human nature that the author severely criticises many of these books, all of which he professes to have read, and is particularly savage against any sentiment of sympathy with the romantic phases of Persian life, scenery, and history, — a sympathy he rarely allows himself to express. And yet certain of his most important statements of facts are confessedly gathered from some of the works he most severely condemns. The fact is that the author is everywhere in good humor with himself, and takes occasion to pat himself on the back more than once, and sometimes at the expense of others.

But, as already suggested, this work is as much a compilation as the result of new exploration. The author has gathered his materials with patience and apparent conscientiousness; but for much that appears in these pages he is indebted to the labors of his predecessors in this field. Practically the larger part of Mr. Curzon's book is in the nature of a gazetteer; the work has somewhat the character of a handbook. As such it cannot but prove highly valuable, the statistics being in the main about as correct as is possible when treating of Oriental countries. Absolute precision cannot be expected, but simply approximations. Apropos of this, Mr. Curzon takes occasion to differ from General Schindler and Zolotareff, the latter of

whom, as a Russian, had a motive for estimating the population of Persia as low as six million. Mr. Curzon is entirely justified in concluding from the data that the population is at least nine million, which is sufficiently small for a country twice the size of Germany.

There is no reason to believe that the population of Persia proper was ever very much larger than it is now, though perhaps differently distributed. Some parts, such as Seistân, were probably more densely peopled than to-day. There are evidences that it was so aside from such inferential evidence as the descriptions of Firdôusee, who locates the great house of the hero Rustêm in that province, and indicates that he ruled a powerful satrapy. But it is more reasonable to suppose that the population in early times was of a shifting character, just as it has been since the Mohammedan era, and that the ruined cities have simply been replaced by others founded elsewhere. The Persians, who are Aryans, and who are still the ruling, the commercial, and the intellectual race of Persia, won their place in history, and still maintain themselves, by brains rather than by numbers. The vast armies which they sent against Greece and Egypt were recruited chiefly from tributaries whom the Aryas or Persians understood how to rule by an executive ability which has not wholly abandoned them to this day. The fact that the present dynasty is of Turkish origin does not vitiate the general correctness of this statement. The details about the imports and exports of such a country must naturally be more or less difficult to ascertain with precision, besides varying from year to year. Under the circumstances, the author appears to have reached a fair approximation of the average values. But he omits to call attention to the fact that a very considerable proportion of the imports from England, as well as some from the Continent, are American fabrics, which, owing to the lack of enterprise of our ex-

porters, reach Persia in that roundabout way.

In estimating values and the depreciation of the purchasing power of Persian money, the author forgets that this is not a feature peculiar to Persia or to Turkey, as too many assume with him. It is in accordance with a financial law common even in countries having a sound currency; one reason for which may be the vastly increasing supply of the precious metals. Since the reign of Henry VII., the English unit of value has depreciated to about one thirty-sixth of its then purchasing power. In other words, a man with an income of £1000 at that time was relatively as rich as he who now has £36,000. The fall in Persian coin is, therefore, not wholly due to the corrupt practices of her officials.

Mr. Curzon does not appreciate the peculiar scenery of Persia. To the true lover of nature there is no landscape so bare or so lonely as not to be full of suggestion and inspiration to the imagination. Wordsworth well says, "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Vast plains are sublime, like the sea, and there is no coloring so rich yet tender as the bare scarred side of a lofty mountain, full of character as the rugged face of a veteran who has been through the wars. The poet Gray said, "Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry." But Mr. Curzon only sees beauty in grass and green trees, and seems to have very little sense of color. He makes an exception in favor of that noble mountain Demavend. When writing about that stupendous cone, he gives the rein to an enthusiasm of which a little more would have added greatly to the attraction of his chapters. Accepting the estimates of Schindler, he fixes the height of Demavend at 19,600 feet. But some have made it 21,000 feet. It would be interesting to know if Schindler based his calculations on the aneroid barometer. After a very extensive

experience in the Andes of Ecuador, Whymper, the veteran mountain climber, emphatically declared that the aneroid barometer is absolutely unreliable above the sea level.

One of the most important portions of Mr. Curzon's work is that relating to the antiquities of Persia, especially those in and around Persepolis. Like most of his book, it is to a certain degree a compilation, for he gives extracts from the observations of the numerous travelers and archaeologists who have devoted so much attention to those very remarkable ruins, or he refers to them in the course of the running fire of criticism with which he treats the subject. But he imparts fresh interest to it by a careful personal study made on the spot, and his conclusions, if not always to be accepted, are suggestive and command careful consideration. What he has to say in regard to the names of Pasargadæ and Persepolis, in discussing the identification of those places with the ruins now bearing their names, leads us to inquire why it has never occurred to any one that one name may be the Persian and the other the Greek for one and the same place. The distance between the ruins of Persepolis and those supposed to be Pasargadæ is very moderate, although they lie in two separate valleys; and the name may have been applied to a royal district containing the abodes of successive sovereigns, the vast paradises or hunting-parks of the king; the palaces of the nobles, also surrounded in Oriental style by very extensive grounds; and, filling up the space between them, the adobe dwellings of the people, which would also have invariably each its own garden. The vast extent of Babylon was due to such a plan. Persepolis is of course not a Persian name, but is clearly a Greek compound, meaning, apparently, the city of the Persian, which may also have been the meaning of Pasargadæ. *Pars* or *Fars*, *p* and *f* being interchangeable in the Zend language, was the ver-

nacular for Persia, whence Parsee or Pars-i, — of Persia, — by which appellative the Persians of Bombay are known. *Gad* may have been like the terminative *bad*, which means place or city. The termination *æ* was simply the Greek feminine plural form, used in this case as in αἱ Ἀθήναι. All ancient Persian proper names came to us through the Greek, and secondarily through the Latin; and to this day the Greeks never use the name of a foreign city without giving the Greek inflected terminative, sometimes in the singular and sometimes in the plural. For example, London and Paris they pluralize; they also often do it with foreign surnames. Kur they made Kuros, Daru, Dareios; whence the Latin Cyrus and Darius. Following this analogy, Parsagad may therefore have been the place of which the Greek equivalent is Persepolis. We merely suggest this as a possible solution; it may be worth while for archaeologists to give it a moment's consideration.

Mr. Curzon is in harmony with many students in deciding the art of the Achæmenian period to have been mimetic; that is, borrowed from adjoining countries, especially from Assyria. The domination of Assyria, indicated by Firdousee in the legend of Zohâk, brought the Aryans into close relations with that country at a time when the race was preparing to assert itself as an intellectual as well as a political power. There is nothing exceptional in such an origin for Persian art. Few, if any great schools of art or literature have existed which have not in their genesis been indebted to suggestions from abroad. But the author is likewise undoubtedly right when he insists, against the assertions of Ragozin and others, that the art of Persepolis was not wholly mimetic, but exhibited remarkable native genius that differentiated it into a distinct type. We cannot agree with him, however, in assuming that the Achæmenian art became extinct with the dynasty that

encouraged the construction of the sublime colonnades of Darius and Xerxes. A comparative study of Persian art through subsequent ages to the present time proves that the types first adopted were racial, and hence in accord with the national spirit. With slight modifications they have reappeared with every revival of art in Persia. The slender pillars and the general form of the Persepolitan capital were followed by the Sufavees, and the mansions of Persia to-day continue to exhibit those types. Nor can there be the slightest question as to the character of the intervening walls and roofs at Pasargadæ and Persepolis. Mr. Curzon rightly surmises that the former were of adobe faced with tiles, such as those of various periods which were found by Dieulafoy at Susa, and that the latter were flat, composed of horizontal timbers covered with layers of packed earth. But we are rather surprised at his inconsistency in accepting the analogy in these respects, and failing to observe the continuance of the resemblance as regards other details. The slender pillar shaft, the elongated capital, the basal platform or terrace, the mud-brick walls faced with tiles, and the flat roofs have been continuous features of the architecture of Persia.

As the political aspects are of great and growing importance, and indeed form the chief cause for the preparation of this work, the author has naturally devoted many pages not only to the commercial resources of Persia, but also to the question of railways, of strategic lines, and of the designs of Russia. While speaking of railways he alludes to the concession which Mr. Winston, the United States minister, nearly obtained for that purpose; but he forgets to state that such a concession was offered to Mr. Winston's predecessor, and was declined because the watchful jealousy of Russia and the existence of the Reuter concession made such a scheme

impracticable for years to come. Contrary to his advice, an American company was eventually formed when Mr. Winston's successor was in office, backed by capital and influence. It was to lay railways, dig artesian wells, have electric plants, etc.; but it could accomplish nothing in the face of the above obstacles, and gave up its plan after sinking considerable capital. Improvements will doubtless gradually appear in Persia as fast as can be expected in an ancient empire whose efforts at progress are suspiciously watched by her northern neighbor. More than that cannot reasonably be looked for now.

The author is doubtless quite justified in his appreciation of the administrative ability and patriotism of Nasr-ed-Deen Shah, who, to be fully understood and respected, must be seen in his own capital and native environment, instead of as a wanderer among the capitals of Europe, the butt of the wittings of the press, or of cunning diplomats who would belittle him in order to sap his influence and deprive him of the confidence of his allies.

The political situation in Persia is one of great interest to Europeans; but to Americans the careful study of the situation presented by Mr. Curzon, which it is well worth their while to read, although it might have been somewhat condensed, is also of some value. We think ourselves, distant as we are from the intrigues and ambitions of Europe, to be secure from any possibility of being drawn into those complications; but they who have studied the policy and purposes and character of the Russian government, and have been brought into contact with her bureaucracy, have no doubts as to the reasons for Russia's extreme friendliness for the United States. As one represents the most cruel despotism now existing, and the other the most free and intelligent liberalism, there can be no logical grounds for the friendly professions of Russia, nor are those professions sincere. They only form part

of a profound and long-determined policy. In the event of the inevitable conflict which is bound to come between England and Russia, the latter hopes, by flattering our people, who are unsuspicious because they have no designs of their own, and are ignorant of the character of European ambitions, to secure either their alliance against England, or such an elastic neutrality as to permit Russia to buy ships and stores and refit her fleets in American waters. The friendship of America for Russia is genuine and sincere; that of Russia for America is selfish and politic.

In view of these facts, the temperate, judicial, and on the whole correct statement presented by Mr. Curzon about the designs of Russia in central Asia may be read with profit by all intelligent Americans. He writes without heat and with a clear grasp of the situation. That he should have prepared so complete a work as this on Persia is pretty good evidence of the great possible importance of that country in the councils of Europe. To those who would fully understand the events now transpiring there, and their bearings in settling the map of Europe and determining the nature of the civilization in a large part of the Old World for ages to come, we heartily commend Mr. Curzon's book.

The illustrations which accompany these pages are generally excellent so far as photogravures from photographs can be satisfactory. The outlines of a subject are true, but we feel the absence of a certain force and quality which can be imparted only by a powerful woodcut from a photograph, or by a photogravure from a spirited drawing.

It is to be regretted that in a serious work like this the author should permit himself to use the word "fancy" in its merely local sense, as when he says, "But I fancy that its original author was Professor Grotefend." He does not "*fancy*" at all; he either *thinks* or *knows* it to be so. The word "nasty,"

which is one of his favorite epithets, and in its true sense means dirty, and in any sense is not a very nice word, is also, as Mr. Curzon often employs it, out of place in this work.

The maps are abundant, and so far as we have examined them are correct and carefully engraved. The index, however, leaves something to be desired, and should be entirely recast if the work passes into another edition. A work of reference, such as this is intended to

be, contains many names which are repeatedly mentioned. Simply to give the number of the pages often obliges the reader to turn to a dozen places, perhaps, before he finds the particular passage he seeks. A good index, therefore, contains with each individual reference a brief statement of the character of the passage indicated by a given number. This, however, is exactly what Mr. Curzon's index does not do; but, happily, it is a defect which can be easily remedied.

CAVOUR AS A JOURNALIST.

THE two volumes of Cavour's miscellaneous writings¹ with which the Zanichelli have inaugurated their proposed library of the works of Italian politicians have proved unexpectedly interesting. One hardly thought to receive any fresh light on the workings of that master mind, so much the greatest among the makers of new Italy. De la Rive and Castelli had given us speaking portraits of the man; Chiala and Bianchi, minute details of his life as deputy and minister. All four had insisted on the importance of that period of transition — or rather of magically rapid development — when Piedmont stepped boldly forth upon the way which was to lead to Italian union, and Cavour first came to the front as one of the founders of a liberal newspaper called the *Risorgimento*, of which he subsequently assumed the direction, and to which he became a constant contributor. The editorials of this stirring time have now been collected, and it is wonderful how they stand the test of reproduction after the lapse of nearly half a century. In them

the real Cavour reveals himself as never before nor afterward, either in those early days of repression and suspense, when no fit career seemed open to his great abilities, or in that later period of brilliant but too brief supremacy, when the good of his country appeared to him to demand a policy which his foes called tortuous, and which must be admitted by all to have been wary and discreet to the verge, at least, of the disingenuous.

For the same reason, the first of these two volumes is more interesting than the second, containing, as it does, such of his articles in the *Risorgimento* as were of a purely political character; while the second comprises those which treated of financial, industrial, and kindred topics.² Here, too, besides Cavour's newspaper contributions are four long and elaborate articles which, though displaying solid information and sound judgment, have nothing like the fire and force of his short editorials. They were in fact all written before the time of Cavour's connection with the *Risorgimento*, during the period of his *Anglomania*, when his

¹ *Bibliotheca di Scrittori Politici Italiani*. I. e II. *Gli Scritti del CONTE DI CAVOUR*. Nuovamente raccolti e pubblicati da Domenico Zanichelli. Bologna. 1892.

² A third volume, of more miscellaneous character, will shortly be published.

nickname at Turin was Milord Camillo. Two refer to the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the probable effect of this measure in England and on the Continent; they are written from the standpoint of an ardent admirer of Peel, and in a spirit of optimism which time has hardly justified. Another, published, with a prefatory note by the Duc de Broglie, in the *Revue Nouvelle*, treats of Railways in Italy. The very title had a certain audacity at a time when Italia was a party cry, but Cavour took occasion to conclude his article with a plea for the nationalization of Italy, — not through violent means, but by a close alliance of all the true friends of liberty “with those thrones which have deep roots in the national soil.” Two years later, in the *Risorgimento*, he spoke out more plainly, arguing in his most masterly style that Casa Sabauda was the only reigning house upon Italian soil that had any claims whatever to nationality. Meanwhile, the censorship of the press excluded the *Revue Nouvelle* from Piedmont; but in spite of the prohibition the number containing the article on Italian railways found its way not only to Turin, but to the hands of the king, Carlo Alberto himself, who read it, we are told, with a gratification not unmingled with alarm at the temerity of the writer. Twenty years before, the then Prince of Carignan had taken a strong dislike to his refractory page, who objected to going “dressed like a lackey.” Now, in 1846, the two were rivals in disinterested patriotism, and the time was close at hand when Carlo Alberto was to become the protomartyr of Italian unity, and Cavour its guiding spirit.

Some time previously, Cavour had published, in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*,¹ an article on Ireland, which embodied the fruits not only of close study, but of observations made during his English tour of 1843. In all the tomes that have been written on

this perpetually open question, there is hardly to be found a more lucid and sympathetic summing-up of Irish history than the abstract with which this article begins; and it is hard, as we follow the vigorous reasoning in favor of union with England, to realize that the *état actuel de l'Irlande* of which the author is treating refers to a period all but fifty years ago. Page after page might have come out of a campaign document of to-day; and it is instructive as well as interesting to see what seemed, in 1843, to the most clairvoyant of modern statesmen, the legitimate grievances of Ireland, and the remedies most likely to alleviate her chronic ills. After a careful review of O'Connell's platform, he reduces the grievances to two, — Protestant establishment and the oppressive land-tenure. The former he dismisses in a few words: “The reform of the Established Church, after one fashion or another, is sure to come. With a national parliament it would be swifter and more complete, but at the same time it is probable that it would be violent and unjust, and possible that it would be cruel. If the union is maintained, it will take place gradually, by regular and legal methods. I can understand preferring the former course; but, however strong one's taste for revolutions may be, one should not underestimate the cost to humanity of those disasters which are always the consequence of brusque and violent changes.”

Passing to the second great wrong of Ireland, Cavour pronounces in favor of slow and careful legislation, and declares the just requirements of the Irish peasant to be five, namely: first, public, unsectarian schools; second, development of manufacture and commerce; third, the construction of a system of railways, which would at first give work to the unemployed, and ultimately would enhance the commercial importance of the country by converting her harbors into international ports.

¹ Edited by Cavour's cousin, W. de la Rive.

"Imagine," he says, with one of his prophetic flashes, "to what an extent the relations of America and Europe would soon develop, if only seven days' voyage separated the two hemispheres!" As the next remedial measures come emigration and a poor-rate, and last a thorough reform of the laws relating to the holding and transmission of real property. Cavour admits freely that the presence of a Protestant aristocracy, whose right to the land they control "rests ultimately upon violence," is an immense evil. He would break up the great estates and bring them into the market by rendering it obligatory that a man should divide his Irish real estate among his heirs; he would make the passing of a deed a simple and expeditious matter instead of the wearisome business it then was; he would secure to the tenant farmer a longer lease and a betterment clause: and with these reforms he holds that Ireland would rehabilitate herself in that gradual fashion which alone insures stability. As for "the confiscation of the estates of the Protestants, their forced sale, and other measures of these kinds, . . . such abominable expedients revolt every honest mind."

So thought this keen-eyed and impartial observer in 1843, and thus he sums up his argument: "Would an Irish parliament be better adapted to carry out these reforms? Surely not. That they may not exceed the limits of reason and justice, that they may be beneficent without becoming revolutionary, they demand in the legislator a moderation, prudence, and impartiality which are not to be expected, at least for a considerable time, in such a House of Commons as would result from the repeal of the union. Such an assembly, subservient to the demands of the populace and animated by violent passions, would be a bad judge and a partial arbiter in the case of tenant versus proprietor. It is to be feared that any verdict it might deliver would be marked by a re-

actionary and revengeful spirit, which would prove as destructive to Ireland in the future as the spirit of oppression and intolerance has been to her in the past."

As for a union after the American or Swiss pattern between such unequal yoke-fellows as England and Ireland, similar to that on which the electors of Great Britain have recently given their voices, this he pronounces futile; sure to prove, in its practical working, needlessly complicated to the English majority, and unprofitable to the Irish minority. Whether he would have thought the same had he lived till to-day — as a junior of Gladstone might well have done — who shall venture to say? Here, at all events, comes clearly before the world the Cavour of what is already Italian history; the man who, while he was almost the first firmly to believe in a united Italy, always repudiated so earnestly all *mezzi rivoluzionarii* that the radical Valerio used to call Milord Camillo "the greatest reactionary in the kingdom," while at the same time it was impossible for him to obtain a passport to travel in the Roman States.

It would be difficult better to describe Cavour the politician than in these words of his own concerning the younger Pitt: "Of broad and powerful intellect, he loved power as a means, not an end. . . . He was not one of those ardent souls who become inflamed in the cause of humanity; who, when this is at stake, heed neither the obstacles in their path, nor the unfortunate consequences which may result from their zeal. He was not one of those men who want to reconstruct society from base to summit, by the aid of general ideas and humanitarian theories. At once profound, cool, and void of all prejudice, he found his inspiration only in his love of his country and the love of glory."

We come now, in their chronological order, to the editorials in the *Risorgimento*, where we find the same bold

and resolute, yet essentially moderate Cavour. The journal had been started immediately after the first reforms granted by Carlo Alberto in 1847. Among its founders was Castelli, to whom Cavour relinquished the direction of the paper when a chance vacancy gave him a seat in the first Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies. Of the sixty-four editorials now collected by Zanichelli, sixty-one fall between February 1 and September 29, 1848, the memorable spring and summer of the great revolutionary year, the year of the preliminary and unsuccessful revolt of Lombardy. It is well enough known that at the moment when they appeared these articles met with scant favor at the hands of any of the political parties whose passions were then running so high. That *juste milieu* which was Cavour's watchword was hurled at him from all sides as a term of reproach. He bears these gibes with imperturbable good temper. Valerio, for example, in the rival *Concordia* indulges in a piece of savage personal invective, accusing Cavour of getting up his subject from French textbooks, and so making a show of learning, and sneering at him for not having been returned at the first general election. Cavour replies demurely, at the close of the second of two articles on the Regulations of the Chamber of Deputies, wherein he has been urging the adoption of certain more simple, expeditious, and practical methods: "These doubts will perhaps be condemned as excessive by the editors of the *Concordia*, and will provoke fresh reproaches and yet more bitter accusations against ourselves. Not being obstinate by nature, we will own ourselves in the wrong just as soon as they or their friends, coming down from those heights of theatrical declamation where they disport themselves with so much majesty, will condescend, *with or without the aid of French treatises*, to enlighten Parliament and the public concerning certain of the special questions

which are perpetually brought up by the development of events."

We shall perhaps never know just what it was that gave the *coup de grâce* to Cavour's Anglomania. Possibly no more was needed than the shifty and most undignified course pursued at this time by England, who, after having abounded for many months in the sense of her sympathy for Italy and in profuse though vague promises of assistance in case of a revolt in the Austrian provinces, now, when war was really imminent, put the strongest possible pressure upon Piedmont to compel her to keep the peace. In the *Risorgimento*, at all events, as in the private correspondence of Cavour, we can mark almost the hour of revulsion, when the old admiring faith fell wholly away, never to be restored. We should like to give the whole of the truly extraordinary article, *L' Ora Suprema della Dinastia Sabauda*, which appeared on the 23d of March, two days before Carlo Alberto and his troops crossed the Ticino, and which sets the nerves thrilling even at this distance of time. "For us to-day," says Cavour, "boldness is true prudence, rashness wiser than restraint." Then, adopting his own maxim, the usually wary and collected statesman lets us see for once the heart that is in him, and speaks without reserve. And this is the reply of the whilom Milord Camillo to the fidgety warnings and futile threats of that England who had first encouraged the war with Austria, and then recoiled from its possible consequences to herself:—

"England will cease to be our ally, will abandon us to our fate? So be it! We have never shared the illusions of those of our fellow-citizens who have been hailing England for some months past as the deliverer of Italy. We have always thought that England's policy included the preservation of Austria's power. But will the cabinet of St. James, for the sake of preserving that power, break through its neutrality,

make war on Italy, and identify itself with a spirit of absolutism? We do not believe this. Not because we have any too much faith in the generosity and liberality of English statesmen. Though power is at present in the hands of the liberal party, should the political interests of England become compromised, it would not surprise us to see Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell clasping the hands of Metternich, reeking as they are with Polish and Italian blood. . . . But will a ministry which has repudiated the traditions of Pitt be able to induce England to join in the barbarous project of keeping Italy enslaved, and this not for her own profit, but merely to preserve an edifice crumbling in every part? Neither is this likely. Yet if, through evil chance, blinded by the worn-out maxims of an obsolete policy, the English ministers should range themselves against Italy; if the Russells and the Greys, belying themselves, their past acts, and those of their party, were to adopt the system of the Castle-reaghs and the Liverpools, and all Italy be made the victim of such treachery as the Sicilians suffered in 1815; if England should openly pronounce against the people's cause, and become the defender of absolutism, then woe to her! Against her would be formed a tremendous coalition, — no longer of princes, as in the case of Napoleon, but of nations. There would be no more peace in the world while a vestige of power remained to a people who had betrayed the cause of humanity, not from fanaticism, not inadvertently, but by deliberate choice of the most perfidious of policies."

The gauntlet of Italian defiance rings on the same note in falling as that flung by Hancock and Adams in the last days of American subjection. Nothing, by the way, is more remarkable in these editorials than Cavour's estimate of the position and power of the United States, and of the mingled jealousy and dread with which England regards the same. Who

else would have said, in 1848, that England would "dread a war with the United States more than one with all the Continental powers combined"? Yet it became clear enough fifteen years later, when slavery had involved us in that civil conflict which also he had foreseen. Again, after the disastrous first campaign against Austria, when the brave generals of the defeated army were counseling peace, while the radicals, who had remained for the most part where that class of theorists usually remains, — that is to say, at home, — were howling for a prosecution of the war, Cavour, now a deputy, answers, in the *Risorgimento* of November 16, 1848, Brofferio's fiery plea for *mezzi rivoluzionarii*, exposing calmly, one by one, the fallacies of his incendiary appeal. In the course of the argument in question he bids the Italian radicals look at France, whose faith in revolutionary methods is so ardent, who "undertakes her 24th of June with so perfect an assurance of victory. French blood flows in torrents, and France pulls herself up on the brink of an abyss. . . . Wait a little longer and you will see the final result of these 'revolutionary methods,' — Louis Napoleon on the throne!"

Alone among the contemporaries of Camillo Cavour, Louis Napoleon was to boast, in after years, of having once outwitted the wily Italian. Meanwhile, the articles in the *Risorgimento* on the attempt of France, in the spring of 1848, to excite insurrection in Savoy throw a new and rather lurid light on that most dramatic scene in modern history, — the stormy interview between King Victor Emmanuel and his prime minister after the sudden peace of Villafranca, when the subject dared say to the sovereign, "*I am king of Italy.*" He spoke prophetically when he wrote, "The aim of the war undertaken by Carlo Alberto" (against Austria) "is to reunite in one single family the scattered members of our nation. To sacrifice a single one of these would be a sacrilege which would

dishonor our most holy cause." The sacrifice was made, as we know, and the cause was so far dishonored. Savoy and Nice were an all but ruinous price to pay for the provinces ceded in 1859. The prestige of the most truly regal of all reigning houses was weakened, the record of the one great creative statesman of our time tarnished, by that bargain.

Fulfilled prophecies do indeed meet us on almost every page of Cavour's collected writings. Nay, it is almost impossible to find one which has been falsified by the events of forty years. One there is, however, whose limit of time has not quite expired, but which is worth giving as showing his opinion of that Russian power which it is sometimes thought clever to depreciate. "Woe to us if western Europe does not succeed, in no distant future, in reëstablishing, from the Vistula to the Niemen, a liberal Slav kingdom which may serve as a barrier to the absolute Slav empire! Woe to us if the Slavs of Poland, weary of fruitless grief for the loss of their fatherland, become fully reconciled to the Slavs of Russia, and enroll themselves under the banner of Panslavism! For then grave danger would indeed menace those countries which are the home of civilization. The first part of the terrible prophecy of the prisoner of St. Helena would be

on the eve of fulfillment, and Europe might 'become Cossack' before the end of the century!"

Yet the same comprehensive thinker offers, a few pages further on, these comments on the French project of sending armed assistance across an unfriendly country to the aid of Poland: "Should the French nation attempt to cross the Rhine against the manifest desire of the Germans, she would meet with unanimous and powerful opposition. She would have against her not only the governments and the regular armies, but the whole population. For it is well to insist on this point: . . . if France were to provoke Germany by unjust aggression, all parties would unite, all differences of opinion disappear. There would be but one opinion, one party, — that of national independence!"

When Napoleon III. brought this to pass, Cavour had been nearly ten years dead, — cut off, to the irreparable misfortune of Italy, at the age of fifty-one. It is sad work and idle to speculate upon the difference it might have made to the land he loved and liberated in part if he had lived till now. Indeed, his career as a minister lies beyond the limits of these volumes, but editorials like his are not to be found to-day in the dull columns of our morning journals.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Criticism. The sixth and final volume of the very attractive edition of Landor's Imaginary Conversations, edited by Charles G. Crump (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York), completes the section of Miscellaneous Dialogues. There are two or three of these which have a special interest as recording Landor's views on the Italian movement of his time, when he was himself an Englishman in Italy. The frontispiece shows Landor's villa in Florence, and there is a care-

ful bibliography of the Conversations. The edition is most satisfactorily prepared. — Dante and Beatrice, an Essay in Interpretation, by Lewis F. Mott. (William R. Jenkins, New York.) A pamphlet of about fifty pages, in which the author attempts to show the dominant power of love, enshrined in Beatrice, in determining Dante's writings. — Social and Literary Papers, by Charles Chauncy Shackford. (Roberts.) Mr. Shackford has long been known as a thoughtful philosophical critic, and just

before his death, lately, he brought together a volume of his more permanent contributions to critical literature. The suggestions for these papers come from Greek tragedy and philosophy, from Browning, Voltaire, and Shakespeare, but his treatment is not archæological; whatever the theme, his mind is on current problems in society and literature. — *The Golden Guess, Essays on Poetry and the Poets*, by John Vance Cheney. (Lee & Shepard.) Eight papers, on *The Old Notion of Poetry*, *Who are the Great Poets?* *Matthew Arnold*, *What about Browning?* *Tennyson and his Critics*, *Six Minutes with Swinburne*, *Music or the Tone Poetry*, and *Hawthorne*. Mr. Cheney uses literally the dicta of Coleridge; he quotes freely from Emerson, Arnold, Heine, and other writers of insight, and his sympathy is always with the spirit of revelation, for his apprehension of poetry is that of the finest expression of spiritual meaning rather than that of lyrical beauty or technic skill. It is pleasant to fall into the hands of so faithful a lover of sane and lofty poetry. — *Walt Whitman*, by William Clarke. (Macmillan.) A well-considered study, in which Whitman's personality, his message to America, his art, democracy, and spiritual creed are successively considered. We notice that Mr. Clarke dwells much on Whitman's close fellowship with the people, and in this likens him to Burns, and distinguishes him from Tennyson, Arnold, Swinburne, and Browning. But does he not confuse his life and opinions with his art? Is it possible that Whitman's verse will ever take hold of the people's heart as Burns's has? — *The Century Magazine* from November, 1891, to April, 1892 (*The Century Co.*), in a bound volume, enables one to see in a group the admirable pictures from the old Italian masters, the several articles which set forth the pioneer days in San Francisco, the series of pictures by American artists, together with the *Naulahka*, *Characteristics*, and a variety of pictures accompanied by text, and text accompanied by pictures.

Fiction. The new edition of Jane Austen's novels issued by Roberts Brothers is a worthy presentation of the lively lady's genius. *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Emma*, each in two trig volumes, with well-leaded, well-proportioned page, good paper, delicate vi-

gnettes, pretty half-binding, and red-ribbon markers to keep the place, — what more could be desired by the most fastidious admirer of this good-natured, witty, keen observer of the ways of men and women when English society was getting married in the early years of this century? Of the interior of these graceful books we shall speak later. — *Madcap Violet and Three Feathers* have been added to the neat edition of William Black's novels which is being issued on this side from English sheets. (Harpers.) — *Don Finimondone, Calabrian Sketches*, by Elisabeth Cavazza. (C. L. Webster & Co., New York.) A small volume of delightful sketches, the scenes laid mainly among the peasant folk of Italy. Mrs. Cavazza has a delicate touch, and though there is always a story, the charm lies largely in what may be called the accent. The sketches are translations from Italian life, not from the Italian language, and have about them the flavor of the original. Sympathy could hardly go further in its power to interpret the life of a simple people. — *The Man who Vanished*, by Fergus Hume. (The Waverly Co., New York.) Manufactured ghastliness of a cheap sort. — *Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law*, by George R. Sims. (The Waverly Co.) An ignoble book, in which a mother-in-law, scornfully protesting against the current silly judgments on her class, proceeds to display her nature as an arrant type of the class. — *The Squire*, by Mrs. Parr. (Cassell.) A tale of English life, in which a few chapters serve to tell the fortunes of one generation, and the rest of the book records the inheritance of stubbornness, folly, goodness, and patience. It is not ill told, but the interest which the writer creates is limited. — *Merry Tales*, by Mark Twain. (Webster.) A little volume in the *Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series*. One of the attractions in reading Mark Twain is that one never knows when he may be coming upon something serious. Though laughter rules, for the most part, now and then the jester puts aside his bells, and the tragic passage comes upon one with striking force. There are seven stories in the book, and the fun is at times stupendous. We recommend that it be read at seven sittings. — *Before He Was Born*, by E. L. Macomb Bristoe. (The Author, 373 West End Avenue, New York.) A short story of heredity. Any-

thing can be proved in a story. — *Märchenstrauss aus dem Weissen Gebirge*. (Schoenhof, Boston.) The author of this little book has woven some fancies about famous spots in the White Hills, as the Pool, the Franconia Stone Face, Chocorua, Willey Notch, Red Hill, Asquam. — *Lights and Shadows of the Soul, Collected Sketches and Stories*, by Sylvan Drey. (Cushing & Co., Baltimore.) Fragmentary bits of romance, written by one who has apparently given his days and nights to Hawthorne. — *Looking Beyond*, by Ludwig A. Geissler; a Sequel to *Looking Backward*, by Edward Bellamy, with an Answer to *Looking Further Forward*, by Richard Michaelis. (L. Graham & Son, New Orleans.) "And so on," as the rhyme says, "*ad infinitum*." The discussion of probable futures under such conditions becomes rather attenuated, and we are not surprised at finding our old friend Mars brought into requisition. — Answered in the Negative, and Ariel, or the Author's World, by Mary Parmele (Parmele & Chaffee, New York), form a somewhat unpromising-looking paper-covered book; but, despite some crudeness of form in the first tale, the two are ingenious and suggestive stories. In the latter, the conceit of peopling a world with the creations of fiction is cleverly carried out, with a restraint, moreover, which speaks well for the author, who might naturally run away with her notion. — *Winona*, by Ella M. Powell. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) The writer of this story, a Southerner, having heard many tales of the war, weaves some of them into the beginning of her novel, and then records the experiences of her heroine both at home and in the North. The occasional copies of actual scenes are not ill done, but the writer has too many questions of marriage, self-support, and the like to consider to give her undivided attention to her tale. — *Pratt Portraits*, sketched in a New England Suburb, by Anna Fuller. (Putnams.) A collection of a baker's dozen of sketches of New England life, the characters being members of the Pratt family. Each sketch is individual and independent, but the reader, as he goes on, recognizes with greater ease the several members of the group, since where one is brought forward prominently, others are reintroduced incidentally. There is genuine merit in the sketches.

The incidents are not extraordinary, nothing is forced, yet often much skill is shown in characterization, and it is a firm hand that has drawn the outlines of such figures as Aunt Betsy and Old Lady Pratt. — *Voegele's Marriage, and Other Tales*, by Louis Schnabel. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) One may glean a good many little facts regarding Jewish manners and ways of thought from these tales. They are bright stories, and one is a little surprised at the somewhat free use which the story-teller makes of sacred things and names. — *The Story of Leah Lee*, by Lizzie G. Vickers. (Albert Krout, Philadelphia.) A foolish story by a writer who would persuade herself and her readers that honesty in love is a weak thing beside a sickly sentimental passion. — *His Bold Experiment*, by Henry Frank. (The Minerva Publishing Co., New York.) As the title-page declares this to be a thrilling realistic novel, we have a right to assume that the author thinks so. We can only say that if the delineation of low-down people is no more truthful in its vulgarity than that of decent folk is in its stilted commonplace, realism has scarcely found a new prophet; and the utter unreality of the whole melodrama in Methodist circles in Kansas, as set forth in this book, prevents its shrieking from quickening the pulse to the thrilling point. — A recent issue of *Good Company Series* (Lee & Shepard) is *Epes Sargent's Peculiar, a Hero of the Great Rebellion*.

Art and Archaeology. Recent numbers of *L'Art* (Macmillan) show some striking studies by Élie Delaunay; an etching of the Youth of Samson by A. Gilbert after Bonnat, a fine piece of color in the etching and a vigorous drawing; some interesting interiors; and at least one charming landscape, *Le Val Saint Jean in Brittany*, by Émile Michel, from the Salon of 1892. The illustrations of this Salon include also some interesting figures from an historical painting by Édouard Detaille. One is freshly impressed, in looking at each number, with the excellent taste which determines the selection of subjects from so vast a field as that open to the conductors of the journal. — *Handbook of Greek Archaeology, Vases, Bronzes, Gems, Sculpture, Terracottas, Mural Paintings, Architecture, etc.*, by A. S. Murray. (Scribners.) Beginning

with an account of primitive art, and tracing it to the point where the individual arts may be said to have an independent position, Dr. Murray proceeds topically, taking the development of each art in turn. He depends mainly upon the great stores in the British Museum for his illustrations, and his book is profusely equipped with large and small engravings. In developing his subject Dr. Murray has done much more than trace the artistic expression; for the subjects treated enable him to throw light upon costume, upon manners, habits, and customs, so that his book becomes more than incidentally a handbook to ancient Greek life. Everywhere it bears the marks of caution and precision. — Miss Agnes Clerke, who puts forward *Familiar Studies in Homer* (Longmans), has heretofore been known as a specialist in astronomy, but the carefulness of these studies is a vindication of her right to take up a new theme, and their delightful tone makes Miss Clerke a positive exception to the negative rule that the most humane persons are not always those who know most about the humanities; for though she has availed herself of the best German authorities on Homeric *Realien*, the manner and accent of her use of them are by no means Germanic. *Homeric Astronomy, Dogs, Horses, Zoölogy, Trees and Flowers, Meals, Magic Herbs, and Metallurgy* by no means exhaust the catalogue of Homeric subjects to which Miss Clerke's method is applicable. We cherish the hope that she will appreciate the fact, and issue another volume. Perhaps in that she will answer the query whether in this she has not given undue prominence to the third horse of the Homeric team.

Theology, Ecclesiology, and Ethics. The Briggs literature continues to put forth leaves. Here is Dr. Briggs's *Biblical Theology* traced to its Organific Principle, by Robert Watts. (Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va.) The conclusion reached is, that this theology is "unbiblical, unscientific, uncritical, unethical, and untheological, and rests upon a Pelagian fundamental as its ultimate organific principle." — And here, growing out of the same general soil, is *Exegesis, an Address* delivered at the Opening of the Autumn Term of Union Theological Seminary, by Marvin R. Vincent. (Scribners.) But Dr. Vincent is

one of those theologians who justify theological seminaries. Where, if not in such places, should the spirit of courage and open-minded examination of the fundamental principles of Christian belief be found? If our ministers are to be honest, it will largely be because theological seminaries are not the mere echoes of the popular judgments of the churches they represent, but the fearless critics of those churches. — *Wesley and Episcopacy, a Collection of Evidence* showing that John Wesley neither originated nor approved of Episcopacy in American Methodism, by D. S. Stephens. (Methodist Protestant Publishing House, Pittsburg, Pa.) A pamphlet of ninety pages, in which the author aims to throw the responsibility of episcopacy upon Coke and Asbury. — *Personal Experience of a Physician, with an Appeal to the Medical and Clerical Professions*, by John Ellis. (Hahnemann Publishing House, Philadelphia.) Dr. Ellis began practice as an allopathic physician, but seems, from his account, to have dropped casually into homeopathic methods. He recounts also his theological changes by which he emerged into a belief in the Swedenborgian doctrines, and closes his rambling memorabilia with a discussion of the kind of wine which was used at the institution of the Lord's Supper. — The same writer has repeated and enforced these views in a pamphlet, *The Essential Points of the Wine Question carefully Examined*. (The Swedenborg Publishing Association, Philadelphia.) — *Love and Forgiveness, Reflections suggested by The Greatest Thing in the World*. Translated from the German. (Little, Brown & Co.) A pamphlet, in which the author, pondering over the enthusiastic, inspiring little work of Drummond, apprehends that the root of a consciousness of divine love is in the consciousness of forgiven sin. — *The Authority of the Church*, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, Articles and Canons, by Morgan Dix. (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.) Dr. Dix treats of the Church as described by herself, the Teaching Church the Christian Priesthood, Apostolic Succession, Christian Ethics, the Outlook for Christian Unity. If one has patience to stand his arrogance and the assumptions which he makes, especially in the opening sermon, one will find a very good state-

ment of the position taken by those who inclose themselves in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and do their best to make believe that truth is shut up with them. — Christianity and Infallibility — Both or Neither, by the Rev. Daniel Lyons. (Longmans.) The dogma of infallibility is cleared of the misapprehensions which have existed about it, and carefully defined. The writer then, by identifying Christianity with the Church of Rome, and by assuming that church to have been organized by Christ, finds no difficulty in establishing his point. An infallible church, an infallible council, an infallible pope. The pope is infallible because the council has so declared it. The council is infallible because it is the voice of the church. The church is infallible because it was ordained of God. The book is logic run mad. — The Crucifixion viewed from a Jewish Standpoint, by Dr. E. G. Hirsch. (Bloch Publishing & Printing Co., Chicago.) A lecture, in which the aim, after reducing the gospels to a minimum of historic fact, is to demonstrate that the Jews could have had nothing to do with the crucifixion, but that it must have been a Roman procedure. The pamphlet is interesting chiefly for its reflection of current radical Jewish opinion. — The Evolution of Love, by Emory Miller. (McClurg.) A philosophical study, in which, with the postulate of a dependent being, the author infers an independent self-determined being in which love is involved, and then proceeds to an explication of the process by which love finds expression in creation and is the law of all derived personalities, so that in the loss of conscious love there is a sinking of personality. — Makers of Modern Thought, or Four Hundred Years' Struggle between Science, Ignorance, and Superstition, by David Nasmith. In two volumes. (Scribners, Importers.) Mr. Nasmith sees that the great changes in modern life have come about by the activity of leading minds, and so he attempts to give a conspectus of this spiritual evolution by passing in review discoverers, reformers, and philosophers, from Roger Bacon to Sir Isaac Newton. Twenty-three names are recited in the first volume, and six in the second. Each subject is introduced by a brief biography, usually taken bodily from some existing memoir, and then follow extracts from writings.

There is no attempt at concentrating results. The reader is left to do all the hard work. Mr. Nasmith's part was easy. — Ruth the Gleaner and Esther the Queen, by William M. Taylor. (Harpers.) Dr. Taylor's method in this book is to treat the characters in question in a sympathetic spirit, giving the historical setting, educing the personal characteristics, and making his studies both illustrate and be illustrated by current modern phases of life. He is natural in his speech, and his discourses have a thoroughly human character.

History and Biography. The Spanish Story of the Armada, and Other Essays, by James Anthony Froude. (Scribners.) Those who were so fortunate as to read when first published the three Spanish studies — The Story of the Armada, Antonio Perez, and Saint Teresa — which form the most important part of this volume will not need to be told that in none of the author's Short Studies on Great Subjects have his distinguishing qualities, his graphic style, power of vivid characterization, and extraordinary skill as a narrator, been more conspicuous. The paper on Antonio Perez is, as the result of original research, perhaps the most valuable of the three, especially as many of its conclusions have been confirmed by Don Gaspar Moro's still later and more extensive investigations. The legend of Philip II. and the Princess of Eboli must go the way of the Don Carlos myths. Mr. Froude can, we think, be trusted not to view Philip with too lenient eyes, and his lifelike presentment of the man is at once consistent and credible. Papers on the Templars, originally delivered as lectures before the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh, and two pleasant Norwegian travel-sketches complete the volume. — The fourth series of the late E. A. Freeman's Historical Essays (Macmillan) contains a score or more of papers upon subjects as widely remote as Carthage and Archbishop Parker. The papers, contributed originally to The Saturday Review, Macmillan's, Longmans', The Contemporary, and other magazines and reviews, are reflections of the interest which Mr. Freeman took in politics, ancient and modern history, architecture, and ecclesiastical polity. Everywhere there is the mark of the exact scholar and the large, not petty partisan. The volume will confirm his re-

pute even if it does not greatly enrich his fame. — Julius Cæsar and the Foundation of the Roman Imperial System, by W. Warde Fowler, M. A., Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) In his preface the author states that the object of his work is to explain "to those who are comparatively unfamiliar with classical antiquity the place which Cæsar occupies in the history of the world," and he has fulfilled this purpose with admirable clearness and precision, and in a manner which throughout is spirited and interesting. If he does not escape the biographer's besetting sin, and is inclined to minimize the faults of his hero and magnify those of his adversaries, he only occasionally becomes actually a special pleader. Like the preceding volumes of this uniformly excellent series, the book is exceedingly well illustrated. — "Monsieur Henri," a Foot-Note to French History, by Louise Imogen Guiney. (Harpers.) A foot-note not unneeded by American readers, who, however carefully they may follow the course of the bloody drama of the Terror, usually pay little heed to the brave struggle of La Vendée against the powers of evil then enthroned, — a struggle which we can now see was more than once almost successful. In this little volume is traced the history of the Vendean war from the hopeful beginning, when the young paladin, Henri de La Rochejaquelein, took command of his forces, till the bitter end, when the Convention had the desired report "of a landscape without a man, without a house, without a tree," and Westermann could boast "that he had crushed the children under the horses' hoofs and massacred the women; . . . that not a prisoner could be laid to his charge, for he had exterminated them." Miss Guiney does full justice to the pure heroism and devotion of Monsieur Henri and his fellow-soldiers, and writes with a fine enthusiasm which will be apt to communicate itself to her readers. — The Kansas Conflict, by Charles Robinson. (Harpers.) Governor Robinson was one of the conspicuous figures in Kansas history and politics. In that hurly-burly which brought to the front Lane and Brown, and made to the outside world a queer conflict within a conflict, Dr. Robinson presented himself in different colors according to the glass which one or another used. In this book he speaks for himself, and gathers a

good deal of documentary evidence to substantiate his position that the conservative antislavery element in the Kansas conflict, represented especially by Eli Thayer and himself, was constantly thwarted by the combination of hot-headed fanatics and irresponsible soldiers of fortune. — Slavery in the District of Columbia is a careful historical study by Mary Tremain, written as a seminary paper in the University of Nebraska, where she is an instructor in history. Thus does Poetic Justice assert herself. (Putnams.) — The Churches of Mattatuck, a Record of a Bi-Centennial Celebration at Waterbury, Connecticut, November 4th and 5th, 1891. Edited by Joseph Anderson. (The Price, Lee & Adkins Co., New Haven.) A group of churches, sprung from a mother church at Waterbury founded in 1691, celebrated the two hundredth anniversary in a series of services, at which discourses were pronounced, papers and poems read, and hymns sung. This volume contains these productions as well as other historical memoranda, and a more complete record or a better organized celebration it would be hard to find. — The Colonial Era, by G. P. Fisher. (Scribners.) This is the first of a short series designed to cover compactly the whole period of American history. It is admirably arranged, and shows a good sense of proportion. Of course it is of necessity very condensed, the book being a small one of a little over three hundred pages, but it is not a mere annals. Dr. Fisher, with his judicious temper and his large sense of principles, has kept in view the meaning of the colonial movement, while he has given much detail.

Education and Textbooks. The Proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of the National Conference on University Extension (Lippincott) are published in an octavo volume of three hundred pages. The addresses and papers on the occasion gave not only a survey of the field considered theoretically, but a report of the actual work done. The relation of University Extension to American education in general, to Chautauqua, the church, the Young Men's Christian Association, the college, the city, the state, certain problems of organization and administration, — all these were discussed with enthusiasm; and enthusiasm is a practical factor in the inception

of such an enterprise. The solution of difficulties, we suspect, will be not so much through any great comprehensive organization as through the patient labor of every one who builds over against his own house. The idea involved in the term University Extension is most praiseworthy. The application ought to be as varied as the centres of education. — In the series University Extension Manuals (Scribners) a recent number is *The Elements of Ethics* and an Introduction to Moral Philosophy, by J. H. Muirhead. It is interesting to observe how instinctively the social basis of ethics is in the writer's mind when he begins his inquiry into the nature of ethics by studying the successive phases of national character. Throughout, ethics is treated as an empirical science, and there is no doubt that even though some readers may not be satisfied with this as a final statement, they will find in it abundant reinforcement of an individualistic conception of ethics. — *A Short History of England for Young People*, by Miss E. S. Kirkland. (McClurg.) An abstract of English history, written for the most part with intelligence and good sense, and in a readable though over-colloquial style. The writer occasionally refers her pupils to classics illustrating incidents or epochs; and she might have advantageously extended her work in this direction, for the chief value of a book like this is simply that it should serve as an incentive to further study. — *Andersen's Bilderbuch ohne Bilder* has been edited by Wilhelm Bernhardt for school use. (Heath.) There is something a little droll in this German translation of a Danish fancy being used not merely as a reading-book for beginners, but as the staple from which to hang a whole chain of biographical, geographical, historical, and artistic facts. — Number 8 of the Franklin Square Song Collection, selected by J. P. McCaskey (Harpers), follows the plan of previous numbers in mingling religious, comic, sentimental, and patriotic songs and hymns, and interspersing anecdotes, biographical sketches, and comments of various sorts. — *The Complete Music Reader*, for High and Normal Schools, Academies and Seminaries, by Charles E. Whiting. (Heath.) After a number of exercises in musical notation, there are given two-part, three-part, and four-part songs, anthems and choruses,

hymn tunes and patriotic tunes. The compiler contributes a number of pieces, and the best sources have been drawn upon mainly. — In Heath's Modern Language Series is Racine's *Esther*, edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by J. H. B. Spiers. The editor characterizes it as the easiest and shortest masterpiece in French literature, — a sentence which must bring great encouragement to the boy or girl who takes it up. — *Handbook of School Gymnastics of the Swedish System*, with 100 Consecutive Tables of Exercises, and an Appendix of Classified Lists of Movements, by Baron Nils Posse. (Lee & Shepard.) An accompaniment to the author's *The Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics*. — The excellent series of Old South Leaflets (Heath) has been enlarged by the addition of seven numbers: *The Petition of Right*, June 7, 1628; *The Grand Remonstrance* of December 1, 1641; *The Scottish National Covenant* of 1638; *The Agreement of the People*, January 15, 1648-9; *Wheelock's Narrative*, 1762; *The Instrument of Government*, 1653; *Cromwell's First Speech to the Little Parliament*. These inexpensive republications are of capital service for encouraging historical study through reference to original documents. The notes are brief and pertinent. — *Exercises in French Composition*, by A. C. Kimball. (Heath.) A pamphlet of twenty-four pages, intended for pupils in their third or fourth year's study of French, and based on Daudet's *La Belle-Nivernaise*. — *Contes de Fées for Beginners in French*, edited by Edward S. Joynes. (Heath.) Selections from Perrault, Countess d'Aulnoy, and Madame Leprince de Beaumont. The little book is accompanied by a vocabulary and table of irregular verbs. — In the series *The Great Educators* (Scribners), Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits is written by Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J. The former half is devoted to a biographical and historical sketch of the order, the latter to an analysis of the system of studies formulated by the Jesuits. The success of the order is clearly traced to the compactness of the organization, the devotion of its members, and the exaltation of the profession of teaching. A system so far reaching is like a great institute of teaching, independent of state, and capable of

adjusting and readjusting its scheme of instruction, becoming thus closely knit and individually effective. Mr. Hughes refers more than once to the suppression of the order. Perhaps the plan of his book did not call for it, but we should have been glad if he had attempted to account for the hostility it has aroused.

Books of Reference. The ninth volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) covers the articles from Round to Swansea. The maps, always a strong feature in this encyclopædia, are of Russia, Scotland, South Australia, South Carolina, Spain, and a Table of Spectra. There is the customary effort to introduce American subjects, but the proportion is, after all, not very great, and is largely confined to special articles. Thus, under Rowing there is scarcely any allusion to America. So also the article Safes is English exclusively. The English family of Seymours has a column, but Horatio Seymour has not a word. St. Paul's School, London, is set forth, but no reference is made to St. Paul's School, Concord. However, with these limitations, the encyclopædia remains one of the best adjusted, most comprehensive, and most to the point that we have. There is a capital article in this volume on Sir Walter Scott by Andrew Lang, and a valuable one on Shakespeare by Professor Dowden. As before, very recent facts are incorporated, so that one comes to regard the encyclopædia as up to date.

Poetry. One in the Infinite, by George Francis Savage-Armstrong. (Longmans.) In a series of two or three hundred poems, having no very close connection, one by one, but following a general sequence of thought, Mr. Armstrong expresses the growth of a soul in its struggles with questions of life, death, and immortality. Occasionally there are vivid lines and pungent phrases, frequently there is manifest a passionate fervor; but one is, on the whole, most likely to be impressed by the fluency with which the deep things of the spirit are set forth, and the use which the poet makes of the

commonplaces of religion and philosophy. — Bessie Gray and Our Stepmother, by Martha Perry Lowe. (Lothrop.) Two narratives in verse, accompanied by pictures. The verse has directness and a certain vigor of expression. The pictures are some of them to the point, some so general that we expect to have the pleasure of meeting them again. — Verses, by Helen T. Clark. (Lippincott.) A pamphlet collection of verses printed in various magazines and journals. They are somewhat stiff in movement, as though the writer tried to crowd her thought into her lines. — The Song of the Sword, and Other Verses, by W. E. Henley. (Scribners.) The other verse is further subdivided into London Voluntaries and Rhymes and Rhythms. Mr. Henley's Muse is a vigorous creature, and prefers the horn to the flute. Some of the best things in this little book are the impressions drawn from peering under the darkness of London; and in general it is human nature in its struggle which inspires Mr. Henley, and forces him into staccato utterance. — Songs of the White Mountains, and Other Poems, by Alvin L. Snow. (Gazette Publishing House, Creston, Iowa.) Most of the verses are suggested by mountains, lakes, sunsets, sunrises, flowers, and other aspects of nature, and the writer is evidently much moved by these suggestions, yet the effect of his poetry is like that of monochrome pictures. Everything is generalized. Not an epithet or a simile makes the least revelation of the beauty residing in the objects described. — Poems, by George Murray. (For sale by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.) These poems, too, are suggested by scenes in nature; but though the writer has not full command of metrical art, there are touches here and there which show a close observer and interpreter. In poetry, specialization atones for many sins. — As the Cardinal Flower, by Cora A. Matson. (Fred Bennett, Fulton, N. Y.) A volume of poems, chiefly domestic in character. Several of the songs have been set to music.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Musketaquid. A SWIFT river that flows with even, resistless current lacks charm, sympathy, responsiveness. It has lost the tinkling note, the irresponsible wandering, and to a certain extent the fascinating mystery of the brook, which frolics into view from parts unknown, and is off again without our asking whither it goes, while the river has a source and an outlet all upon the map. It has gained in force and volume, but detail and sweetness are sacrificed to this increase of sublimity; and it is only now and then, as in the mighty Mississippi, that the mass and rush of water becomes wholly sublime. A river that presses ever onward reminds us too often of the passing of our days, and does not pause to befriend them. Its identity changes forever, but its aspect is the same from day to day, the only variations being due to great events,—a long drought that takes away its spirit, an annual flood that puts a demon of wildness into its current. The twig tossed upon its bosom is out of sight in a moment; the secret confided to it is lost with the wave that listened. With such a river one can have no such perfect friendship as with a lake, that holds its identity through infinite variations, that mirrors every thought upon its exquisite face, can change in a flash, yet has its own depth and steadfastness, its days of repose, with now and then an hour of still, absolute expansion such as may not occur again for months, but has made the bond of friendship closer and sweetened its uses forever. And something of this fluid companionship one can enjoy with a river, provided it be a slow one, with no perceptible current and windings in which its ultimate end is lost sight of; a river that has leisure to uphold white water-lilies and spread the delicate feathers of its algæ; a stream that is shallow and oozy and of no account, but by sheer receptiveness and silent lingering has added the vast sky to its depths.

Floating at noon on that delightful river that winds through the Concord meadows and woods, I have found myself caught between two skies; the fleecy clouds below looked hardly nearer than those bending above, and the azure above hardly more

distant than the under blue. The line between bank and stream was obliterated in the perfect reproduction of every detail of verdure, from low water-plant and drooping flower to thick tangle of green, and to great sweeping curves of branch and massing of foliage bent forward to form, above and below, a frame for the glory of the firmament. Shelley speaks of the forest reflected in the water as being "more perfect both in shape and hue," which is the case; for the picture is synthesized, the details of foreground being exquisitely clear, as if washed over, while those of the background, with which they are confused as we see them, are left out or blurred. This is peculiarly striking at sunset, when the masses of hill and wood, as they grow dark, are strongly separated in the reflection from the clear sky-spaces, and, looking into the river, we see an anticipation of the deepening contrast between earth and sky. Reflections in water give us a new horizon. Not only are the angles of incidence and reflection equal, but the reflected life seems to have its own energy; the trees do not go downward into the blue, but spring up with liveness and aspiration: for "up" and "down" are relative terms, with all their seeming contradictions, and here on the river is one of those favored spots where their difference may be forgotten.

Is it mere prejudice in favor of slow, winding rivers, with my special reverence for this beautiful town, that inclines me to ascribe to the Musketaquid a peculiar influence in the moulding of that personality which makes Concord distinct from other New England towns? Everybody feels its charm, and knows it to be something a little different from the rest of New England. It is sometimes spoken of as like an English village, but it seems to me rather to be tranquilly and profoundly American, a bit of New England which is neither hurried nor neglected, but has had time to develop and to hold fast the best and most distinctive traits of New England life. If the river at Concord had been one of those swift, uneasy, ambitious streams, would the memories of the place have been kept as they are now, clear and alive as the reflec-

tions in the still current? A swift stream would have had to turn mills, and to take an active part in life; it would have carried away all traces of the early settlers, and left only the name of a Revolutionary battle. The men who gave their lives to the defense of the country, and who helped to build up its integrity and learning, would have been forgotten, or remembered only as a history lesson; their deeds would have become mere isolated facts, and the meaning of their lives have been lost in the different tenor and achievements of subsequent generations. But the Musketaquid, lying in the lap of its meadows, remembers the day when the Indians lived on its banks, the struggles of the early settlers, the queerness of enthusiasts with an intellectual virgin soil to till, the upright lives of learned and thoughtful villagers. It looks up reverently at the little hill graveyards where the Concord men and women are buried, and where their portraits, all prim in stock or neckerchief, with appendage of cherubwings, the work of a primitive but truly symbolic art, are carved upon the violet slate of the old gravestones, with record of their names and quiet performance. Wings of childlike holiness might well be added to lives of dignity and worth. New England has had many such lives, but in Concord their spirit and traditions have kept a little longer, their influence has been felt a little further, than elsewhere. And here on the Musketaquid we have had what is of infinitely more value than the preservation of tradition, namely, the growth and power of thought. A river that shared Emerson's solitude, that mirrored and aided his mind, has deserved more of our gratitude and affection than if it had flowed into the land over sands thick with gold-dust. It will always seem after that to reflect something more than the sky. Our country has great rivers and vast water power, but it is not too common to find in it streams that are content to flow even with the grass; villages where life is neither bustling nor lonely; minds which can linger to learn, to absorb, and to feel, to love study for its own sake, and to belong to thought.

A King's Portfolio. — "There are men who can be left unwatched in a bank safe," says Mr. T. W. Higginson in a recent essay, "but not in an autograph collection. All experienced librarians know that the really

dangerous visitor is the collector, the connoisseur, the student, the seeker after a rare pamphlet or an odd number."

No doubt Mr. Higginson could have cited many an interesting proof of his statement: of rare maps and illustrations pilfered from old books by those in whom he had trusted, by those he could not even accuse of the theft; the strange disappearance from well-guarded archives of scraps of paper the professional thief would have treated as rubbish. The fact that a valuable autograph letter is recorded as among the treasures of a society like the New York Historical is by no means an assurance that it will be found there when the custodian takes his key to produce it. So great has been the interest in the exile of the three Bourbon princes in this country (the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, and his two brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolais, 1796-99) that the two contributions to the Contributors' Club this year upon the subject, Louis Philippe in a Wigwam (February) and Royalty in the Genesee Country (May), have led to no little search among old records and the reminiscences of pioneers.

The contradictory versions regarding the route of the royal exiles, and the silence upon the subject by the first biographer who has been allowed access to the family papers of Louis Philippe, the Marquis de Flers, led me to exclaim with joy when, in delving among musty documents, in search of something else, I came upon a Report of the New York Historical Society for November, 1847, and read in the report of the foreign correspondence that J. Romeyn Brodhead had written from London under date October 4, 1847, inclosing a letter "from George Catlin, dated at Paris, September 20, 1847. . . . The letter of Mr. Catlin contained some interesting statements referring to the exile of the king of the French in America." The Report then gives the following extracts from the letter, omitting, however, as my reader will say when he strikes the aggravating row of . . . the very things we were all wanting to know, the detail of pleasing incidents "which happened in the western parts of the State of New York." This is the extract as given: —

"During the two years which I have

spent in Paris with my Indian collection, my works have been highly approved by the king, for whom I have painted and delivered twenty-five pictures of Indian costumes and scenes of the western country, which are to be placed in the Marine Gallery at Versailles. I have had, therefore, several interviews with his Majesty, in all of which he has spoken familiarly of his several years of rambles in exile in America in company with his two younger brothers, . . . and related to me many of the most extraordinary and pleasing incidents of his life, several of which happened while he was traversing the western parts of the State of New York, and are full of interest as matters of history. . . .

"These scenes transpired during their travels from Erie to Buffalo, to the villages of the Seneca Indians ; from thence to Canandaigua, paddling their own canoe through the whole length of the Seneca Lake to Ithaca ; from thence on foot, with their knapsacks on their backs, to the Tioga River, where, having purchased a canoe from the Indians, they descended the river to the Susquehanna, and the latter river to the valley of Wyoming (my native valley). Thence on foot they crossed the Wilkesbarre and the Pokono mountains to Easton, and thence to Philadelphia. They afterwards traversed the Alleghany Mountains to Pittsburg, and, having purchased a small boat, descended the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans, having slept along the shores of those rivers when in their wildest and rudest condition, and existed upon the food they could purchase from the Indians and from the rivers and the forests."

The secretary further reports that Mr. Catlin also stated (showing how much of the letter was withheld) that the king's portfolio of sketches and notes made during these wanderings *was then in existence*.

Naturally, application was made at once to the New York Historical Society for a full copy of the letter. *The letter could not be found.*

The report has given much valuable information, and promises to lead to the discovery, and possibly the publication, of the king's portfolio. The foreign correspondent of an Historical Society of the Genesee Country, a well-known historian residing in Paris, is looking for that portfolio, and

for documents relating to the most interesting episode in the life of the Citizen King. But the missing letter of George Catlin, — who will bring it to light ?

A Visit to the — An interesting interpretation
"Laureate of of Miss Nancy Luce's Works
Hens." in the July number of the Club
recalls a visit once made to the author of those original writings.

I see again the old gray-shingled front of her dwelling, startlingly set off by green door and window casings, and attracting further attention by this sign, close to its entrance : —

"I forbid all persons coming here on the Sabbath.
NANCY LUCE."

On the right a high board fence is set thickly with three rows of nails that suggest a question which is answered by many tales afloat on the island. We were told that Miss Nancy underwent malicious teasing which sometimes amounted to torture; not from her neighbors or any of the islanders, it is justice to say, but from strange visitors. "So few folk have feeling," she wrote ; and one day, upon the knocking of an old and most kind acquaintance, who answered, in response to her "Who's there ?" "A friend," she replied, "A friend ? That means an enemy."

Within that spiked inclosure, under green sod and dignified by neat marble headstones, whose original epitaphs have already been quoted in *The Atlantic*, rest Miss Nancy's dear dead hens. We "step into" Miss Nancy's "parlor," once "neat as a pin." In these her declining days it is close and dusty, with an atmosphere suggestive of nightmare. Its chairs crowd each other in straight lines, like boys at a country party. Irregularly and at eccentric angles highly colored pictures are pasted on the walls, near tacked-up mottoes in her own handwriting ; and her letters, formed as they are of minute leaves, or waving lines twined and linked together, or tiny dots and scrolls and hearts, are a study.

Down cellar, each in its own particular box, screened from the common gaze by a calico curtain, roosted her hens ; and we learned that well-disposed folk would buy eggs of her, but on the few occasions that she consented to sell them these wares were found to be dated, marked with the name of the hen that laid them, and kept so long that they were worse than useless.

She herself was said never to touch chicken, and to live entirely upon milk. Did I say that the hens roosted down cellar? All except the favorite, who had her quarters upon the hearth of Miss Nancy's chamber. There sits the occupant, not as represented in the frontispiece of her odd pamphlet, or as, in her best days, she was wont to receive her visitors, in an antique, short-waisted silk gown, with cape and apron of the same hue and fabric, a string of gold beads around her neck, and Beauty Sinna clasped to her heart. An old tester bedstead and a massive mahogany bureau seem to glower at us from behind her; a heavily beamed and smoke-darkened ceiling frowns from overhead; and a broad, paneled chimney-piece forms the prospect upon which her gaze is bent rather than upon us. Whenever her glance does turn upon us we meet it with a thrill, — a thrill at first of repulsion, then of eeriness; and next pity half blots out both sensations, but not wholly, for she is a grotesque figure.

From under a short woolen skirt protrude her feet clad in carpet slippers, and the loose blouse that covers her narrow and humped body is fastened with big brass buttons. Over her head, down on her forehead, and close under her chin, so that not one strand of hair is visible, is drawn a thick woolen hood. This accents the unusual length and pallor of her face, which reminds one of an unlighted dwelling. Her dark, heavy eyes, unshaded by lashes, are eloquent of pain and reproach. But it is her hands that bear chief witness to her sufferings, for they are gaunt and colorless, — so colorless, indeed, that they look as if no ruddy drop of blood had ever warmed them.

She talks most about her physical suffering, and scolds us shrilly for coming at such an unheard-of hour — it is four o'clock in the afternoon — expecting to see her pets, which have all been put to bed. The air about her is hot and bad, and, leaving behind us many good wishes and the sum of fifty cents, we take with us one of her books, and step with great and mighty relief into the invigorating purity of the October atmosphere without. But a depression clings to us, as does the memory of Miss Nancy's face and figure. We heard much speculation as to whether she was thoroughly demented, or had wit enough to

turn her condition into a source of revenue; and the story ran that her peculiarity developed after the death, in quick succession, of her nearest relatives. Then she shut herself up with a goat as companion; and when the creature died her wildly extravagant grief was something strange indeed to see. She turned for solace to her hens, never quitting their society; and when we made her acquaintance, in 1887, we were assured that for thirty years she had not set foot upon the ground.

Aspects of Nature in England and in America. — Nature has her parallels of longitude as well as latitude, her occidental and oriental as well as her tropical and temperate and hyperborean zones. The flora and fauna of nations differ as their men do. Accent, attitude, proportion, enter into all things. Life has the same basis everywhere, but the elements are differently mixed. If I may be permitted to formulate a generalization, I am disposed to say that with us Nature is more dædal and less human than in England; wilder, and with a touch more of mazziness in her charm. It is the difference between Shelley and Tennyson or Wordsworth, between Thoreau and Robert Burns. The elm of New England differs as much from that of old England as the Yankee from John Bull. There is a sturdiness as of one who has fought a lifelong battle in the aspect of the English tree which is absent from our own; its boughs are less adventurous and less resilient, and the trunk is gnarled and knotted as if through years of stress and hardship. Even the docks and thistles are coarser and thicker-stemmed in English than in American pastures; they bulk more than they aspire. Perhaps the propinquity of all parts of the island to the sea, and the salty breezes that sweep across it, may have something to do with this peculiarity. I notice a distinction between the trees and plants that fringe our Atlantic seaboard and those that grow farther inland. But perhaps, also, it may be explained in part by our clearer and more constant sunshine.

I find, however, that though such as I have indicated is the general tendency, it is one to which there are exceptions. The beech looks stouter and hardier here than there, and has less resilient boughs; but the specimens I saw in England were on lawns or in cultivated closes, and their

grace was perhaps the product of the gardener's earlier care. With the pines the case is different. The distinction is not so much in balance and in delicacy of outline — for in these I think our trees have the advantage — as in the refinement and tinting of the surfaces. In England the bark is finer and more delicately shaded; it has tones of pink and gray. Take, for instance, the tall Scotch fir which inhabits the whole of northern Europe. How exquisite the warm, rich salmon-pink of its bark in sunshine, with its curling, peeling scales, and the silvery blueness of its long thin spines! And so similarly of other firs and spruces.

Of English wild flowers I remember few that compare in delicacy and lightness with our own. They surpass them in mass and numbers, in ubiquity and obtrusiveness; their presence and their scent, indeed, are all-pervading; but somehow they have a too familiar, almost a domesticated air. Except in very early spring they come to us, and are not sought; and they share a little the fate of all beautiful things that are too little reticent: we love them less because they are so easy to secure. The ragged-robin bends to us from every hedgerow, and beneath it the violet and the primrose and the wild hyacinth mingle, or else alternate, and behind it cowslips cover the entire surface of the field. One feels the sympathetic value of this close companionship, though one tires of it by and by, and wishes to be more a seeker, and to follow Nature into those recesses where she is more coy. I feel as if, in England, outdoor life were bent on appealing to a wider class of minds, and so thrusts her charms a little boldly forward. It is the antithesis to the English social attitude.

There are compensations, however, in this opulence and all-pervasiveness. Nature is often mellow in England where she is rather and harsh with us, and benignant where with us she is austere. The human quality in her is more pronounced. She is more loving, if less beautiful; more constant, if less entrancingly delightful. What she lacks in æsthetic interest she makes up to us in the enduringness of her charm. The lichens and mosses of England are thicker and less graceful than ours, but they are, I think, more deeply and richly tinted, and it would be difficult to decide to which to give the palm. When I close my eyes and look

back upon the panorama of her landscapes, it is chiefly with her fructuousness that I am impressed, and the confiding semi-domesticity of her floral and faunal life. Nature has taken on the tone of man through long intimacy with his presence, and reflects as in a mirror the procession of his thoughts and ways.

The length of England's spring and the mildness of her winters result in the slow growth of the foliage on her deciduous trees, and the young leaves lack that delicacy and diversity of tone which make the charm of the woods at the end of our New England May. But there is a regularity in the procession of her growths which to us is unfamiliar. In a normal spring, it is possible to tell almost to a day when any flower will be first in bloom, or the leaf-buds at a certain stage in their development. The constancy of her ocean temperature and the uncertainty that attends our nearness to the northern snowfields account for this diversity; the sea being, calorically, a more stable neighbor than the land.

Among the birds, the rule I have enunciated for the flora holds good, with few exceptions. Not so, however, with the denizens of the streams. Our common fish are coarser and less idyllic. Our pumpkin-seeds and shiners do not equal their roach and dace, nor has our minnow the ruby gullet that is turned up at us in the purling English stream. Our fish seem to be of a lower and less developed type æsthetically as well as biologically; they are more the product of the weeds and of the mud than of the flowers and of the shimmering upper waters. It is as if Nature had not begun to put the finishing touches to this portion of her economy until she had brought them into contact with the Caucasian mind, and as if, therefore, we were behindhand by reason of the lateness of America's discovery.

But the distinction changes as we mount upwards in the biological scale. It is true that the song of our robin is less beautiful in tone — more common and less flutelike — than that of his close congener, the English blackbird, —

"With that gold dagger of his bill
To fret the summer jenneting;"

but our thrushes make up for this declension, and more than expiate this plebeian trait. While far less copious, their song is

rarer and more ethereal, and their shy woodland habits are in well-bred contrast with the boldness of the English species, which sing openly on the tall trees of the lawn. I am obliged, however, to admit that our hawks seem to me less proudly graceful and less exquisitely mottled; and our kingfisher is a churl beside his glancing English cousin, lacking both in the daintiness of his body and in the brilliancy of his blues and reds and greens. Ours is a rough utilitarian fellow, while the function of the English species is chiefly to be beautiful. It is of him that sportsmen aver that the brightness of his dye makes it almost impossible to see his small dead body on the snow in the winter sunshine; and it is of his pellucid coat that Tennyson is thinking when he tells us how

"Underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March."

I know of no other bird to whose plumage the word "translucent" may be so appropriately applied, nor any whose hues approach so nearly the blue-green color of the sun-kissed wave.

But, in spite of this brilliant rarity, England has little to place beside our summer redbird and scarlet tanager, our oriole and bluebird; nor is there anything among British *sylvideæ* to compare with our orange-throated and cerulean warblers. In delicacy and brilliancy of coloring our woodbirds take the lead. One hears the adjective "beautiful" applied in England to birds which would not here excite remark. Even the goldfinch and the chaffinch—notwithstanding the exquisite rose-pink breast of the male of the last-named species—pale beside many of our lesser songsters; and our yellow summer warbler is far prettier and more dainty than the yellow-hammer. The bullfinch, however, holds his own, and may be correlated with our cardinal and rose-breasted grosbeaks, which he patterns on a smaller scale.

The markings of many even of the most beauteous English birds look too pronounced, as if done by the hand of Nature ere she had become initiated into the modes of blending and shading off. The bars upon the wings of the chaffinch and the red throat-patch of the goldfinch seem too definitely bounded. One would like them better if their edges had been toned a little, and merged in the colors that come next.

The linnet, however, is a rarely beautiful symphony in green and brown, and well deserves his encomiums at the hands of Wordsworth:—

"There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings
That cover him all over."

Of English game-birds I saw only the partridge and the pheasant, and these seemed to me to have suffered that degeneration which in nature is almost always the attendant upon an easy way of life. Despite his richer plumage, the former is grosser and less wilding than the partridge of our woods; gamekeepers and continued cossetting have reduced him almost to the level of the fowl, and both he and the lordly pheasant smack to me a little of the barnyard. For my own part, I have little sympathy with the drive and the *battue*. I should rather shoot one ptarmigan among the Scottish boulders, or one woodcock beside an English stream, than bag a score of pheasants in a preserve, or half a hundred brace of partridges. I care little for the bulking of my game-bag,—it is a consideration altogether gross and plebeian; but I care for the training of hand and ear and eye, and for the quality of my marksmanship. I have a feeling that the exquisite sensibilities of Frederick Robertson found more and deeper pleasure in his long and lonely watching in the Sussex reeds for a coy and solitary wild duck than enters into the consciousness of the employer of a score of beaters.

There is one charming phase of Nature in England to which I have not adverted, closely connected with the half-domesticity of her fauna. I am inclined to consider it the outcome of in-breeding and of the contact of the brutes with man. It is the deeper culture and more tender and receptive aspect of the feline eye. Notice the contrast there is between the eye of the well-bred, well-trained hunter and that of the unbroken mustang, between that of the St. Bernard and that of the wolf or fox. The one lets us look below the surface; it is all softness and receptiveness, even though it may be fringed with lightning; but the other is hard and impenetrable,—a ball of smouldering and unconquerable fire. In the eye of the animal brought into subjection to man, and not yet yielding willingly to his

dominion, there is a suggestion, if not an element, of insanity. It was into the eye of a captive European swallow which he held in his hand, under the eaves at Königsberg, that Kant was looking when he declared it was "as if he were gazing into heaven;" and one is led to wonder what might be the result to the eye of the woodcock if he could be induced to leave his sequestered haunts and mix more intimately and more confidently with mankind.

What 's in a Name? — A good name, even in the limited sense of being euphonious, is so desirable that it is difficult to discover why it should be lightly cast aside for an uncouth and vulgar one. It is still more incomprehensible when the name is valuable for its significance and association. Yet one need not go far to find many ancient and modern instances of such unprofitable change. I have but to look to the east and to the west to be confronted and affronted by two notable examples.

A bold peak, among the loftiest of the Green Mountains, lies against the eastern sky in striking likeness of a crouching lion, — a resemblance at once recognized by the French explorers, who gave it the befitting title of *Lion Couchant*. The Waubanakees called it *Tah-wah-bede e Wadso*, the Saddle Mountain; but for us it bears the absurdly inappropriate name of *Camel's Hump*, or *Camel's Rump*, as some will have it, for whom the vulgarity of the first is not quite sufficient. Even such a name gives a mountain more individuality than the cognomen of a successful politician, and we take kindlier to it than to the unmeaning and wholly inappropriate name of *Mansfield*, given to its loftiest brother of the Green Mountain range, which might better bear its early Waubanakee title, *Moze-o-de-be Wadso*, the Moosehead Mountain. Of all these grand landmarks, only one retains its aboriginal name, *Aseutney*, probably a corruption of *Mahps-cad-na*, *Rocky Height*.

Piercing the clouds of the western horizon is lifted the highest peak of the Adirondacks. Eye and ear acknowledge the fitness of the sonorous name bestowed upon it by the Iroquois, *Tahawus*, the *Sky-Splitter*; but if by this name you inquire of the maps or of the people who dwell in its mighty shadow, you shall not find it. The

old appellation is almost as much forgotten as those of its brothers, *Oukarlah* and *Nodoneyo*. But ask for *Mt. Marey* and the pathway opens to you. All these noble peaks have suffered a like misfortune except *Whiteface*, whose name fits well, and by which you may recognize it when you behold the slide-swept front. The mountains shrink under the weight of their ignoble nomenclature, a curse which fell upon them earlier than the blight of destruction that threatens the primeval wilderness wherein they stand. Their ancient names should endure like them, forever, when their forests are forgotten.

When I visit my favorite stream, I can never help thinking that its clear waters would be brighter and their song more joyous if it still bore its old name, *Sun-gah-ne-tuk*, the River of Fish Weirs, rather than *Lewis Creek*; and would not the name of *Onion River* have a sweeter fragrance untranslated from *Winooski*, the Land of Leeks?

We are only amused when, from some freak or fancy, men change their own names, and *Bull* becomes *Buel*, *Cox Cook*, and *Hogg*, naturally enough, is made *Bacon*; but we revolt against the change of commonplace but accustomed and perhaps historical names of towns to the no less commonplace patronymic of some successful pill-vender or politician.

It is rare to find transplanted descendants of the old Canadians who fought under the *fleur de lis* still bearing the names their ancestors proudly bore. For the most part, they renounce their euphonious historic names for English translations and fancied semblances in mere sound. *Jean Baptiste Sans Souci Le Veque* may be forgiven for abbreviating his name to *John Lavake*; but it is distressing to eye and ear when *Deignault* is spelled and pronounced *Danyaw*, *Ainse* becomes *Hanks*, *L'Auvergne Lovern*, *St. Cyr Sears*, *Monat Miner*, *Colombe*, by some unaccountable transformation, *Daniels*; and it is confusing when both *Dudelant* and *Gaudesse* become *Douglas*. All the *Ruisseaux* are dry *Brooks*, the *La Frênes* and *La Prunelles* withered *Ashes* and *Plum-trees*, and *Henri Livernois d'Oligney Henry Alden*. So the fine old names sink into a dreary level of commonplace.

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THE STORY OF A CHILD.

XI.

THE next morning Ellen was awake and staring, wide-eyed, at the dawn long before the maids, in the faint light, went yawning down to the kitchen.

It seemed, when she awoke, as though some terrible dream had oppressed her, and she felt for a moment that sense of wondering relief, that grown persons know too well, and that fades so instantly into miserable certainty. Ellen, with a frightened sigh, remembered, and then buried her face in her pillow, and felt the tears behind her eyes, though no tears came. Older persons know that pain, too. In this pale morning light the child saw her project as it really was, stripped of those mists of imagination which had made it appear beautiful and admirable. It was impossible! How had she ever dared to think of such a thing? Yet how could she break her promise to Effie? The honesty of that thought drove her into planning the details of this impossible action. She must make her arrangements, even though she might not be able to carry them out. First she must pack her "things" up in something. She began to think of a certain leather bag which had belonged to her grandfather; she saw it in her memory, — the sole leather worn and shabby, and the "Eben Dale" in fat black letters on one side. She must get that bag. She must — *steal* it! Well, she had nothing else; she could n't help it; it was n't her fault; she

had to have a bag. Poor little Ellen! trying so early in life to reconcile self-blame and self-pity, and learning, as do older sinners, that in any honest mind they are forever enemies.

The bag was in the spare room across the hall. She was afraid of this rarely used room, it was so dark and silent, and once her grandfather had lain dead in it! No one guessed what terrors had shaken the child whenever she had had to enter it. She used to run past its closed door, flinging a scared look over her shoulder. It seemed to her that some time the door would open and *something* stand on the threshold: she never said what would stand there; her terror needed no detail of words. Oh, how hard it was that the bag should be in that room!

She crept out of bed, and, without waiting to dress, stole across the hall and softly pushed the spare-room door open. The shutters were bowed, and one thin line of the sweet morning light came in from the dawn outside, touching, like a pointing finger, the great bed, draped in its white valance and coverlet. Its four mahogany posts made Ellen think of the obelisk which marked Dr. Dale's grave in the churchyard. The noiseless, lifting line of the sunbeam lay upon the white matting, almost at her feet; she stopped, then stepped across it, with a gasp. After that, though the tide of resolution rose and fell, the deed was practically done; in the child's mind arose confusedly the vision of the sword of

tremulous flame outside the gate of Paradise. The morning sunbeam and the little child made the picture of a human heart's profanity. Ellen felt, but did not understand, this critical moment created by her imagination.

Suddenly she thought the valance about the bed fluttered, and she almost cried out, and then stood with staring eyes. Oh, what if there were something under that awful bed? There was a moment of strained silence; then, on tiptoe, looking sideways at the valance, she glided across the room. Never once did she turn her back upon the bed; it seemed as though, if she glanced away for an instant, she should see, when she looked back, the long straight lines of the sheet, as she had seen them three years before. When at last she held the bag in her hand, and crept towards the door, a glimpse of herself in the glass, in her white night-gown, startled her so that she almost dropped it.

When the first fright was over, Ellen began to pack her dearly bought valise. How silent the house was! The wet leaves of the woodbine outside her window began to shine, as the sun looked around the corner of the house; some birds twittered; she heard a latch lift and fall, and knew that the women were going downstairs. It was very exciting. She must hurry with her packing, she thought, or Betsey Thomas might discover her.

What should she take with her? Her best dress, certainly; but she found, on squeezing it into the smallest possible bundle, that there would be little room for anything else in the bag, so drew it out again, meshed with wrinkles. In its place she put a small china vase, and then sat down upon the floor to reflect upon what else was necessary. Her Sunday hat, of course. The soft leghorn, with its white ribbons, was easily rolled up and pushed into the yawning jaws of the bag. Boots, — she should need boots? "I might get

my feet wet," she considered, proud to find how practical she was. So, hastily, she dropped a pair of shoes in beside the hat; and then, with a quick impulse, tucked her Bible in one corner. This gave her tortured little conscience a momentary relief; it was so good to take her Bible! Her bank? She had almost forgotten her bank. That would have been, indeed, a serious omission. And here she came to the end of her packing. There was really nothing else to take; money, boots, a hat, and a Bible, — what else was needed for a journey? So she pushed the bag under the bed, that it might escape Betsey's eyes when she should enter with the tray and breakfast. But Betsey, when she came, did not glance about the room, nor speak to Ellen; following Mrs. Dale's directions, she put the tray down silently, and went away.

Ellen debated within herself whether she should eat her breakfast or put it in her bag. She decided on the former course; for, as the food was to be eaten some time, as well now as later. Breakfast over, came the waiting until nine o'clock, when she was to escape by means of the back stairs. She was greatly excited, and when, suddenly, her bedroom door opened she started so violently that Betsey Thomas tried to reassure her before delivering a message from Mrs. Dale.

"Don't be scared, Ellen; law, it's only me. And Ellen, why don't you be a good girl? I don't mind nothin'! You just say you'll apologize, child. Do, now, Ellen," she said anxiously.

Ellen did not answer.

"Anyway, your grandmother says you are to go out of doors for an hour and walk; and then she says — well, says she, 'Ellen can come and see me, if she's anything to say.' Do, Ellen. I wish 't you would, child?"

Ellen looked out of the window to hide the tears that were trembling on her lashes.

"Your grandmother has a headache; she ain't up yet," Betsey ended significantly, her hand upon the door-knob; and then she turned back to add, "I'm to leave your dinner on the chest of drawers in the back entry, Ellen, and you're to get it yourself, your grandmother says."

The little girl looked scared; had she made her grandmother ill? She had promised Effie, — she must not break her word; but how dreadful if she had made her grandmother ill! Oh, how unhappy she was! She kept saying over and over to herself that she had "promised Effie," and so she must go. But when, with her bag in her hand, she started, ostensibly for the hour's walk in the garden, it was still incredible to her that she should be able to keep her word. She stopped a moment in the upper hall to wipe her eyes, and then, feeling very homesick, she crept to her grandmother's door, and, kneeling down, softly kissed the knob.

There was no sound behind the closed door, for Mrs. Dale had had her coffee and dropped into a nap; but the lack of any response to her burst of affection made Ellen's old bitterness come back; the sense of being badly treated put her mind again into the comfortable grooves of habit, and an unreal wretchedness made her so much happier that she was able to be interested in the situation, and say to herself that she was "escaping." She actually sauntered through the gooseberry bushes of the kitchen garden, taking the exercise which her grandmother had permitted her. The lawful prelude to an unlawful event had its charm for Ellen.

She said to herself that her absence would not be discovered until the afternoon, for Betsey Thomas would not go for the tray before three o'clock at the earliest.

Effie was waiting for her on the summer-house steps, looking quite pale.

Before Ellen reached her she began to talk in an agitated way. "Ellen, do you know, I believe — I — *I can't*. I'm not going to. I'm awfully sorry — but — aunty wants me to have a dress fitted this afternoon. And don't you see, I can't? I'm awfully sorry." Effie was very much embarrassed.

Ellen was out of breath; the bag, with all that money in the iron bank, was heavy. She stopped, put it down on the step, and looked up at Effie silently. Effie was very nervous.

"Well, you see, I can't help it; I've got to have my dress fitted. It isn't my fault. And *you* can go just the same."

"Do you mean," said Ellen in a low voice, "that you've backed out?"

Effie began to cry. "Well, what's the use? I'm not like you; my papa's not dead, and he'd catch me right off. Besides, he's awfully fond of me. So what's the use?"

"All right."

"Oh, Nellie, you're not mad? You can go all the same. I've brought you lots of food to take. Only you mustn't tell that I did; they'd scold me."

"Of course I shall go all the same. If you don't tell, you won't be scolded."

"Oh, I won't tell," Effie promised, with a gasp; "only, don't you think they might find out? They'll think I ought to have told on you."

Ellen's lip quivered. "I guess they won't find out," she said; "but I did n't suppose it was right to break your word, Effie Temple."

"Oh, well, if you are going to get mad," said Effie, "I would n't go for anything! I hate people that get mad."

Ellen swallowed hard, and, turning away from Effie, blinked several times.

"What have you got in your bag?" Effie began, softening a little. "Any cake? And, Nellie, I thought I'd just say, *I don't think you ought to*

go. Now I'm not to blame; so let's plan. See the things I've brought: eggs — they are not cooked — and cake. Look! isn't that nice?"

"I don't want your cake," said Ellen, her little red lower lip quivering, "and I don't want to make any more plans with you. I'm going now; good-by, Euphemia Temple. I'll never speak to you again."

Effie was divided between interest and anger, in which there was also a little fear that Ellen would not go, and so all this excitement would come to an end. "It's real mean to talk that way just because I can't go. I have awfully pretty dresses, — not like yours, — and they have to be fitted. I won't tell — and — don't you, either, when you come back. I mean, if you come back. And write to me, Nellie. Oh, my goodness, I wish I was going. Gracious! it's splendid!"

Such admiration touched Ellen, who had already reached the lower step. "Yes, I'll write to you," she said, "though I don't think you are a very good friend." It did not occur to Ellen that here was her opportunity to "back out." Somehow, this deflection only strengthened her purpose; very likely, had Effie been faithful and urged her, she would have had some wholesome hesitation.

Effie stood up, shading her eyes with her hand, and watching Ellen's little figure flit across the orchard and down the hill to the highway. There the elderberry bushes that fringed the road hid her for a moment, and then she was swallowed up in a cloud of dust, as a wagon went jogging by.

So began Ellen's journey into the world.

XII.

The sun poured hot and white upon the long stretch of sandy road. Ellen had hurried through the village, and, as it chanced, met no one. Near the

post-office, on the main street, she saw a familiar figure which gave her an instant's fear. It was Miss Jane Temple; she had a letter in her hand, and seemed to be reading its address with absent intentness; she never once looked up. Escaped from those friendly eyes, Ellen was soon beyond Old Chester.

She walked steadily and quite rapidly. She passed two or three people; one man, who knew her, said, "Hullo, Ellen!" in a surprised way, but asked no questions. After that she walked for a while in the fields along the road, so that she might not be seen. The bag was heavy, and so was her heart.

It was nearly dinner time. Ellen had rejected Effie's cake and eggs, and those friendly berries which in story-books offer themselves to wandering children did not appear. There were locust-trees here and there by the roadside, but they had nothing to give her but a flickering shade. She really wished very much that she had eaten more breakfast. If she could see a shop, she would open her bank, she thought, and buy something. But not only were there no shops in sight; there were no houses, either.

She had taken every cross-road and lane and turn, and walked through fields, and skirted meadows, and now had quite lost her bearings, and had no idea where she was. Reaching the railroad at Mercer had appeared simple enough when she and Effie talked it over, but where was Mercer? She stumbled a little as she plodded through the dust, and then said to herself that she was so tired she must sit down and rest.

It was just noon. The mowed fields on either side of the road lay in a hot blur of sunshine; the long z-z-ing of the locusts seemed to emphasize the stillness. So far, the child had been sustained by excitement, and anger at Effie, and consciousness of achievement; but little by little a dull ache of reality

began to make itself felt. She perceived, far off, the moment when resolution would flag. But it was very far off. She would still pretend to herself that she was going to Mercer. Down the white road a little cloud of dust was creeping along. Ellen could hear a slow creaking jolt before she could distinguish in the dusty nimbus a peddler's cart. It was covered with sunburned canvas, and, as all the weight was on the front seat, it tilted up behind and sagged upon the front wheels. The white mule which jogged between the shafts was driven by a large person with a ruddy face; he wore spectacles, whose round silver rims looked like little satellites of his moonlike countenance, which had also a halo about it, made by a fringe of white whiskers under his chin, and a gray felt hat worn on the back of his head. His elbows were on his knees, and the reins hung loosely between his fingers; he was humming to himself, and once or twice his head nodded, as though he were half asleep; indeed, his eyes were closed, and he would not have noticed Ellen, standing at the roadside, had not the mule come to a standstill to kick a fly from its gray, shaggy stomach.

"Hallo!" said the man, opening his eyes.

"Yes, sir," said Ellen nervously.

"Warm day."

"Yes, sir."

"Goin' my way?"

"Yes, sir," Ellen said, having not the slightest idea where he was going.

"Edward and me 'll give thee a lift; git in."

"Oh, no, thank you, sir, I—I'm going to Mercer."

Her voice quivered so that the peddler looked at her with sudden scrutiny. "Hallo, what's this?" said he. "Why, sissy, Mercer is twenty miles off! Come, thee'd better git in; I'm goin' that way."

There was something so pleasant in

the kindness of his face that Ellen, tired, and afraid of her own thoughts, and dumfounded at the idea of the twenty miles still before her, found herself saying, "Thank you, sir," and climbing in over the wheel.

The white mule pricked up first one ear and then the other, and with reluctance began to move; his master turned his friendly spectacles upon Ellen. "Thee's a little tot to be going to Mercer by theeself," he said.

Ellen did not reply.

There was a pause, in which the peddler seemed to seek a meaning in her silence, and then he said, with clumsy and painstaking gentleness, "Does th' folks know thee's going to Mercer, sissy?"

"I think I'll get out and walk," Ellen said agitatedly.

The peddler made a little clucking sound, as though to soothe her; and then he chuckled to himself, but did not stop Edward; he only said, "Here's a joke!"

Ellen politely tried to call up a smile, but she saw nothing funny. She wished she had not gotten into the cart.

"I'm going to be a milliner," she said, with childish embarrassment at silence.

"Well, now, ain't that strange? I'm in the millinery way myself; though I'm a literary man. I sell books. There's nothin' like literature for improvin' folks." He paused, and beamed upon Ellen. "Like books?"

"Yes, sir, I like to read very much," she answered. Ellen was vain of this liking to read. She had often heard Betsey Thomas speak of it with admiration and wonder.

The peddler nodded his head; his spectacles had a kindly gleam in them. "I can't say that I'm particular about readin' books, but I like 'em. And I like to sell 'em. My house is full of 'em. Thee's welcome to look at 'em."

"Thank you, sir, but I think I must n't stop," returned Ellen, feeling

snubbed, for this gentleman was evidently contemptuous about reading. "I am going on to Mercer."

"Thee has no call to stop," the man explained. "This is my house, this cart. I sleep in it, and eat in it, and follow my literary pursuits in it. A-puttin' th' house on wheels don't stop its bein' th' house, huh?"

"Oh, no, sir," Ellen assured him nervously.

"Yes; look around, look around, and make theeself at home. This here seat we're settin' on is the front piazza; that there shelf, back, is my bedroom; this here roomy space right behind us is the parlor; and right behind it, — see that chalk line?" (he had fastened the reins on a hook in the wagon frame above his head, so that he could turn and direct Ellen's glances about the cart), — "that chalk line is the wall between the kitchen and parlor. When it rains, I go in off the piazza and set in my parlor, and Edward, he goes on. Them boxes on the shelf overhead is my garret; they're full of finery, ribbons and such things. The ladies will have them. Now, for me, I'd rather have books. There's the library under my bed. All convenient, all right to th' hand. Honest, I pities the people with them big, uneasy houses. So lonesome in 'em, they must be!"

Ellen was much interested; she began to think that she would go about in a cart instead of being a milliner. Perhaps she had better ask this kind gentleman's advice as to where she could get a cart, and a white mule like Edward? (But all the while, in the background of her heart, she saw herself at home again.)

She could not ask her question at once, because the peddler stopped at the door of a farmhouse; and Ellen, curled up on the seat, watched the ingratiating politeness with which he enticed a reluctant customer. He looked over his glasses, nodding his head in

candid assent to each objection that was made, as though he had no personal interest in disposing of his goods. He showed a beguiling sympathy for the purchaser's economical hesitation, — a sympathy that was almost an entreaty not to purchase, and that could not but result in a sale. When they drove away, followed by a barking dog, and leaving a yard of cotton lace in exchange for the money jingling in the peddler's hand, he began to sing to himself; he seemed to have forgotten Ellen, who felt neglected.

"I think perhaps I'd like to sell things in a cart," she said, with dignity and resentment.

Her host interrupted his singing, and looked at her. Then he chuckled. "It's a good business. Course it's some lonesome. Thee might be dyin' in th' house, lyin' there in the parlor, fer instance, and not one 'ud care; but thee's free, in this business; thee's shut of all th' friends that boss thee — and want th' money!" said the peddler, with a sudden seriousness of his own.

"I think it would be very pleasant to play house in a wagon," said Ellen, struggling against the depression of possible loneliness, and a little disappointed that no reference was made to the sorrow of deserted friends.

"Yes, yes, 't is," the peddler admitted. "But nights, now, fer instance. Lyin' there in thy bedroom, hoo! thee don't know what 'll come at thee in the dark!"

Ellen was instantly frightened. "I — I think I won't," she said faintly. "I guess I'll be a milliner."

"Well, that's genteel; and yet they do say that they starve, the milliners, mostly. Graveyards is full of 'em."

"Why, but," Ellen protested, "bonnets are twenty-five dollars apiece; I should think they'd be rich, the milliners?"

Among the peddler's customers, ladies who paid twenty-five dollars for a

bonnet were not frequent, but he wisely avoided the discussion. Instead, he remarked, "Yes, and fifty dollars! But thee sees, the fifties and the twenty-fives comes to gentlemen in my line. The milliners have to get their things from us. They don't make much."

This was beyond Ellen, but, though she did not understand it, it left her in doleful uncertainty in regard to her plans. She sighed, and turned the subject by asking the peddler if he ever thought that may be he was dreaming.

"Huh?" said the man, slapping a rein on Edward's back, and turning the puzzled benevolence of his mild eyes upon her.

But Ellen found it hard to explain. This thought of the possible unreality of the present had always been a vague terror, for it usually haunted her happiest moments. Suppose it was all a dream, — her pleasant life, her paper dolls, her little teas with Lydia, her garden, and the swing under the front porch, — a dream, and she really a poor little beggar, about to awake to hunger and cold and misery? But now, when she put the question to the peddler, she thought how happy she would be if she awoke and found *this* a dream!

"I only meant," she said, trying to keep her voice from trembling, "that I don't know how we know we're not dreaming. Sometimes I think I'll waken up and find I'm — a Laplander, all dressed up in skins, and milking reindeers, and living in a tent; or" — Ellen began to get interested, in spite of the ache in her heart that made talking an effort — "or may be a Chinese baby, in a cradle all painted with dragons, and my feet squeezed up."

"Well, I swan!" said the peddler. He looked at Ellen curiously; it occurred to him that she was crazy.

"Don't you ever think those things?" she asked eagerly.

"Well, now thee's said it, — I *don't*," the man admitted gravely.

"Poor little tot!" he said to himself, "she ain't just right, I guess."

"Oh, I think about it lots," Ellen assured him. "Sometimes I think" — this in a lowered voice, for it was a very secret thought, with which she comforted herself when Betsey Thomas was more than usually aggravating, and which she had never confided even to Lydia — "I think I'm the queen's daughter, and when I wake I'll be in a golden palace. And then, other times, I've thought that it was n't a dream, but only that it was a secret from me, and people did n't want me to know I was a queen's daughter yet. They wanted me to be brought up in a republican country, you know. But I'll be sent for when I'm eighteen, and all the prime ministers and grand viziers and congressmen will come, and kneel down, and say, 'You're a princess, and here's your crown!'" Ellen's face had cleared, as if some morning wind had blown away the clouds of a spring dawn. "Just think!" she cried; "would n't it be splendid! My!"

"Well, well," said the peddler, "I guess th' folks don't find the handlin' of thee real easy? There, now, sissy, it ain't healthy to have them dreams. Did n't thy ma ever tell thee so?"

"My mother's gone to heaven, and so has my father," said Ellen. "I live with grandmother." She turned her head away with a confused look. The fact that she was an orphan was not at all a grief to Ellen, for she did not remember her parents, but it was an embarrassment; it meant that she needed the prayers of the Church, and the petition "defend and provide for the fatherless children" made her, every Sunday, turn hot and red at the publicity of her condition. She was relieved when the peddler requested Edward to stop, and changed the subject by observing that it was time for dinner.

Ellen brightened, and immediately felt that life was real. It was after

three, and she was positively faint with hunger. They drew up on the shady side of the road, and she watched the peddler hang a battered canvas bag full of oats about Edward's neck; then he went around to the back of the wagon to reach his kitchen.

"I'm goin' to cook my dinner," he said. His spectacles had such a friendly gleam that Ellen felt happier, in spite of that weight upon her heart. But the moment of return seemed very near. "There's an open place back in there, under the trees, nice and grassy; I call it the restaurant. I always cook there when I go by this way. There's a spring, too. Edward, he stays by to mind the cart."

He lifted out a queer little stove, and then a frying-pan and a saucepan, and a basket in which seemed to be various articles of food. "May be thee'd like to look at a book for a while," he said, "until thee gits th' own dinner?"

He handed Ellen a pamphlet bound in yellow paper, and then pushed the bushes aside and disappeared into the woods. Ellen looked listlessly at the cover of the book, on which was a print of a lady in blue, with feathers in her hair, and a gentleman in red, with a sword; she was wondering how soon the dinner would be cooked. The peddler did not come back. There was only Edward, flinging up his head occasionally and crunching his oats, to keep her company. The wagon had been drawn up close to the roadside, so that other vehicles might pass, but there were none in sight; the woods on either side were thick and still; a rod away a thread of water fell with a musical sound from a hollowed log into a rusty iron caldron. Edward glanced at it patiently once or twice. It made Ellen thirsty, the faint gleam and drip and bubbling sound, but she dared not leave the cart to get a drink, lest the peddler might return to say that dinner was ready.

As she sat there a savory smell of cooking came through the bushes; it was really very hard to wait so long. She tried to forget her hunger by reading the little book. It was the story in rhyme of Lord Belchan and Lady Susey Pye. The pictures were rough prints, in the primary colors, of lords and ladies, parrots and castles, strange ships and battles. "Lord Belchan," she read —

"Lord Belchan was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree,
And he determined to go abroad,
Strange countries for to see!"

But Ellen was too hungry to be interested. She began to wonder whether the peddler had forgotten her. At last she could bear it no longer, and, climbing down from the cart, she went timidly into the woods. It was so dark and shadowy under the trees that for an instant she did not see the peddler, sitting, his arms clasped about his knees, gazing anxiously in her direction. A look of relief came into his face, followed by an affectation of vast indifference.

"Well, sissy," he said, "has thee had th' dinner?"

"My dinner!" Ellen faltered. "Why—I" — She stood quite still, looking at him, her little chin quivering and her eyes filling.

It was more than those kindly spectacles could stand. "There, now; well, well; come, child, eat a bit, here. I don't mind givin' thee a little; though it ain't what's done in the world. It's everybody fer themselves, when a lady or gentleman don't have no use fer friends, and has left 'em! Of course, thee knows it ain't nothin' to me ef thee's hungry. I only look out fer myself." He turned his back upon the child, for he could not bear those slow, rolling tears, and he heaped a tin plate with a queer combination of fried meat and potatoes. "Eat that," he said gruffly; and then, with instant softening, "There, now, sissy! But

't ain't like home: I was just pointin' that out to thee, that 's all."

Ellen silently took the tin plate and began to eat.

"Of course," the peddler said, "of course thee must n't expect, after this, folks thee 's got no claim on will feed thee, now thee 's got shut of th' friends. Thee knows the Good Book allows that if a man don't do his own peddling he ain't to eat. But thee 's free, and of course it's fine to be free."

"I have my bank, sir, and I'll pay you for my dinner," said Ellen, a trembling dignity in her voice; "and I guess I'll go now."

"Go? Thee means to Mercer? Well, Edward an' me'll be joggin' on soon, and we'll take thee."

Ellen did not answer. Oh, how could she get away from this dreadful man, who was dragging her to Mercer? The friendly feeling that had accompanied her confidences faded. "I *won't* go to Mercer!" she thought, and experienced the relief of being angry at somebody else for her own wrong doing, — a relief often sought by sinners of more advanced years.

The peddler had gone out into the road to water Edward, but came back again, and sat down on the soft forest grass between the roots of a great chestnut. "We'll rest a bit, on Edward's account," he said, "and then we'll go on. I believe I'll just shut my eyes for about five minutes."

He stretched himself out on the ground, and, putting the felt hat over his eyes, crossed his hands upon his breast. He was chuckling to himself over this adventure with a runaway child, and planning, with an imagination as fertile as Ellen's own, the delight of her family when he should return her, safe and sound, which he meant to do about six o'clock. "I can't shunt off no customer fer the little tot," he reflected, "but I'll get her home by six. I guess her grandma'll be a good customer after this."

The cooking-stove stood in the little plot of forest grass, with the untidy tin plates resting on its cooling top; a spring, bubbling up between some flat stones, chattered to itself; a bird piped in the tree overhead, and then came fluttering down into the open space. It looked with bright, quick eyes at Ellen, sitting in her miserable heartsick silence, and then hopped across the little glade, where the shadows lay like a lattice upon moss and grass, and began to peck at the scraps of food on the plates. Through the bushes Ellen could see Edward's ears twitching now and then, and the rusty canvas of the cart. Into the wood quiet came the sharp sound of trotting hoofs, and then an instant's glimpse of a man on horseback. It brought her heart up into her throat. He came, whoever he was, from that world which she had left. Oh, if she could catch him, — if she could make him take her home!

The inevitable moment had come.

The peddler slept tranquilly. Silently, like a little thief, Ellen rose, and stepped stealthily across the grass. The bird, startled, dashed up into the greenery overhead, but the peddler never stirred. As she gained the road, Edward, standing with patient bowed head, cocked one gray ear at the rustle of the leaves, but, not seeing his master, drowsed again.

Ellen, terrified lest she might hear a step crashing through the underbrush behind her, fled like a hare down the road, in the direction in which the man on horseback had gone; she would catch him, she said to herself, and then beg him to take her home. She ran, poor child, until it seemed as though the beating in her throat would suffocate her; and then, exhausted, she fell down on the grass beside the road. She had run, of course, a very short distance, but she thought she had covered miles. As soon as she could get her breath, she remembered that if she stopped, the ped-

dlar, assisted by Edward, would quickly overtake her. And yet she could not run any farther. If she crept behind the bushes at the roadside, he surely could not see her, should he pass? So she pushed through some underbrush, climbed a fence, and reached a wide meadow. There, lying down on the grass near some bushes, she said to herself that she would rest a little while, and then start again for home.

XIII.

The child was so tired that scarcely had her head touched the grass than she fell fast asleep, — too soundly to hear the peddler calling her anxiously, his voice pathetic with mortification that he had let her slip away from him; too soundly, also, even to dream of the dismay and anxiety in the home she had left.

Mrs. Dale's headache, which had kept her awake nearly all night, yielded after she had had her coffee and sent her message to Ellen, and faded into an exhausted slumber which lasted until noon. Betsey Thomas, who at first was full of pity for the naughty child, began to resent her obstinacy, fearing that presently she herself would be blamed for a *contretemps* which would not have come about save for her well-meant interference. This half-frightened resentment made her keep to herself the fact that Ellen's dinner-tray had not been touched. "I ain't a-goin' to be blamed if Ellen sets up to be obstinate about her victuals," she said to herself sulkily. But a little later, when she caught a glimpse of Effie Temple wandering about in the orchard, her sense of justice, to say nothing of her desire to excuse herself, made her say to the cook that she "had a mind to tell Mrs. Dale that that hateful little girl put our Ellen up to all her badness." She "believed that in her soul," she said; and she added

also her opinion that Effie was "just hanging around to see if she could n't see our Ellen."

She was quite right. Effie's first interest in the adventure had worn off, and she was getting frightened; she tried to comfort herself by the assurance that as soon as it was all "found out" she would say, "I *told* her not to go!" She had a faint hope that Ellen's resolution had given out and she had returned, so sent a note over the "telegraph," which had often borne more harmful messages; but there was no answer. Then she grew angry; she said to herself that she hated Ellen. Thoroughly frightened, she felt a frantic desire to blame some one, so it was a comfort to see Lydia Wright walking sedately along the gravel path away from Mrs. Dale's front door.

Effie hailed her imperiously, but with some mystery in her manner. "Stop! I want to speak to you," she said.

It was half past two. Lydia, looking like a little clove pink in her white sunbonnet, which pressed her shining curls close against her round cheeks, had come over to say to Mrs. Dale, "Mother's love, and may Ellen come and spend the afternoon and take tea?" She stopped at Effie's command. "I came to invite Ellen to tea," she explained, nervously rolling the strings of her sunbonnet, "but Betsey Thomas says she is n't allowed to go out." Euphemia Temple had never seemed to Lydia more alarming.

"I guess Betsey Thomas does n't know what she's talking about. And I guess if you'd been nicer to Ellen it would n't have happened." Effie was almost in tears. Lydia was too astonished to defend herself or ask an explanation. "If you'll promise never to tell, I'll tell you something," Effie ended; "will you promise?"

"Yes," Lydia answered. "Only — don't!" Effie's imperative agitation terrified her so that her only thought was flight.

"You've got to hear; it's your fault," Effie said sternly. "Promise you'll never tell?"

"I promise," said Lydia, shaking.

"Say, 'Hope I may die if I do.'"

"'Hope I may die,'" Lydia stammered.

"*Ellen has run away!*"

Lydia gazed at her with horrified eyes, speechless.

"You promised not to tell," Effie threatened.

"I—I—I won't," said Lydia.

"Now go home!" cried Effie, with sudden rage. "If you'd been nicer to her, she would n't have— It's your fault!"

Lydia turned and fled, appalled at the news and at the responsibility of knowledge, but never doubting that she must keep her promise.

Effie, meantime, experienced no relief from her burst of confidence.

That there was something on her mind might have been guessed, had it not been that other members of the family seemed to have something on their minds, also: her aunt was nervous and absorbed; her mother plainly irritable.

"Everybody's crazy!" Effie declared when Miss Dace assured her that she had never seen such a troublesome little girl, — "everybody's crazy! You make such a fuss about your old declensions; and aunty says she is going down to mail a letter, instead of sending Jim to do it, and coming out to play croquet with me; and mamma scolds if you look at her!"

"Why don't you go and see why Ellen was n't here this morning?" Miss Dace suggested wearily.

"Oh, I hate everybody!" Effie responded, with angry irrelevance. Then she tried again to coax her aunt to play croquet.

"I can't, Effie, dear," Miss Jane said nervously. "I must go down to the post-office."

"You said that an hour ago; you

could have mailed sixty letters by this time. Why don't you make Jim mail your old letter? or why don't you go, and come back? You just talk! Goodness!" said Effie, and stamped, for want of any better way of expressing her angry fright.

"Why don't I go?" Miss Jane said to herself. Her letter was stamped and addressed, though with nothing more definite as a direction than "Philadelphia." "There's nothing really personal in it," she reasoned, thinking of its contents. "I *will* mail it!" and she started for the village. She had done as much as start early in the morning, but she had turned back, and the letter was still unmailed. "I'll wait and send it by the evening stage," she said. A dozen times, that day, she put her hand into her pocket to destroy this harmless missive, but each time she touched it she said, "No, there is no harm in sending it; and probably it won't reach him, anyhow. And if it does, it does n't mean anything. No, there is no harm in sending it. But I won't mail it until to-night."

Four o'clock came, and Miss Jane Temple said to herself, "It must not go; I'll tear it up." She took the letter out and looked at it. "No, not yet. But I won't mail it; it would be foolish," she sighed to herself, "and it would never reach him."

Jane Temple's heart beat so fast that she had a suffocated feeling, and went to the window for a breath of air. Effie was on the croquet ground. Miss Jane could hear the sharp click of the balls, as the child knocked them idly about. Somehow, the sight of Effie sent a wave of resolution to her heart. There was no reason why she should not send her letter, why she should not have a happiness of her own, have friends and interests of her own. "I have a right to my own life!" she said to herself again. She had a curious instant of something like

hate for all this comfortable household. She opened the bottom drawer of the chest of drawers and took out the green crape shawl. As she touched it she felt suddenly courageous, and she put it over her shoulders with the thrill of one who buckles on his armor for a battle; and then she started for the post-office. Perhaps it was the green shawl, lying like a vine upon her aunt's white dress, that caught Effie's eye, for she ran across the lawn to Miss Jane's side.

"Why, you've got that horrid shawl on!" she commented. She had to say something disagreeable or burst into tears. "It's hideous!"

"Don't, Effie," returned Miss Jane coldly, "don't hang on my hand that way."

"Where are you going? Oh, how horrid everything is!"

"To the village; you had better go and get dressed for tea."

"I'm going to the village with you."

Miss Jane was silent. She wished she could make Effie obey her, but she was too exhausted to try.

"Why don't you go to see Ellen?" she said; she made up her mind not to mail the letter in Effie's presence.

Effie opened her lips to reply, and then stopped and stamped her foot. "I—I—I hate her!" she said. The tears rushed to her eyes.

"Why, Effie! how can you speak so? Have you and Ellen quarreled? You should never say you hate any one."

"I hate, hate, *hate* her!" Effie sobbed, with all the pent-up fright of the day. "She's a bad, horrid girl; she's run away from home. Oh, my! is n't she wicked? I should n't think you'd want me to know such a girl!"

Miss Jane Temple, with her fingers touching the letter in her pocket, stood still with astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"It is n't my fault. I told her not to. I said, 'Ellen, you ought n't to

run away.' And she was mad because I would n't go. She wanted me to run away, too! I would n't do such a thing. She's a dreadful girl! I don't want to live in this awful hole of an Old Chester when she comes back."

Miss Jane took Effie's hands from her face and held them in hers. "Tell me every single thing," she commanded. And Effie told her version.

Thus it happened that it was nearly five o'clock before Miss Jane Temple, hurrying through the garden, came to disturb the peace of the Dale household. She could not stop to mail the letter, and her pang of disappointment showed her how entirely she had meant to do it, despite all those hesitations.

Mrs. Dale had left her bedroom late in the afternoon; her head was better, but her heart ached. No word from Ellen! What should she do with this rebellious child? Her anxiety was full of self-examination. Wherein had she failed, that this extraordinary defiance was possible? She did not feel strong enough to read; nor could she put her mind upon anything except this present pain, which held in it all the pain of the past, all the old puzzle and despair. "*He* had this same persistency in doing what he knew was wrong," she was thinking; "my remonstrances only made things worse. Perhaps he would have been better without me. Perhaps the child would be better without me. Oh, how can I meet my son in heaven, if I fail with Ellen!" Mrs. Dale's hands were lying idle in her lap, and her face was full of the old misery and the new anxiety, when Miss Jane Temple came breathlessly through the hall, and stood a moment, hesitating, in the doorway.

"Mrs. Dale," she began in an agitated voice, "I came to inquire about Ellen. Is she in her room? I"—

Mrs. Dale was annoyed. "Pray sit down, Jane. You are very good, I'm sure. Ellen has been troublesome, and I think it best for her to keep her

room." She smiled formally. It was not the habit in Old Chester for one disciplinarian to criticise another; perhaps because they all followed the same methods.

"I am sorry to seem to intrude," returned Miss Jane, her words broken with haste, "but Effie has just told me that—that—I fear you do not know Ellen's frame of mind—she—Effie"—

"My dear Jane," said Mrs. Dale, sitting up very straight, a little color coming into her face, "you are needlessly concerned. And Euphemia? You know in Old Chester a child's opinions are of no possible importance. I really think you make a mistake in encouraging her to talk."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Dale," Jane Temple burst out, "*Ellen has run away!*" Miss Jane was crying and twisting her fingers together. "I'm sure it's all Effie's fault, but oh, what shall we do?"

"Ellen? Nonsense!" Mrs. Dale almost laughed. "Now, that comes of listening to Effie's talk. Really, it is a mistake. It has never been the practice in Old"—

"Indeed, I'm afraid something's wrong. Won't you send upstairs and see? Effie said she went away this morning at nine, and it's five o'clock! Oh, do send upstairs and see!"

In spite of herself Mrs. Dale felt suddenly apprehensive. "Of course, if you wish it. Will you touch that bell, if you please? But it is absurd. Your Euphemia might do such a thing, Jane Temple, but a child brought up in—Betsey Thomas, step upstairs, if you please, and tell Ellen that I say she may go out in the garden for a little walk before tea. Pray, Jane, control yourself; it is not proper that the child should see you so much agitated."

Miss Jane sank down upon the sofa, her breath coming quickly, and her eyes fixed upon the parlor door. Mrs. Dale, sitting very straight in her black gown,

waited in annoyed silence. Really, Euphemia Temple was a most objectionable child; this acquaintance must end at once. It occurred to her, with a vague comfort, that Ellen's naughtiness was owing to Effie's influence.

"I'm sorry to say it, Jane," she began majestically, "but I think I must not allow Ellen to see so much of Euphemia; Euphemia has been brought up so differently that"—

A door slammed in the upper hall, there was a rush downstairs, and Betsey Thomas bounced into the parlor. "She's not there! Ellen's not there!"

XIV.

The elderberry bushes under which Ellen had fallen asleep fringed a wide meadow. It had been mowed a week before, but when she awoke the faint glow in the west where the sun had set tinged its rough stubble, and made it look as soft as though it were still deep with timothy grass. She sat up, stiff and tired, and wondering for a moment where she was. Oh, yes, she remembered. The peddler! She listened, breathless, for the sound of wheels and Edward's plodding step. But everything was still.

The yellow light behind the dark line of the hills was melting into violet dusk; the dim shadows which had stretched across the field when she first opened her eyes were fading and fading into the great soft shadow of night. Everything seemed to be asleep, and she, of all the big world, awake. She listened till her own pulses jarred the stillness. Not even a rustling leaf spoke beside her; the soundless dark held her in its centre. Then, suddenly, at her feet, a cricket chirped, and the silence, like a sphere of clear black glass, shivered and broke! She heard the grass where she had been lying lift itself with a brushing sound; she heard the snap of a twig under foot; she

caught the soft nestling of some sleeping birds in the bushes behind her: the spell of silence was broken, and she drew a free breath. How late it was! The thought of her little bedroom flashed into her mind,—her white bed, Betsey waiting to take the candle away; a wave of homesickness made her feel faint. She must go home; she must run; it would soon be too dark to see where she was going.

But in that long, deep sleep she had lost her bearings. She started, keeping in the fields that skirted a road which led, she thought, to Old Chester; on and on she walked, farther and farther from home. Once or twice, coming upon a marsh or a wide shallow run, she turned into the road; but she ran then, quivering with fear until she could get back into the meadows, for there the tranquil hush of night did not frighten her. Once, a faint glitter in a dark pool caught her eye, and, glancing up through the birch-trees, she saw the moon looking at her between the leaves. After that, shadows began to grow out of the darkness, and the field glimmered like a silver shield; under the trees black caverns seemed to open and yawn; perhaps there were dragons in them! She instantly flew out into the open moonlight, her heart beating fiercely; she knew there were no dragons in the shadowy lairs, but that did not keep her from being horribly afraid of them. After a while, walking on, well away from trees and bushes and shadows, she grew less frightened; she became vaguely conscious of the companionship of the kind, silent earth, with its intimate sky clasping it like a dark hand jeweled by the moon and stars. A sense of comfort and security came over her,—an ebbing of identity; fear and penitence fell away from her like heavy weights. It was as though the little human creature vibrated with the sonorous rhythmic march of the whole, and could not know so small a thing as self.

Once she lay down, and looked up into the clear, moon-flooded depths, and into the broad, kind face of the moon itself. She thought that children who could lie on their mothers' knees must feel as she did now, lying here in the warm, still fields, lying on the earth's friendly lap, safe and warm and cared for, swinging among the stars! She was sure she should be taken care of; she wondered, with not too keen an interest, what the moon was saying to the listening earth? She sighed with comfort. It seemed to her that she would never get up, but lie here, like a little mound, that would melt somehow into the field and the grass. Perhaps it was the pagan in the child, this instinct for the Great Mother. Very simply, without knowing why, there in the silence and peace she knelt down and laid her cheek against the earth, and kissed it softly. Then she rose and trudged on in the moonlight.

But suddenly she was stung into alertness: a house loomed up ahead of her. Then, instantly, she was afraid! Her heart pounded as, giving one flying look of terror over her shoulder, she ran towards it. A picket fence inclosed the farmhouse from its wider garden, making that small door-yard which country people love. Ellen had a glimpse of the room within: a woman beside a table, sewing; a man stretched out in a rocking-chair, asleep; the top of a cradle rocking drowsily to and fro. It was not an especially attractive interior, but it was human, and, seeing it, Ellen knew once more that she was disobedient and desolate, and with her self-knowledge came back the misery which she had lost in the fields. The hope of being protected and taken home made the weary child sob with joy. She lifted the latch of the gate, when, suddenly, a dog barked! Ellen's heart stood still; she tried to cry out, but her voice was so husky with fear that it did not seem to be hers. That was a terrible

moment. A strange voice from her own lips? Who was she? A beggar at a farmer's gate, nothing to eat, no place to sleep, and a dog barking at her! She heard the creature running, bounding towards her from the farther side of the house, and she turned and flew back towards the road. The steps followed her, and a quick volley of barks, and then a threatening growl. Ellen sobbed aloud as she ran; it seemed to her that she could not breathe, and she must stop running, and the dog was close upon her! She caught her foot, and fell headlong on the rough stubble. She was too exhausted to rise. Every instant she thought she should feel the dog's breath on her neck; but he did not come. Yet it was some moments before she had the courage or the strength to rise. She had bruised her knee on the stiff, newly mown grass, and it hurt her, which gave her the relief of a new misery.

She started again, still keeping in the fields, and walked nearly a mile before she saw another light gleam out. She stopped and looked at it. There was a barn near the road, and some haystacks, and a stone's throw up on the hillside a big balconied farmhouse, with a light in one window; it stood at the top of grape-trellised terraces, with its flagged pavement under the lowest balcony, and its comfortable Dutch exterior inviting her. How the child longed to go and knock at the door! But she only stood and looked at it with anguished eyes. The remembrance of the dog was too dreadful to let her think for a moment of going any nearer, and yet she could not go quite away. She wondered if a dog at the house could hear her breathing down here by the barn? As she looked towards the spot of cheerful light, it went out. That meant that the farmer and his wife had gone to bed; the house was perfectly dark. Ellen turned and looked at the barn; she might go in there? If she could

once get in, no dog could hurt her. The cows and horses seemed like friends to the desolate child. But when, very softly, she put her hands on the big doors, she found they were barred on the inside; she heard a long-drawn sigh from within, and a muffled stamp. Oh, how comfortable they were, the cows and horses! She leaned her cheek against the door for a long time and listened; she could not bear to go away from these friendly creatures and be alone again. Once or twice she caught the soft, deep breaths, and once she heard a horse biting at his crib, and a cow striking her horns against the stanchions.

After a while Ellen remembered the haystacks behind the barn, and thought she would go to one of them and rest a little, and then, if she could get her courage up to the point of going off alone into the night, start once more for home.

It took some minutes to reach the yard behind the barn, for she stopped at every step to listen; but once there, she was glad to sit down and lean against the soft, sweet hay of one of the stacks; she even dug out a little shelter for herself, and cuddled into the small hole to keep warm, for the August chill had crept into the night.

The full, still pour of the moon filled the barnyard with vaporous light, in which the shadow of the haystack lay like a black pool. The pain of fright still gripped Ellen's heart; and when she noticed that the pasture in front of her was bare and free from rocks, and thought that it would be a good place for fairies to dance in, she banished the fancy with the assertion that she must say her prayers; perhaps God would take care of her if she said her prayers, but if she thought about fairies he might be angry.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

she began to repeat rapidly, squeezing her eyes tight shut,

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

God bless grandmother, and make me a good girl," — then all the little form which she had used ever since she knew how to speak. It meant nothing to Ellen; the kiss in the field had said it all.

As she grew warmer here in the hay, fatigue blurred her fear. Vague thoughts of the fairies came unchallenged to her mind, and dim recollections of her old life, lived so long, long ago, — her grandmother's step on the stairs while she had been waiting to escape to the summer-house to meet Effie. Effie? Why, she had forgotten her! It had all happened so long ago. Yesterday? The word had no meaning to her. Then she drifted into thoughts of the garden, and the sunshine, and the hollyhock ladies; she remembered the little teas on the side porch, when her grandmother had allowed her to invite Lydia, and had had cakes baked to fit her small dishes. Yes, she and Lydia had played together, long, long ago; they used to meet by the poplar-trees, or swing, and talk, and watch the horsehairs turning into snakes. Suddenly the ache and misery of homesickness surged up in that spot below the breastbone where the soul seems to suffer. Ellen cried hopelessly; she could not imagine that she should ever be at home again.

The pool of shadow in front of the haystack lessened, rippling back and back like a falling tide. The moon had climbed up behind the barn, and began to appear over the shoulder of the stack. She had not the same friendly expression that she had worn in the fields; her face seemed smaller, and she looked coldly down on the child's grief. Ellen pulled out some more hay and burrowed further into her little shelter.

Into the midst of her hopelessness came the sound of a wagon rattling

along the road. Ellen saw the light of a swinging lantern, and heard voices, but no words. "It must be *robbers!*" she thought, pressing in against the hay to hide herself. It never occurred to her that it might be some one searching for her.

After a while she slept, and then awoke with a start. There was a soft, slow step in the barnyard. The pool of shadow before her had ebbed quite away; the indifferent moon was going down, sinking behind the hill; there was a mist lying like white gauze over the ground. Again that step, and the strange, shuffling noise. Ellen hardly dared breathe. It was not like a dog. All was quiet for a few moments, and then — again! Something seemed to loom up in the misty darkness, something big and black; something which sighed, close to Ellen's face! Perhaps the child fainted for a moment, in her ghastly fright, for there seemed to be a gape of vacancy; and then she knew that it was a cow, whose gentle and astonished eyes looked into hers, and who drew back with a frightened snort.

After that Ellen was awake for a long time; the moon had quite gone, and all the world was wrapped in crystal dark. The cow did not disturb her again, although she heard the big creature moving about. Far off, a dog barked. "There *must* be robbers!" she said to herself, growing cold with fear. Then everything was still, until from some distant farm came, faint and thin through the darkness, a far-away cockerow! Ellen thought, with a leap of her heart, that it must be nearly morning; but the night still pressed close about her. Oh, would it never end? Again she slept, and again awoke with a start.

The sun was up; above the hill the sky rippled with small white clouds, and then soared into an arc of smiling blue. The barnyard was full of chickens, and there were four cows standing about, chewing their cud, and waiting

to be milked; but right in front of her, staring, open-mouthed, was a boy in blue overalls, with a bucket of foaming milk in each hand. He had no hat on, and his shock of pale hair seemed to be standing on end with astonishment.

"Oh, may I have a drink of milk?" said Ellen. She sat up, gazing with anguished expectancy at the milk. The boy nodded, without speaking; he put down one bucket, and lifted the other to the child's lips. Her hands were trembling with weakness, and she sobbed as she drank. She did not let go of the bucket when she stopped for breath; and then she drank again. "Oh, sir, I've no money," she said, "but —"

"Who are you?" the boy interrupted. "Are you the little girl that's lost from Old Chester?"

"May I have a little more milk?" the child entreated. "My grandmother'll pay you. Oh, *grandmother!*"

"If you come up to the house, they'll give ye some breakfast," said the boy, his eyes big with excitement. "You're the girl, I know you are!" As he spoke he tilted the bucket for her to drink. "You come on up to the house, now. Don't let on who you are till I tell 'em."

"Oh, no, I'm going home; oh, I'm very much obliged to you, but I'm going home," said Ellen, rising, and beginning, with unsteady hands, to brush the hay from her hair and dress.

"No, you ain't," said the boy firmly, "not till I've told the boss; now you just wait here." With that he picked up his buckets and walked swiftly in the direction of the house. When, ten minutes later, he came running back with a big grizzled farmer, the little nest in the hay was empty.

XV.

The night which had brought such experiences to Ellen had been full of

dismay and pain to her friends. Perhaps no one suffered more keenly than did poor little Lydia, lying awake with her dreadful secret. At ten o'clock, her mother found her staring into the darkness, and sobbing now and then under her breath.

"Tell mother what is the matter, Lydia," said Mrs. Wright, who had been careful not to let the child know of the anxiety concerning Ellen. But Lydia had promised "not to tell," and she kept her word. Effie, however, having given her information, and assured everybody who would listen to her, half a dozen times over, that she had "told Ellen not to," — Effie was calmly sleeping. Messengers were hurried in every direction. Miss Jane Temple stayed with Mrs. Dale until almost midnight, trying to emulate her calmness, but seeing the elder woman's face grow white and haggard as the slow hours found Ellen still away from home. Betsey Thomas's grief was unfeigned, and her anger at herself, Mrs. Dale, Effie Temple, and the peddler — who had by that time appeared and told all he knew — expended itself in sharp words about every one but Ellen; for the real offender she had nothing but incoherent expressions of affection and of praise. Mrs. Dale was silent. What her thoughts, her self-reproaches, her most honest and vindicating judgments may have been no one knew; not even Miss Jane, sitting beside her as the night wore on. Only when that flush of dawn came which looked down on Ellen in the barnyard, Mrs. Dale lost her pain in an hour's restless sleep.

And by that time, fleeing from the boy who had given her the milk, Ellen was walking swiftly in the direction of her home. This was really only a fortunate chance, for the child had been so turned around, in all these experiences, that she had no idea where Old Chester lay. Once she dared to stop a man who was driving a clattering and clanging mowing-machine along the

road, to ask him if she were near Old Chester, only to be shocked to learn that she was twelve or fourteen miles away.

"I'm goin' a good piece in that direction," he observed slowly, neither speculation nor kindness in his stolid, harmless face. "I got a field to mow. An' you kin stand up here in front of me, if you want to."

Ellen was only too glad to avail herself of his offer. Her mind was fastened with such intensity upon the idea of getting home that she felt no fear of the mowing-machine or even of a strange man; had it been the peddler who had made this offer, she would have accepted it! This concentration kept her silent; she volunteered no information about herself, and the man asked no questions. When at last he drew his horses up before a lane into which he must turn to reach the field to be mowed, he only said briefly, "Yer not more 'n nine miles off now, sissy." And Ellen said, "Yes, sir; thank you," and plodded on alone.

She passed several people after that, and one or two carts, but no one offered her a ride; one man drew up his horse and looked at her curiously, and seemed about to speak, but Ellen's resolute little face, set towards Old Chester, apparently satisfied him that she could not be the lost child of whom he had heard rumors an hour before. It seemed to Ellen, having wakened at five, that it must be at least twelve when she sat down by the roadside to rest; but really it was only half past eight, and a traveler who had gotten off a train at Mercer three hours before had had ample time to walk leisurely along in the direction of Old Chester and overtake her. Ellen, dozing with fatigue, opened her eyes to see this traveler standing before her. He had a stick over his shoulder, on which he had slung a traveling-bag. He was a little man, with anxious eyes and a timid air.

"Why, it *can't* be little Ellen?" he

exclaimed, his face blank with astonishment.

Ellen stared at him, her eyes dull with misery; then a flash of recognition sent the blood surging into her pale face, and she burst out into passionate crying.

"Why, little Ellen Dale! There, there! Don't, dear, don't! Where is your grandmother, or Betsey Thomas? Are you alone, little Ellen? There, now, there!"

"Oh, Mr. Tommy!" the child said, "oh, take me home! Won't you *please* take me home?"

Mr. Tommy, distressed almost to tears, looked this way and that for aid, while he tried to comfort her. "Yes, my little girl, — yes, yes, directly, You shall go home directly. But how did you come here? Where is — anybody? You are not alone, little Ellen?"

Mr. Tommy Dove lifted the stick from his shoulder and rested his bag carefully on the ground.

"I'll — I'll tell you — about it," she said, trying to speak, but shaken by long-pent-up tears. "I'll tell you all about it, if you'll *just* take me home. Oh, Mr. Tommy, I ran away, — I ran away from home!" The poor child rocked back and forth, and moaned in unchildlike grief.

As for Mr. Dove, he was so far from a proper perception of discipline that he took the little penitent into his arms, and said, "Well, dear, there, it's all right, it's all right. I know the feeling myself," said Mr. Dove.

But Ellen had reached at last that clear-sighted repentance which knows excuses to be false and weak, and will none of them, — the only repentance which has power to turn the sinner from darkness to light.

"Oh, no," she said faintly. "I'm a bad, bad girl. May be God will forgive me some day, but grandmother never can," wailed Ellen, with no knowledge of sarcasm, but realizing

instinctively how much harder it is to make one's peace with one's kind than with Infinite Goodness; and then she tried to tell her story.

"Effie Temple was going to run away with me. But she was better than I was; she would n't. She said Miss Jane wanted her to have a dress fitted, and — and so I came by myself. And won't you please take me home? Oh, I want to go home!"

"Yes, yes, yes, my dear." Mr. Tommy soothed her. "There, we'll go right home now. And — and you say Miss Jane's still in Old Chester? Well, I knew it. I thought so, but — I made up my mind to come back. It was weak to stay away." Apparently Mr. Tommy was still weak, for the color came and went painfully in his elderly face. "And is her brother there, too?" he questioned.

"Dick?" said Ellen, wiping her eyes. "Oh, no; he went away a good while ago."

"I meant" — explained the other, "I referred to — to Mr. Temple, *her* brother."

"Oh, yes, he's there. Effie said her papa loved her, and so she would n't run away. But my grandmother does love me, so she does. At least she did. She won't any more, — oh, never any more!"

Mr. Dove seemed to reflect; he took off his hat, and then put it on again thoughtfully. "We must get a conveyance," he announced. As he spoke, a woman with a basket on her arm passed, and looked at Ellen.

"Are you the little girl that was lost?" she said, pausing.

"I — ran away," Ellen answered truthfully, hanging her head with shame.

"She's just going home, ma'am, now," Mr. Dove broke in, his mild voice full of comfort and sympathy. "Can you tell me where I can hire a vehicle of any kind?"

The woman considered. "There's

the Smith farm a little piece up the road. Guess they'd lend you their carryall?"

Mr. Tommy hurried in the direction the woman had indicated, leaving Ellen to her care, and returning in a surprisingly short time with a battered and dusty carriage drawn by a lively young sorrel horse. There was a boy with him, who would, Mr. Tommy explained, bring the carryall back again.

Ellen was glad to creep into it. Her eyes were downcast and her cheeks burning with shame, for the questions the woman had asked her during Mr. Dove's absence opened up depths of mortification of which she had never dreamed. Her despair had been too dreadful for the smaller pain of mortification. But now she bent her head down sidewise and looked out at the fields past which the sorrel horse was hurrying them at a fine rate; she supposed Mr. Tommy would ask the same dreadful questions. But Mr. Tommy seemed as conscious and embarrassed as she. He made no reference to her wickedness, and was silent so long that Ellen grew tremulous with apprehension; his reproof, when it came, would be terrible, she thought, cowering.

"I recollect," he said at last, coughing a little behind his hand, "I recollect Miss Effie Temple. She is *her* niece."

Ellen drew a long breath. "Yes, sir," she said vaguely. They had just passed a signpost that said "Old Chester 7 miles."

"Miss Effie did not, I think, like me," Mr. Tommy observed. "I did not notice it at first. She was only a little girl, so I did not notice it. But, upon reflection, I felt that she did not. I felt that she was glad when — I was called away from Old Chester."

Ellen made an effort to seem interested. "But Miss Jane was sorry, Mr. Tommy, when you went away. Effie told me so."

Mr. Tommy started. He put his

hand upon the door-knob. "Oh, no, no, little Ellen; you are mistaken. I think perhaps I'll not proceed to Old Chester. I think, little Ellen, upon reflection" — His voice wavered so that Ellen gazed at him in astonishment.

"Why, Effie said so, Mr. Tommy," she assured him; and then the connection in which Effie had said it came back to Ellen's mind, and the child blushed as violently as Mr. Tommy himself.

The apothecary, however, struggled to regain his composure. "Yes, yes, I see. Always kind, always kind. Yes, I understand. Sorry? Of course, — for me. But I believe I am not ready to come back — yet. I'll — I'll wait a little longer. I find it is difficult to return. I — I think" —

"Are n't you going to take me home, Mr. Tommy?" Ellen interposed, alarmed at the prospect of being dropped by the roadside.

Mr. Tommy drew a long breath. "I'll take you home, little Ellen; yes, I'll do that; no harm to do that. But you don't understand; no, you could n't understand. And yet I have sometimes thought that the other child did."

"Effie?" said Ellen boldly. "She knew all about it, Mr. Tommy. She said Miss Jane was mad because you went away. She thought you'd come back, Effie said; but you did n't, and she was mad. Are you going back now, Mr. Tommy?"

Mr. Dove fell into the corner of the carriage, too deep in thought to answer her.

"Old Chester 3 miles," a signboard declared, and Ellen forgot Mr. Tommy's interests in her own. Twice they were stopped by excited voices hailing them from the roadside.

"Oh, there she is!" "Oh, where were you, child? How did you get lost?" And when the first relief and excitement had been expressed, there came astonished exclamations that it

was Mr. Tommy who had brought the lost child home.

"Hallo, hallo!" said one man. "Did you find her, Tommy, or did she find you?" He was glad to be facetious to hide his agitation. Ellen had made a sensation in Old Chester.

Once they stopped long enough to let Miss Minns climb on to the step and lean into the carryall to give Ellen a sounding kiss. Miss Minns was the postmistress, and was tall and pale, and had the reputation of being cross. But now she was almost as gentle as Miss Jane Temple, except in her shrill surprise upon seeing who was escorting the lost child.

By this time Ellen could scarcely sit still. "Oh, grandmother, grandmother!" she was whispering to herself.

At Mrs. Dale's gate Mr. Tommy made a gesture to the lad who was driving them. "Boy," he said, "you can stop. Here's your money. But drive the little girl on up to the house. I shall get out here, little Ellen, but he will drive you in."

Mr. Dove got out of the carryall as he spoke, but Ellen instantly followed him. "I'd rather walk with you, Mr. Tommy," she said in a frightened voice. A moment later, with wildly beating hearts, the apothecary and the child found themselves standing before the iron gates of Mrs. Dale's garden.

Beyond, a little farther up the lane, was Mr. Henry Temple's place. Mr. Tommy looked towards it with a wistful sort of fright, and yet a quiet dignity, too; for Thomas Dove, as Mrs. Dale said, had seen something of the world since that miserable night when Henry Temple ordered him from his house. Even as he looked, Mr. Temple's gate swung open, and Miss Jane came with hurrying, anxious steps down the road. She was hastening to Mrs. Dale's, hoping that she might hear some tidings of Ellen.

Mr. Tommy, fumbling with the clanging iron latch of the gate, looked

about him a little wildly, as though uncertain in which direction to flee; but Ellen turned towards her with a cry. "Oh, Miss Jane, I'm here! Oh, where's grandmother?"

Miss Jane, with eyes only for Ellen, ran towards them, and caught the little girl in her arms. "Oh, *Ellen!*" she said. Her kind eyes were running over. And then she looked up to see who had brought the child back. "What! Mr. Dove!" Jane Temple put out her hand, and then turned away, and then looked back again. "Run, Ellen, run to your grandmother, my dear," she said faintly.

But Ellen had not waited to be told. She slipped from Miss Jane's arms, and ran as hard as she could towards that distressed and anxious house, where, worn from the night, Mrs. Dale was waiting and praying for tidings of the one human creature that she loved. Ellen, blind with tears, went stumbling up the front steps, and saw, within the darkened parlor, the figure of her grandmother pacing with insistent composure up and down, up and down. How she reached her, how her little heart found words, how the agony of all those hours ended, the child never knew.

As for Miss Jane, she seemed to waver, as she stood there in the morning sunshine before her old lover.

Should she go — or stay? Should she follow Ellen — or her heart?

"Oh, Mr. Dove," she said, breathing quickly and looking away from him, but feeling his eyes commanding hers, and so looking back at him again, — "oh, Mr. Dove! I have n't seen you this summer. Are you well?" The night of anxiety had been too great a strain; her self-possession was gone. "I hope you are well," she repeated, very much agitated. She put her hand in her pocket, and seemed to crush something with nervous haste.

Perhaps her agitation calmed Mr. Tommy. He took her left hand and held it in his. "I felt I must come back. May I stay, Miss Jane? Will you let me stay? You will not say I must go away again? We have our own lives to live. Please tell me I may stay, ma'am! Oh, I hope you're not angry that I have come back!"

"Angry?" said Miss Jane, her lips trembling and her eyes smiling. "Oh, why should I be, Mr. Dove? Why — I" — There was a crumpled letter in her hand, and she put it up to her face to hide her tears, and then laid it in his hands with a gesture as lovely and as impulsive as a girl's. "I'm glad you've come back. You must never leave me any more!"

They had both forgotten Ellen.

Margaret Deland.

MR. JOLLEY ALLEN.

MR. JOLLEY ALLEN's quaint narrative, now published for the first time, is a fragment, so to speak, of the warp which shows itself here and there through the well-worn fabric of history, and serves to remind one who may be a trifle weary of the doings of generals, kings, and statesmen, that it is not mainly because of their courage or pride or power that our world is what it is, but rather

because of the unknown thousands who follow in their train, the nameless confidential servants, shopkeepers, and hand-workers, — patient privates in the illimitable army, without whom neither generals nor kingdoms nor states would be possible.

In the present case, the humble hero, it must be confessed, is not much of a hero by his own showing, but merely an

industrious tradesman, whose ambition hardly extended beyond his till and his family, and possibly a dream of "gig-respectability," — a busy ant engaged in antlike accumulation among his fellows, until suddenly down crashes the armed heel of Bellona upon the unconscious colony, and all is confusion and ruin.

Jolley Allen's minute-book of the year 1780, containing his story, together with memoranda of wearing apparel, an abstract of his will, copies of letters, and various accounts, came into the writer's hands from the legatee of the son of one of Allen's executors. The story, which is well authenticated, opens in 1772, when by common consent the great majority of Boston merchants agreed not to buy nor sell the East India Company's tea, on whose behalf the British government had levied the objectionable tax. It will be seen that Allen was a declared, and in the matter of tea an unscrupulous loyalist, though in other respects apparently straightforward enough. His exact words and spelling have been followed whenever quoted.

"Some time, I think, in the month of October, 1772, I bought two chests of tea of Governor Hutchinson's two sons, Thomas and Elisha, at Boston, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and I thought it most prudent, for the fear of being watched — as the custom of Boston is to shut up their warehouses and go on Change and return about four in the afternoon — to leave them until two o'clock; and by agreement Messrs. Hutchinson's apprentice waited until that time to deliver them to one Will'm Burke that I ordered to go with his cart to their warehouse for the said two chests of tea, which he did, and brought them with him to my shop; and as he went to unload the tea, Mr. John Hancock's head clerk, Will'm Palphrey, happened to come by at the same time, and looking at the two chests of tea, as he thought, took the original numbers; but he happened to be mistaken, for he took the

East India marks instead of the company's house number in London. I cannot look upon him in any other light than an informer, because of one of the committee coming to me in about half an hour afterwards, and saying he had information of two chests of tea coming into my house, and that his business was to desire of me not to be out of the way, as the whole committee of the town of Boston was to wait on me about four o'clock that same afternoon.

"I beg leave to observe that when I hired Will'm Burke, I cautioned him, for fear of an accident, that if any enquiry shou'd be made hereafter, that he must say he took the tea from off the Long Warf, and that nobody was there, but to his surprise, looking about him, he saw a boat with men in it, rowing toward a large ship in the stream which he supposed brought them two chests on shore from that ship, — which story he never diviated from, altho' he was often examined by the said committee, and severely threatened by them. I was likewise several different times threatened with that Diabolical Punishment of being *Tarr'd* and *Feathered*, and under the disagreeable apprehension of the same for many days afterwards, which no mortal can describe the anxiety of mind I was in, and expected my house to be pulled down and everything destroy'd.

"The said committee came to me about half after three o'clock, thinking to catch me unrepair'd for their attack; but Providence had ordered it so that I was ready to receive them, for I had cutt the ropes and taken off the outside covering, so that no person could tell from where I had them. The committee coming to my door, I met them, and asked their business; they told me they came to know from whence I had the two chests of tea that come into my shop at two o'clock that day. I answered if that was their business, and they had nothing further to say to me, they was welcome to walk in. I re-

ceived them in my parlor. I asked them what their demand was upon the tea; they told me nothing further than to be shewn the chests of tea. I then asked each one of them if that would give them full satisfaction. They told me upon a point of honor it would, and they shou'd have nothing more to say to me at present. I answered them upon honor I wou'd shew them the same tea that came into my house. I accordingly went to my store and opened the door, and shewed them the two chests of tea, which they all stood amazed at, saying that was not what they ment, though they had given their words of honor. I asked them where all their honors lay. They told me they ment to see the two outside cases where the marks lay, that they might know from whence I bought them. I told them I was surprised at that whole body which was the standing committee of the town of Boston shou'd forget their honors in so trifling an affair; but still wanting to see the outside cases, I granted it by pointing to the same, saying, there they lay; I hope you are satisfied now. I verily believe where I pointed with my finger there lay between two and three hundred of the same sort, and I left them to find them out, which they soon gave up, saying that I had fairly outwitted them all; but they would watch well for the time to come, which they did to the utmost of all their powers in every respect, striving to hurt me in my trade.

"My stock in English goods at that time was very great, being well sorted, and cost me many thousand pounds sterling, and my trade dwindled away, chiefly at last to the friends of government and the army, after the above tea affair, which was a great detriment, with so large a stock of goods laying on my hands at that time; but I still kept my house, and continued there until and during the whole time of the blockade of Boston.

"To the following gentlemen, whom I received into my house during the said

blockade, I am well known, viz. Gen'l Gage's two brothers in law, Major Kimball and Captain Kimball, General Prescott, Lord Barrington's son, General Pigott, Capt. Delaney, of the light dragoons, and Dr. Bruce, of the train of artillery, who lodged with me.

"From my principals and attachment to my king and country which I never disguised, and taking all the military gentlemen I possibly could under my roof, and accomodating them to the utmost of my power, contrary to the political principals of the major part of the town of Boston, and coming away with the fleet and army, was the great cause of it going so hard with me at their General court and from the mobs in America."

On the 7th of March, 1776, Lord Howe, finding that the earthworks thrown up by Washington's troops on Dorchester Heights made Boston untenable by his army, and the harbor untenable by the fleet, and having failed, owing to a severe storm, in his proposed attack on the American position, concluded to evacuate the town; and the news came to the loyalists, in Washington's words, like a thunderbolt. They had not dreamed of being left unprotected by the British government; and in a minute they saw themselves forced to leave home and friends, property and livelihood, and to flee they knew not where. As most of our ancestry were on the winning side, naturally we have come to think that the other was altogether wrong and indefensible. Yet at the parting of the ways there were patriots equally on both sides, men who alike risked all they had; and to the loyalists the knowledge that their only safety was in flight came almost with the terrible suddenness of flood or earthquake.

There was an army of more than ten thousand men, with baggage, equipments, and stores to be moved, and twelve hundred to fifteen hundred citizens with all their personal effects, and little time and limited conveyance available. Under these circumstances, and with the

cannon thundering in his ears, it is hardly to be wondered at that Jolley Allen took the first man who offered and made the best bargain he could, hiring "on the 11th of March a vessel for my effects and family of one Captain Campbell, as he styled himself, who came and told me his vessel was at my service, as he had disposed of no part of it. I asked him who was to command the vessel. He said it belonged to him and he was the captain. I then asked him if he was used to go to sea. He answered he had for twenty years and upwards gone captain of his own vessel. Upon that I showed him my shop and two warehouses full of goods, and likewise the furniture of my house, which cost me above one thousand pounds sterling. I then asked this villian — for I cannot look upon him in another light — how much of his vessel he thought I should want. He told me three quarters of it would hold my effects. I answered him, if that was the case, I would rather hire the whole of it, which I accordingly did, and agreed with him for fifteen guineas to carry me, my family, and effects where the fleet and army went, and paid him down half the money and took his receipt for the same, for we did not know where we was going. I began to take my goods down and pack them up immediately, and was obliged to put them into the street as I packed them, and myself and my family watched them two days and two nights before I cou'd get any carts to carry them down to the vessel, which was about a quarter of an English mile from my house, and which cost me upwards of forty-two pounds sterling all ready cash.

"The 14th of March myself and family lay on board the said vessel, the 17th towed down below the castle by strange sailors, and there lay until the 27th of March, and at three o'clock in the afternoon sailed under the convoy of Admiral Gratton. I believe the fleet made about eighty sail of us at that time.

When we came to weigh anchor, and got it three quarters up, a large ship of about five hundred tuns came foul of us, and got foul of our bowspritt, saying with bitter oaths that they wou'd sink us if we did not let go our anchor. At this time we had carried away all their side-rails and a carriage that was hung over. When they got clear, we fell to work to get our anchor up again, and another vessel of near seven hundred tun fell foul of our bowspritt, which carried away their quarter-gallery, and did them abundant mischief, which obliged us to let our anchor down again. Accordingly we weighed our anchor a third time, and got it up so high that the vessel moved.

"I then was glad to think we should get out of Nantasket Road and get up to the fleet which hove to for us; but I was soon disappointed, for the stern of our vessel got aground. I turned to the captain, and asked what he thought would become of us. He said he could not tell. Then I desired him to look over the stern where we was aground, which he did. I asked him whether the tide was comeing in or agoing out. He said he could not tell without an almanack. I told him to look again and let me know his opinion, which he did after some time, saying if the tide was going out the vessel would grow faster in the sand, and we should be more aground, but if the tide was comeing in, the vessel would rise and we shou'd get away, which I thank God we did; and soon found we were going to sea without either captain, mate, or sailor, or even a boy that had been to sea. A young man was put at the helm that had never seen salt-water before, and pointing to a vessel before him the captain said, follow that, and wherever it goes, do you keep it always in view. I called the captain aside once more and asked him what that man at the helm must do when night came on, and he could not see that object. Oh, said he, Mr. Allen, I am

surprised at you ; all the men-of-war will throw out lights, and then we shall be as light as day. This I was easy enough to believe, but soon found a fatal reverse, for before the day closed in the whole fleet was out of sight, and we was left to ourselves in a melancholy disposition.

“Soon after I heard a bussel upon deck, and was told that the clew at the main-sail had given way, and to my great surprise found it had blown off the other side the shrouds, and was in danger, as I thought, of oversetting the vessell. I then called the captain to me, and said to him in these words : you are the man that has brought me into all these difficulties I am now in, and I do insist upon your doing your duty on board this vessel as long as I am in it, both by night and day, and I command you that you get the clew of the mainsail in immediately, and I will give you all the assistance in my power, with all the other help on board. There being room, I gave him liberty to take in more passengers to put more money in his pocket, so that in all we were twenty-nine souls on board, which all endeavored what lay in their power to get the mainsail in again, and with all the help we were able ; and the captain tyed it to one of the pumps, but for want of knowing how to tie a sailor’s knot, it gave way in less than a quarter of a minute.

“I told him that he must now renew his strength, and we would likewise do the same, for I feared the vessel would overset ; accordingly we got it in again, and he then tyed it to both pumps in such a manner as not to be able to untye it, and so it was obliged to be cut with an ax. I asked, on going on the quarter deck, a little while after the accident, if he had no such thing as a compass in our benecke, and he said he had two, but he had no occasion for them and they was both under his bed, and he shewed them to me, saying we was going directly after the fleet. He then made an apology that he had broke open my box

and took out my candles, as he had forgot to bring any on board. At this time we went about five knots an hour, but had shipped several seas in the intrin of time. All the water we had on board that could be drank, which was on deck, was about three quarters of a barrell, and we shipped a heavy sea about eight o’clock that same evening, which loosened the cask, and the bung started, and we lost all, there not being one drop left to wet the mouths of all the souls on board. In about half an hour after, we shipped a much heavier sea, which carried off the whole of our cubbose off the deck, and we had no place to dress a bit of victuals after this.

“I then turned to the captain and said, I fear we shall all perish before half an hour’s at an end ; had you not better try your pumps to see if the hold is filling with water, to know if we be not sinking ? Oh ! dear sir, says the captain, I am glad you thought of it, for I had forgot it. Then he tryed the pump, which was choaked, and he could not get any water out of it, and the hold was at least a quarter full of water. I then told him to try the other pump, and he went to look for the tackling to rigg the other pump, but could not find anything to do it with, and if he had I am convinced he did not know what to do with it.

“In this disagreeable situation we continued, shipping seas often. I walked the deck till near twelve o’clock at night, untill I was not able any longer for the seas breaking in upon us and from the intense cold, for it froze to solid ice, so that it was dangerous to move a foot on deck. In this deplorable state, I went down into the cabin to my dear wife and seven children, thinking every minute would be the last I had to live. I took my wife by the hand as she lay in bed in the cabin, and to think I shoud die along with her gave me great satisfaction ; but she being in a great deal of trouble, I did not let her know the eminent danger we was in. But about two

o'clock in the morning, those passengers that lay in the hold of the vessell came running, and begged for God's sake we would permit them to come in; that a plank in the side of the vessell had given way, and the sea was pouring in, and the vessell sinking, and they entreated they might be permitted to stay in the cabin till we all went to the bottom together, which was granted.

"Untill this my wife did not know the danger we was in. I then insisted that the captain shou'd go in search to see where the plank had given way. I myself went along with him, and found it not quite so bad, but that we had a great deal of water in the hold, that had got between the vessell and the cieling and had broke its way through, and made as much noise as if a plank had given way when the vessell moved. I next desired the captain to come upon deck, which he did, and I asked him whereabout we was at sea. He said he could not tell. I then asked him what distance we was from land. He said it was impossible for him to tell, he had not kept any reckoning; and the reason he gave was that he had forgot to bring pens, ink and paper. I told him I had all those things. Then he made answer he had never learnt navigation, that he was never on salt-water before, but he knew how to row a boat on a river; on which I told him I was sorry we had not a boat to save our lives, but at the same time it was my opinion if we had a boat with oars, he knew as little of it as of Navigation.

"I then turned my back to him, almost froze to death, and looked out for day-brake, which at last I was so happy to see. We lay at the mercy of the waves, every large rope froze almost as thick as my thigh, and no person able to walk the deck, with sails and rigging torn in ten thousand pieces, that we could neither get them up nor down. About seven o'clock the captain said he saw a vessell, and I entreated him if he knew how to steer for it, he would with all speed.

He made answer that he did not understand steering the vessell he was now in so well as he knew how to give directions to another. Some time after he said he thought he never saw so large a ship before and desired me to look at it, which I did, and soon perceived it was the main land, thinking how kind Providence had been to us to let us live to see that happy hour. He told me he was fully convinced it was Nantucket. I told him, if that was the case, we must all perish very soon, for the amazing shouls that lay off Nantucket. And now he was at the greatest loss to know what to do in this situation, and for want of a map our case I then thought began to be desperate, which I am of opinion, had there been one, he knew no more what to do with than a ratt.

"Providentially for us the day turned out very fine and warm, and we got clear of all our ice. I then desired the captain to order every one upon deck, and told them it was by my desire they should all appear, and to know what we should do in this melencholly situation we appeared in. I was of the opinion that no soul on board knew what land it was, and as we came up with it very fast, we all advised on this matter together with tears in our eyes, going where we could not tell. I was for running the vessell on shore in the most convenient place that we could see, which all agreed to except the captain, who was for going to sea again, thinking we might fall in with an English Man of War. I immediately objected against it, and so did every one in the vessell. So he found he stood no chance, but to shore he must go with us, and accordingly we endeavoured to set in for the land as fast as we could; and thank God there was a strong currant with a full tide in our favour, which brought us in quick, and looking for the safest place to run on shore we struck on the bar of Cape Cod most violently, eight or nine times, which made the vessell shake so that at every

stroke we thought she would have gone in a thousand pieces; but luckily for us we got off the bar, but our anchor that was hanging caught hold of the bar, and we all endeavoured to get the anchor untangled, and with great difficulty accomplished it. Soon after we got into twenty-four fathom water, and happy was I in myself that I had lived to see that anchor let down to hold us fast, to the great relief of all the twenty-nine unfortunate souls on board, though I expected to lose all my property. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th of March, the day after we left Nantasket Road."

It now became a question how the unlucky seafarers should get to land, and the captain having proposed that a signal of distress should be raised, Allen dryly observed, alluding to the torn and flying sails and rigging, that there were nine hundred thousand more signals than were needed; and indeed men were presently seen on shore, who, after talking together in the leisurely Cape Cod fashion, and making signs that they were going for assistance, went off through the woods, returning at last with a boat drawn by ten oxen and with six more men. Finally, though warned that small-pox had been brought from Boston by some of the sloop's company, they came off and landed the passengers; Allen and his wife and seven children arriving in the ox-cart at Provincetown at ten o'clock at night. There they were confined in a small cottage, with broken window and leaky roof, "not fit to put a hog in," for three weeks, at the end of which time a final blow fell upon the unhappy man in the loss of his wife, who, "as tender a mother to her children as ever man could wish for, seeing all her effects taken from her, and wanting the common necessities of life, fell a sacrifice to barbarity, and expired quite broken-hearted in the fifty-second year of her age."

The General Court, sitting at Water-

town, had been informed of the landing of the refugees within a week, and, being asked for instructions, it appointed a committee to go to the town, secure their persons and property, and take measures to prevent the spread of small-pox. Meanwhile the Provincetown folk had not been idle, having run the sloop aground so that she could not be got off; giving themselves three weeks to unload and store Allen's property, portions of which would frequently drop from the carts; some being carefully buried in the sand, moreover, and battles being fought to secure a reasonable distribution of the spoil.

On the 24th of May, though the committee of the court had been in Provincetown and had returned to make their report, no orders had been received concerning the disposition to be made of the family; and the Provincetown selectmen, tired of maintaining it, even on the most thrifty terms, gave a pass to Allen and his son that they might present themselves at Watertown and receive the direction of the court as to their destination, leaving six children to the tender mercies of the town.

Accordingly, Allen went first to Boston, where he found his house, which he had carefully closed, broken open and occupied by his former barber, who was with difficulty induced to lodge him upon payment of eight shillings sterling. In Boston and on the way to Watertown he and his boy were so abused that they were afraid of their lives, and walked by night, sleeping beneath a hedge. Upon reporting themselves at Watertown, they were confined, possibly for their own safety, and became the subjects of considerable discussion by the members of the General Court; it being proposed that Allen should be put in jail to pick oakum, or sent to the Castle in Boston harbor, or made to work in "Cinderbury mines, where few persons ever live to come out." It was clearly impossible to punish the children, and it was concluded

to bind the elder ones to service or labor, and make the four younger ones temporarily a charge upon the community; Allen himself to be confined and forced to labor,—a severe punishment for a man of sixty, accustomed to no harder work than to stand behind a counter and make entries in his daybook.

At this juncture, Lewis Allen, of Shrewsbury, stopping on his way to Boston, was surprised to meet his brother Jolley at Watertown, supposing him to be still at Cape Cod. During the explanation which followed, the latter said he had not troubled his friends with his affairs, lest he should bring them into difficulties; but now, overcome by the news of what was in store for him, he was glad to have his brother petition the court to be allowed to assume the charge of himself and all his children, giving bonds for their maintenance and for his safe-keeping; and accordingly, on June 14, the court, doubtless willing to be relieved from the charge of four small children, granted the petition, ordering that £36 8s. should be paid Lewis Allen for their support from the proceeds of the sale of Jolley's effects; the former giving his bond for £100 that none of them should become a public charge, and that Jolley should not leave Worcester County nor hold correspondence with enemies of the liberties of America.

Lewis continued on his way to Boston, while his brother and nephew plodded on to Shrewsbury, hungry and tired; nobody daring to let a horse and chaise to them, though Lewis had given them money for the purpose.

Allen relates that he hoped for a respite from his troubles at Shrewsbury, but found himself much mistaken, the air being filled with threats and rumors of all sorts of violence to him and his brother's household, until, ten days after his arrival, when he was going to bed, his brother came to him, much agitated, saying that a mob of people from neigh-

boring towns were to surround the house that night, and would probably kill them all. "Then," says Allen, "I was exceedingly sorry that my brother had sent a memorial to the court for me, as I said to him at Watertown, when he chided me for not writing to him, 'No, Lewis, I have brought this on myself; let me work myself out of it as well as I can.'" But no mob appeared, the Shrewsbury men being disappointed by not receiving reinforcement from other towns. On the 8th of July "three friends of government" warned Jolley Allen that that night was fixed upon to destroy the house and its contents; and so, after much cogitation, he concluded to take the bull by the horns, and sent for two men who he had been told were ring-leaders, and asked them if he might go to Deacon Stone, their representative, who lived three miles away. They said they had no authority to give him leave, but nevertheless came back later in the evening, having dressed themselves in their Continental uniforms, and accompanied him to Mr. Stone's house, after he had said a few words to his brother explaining his departure. On the way, groups of men were encountered who abused him without restraint.

He stated his case to Mr. Stone, informing him of the plot to attack his brother's house and himself, much to the surprise of his two companions, who reluctantly admitted the fact. Then he claimed Mr. Stone's hospitality and protection, which were granted him, and in his house he remained a week, when the same threats of violence against his host and his family which had driven Allen from his brother's house made it incumbent upon him to free Mr. Stone from his compromising company, and, not knowing where else to turn, he took the road again to the former place. Fortunately for him, the mob at this very time made a short cut across the fields to Mr. Stone's house, and, seeing that Allen was gone, followed him to

his brother's house. After parleying with Lewis Allen, a scuffle between him and some of the mob actually began, and so Jolley showed himself; and upon being assured that violence should not be done him if he yielded himself to them, but that otherwise he had everything to fear, he allowed himself to be led, in the midst of a great crowd, "insulted the greatest part of the way too inhuman to describe," once more to the farm of Mr. Stone, who was then in his field. Thither the crowd went, and demanded of their astonished representative why Allen had left his house that day. What followed is best given in the latter's words:—

"Ho! ho! what's your will with me, said Mr. Stone. Are you, my townsmen, the people that threatened to set my house in flames and destroy all my effects? I now know you all well, and know how to make a proper return of the whole of you to the General Court. What are you come about? what is your business with Mr. Allen? They answered: he shall not live in the town of Shrewsbury, nor no king of the Tories nor villan like him; he shall go back to the Court. He answered: what has this here mob to alledge against Mr. Allen? has he broke his confinement, has he been disguised in liquor, or has he been guilty of any misdemeanour? If he has, I will save you the trouble of sending him to the General Court, but I will send him under a strong guard immediately. The speaker of the mob made answer there was not one of these articles to lay to his charge, but as a body they appeared before him all friends to the United States, and that out of regard for the thirteen stripes they would suffer no such villainous Tory to be in the town. The representative said he was thoroughly tired, and desired they wou'd all sitt down in the field with him" (which they did, except Allen, "left standing, ready to sink into the earth, a spectacle to gaze on"). "The mob being

seated, their representative began: I now understand you want me to send that man under a guard to Watertown to the General Court. If you had any crime against him, I would do it, but you have none. Now I will give you my opinion as your representative. This man lived eight days with me. I have never lived with more satisfaction than during the time he was in my house, except that I have been told that my house was going to be sett on fire during the greatest part of the time. If that was the case, I would make them build me up a better in the room of this I have. And you want me truly to send this man to Watertown, thirty-one miles, because I took him into my house, and you had not the satisfaction of murdering him eight days back. Now I have this to say to you, now you are all calmly sitting with me; you are the transgressors, and if I knew where to send for a sufficient guard to surround you all, you are the people I ought to send to the Court for disobeying the Court's orders. You say you are true friends to the United States and the thirteen stripes, but you are the people that want to pull down the United States and teare the stripes to pieces. I have been your representative for a number of years, and always have done everything that lay in my power for the prosperity of the town in promoting such laws as was servicable to the town. I am now convinced this body that appears before me are determined to break through the laws I have been striving to hold up. I see plainly by the minds of this body, which is the greatest part of this town, that you have no occasion for a representative. I am determined to serve you no longer; appoint who you will."

Thus ended the verbal encounter between worthy Deacon Stone and his unworthy constituents. Would that more representatives were men of like honesty and mettle!

The mob, though rebuffed, were not

yet done with their unresisting prisoner, but marched him sixteen miles further to Northborough, where they arrived at two o'clock in the morning, having had him in their hands since noon of the previous day, and where the militia was drawn up to receive him. Here the mob appealed to the Northborough representative, who repeated substantially their own representative's statements, warning them that they were entirely in the wrong. Completely nonplused, they now wrote a document for signature to this extraordinary effect, that Allen should agree to be shot through the heart in case he should leave his brother's premises. To this he naturally demurred, but, worn out and unnerved by all he had gone through, he finally signed a paper whereby he consented to receive not more than five hundred stripes should he be found outside his brother's bounds, except to attend public worship, — presumably in company with his murderers by agreement. Was ever such a tentative squaring of law and license, of prudence and piety?

Jolley Allen was once again relegated to his brother's farm, and watched with even more zeal than is usual in country towns; and he was assured by his sympathetic "friends of government" that a little less docility on his part would have been his undoing at Northborough, where a six-feet-deep grave had been prepared for him.

Two more episodes marked his stay in Shrewsbury: the sending of himself and his son, then seventeen years old, to Provincetown, in "an empty vessel," by order of the General Court, which learned that the enterprising inhabitants of the adjacent country were helping themselves to the stored property, the sloop being already burnt for the sake of the iron upon her. "A crimson silk damask bed was torn to pieces, and some got enough to make capasheens, others to make bonnets and shoes, which my own children saw worn," writes Allen. Empty came the

vessel back, except for the six younger children and four beds and bedding; the selectmen being doubtless only too glad to be rid at last of the little orphans, while stoutly denying the claim of the General Court to their father's more available belongings.

In September Jolley Allen was summoned to Boston. Mindful of the contingent stripes, he would not set off without a pass from the Shrewsbury town committee. On his arrival, Oliver Wendell and John Pitts, on the part of the court, gave him a letter to the selectmen of Provincetown, requiring them to deliver to him, on their account, the residue of his goods, deducting proper charges and expenses. Again the selectmen refused to give up their booty until Allen delivered a message from Mr. Wendell, reserved for such an emergency, to the effect that they should take care how they offended the court a second time, in case they should ever wish any favors from it. This threat seems to have prevailed, and they presented the modest account for storage and unloading the sloop to the amount of £150 sterling, which Allen disputed, settling finally for £74, to which amount goods were disposed of on the spot, according to the order of the court, and which he says were then worth in Boston eight times as much. Allen's debts were also defrayed by forced sales, and the remainder of the luckless sloop's cargo was put aboard the schooner *Esther*, in which Jolley and his daughter sailed for Boston; the latter having accompanied her father because, as he puts it, "I might be murdered by the way, and she might be witness of my funeral, and the General Court might know what was become of me."

Allen saw his little contingent remainder placed in Mr. Wendell's store in Boston, and accounted for everything to the latter, who insisted that all his silver plate and that of a certain Mrs. Vintino, whose executor he was, should be stored

in the same place, notwithstanding all remonstrances; saying, "I make not the least doubt but what you will have all your effects returned to you, and that immediately, by our General Court, on my making your return to them with the character the selectmen of Provincetown have given of you to me." Allen adds, "I never heard from Mr. Wendell or Mr. Pitts afterwards."

Jolley Allen remained at Shrewsbury, "insulted as before, and playing bo-peep" with the townsfolk as they watched him; staying in the house for many days together, that they might think he had gone, and then reappearing, so that in case of his actual flight it might not be too soon discovered, as he explains. At last, at one o'clock in the morning of February 9, 1777, once more befriended by his three anonymous sympathizers, he stole away from his brother's house, — probably without saying farewell to his little sleeping family, lest he should be innocently betrayed, — and, making all possible speed, reached New London twenty-four hours later, and went aboard the British frigate *Amazon*, which lay off that place, where "Captain Jacobson, at about two o'clock in the morning, generously received" him. Anxious, however, to be in a place of absolute safety, and to hasten on his way to England, he prevailed on the friendly captain, "who loaded him with kindnesses," to set him ashore after three days, when he proceeded to New York, "in imminent danger all the way," arriving there about sunset on the 17th of February, and Lord Howe put him on board the fleet; none too soon, as it proved, for it was on the point of sailing.

Jolley Allen's memoranda relate that, after a prosperous voyage, he reached London the 20th of March, and found his wife's sister, Mrs. Lewington, with whom he "thought to live comfortable" during his stay in England, "raving mad in Bedlam," thinking himself, his wife,

and children "was all fell a sacrifice to the barbarity of the Americans." Happily she became much better. But misfortune still pursued him, for, on applying to the firm to which he had sent bills of exchange on London for £230, asking that the proceeds should be safely invested, he learned that they had been refused payment and were protested; and thus, without money and almost friendless, he says, "I did not know what to do." At the New England Coffee House, however, he was a little cheered by meeting fellow-refugees from Boston, and in the latter part of March he had made up his mind to apply to the British government for temporary maintenance pending compensation for his losses. He was introduced to the "Right Honorable Lord George Garmain," — as he spells Germaine's name, — by whom he was graciously received, and who promised to take care of him. Accordingly, he was directed to go to the treasury, where he got an order on the bank, and, he adds, "from this place I receive my daily bread once a quarter, or else I must have perished in London."

What became of the unfortunate loyalist? Did he live to see his children and his home, — for, in spite of all he had suffered, New England was such to him, shown by his request that his body should be deposited in his "own tomb, number seventeen, under the King's Chapel," — or did he die alone in lodgings, still hoping for relief from the Crown, and were his remains laid under Wapping Church, "in the stranger's vault, which would cost £2 10s. sterling," as he provided, in case "the unhappy troubles in America" were not ended?

The answer has only very lately come to the writer in the form of a communication from the clerk of the church and parish of St. John of Wapping, who says, "Mr. Jolley Allen was buried at Wapping on the 7th of June, 1782. He died of decline."

W. Henry Winslow.

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

V.

SOCIAL RELATIONS.

I AM painfully aware that, to the diligent reader of the last two parts of this historical study, it may seem as if the boys described were a sort of Robinson Crusoe and man Friday who lived alone on their happy island. I feel as if I had spoken as though there were an occasional invasion of savages or Spaniards, but that practically we had little to do with the outside world. This is by no means true, and I will now try to give some idea of the social conditions which surrounded boyhood in Boston in the years between 1826 and 1837. For we were "in the swim," as the current expression puts it, and no countenance would have been given to us, either in any shyness or for arrogance which kept us out of it.

I have already said that, while on the most cordial terms with our school companions, it seemed as if we left them in another world as soon as school was over. As I have said, I think the reason was that most of the fathers of the other boys were in mercantile pursuits, and the boys' business, therefore, called them quite regularly to the wharves to inspect the large foreign trade of Boston. As it happened, our father was in other affairs, and, as naturally, these attracted us.

In an old New England family, church-going, of course, was an element which had a great deal to do with social life. I was carried to "meeting" on the fourth Sunday after I was born, and was christened at the same time with two or three other children. I afterward knew their names. They were in families with whom we were well acquainted, and to this hour that mystic tie seems to form a relationship between me and them and their

children. I have to this moment a little bit of yellow paper which is, I fancy, the first document but one among the memoirs which form my biography. It is the bill of the "stable man" who sent his carriage on this occasion. "For carrying three to meeting, sixty cents." My poor nine or ten pounds of avoirdupois went as nothing to the hack-driver, and no estimate is made of the cost to him or to the community of the carrying to "meeting" of the person who was, as I must still say, the most important individual in the transaction.

In those days children were taken to church for regular attendance very early. I do not see any children in my own church who are as young as those who went or were taken then. On our annual visits to Westhampton, we were always interested because the young mothers carried their babies to "meeting" at all ages. They did not like, I suppose, to stay at home when all the men "went to meeting," and accordingly they went with the children. If a baby cried, the mother got up, carried it out, and sat on the steps of the meeting-house until the ebullition of feeling was over, when she returned. But this was rather edifying as an interesting curiosity to us Boston children. No babies were carried to Brattle Street Church except for baptism; but as soon as the children could walk, and be relied upon not to cry, I should think the custom began. Such reliance was sometimes misplaced. I am so unfortunate that I do not remember ever hearing Dr. Channing preach; but it is among the disgraceful records of my life that once, when my mother thought she would hear him, and, because Brattle Street Church was being painted, went to Federal Street, she took me with her. She sat with friends, far forward in the broad aisle, and I,

dissatisfied with the interior arrangements of the church, I suppose, — probably dissatisfied because I was not where I was used to be on Sunday, — wept with such loud acclaim that in the middle of the service she was obliged to rise and take me out of the church. I think it was the last experiment of the sort that she tried. In fact, we were very loyal to our church. I think everybody was loyal to the churches they went to. And to such unfortunate loyalty I owe it that, while I knew Dr. Channing personally, and he was very kind to me as a boy, I never had the pleasure of hearing him preach, although I was twenty years old when he died.

We “went to meeting” morning and afternoon always, and so, I am apt to think, did all respectable people; certainly in the earlier part of those years. I know that I never observed any distinction between the size of the congregation in the afternoon and that of the morning. I know that any person who had been seen driving out of town on Sunday, either in the morning or in the afternoon, would have lost credit in the community. Frequently, Mr. Palfrey, the minister, would say, at the end of the morning sermon, “I shall continue this subject in the afternoon.” He did so with the perfect understanding that he would have the same hearers. I wonder, in passing, whether that phrase “my hearers” is as familiar to young people now as it was then. It was a bit of pulpit slang, such as one never hears in a lecture-room or in a political meeting. The people, instead of being addressed as “you,” or as “friends,” or as “members of the church of Christ,” were spoken to as “hearers.” I doubt if I ever hear that word now without giving it a certain ecclesiastical connection.

It was a wonder to me then, and has been ever since, why the hour and a quarter spent in “meeting” of a Sunday morning seemed as long as the four hours spent in school every other morn-

ing. I was early aware of the curiously interesting fact, which nobody ever explained to me, that the afternoon service was ten minutes shorter than the morning service; but why that hour and five minutes should seem as long as the three hours spent in school of an afternoon I have never known, and do not know now. Besides these two services we had the Sunday-school. It seems to me it was always after the afternoon service; I know it was, in the earlier days. A Sunday-school then was a very different thing from what it is now. Then you were expected to learn something, and you did. For my own part, I have often said, and I think it is true, that fully one half of the important information which I now have with regard to the Scriptural history of mankind — with regard to the history of the Jews, for instance, or the travels of Paul right and left, or anything else which can be called the intellectual side of the Bible — was acquired in Brattle Street Sunday-school before I was thirteen years old. We had little books which contained facts on these subjects. We had to study these books as we did any other schoolbooks, and we recited from them as we recited any other lesson. I do not think there was much said or thought about making Sunday-school agreeable to the children. We were told to go, and we went; we were told to learn a lesson, and we learned it. As I observe Sunday-schools now, this has been driven out; and driven out, I believe, by the pressure of the week-day school system, — a pressure which I am fighting against in every quarter without success. For myself, I liked to go where my brother and sisters went. They went to the Sunday-school, so I expressed a wish to go. Pupils were received on the first of January, and on the first Sunday of the year 1827 I presented myself with the rest. But it proved that the rule of the school was that no one should be admitted before he was six. I suppose

they did not want children who could not read. I could read as well as I can now, and was disgusted, therefore, when I was rejected on examination. I rather think I was the only child in New England who was ever told that he must not go to Sunday-school. But I was sent away on the ground that I was not six years old. I went home with the others, saying, "It is a pretty way to hear a fellow say his catechism by asking him, 'How old are you?' 'How old are you?' 'How old are you?'" And I was not permitted to go for the next year. I had already taken the first steps in the catechism. I had learned in words what I probably knew already, — all, indeed, that is very important to learn in the business of theology.

Such was going to meeting on Sunday. I suppose the sons of Episcopalian families spoke of "going to church," but we did not in my earlier childhood. I make the note here, however, for the benefit of Notes and Queries, that, in Boston, the meeting-houses were always called churches from the very beginning. I think they were not in other parts of Massachusetts. In Hales's map of this neighborhood, of the date of 1826, you will see "Rev. Mr. Gray's M. H.," "Rev. Mr. Gile's M. H.," meaning "meeting-house" in each instance.

Of week-day exercises connected with churches Boston knew almost nothing, not even in Evangelical circles. The fact was known that there was a chandelier in the Old South Church, but I do not think that chandelier was often lighted. When Park Street Church was built, as a sort of banner of a new dispensation for latitudinarian Boston, it had arrangements for lighting the church for an evening service. But this was all a heresy to the old Boston Puritan, whether he were Evangelical or Unitarian.

For the original theory of the Puritans is that the family is the church, and that each family is a church. The father of each family is a priest, and is competent

to carry on worship. Accordingly, he does carry on worship in the morning and in the evening; and any proposal for an evening service anywhere else was regarded by the old Puritans as being, to a certain extent, an innovation, because it broke up that family worship which was so essential in their plan. I think that in every family of which I had any acquaintance the forms of family worship were maintained in this earlier period; every morning certainly, and probably every evening. When, therefore, the religion of Connecticut was introduced into Boston by the building of Park Street Church, and by the arrival of my children's great-grandfather, Lyman Beecher, and the custom of an occasional evening service on Sunday or on a week day came with it, it was considered as an entire innovation by old-fashioned Boston. It was quite as much an innovation as calling an Episcopal minister a "rector" is now to old-fashioned Episcopalians, or as having lighted candles in the daytime would be at Trinity. To the last moment of its conscious existence the West Church was never arranged for evening service; and at this moment you will find, in old Boston families, the habit of going to visit one another on Sunday evening, but not of going to church. Where people go to church steadily on Sunday evening, you may generally guess that they are not of old Boston blood.

In the interior of the State, as at my grandfather's, for example, the observance of "the Sabbath" stopped at sunset. For instance, we watched at his house for the sun to go down on Sunday afternoon, and then brought out our little cannons and fired a *feu de joie* in honor of its departure. We then played blind-man's-buff all Sunday evening, and this in the parsonage of a stiff Calvinistic minister. No such excesses as this would have been permitted in Boston. But gradually Sunday-evening concerts came in, if only they were religious con-

certs; and the Handel and Haydn, I think, would hardly have been in existence now but for the midway opportunity which Sunday evening gave for their performances. The theatres, on the other hand, were compelled to be closed on Saturday evening and on Sunday, until a period later than that I am describing, when some of the more enterprising managers defied the State and the city, and our statutes were changed so that performances on Saturday evening were possible. After they had gained the point as a matter of right, I think they generally found it more convenient to have the performances of Saturday in the afternoon. Our present statute, which defines the Lord's Day as from midnight to midnight, is as late as 1844. Before that time there were certain restrictions on Saturday evening, such as the theatrical licenses indicated.

Social existence in all forms of civilization requires a certain knowledge of dancing; and in conventional civilization this dancing is not left to the spontaneous joy of children, but, willingly or unwillingly, they have to be taught to dance. This fell upon us as upon other children, and to the very end of his life Mr. Lorenzo Papanti, cordial, graceful, and dignified old man, remembered kindly that I was one of the first four pupils whom he had in Boston. He has become so far an historical character to many of the best in Boston that the editor will excuse me if I give a few words to his dancing-school. It was in Montgomery Place, now Bosworth Street; I think in the very house which was removed to open the passage through to what we called Cooke's Court, and what the present generation calls Province Street. It was in the third story of that house, where a partition had been cut away to make a hall large enough for a dancing-school. The papering at one end still differed from the papering at the other. To this hall of Terpsichore I repaired with three others, and we

were the only pupils on the first Thursday afternoon of our attendance. On the next Saturday there arrived more, one of them one of my brothers in baptism, of whom I have already spoken; and from that time the school increased, and, as one is glad to say, maintains at this moment, under the direction of another generation, the high and well-deserved regard and esteem of everybody in Boston who knows anything about it. This hall was near our house, so that we could always go on foot. But there was a rather tragic story in the family of the school of Monsieur Labassé, to which my older brother and sister went, which was so far away that they had to be sent in a carriage. Unfortunately, in the jolting of the carriage they were shaken off the seats, and they were so small that they could not climb up on them again before they arrived at their destination. Thus early was the art of graceful movement impressed upon them.

For me, dancing-school shared in the dislike with which I regarded all other schools. Dear Mrs. Papanti—I remember her with gratitude to this moment—did her best for me, but never was a pupil less likely to add to the reputation of an institution. The school was afterwards removed to Bulfinch Place, where the Papantis had an elegant house. I was at that time bribed to attend by being told I might take a book with me to read. One afternoon, when the boys were carrying on awfully, dear Mrs. Papanti bore down upon us, and said, "Why is it that Master Hale is so quiet, while Master Champnoon behaves so badly?" and looked over my shoulder to see that I was reading Guy Mannerling. "Ah!" she cried, "I will give Master Champnoon a set of the Waverley novels, if he will behave as well as Master Hale does!" But, alas, Master Champnoon was one of the boys who enjoyed dancing and wanted to dance, and had unwarranted arrangements with the girls with regard to

partners, and so on, while Master Hale detested the whole thing. Good soul, she did her best in dragging me about, as a favorite pupil, in the waltz; but my poor head swam, and I think my partners, from that day to this, have generally preferred to "stand through a waltz," when they have found the alternative was sharing it with me.

All this led, of course, to little evening parties of the boys and girls, just as it does now. The boys would stand at the foot of the stairs and in the entries, just as they do now, and maiden aunts would make incursions upon them to tell them that they must take partners, just as they do now. They took these partners, and then retired from the field to similar clusters, to be broken up again, just as they do now.

I have tried to describe, in my story *East and West*, the way in which refreshments were generally served at evening parties, unless these were on the grandest scale. There would frequently be such a party without a proper supper-table. I believe this was largely due to the fact that in very few houses in Boston then was there a special dining-room. People dined in their back parlors, and when the house was given up to dancing the back parlor was not available as a supper-room. At the simpler parties to which boys and girls went, in place of the supper, a little procession of servants brought in large trays with cake of different kinds, even with ice-cream, perhaps with jelly or blanc mange, with wine or lemonade; and these processions recurred half a dozen times in the course of the evening.

Another function which brought young people together, and brought them together with older people, was the arrangement for evening lectures. These were much more familiar and homelike than the lectures of to-day, to which we go hardly with any idea of social enjoyment. But, as I have intimated, the "march of intellect" had begun. One

feature of the march of intellect was the introduction of lectures for people who wanted to learn something. They were exactly what is called the university extension system to-day, which I observe, however, is spoken of everywhere as if it were an entirely new invention. Now a lecture course is undertaken by a director, or *entrepreneur*, who means to provide entertainment for the people. He does not pretend to teach the people; he proposes to entertain them. Therefore, if his course consists of eight lectures, he provides eight different entertaining speakers; and this makes almost a class of men, each of whom has a few entertaining addresses prepared with this definite purpose. But in the earlier days of what we called the lecture system, or the lyceum, a body of public-spirited men, who really wanted to improve the education of the community, banded themselves together into a society for that purpose. This society, among other instrumentalities, established courses of lectures, generally in the winter, for the instruction of the people.

In Boston, such lectures had been heralded by courses arranged by individuals. Dr. Jacob Bigelow had courses on botany; Henry Ware gave a course of very popular lectures on Palestine; Edward Everett delivered lectures on Greek antiquities; and there were other similar courses, just as there might be now, if anybody would attend them. The success of these courses showed that a systematic arrangement might be made for courses of popular lectures in the evenings, and such were, in fact, carried on by different societies for a period of years. They culminated in the great success which Mr. John Lowell achieved in the establishment of the Lowell Institute; and I suppose it was this foundation which broke down at once all weaker foundations with the same purpose. It does its work so well that nobody in Boston need have any tears for them. I remember the Society for the Promo-

tion of Useful Knowledge, the Mercantile Library Association, the Mechanics' Apprentices' Association, the Natural History Society, and the Historical Society as maintaining such courses of lectures as I describe. There would be from ten to fifteen lectures in a course. The tickets for the cheapest were fifty cents a course; for others they were a dollar, or even two dollars. At our house this made no difference, because tickets to everything — concerts, lectures, and the rest — were sent to the newspaper office, and practically we children went to any such entertainments as we liked.

One of these societies would arrange a course of lectures. The whole course might be on chemistry. I remember such a course from Professor Webster. It was conducted with all his brilliant power of experiment, and listened to with enthusiasm by four or five hundred people. I remember another course by John Farrar, on the steam-engine. I heard, in the Useful Knowledge course, several of Mr. Waldo Emerson's biographical lectures. The Useful Knowledge course would be perhaps on Tuesday evening, the Mercantile Library on Wednesday, the Mechanics' on Thursday. Eventually, halls were built specially for such lectures. There was one favorite hall in the Masonic Temple, which is now occupied, as rebuilt, by Messrs. Stearns. I suppose this hall would hold five hundred people. The seats rose rapidly, as in the lecture-room of a medical college, so that people could see all the experiments or pictures on the platform.

To such an entertainment you went, and if you were old enough you took a friend of the other sex. You arrived there half an hour before the lecture began, and walked from seat to seat, talking with the people whom you found there. After the lecture had gone on half an hour or more there was a recess, and again you walked about from seat to seat; perhaps chose another seat,

if the first had not been satisfactory. At the end of a lecture of may be an hour and a half in length, you went home with anybody who chose to invite you. At the house you went to, there was the invariable dish of oysters, or crackers and cheese, or whatever was the evening meal of that particular evening. And thus the lyceum lecture of that time played a quite important part in the social arrangements of growing boys and girls.

Of its advantage as a system of instruction I can say hardly too much. Of course the instruction given was superficial. I have lived seventy years in the world, and I have never found any instruction that was not superficial. But it was instruction; it was instruction given by first-rate men, who knew how to teach; and it was systematic instruction. The lecturer of to-day takes an epigrammatic phrase for his subject, as he calls it; it is the Philosophy of Mathematics, or it is the Mathematics of Philosophy. He speaks well, he brings in interesting stories, he gives a little information, and the public which sees him and hears him is amused. Some one asked James Russell Lowell once whether he supposed that the average audience of an interior town in New York cared much for Beaumont and Fletcher. He said very frankly: "I do not suppose they care for Beaumont and Fletcher at all. But I suppose they have heard of me and want to see me, and a good way to see me is to pay for my lecture, sit in front of me, and see and hear me for the hour in which I am reading something which interests me." This is very genuine; it is all right; it is a good bit of public entertainment for people who have been tired to death by the work of the day. But it is not instruction. Dear Starr King used to say: "A lyceum lecture consists of five parts of sense and five of nonsense. There are not more than five people in New England who know how to mix them.

But I am one of the five." All lecturers do not keep to his recipe.

On the other hand, I believe that if we could wipe out the whole nonsense of the evening lessons from the school curriculum; if we could make teachers teach, where now they simply hear the lesson which somebody else has taught; if then we would reserve our evenings for instructing intelligent boys and girls in the fundamental principles of a good many things which are best taught by lectures, I believe that we should improve the system of public instruction to-day. It would require a good deal of work on the part of a great many intelligent people. Possibly some time there will be a school committee which will think such an enterprise worthy of attention.

A few years ago, I looked in, late in the evening, upon a pretty little party of one of the largest classes in my own Sunday-school. I met there perhaps thirty of the sweetest and most charming of the youngest women in Boston. They had assembled at the invitation of their teacher, who had recently traveled in the East, and they had been spending the evening in conversation with one another and with her, and in examining the curiosities, and especially the photographs, which she had brought from Egypt, Syria, and Greece. In this large and brilliant company I was the only gentleman. At half past ten, after a little supper, we all gathered to go home. Comparing the detail of Boston life with what it would have been fifty years before, I was interested to see that these young ladies all went home without escort from the other sex. Some of them had ordered their carriages; many took street-cars, which passed the house in one direction or the other, and which would leave them within a block of their own residences. It is certainly highly creditable to Boston that a body of women, young or old, can use the evening in such a way, and can disperse to their homes at such an

hour, with no companionship but what they give to one another, and with no hazard of insult.

But I thought then, and I have often said since, that such a social order was wholly unlike the social order in which I grew up. When I was a boy of eight or nine or ten, no sister of mine would have gone to take tea with a friend but one of her brothers would have been detailed to go for her and bring her home at eight or nine o'clock. I am quite clear that in those days the life of young people involved a great deal more of the visiting of both sexes together than it does now. I do not mean to speak of the life of boys of fifteen years old and over. I speak of the life of boys of all ages, from five or six years upward.

The function of tea-parties was quite different from that of dinner-parties. You would invite two or three boys and girls, who were friends of your children, to come and take tea, where now you would hardly invite children of the same age to come and dine. Now, if this function happened to be exercised in the house of old-fashioned people, it had some rather queer attendants,—or what would seem queer to the boy of the present day. For instance, one of the relics of Revolutionary times was the general impression that no boy could ever serve his country unless he were trained as a public speaker. I think this is true now, and it was known to be true then. Consequently, when you were at such a party as I have described, the evening's entertainment of playing old maid, teetotum games, jack-straws, or whatever might occupy the young people, would be interrupted from time to time by an appeal to the boys of the party to "speak a piece," for the benefit of the elders. There was a certain compliment implied in being asked to "speak a piece;" but it was not a great compliment, for every boy was asked, not to say compelled, to do so. It would have been bad form to decline

to speak, quite as much as it would be to sit at a dinner-table and decline to eat anything before you, as if it were of a quality poorer than that to which you were accustomed.

Accordingly, you had one or two "pieces" in mind, which you were prepared to "speak." When you were called upon, — when the old ladies, at their side of the room, had made up their minds that it was time for this exercise to go forward, — you were told, "Master Edward" (or Master Oliver, or Master Alexander), "the company would like to have you speak a piece." You demurred as little as you could, you went into the corner, you made a bow, and you spoke a piece. You then went back to your cards or other entertainment. I do not remember that the girls sang songs, as it seems to me they should have done, under the circumstances.

At such a little party, again, invariably the tray was brought in as the evening went by, and you ate the nuts and raisins or figs, which were generally something you did not have at home. Perhaps this is always one of the charms of social life. I may say, in passing, that in a world where there were few refrigerators, and where there were no steamboats, dried fruit was much more an article of daily consumption, and appeared at dessert more often than it does now.

There may be, by the way, no other opportunity in these papers to quote the amusing passage from Dr. Palfrey on salt codfish. It is in his admirable chapter on New England life, in which he followed the example of Macaulay's celebrated chapter describing the family institutions of England. "Forty years ago, I was so situated as to know uncommonly well the habits of different classes of people in different parts of the country. Till a later period than this, the most ceremonious Boston feast was never set out on Saturday (then the common dinner-party day) without the

dunfish at one end of the table; abundance, variety, pomp of other things, but that unfailingly. It was a sort of New England point of honor; and luxurious livers pleased themselves, over their nuts and wine, with the thought that, while suiting their palates, they had been doing their part in a wide combination to maintain the fisheries and create a naval strength."

There was one function of those days which has been admirably improved in the customs of later days. Franklin left a small fund to the city, to be expended in medals for the most deserving scholars. The Franklin medal was first awarded in 1792, is awarded to the present time, and is a good badge of honor to the genuine Boston boy. The school committee and the government of the city dined together, on the day of the school anniversary, in Faneuil Hall, and the boys who received the Franklin medals were then first initiated into the forms of a public dinner. There must have been some sort of a procession, — I do not know, for I never had a Franklin medal, — and the boys sat in Faneuil Hall and heard the speaking. But as years went on, after the time of which I speak, and particularly after the girls began to receive city medals, it was seen that a much pleasanter entertainment could be devised for the children than a feast at which the officers of the city government took the principal part. And in these later days the mayor holds a great reception in the large Mechanics' Hall; he gives to every graduating girl a bouquet, and the boys and girls dance together to music which the city provides. I mention the contrast, because I am quite sure that in the years between 1826 and 1837 there would have been a religious prejudice in some quarters against dancing, which would have prevented any such public celebration.

The boys were in touch with the larger public in their unauthorized and

unrecognized connection with the fire department. Boston was still a wooden town, and the danger of fire was, as it is in all American cities, constantly present. There hung in our front entry two leather buckets; in each of them was certain apparatus which a person might need if he were in a burning house. Strange to say, there was a bed-key, that he might take down a bedstead if it were necessary. These were relics of a time when my father had been a member of one of the private fire companies. In those associations, each man was bound to attend at any fire where the property of other members of the association was in danger; and there were traditions of father's having been present at the great Court Street fire, for instance. But these fire clubs either died out or became social institutions, as the Fire Club in Worcester exists to this day, and nothing was left but the bucket as a sort of memorial of a former existence.

Before our day the volunteer fire department system of Boston had been created, and there were similar systems in all large cities. Of course we boys supposed that ours was the best in the world; each boy in Boston supposed that the engine nearest his house was the best engine in the world, and that, on occasion, it could throw water higher than any other engine. It could likewise, on occasion, pump dry any engine that was in line with it. I need not say that these notions of the boys were simply superstitions, wholly unfounded in fact. Our engine was the New York. The engine-house was one of a curious mass of public buildings that occupied the place where Franklin's statue now stands, in front of what was the court-house of that day. There was no electric fire alarm, in those early days. The moment a fire broke out, everybody who had any lungs ran up the street or down the street, or both ways, crying "Fire!" and as soon as the churches could be

opened all the bells in Boston began to ring. Then the company which was to drag the New York to the fire began to assemble at its house, and naturally there was great pride in seeing that your engine was first in place. You learned where the fire was, not by any signal, but by the rumor of the street. It was at the North End, or at the South End, or on the wharves, or on "Nigger Hill." As soon as boys and men, of whatever connection, arrived, sufficient to drag the engine, it started, under the direction of such officer of the company as might be present. The members of the company had no uniforms, so far as I remember; they joined the lines as quickly as they could, but there were always enough people to pull. As I have intimated, it was everybody's business to attend at the fire.

When you arrived at the spot, there would be a general caucus as to the method of attack, yet I think there were people in command. Afterward, a gentleman named Amory, highly respected by all of us, was chief engineer. Whatever the caucus directed was done, with as much efficiency as was possible under such democratic institutions. But, in the first place, the probability was that there was no water near. The Jamaica Pond aqueduct carried water in log pipes to the lower levels of the city; but for fully half the city there was no such supply, and wells had to be relied upon. Every engine, therefore, which was good for anything was a "suction engine," as it was called; that is, it was able to pump from a well, as well as able to throw water to an indefinite height. The engine that arrived first repaired to the well best known in that neighborhood, or, if the occasion were fortunate, to the sea, and began to pump. The engine that arrived next took station next to this, and pumped from it through a long line of hose; and so successive engines carried the water to the place where some foreman directed

it upon the flames. It was thus that different engines attained their celebrity, as one pumped the tub of another dry, while the unfortunate members were "working the brakes" to their best to keep it full.

The buckets of which I have spoken were the remains of a yet earlier period, when people formed themselves in line to the well or to the sea, and passed buckets backward and forward, — full if they were going towards the fire, empty if they were going away; and the water was thus thrown upon such flames as chose to wait for it.

When one writes this, one wonders that Boston was not burned down four times a year; indeed, there were very bad fires in those days. The system called out some of the most energetic and public-spirited young fellows of the town, and after a while they were exempt from service in the militia. Well they might be, for their service as firemen was far more valuable to the community, and far more oppressive in time and health, than any service in the militia of those days. They felt their power, and asserted it once too often. In the mayoralty of Mr. Samuel A. Eliot, a company did something it should not have done, or refused to do something it was told to do, and, with a firm hand, he turned them all out, and created the system of the fire department of to-day,

in which every man is paid for his services, and may be regularly called upon, whether he will or no, as a servant of the city. The introduction of steam fire-engines and a sufficient supply of water would in themselves have been enough to revolutionize the whole of the primitive method of extinguishing fire, had no such revolt of the fire companies compelled a revolution.

I need hardly say that the old method interested to the full every boy in town. If his father and mother would let him, he attended the fire, where he could at least scream "Fire!" if he could not do anything else. If a boy were big enough, he was permitted almost to kill himself by working at the brakes. This was the most exhausting method for the application of human power that has been contrived; but there was power enough to be wasted, and, until the introduction of steam, it was everywhere used. It is still used on board ships which have no steam power. Every enterprising boy regarded it as the one wish of his life that he might be eighteen years old, so that he could join the company in his particular neighborhood; and even if he had not attained that age, he attached himself to the company as a sort of volunteer aid, and, as I say, was permitted, as a favor, to assist in running through the streets, dragging at the long rope which drew the engine.

Edward Everett Hale.

THE MARRIAGE OF IBRAIM PASHA.

AN EPISODE AT THE COURT OF SULTAN MURAD III., 1586.¹

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, the Ottoman Empire had begun to show signs of declension. In the

year 1574, the Sultan, Selim the Drunkard, died, and was succeeded by his son, Murad III. The new Sultan's person, his physical condition, his character, and his habits are described, with some slight variations, by the representatives

¹ This account of Ibraim's marriage is based upon the dispatches of the Venetian ambassador at Constantinople, hitherto inedited.

of foreign powers at the Porte. The picture is not a pleasant one. "The Sultan is of medium height," says Ungnad, the imperial ambassador, "not stout; his body flaccid; his eyes languid and protruding, covered by enormous eyebrows. He wears a long, straggling reddish beard." His thinness is attributed to an abuse of opium, or, as Knolles reported, of absinthe, and to his intemperance in other matters, which rendered him subject to the falling sickness, or epilepsy. He was twenty-eight years old, but had the air of a professor rather than of a general. He was something of a poet, and was passionately fond of mechanical toys, such as clocks and watches which showed the movements of the celestial bodies. He loved to pass his days in a garden, entertained by conjurers, mimes, buffoons. At sunset he would rise and retire to the harem, saying, "Thanks be to God who has allowed me to get through another day not so badly." A man very different from his father, the brutal but vigorous Selim.

At his accession to the throne, Murad found one minister, the Grand Vizir Sokolli, who was able to maintain the dignity of the Ottoman Empire, and to prevent its inherent weakness from becoming too patent to the world. But Sokolli's influence waned; Murad's favorites succeeded in ousting the great statesman, and his place was taken by the cultivated but corrupt Scemsi Pasha. Scemsi claimed descent from the family of Kizil Ahmedlü, and vaunted a lineage more noble than that of the reigning family. An interesting anecdote, which illustrates the manners of the period and the bitterness of family feud, is narrated by the historian Aali. Aali one day found himself in Scemsi's house when the favorite had just left the Sultan. Scemsi was radiant with pleasure, and, turning to his major-domo, he said, "At last I have avenged the royal line of Kizil Ahmedlü on the Osmanlis; their doom is fixed." "How is that?" said the ma-

jor-domo. "I have persuaded the Sultan to accept a bribe. His example will spread, and will ruin the state." Whereupon Aali, who was standing by, broke in, "Your Excellency is a worthy descendant of your ancestor Caled Ben Welid, who, as the story tells us, bribed his way to the presence of the Calif, and so began the seduction of Islam;" to which Scemsi, in confusion, replied, "Ah, Aali, you know much." The course of the episode we are relating, the marriage of Ibraim Pasha to the Sultan Murad's daughter, will prove how right both Scemsi and Aali were in their observations.

Perhaps nothing about the court of Murad is more surprising than the fact, abundantly illustrated by the Venetian ambassador's dispatches, that almost all the persons of importance were either renegade Christians or Jews. To begin with, the favorite and powerful Sultana Ssaffije (the Pure) was a lady of the Venetian family of Baffo, whose father had been governor of Corfu, from which island she was stolen when quite a child, and placed in the harem of Murad. Among the Vizirs, we find Sokolli, the Grand Vizir, was a Bosnian; Viale, a Hungarian; the Captain of the Sea, the famous Mage or Oechiali, a Calabrian; the chief of the Janizaries, a very important post, the Genoese Ciedla.

The Jews did not occupy so prominent a place at court, though their back-stair influence was very great. Hardly any business was transacted without their interposition; in all diplomatic negotiations, we find Jews acting as intermediaries, sounding the ground and promising bribes. No ambassador of a Christian power dreamed of carrying on his diplomatic transactions without the assistance of a Jew: Benveniste, for example, acted for the king of Spain and for the Venetian republic, David Passi for the English agent, Angeli for the Swiss. One of the most important personages at the Porte was the Jew Salomon Eschinasi. All ambassadors found it necessary to

make presents to Chieraggia, the Jewess, purveyor-general to the Sultan's harem.

Various reasons contributed to confer upon the Jews this exceptional position. First of all, they were not Christians, and their presence did not defile. They were doctors, and in the exercise of their profession they had ready access to the great officers of state. They were money-lenders and jewelers, and the Turks, in their love for precious stones, were obliged to have frequent recourse to the Jews. They were astronomers, and the more superstitious Turks applied to them for information about the future; we hear of an observatory sunk down at the bottom of a deep well, so as to allow of the diurnal observation of the stars. But, above all, the Jews displayed that pliant and insinuating servility which is so characteristic of their race. On a great occasion of state, such as the circumcision of the Sultan's eldest son, the Jew did not refuse to take part in ribald comedies, and submitted to play buffoon to the assembly.

Among the many foreigners who rose to prominence upon the accession of Murad III. was the renegade Christian, Ibraim. He was a Slav by birth; his native city was Kanischa, near Ragusa. While still a lad he had been presented to the Sultan Selim by one of the Pashas. Selim placed Ibraim in the harem, and caused him to be educated with his own son, the future Sultan Murad, to whom he was attached as servant. To the intimate relations thus formed between Murad and Ibraim the latter owed his subsequent advance. When Murad ascended the throne, Ibraim was made a Pasha, and was sent as governor to Cairo.

Ibraim was then thirty-seven years old; of medium height, with a dark complexion, a brown beard, bright eyes, and a quick intelligence. He possessed grace of manner and charm of speech. He was, however, extremely ambitious, and, as he saw his ambitions realized, he developed a haughtiness of bearing which,

as the Venetian ambassador declared, made it impossible to transact business with him.

Ibraim's appointment to Cairo gave him the opportunity for amassing wealth, which he knew to be indispensable at the Porte, especially for those no longer young. Egypt was an enormously rich storehouse to plunder. At the accession of Murad, the governor was the eunuch Mesih Pasha; he was merely cruel, not rapacious. But his successor, Hassan Pasha, owed his downfall to the excessive wealth which he had wrung out of the suffering province. He labored for others, however. A sudden order from Constantinople recalled him. He obeyed, leaving his treasure behind him, and on his arrival at the capital he was confined in the Seven Towers. Ibraim received the vacant appointment. No sooner had he reached Cairo than he took possession of Hassan's treasure, and so industrious was he in pursuit of wealth that, when an order of the Sultan recalled him to the capital, a year and a half later, he returned to Constantinople with fabulous riches.

Ibraim was commissioned by Murad to reduce the Druses, on his way home to Constantinople. He did so partly by treachery and partly by superior force. To render his return more triumphant he sent on before him four hundred heads, all of which he said were those of Druses slain in battle, though fears were expressed at Constantinople that some of these ghastly trophies were the heads, not of Druses, but of Ibraim's own Turkish troops, many of whom fell before the hardy mountaineers. So far all had prospered with Ibraim. On his return to Constantinople, he began to employ his riches in the recognized way, by making presents to the Sultan; among others, we hear of a rich jeweled throne, and one great emerald in the rough, so large that eight flat emeralds about the size of an eyeglass were cut from it. But whether the result of these presents was

that which Ibraim desired is more than doubtful; for, a very few days after his return home, the Sultan sent to inform Ibraim that he had resolved to give him his daughter in marriage, and that the wedding festival should be held "in the time of the roses," the month of May.

This was a great honor, no doubt, but a dubious satisfaction. It was impossible to decline to marry the Sultan's daughter; and yet her rank was so exalted that her husband could no longer enjoy the same freedom in his domestic arrangements as that possessed by less favored Turks. Not merely were the more exotic pleasures of the seraglio denied him, but he was compelled to a monogamic existence, upon pain of his fortune, perhaps of his very life. If the honored subject could succeed in retaining the Sultan's favor, there were compensations for these drawbacks. Thanks to his near connection with the Calif, he was supposed to possess great influence, and became the recipient of large sums of money, presented to him for favors demanded.

When Ibraim received the message of the Sultan, nothing remained for him but to obey, and to begin the preparations for his marriage. He presented gifts to those who brought him the news, and proceeded at once to kiss the Sultan's hand. His next step was to choose his best man and best woman, — his *compadre* and *commadre*. His choice fell on the Captain of the Sea, and on Ginfeda, the governess of the Sultan's harem. It was no slight burden to be chosen best man on such an occasion as this. The presents were costly. Those of the Captain of the Sea to Ibraim Pasha consisted of two complete palaces: one in the Hippodrome at Constantinople, which had once belonged to another Ibraim Pasha, favorite of Suleiman the Great; the other among gardens upon the Bosphorus, which was to serve as a *villeggiatura* for the newly married couple. The palace in the Hippodrome

was not considered fine enough for the Sultan's daughter, and the best man undertook to make it suitable at his own expense. The seraglio, as it then stood, was built upon vaulted arches springing from three rows of columns which had belonged to some building of the late empire. In the middle of the seraglio were the women's apartments, with gardens, courtyards, loggias, baths, and fountains. In the centre of one of the gardens, and quite surrounded by fountains, was a chamber entirely inlaid with precious marbles. But, beautiful as these apartments were in their decoration, they were too dark for the modern taste, and somewhat melancholy. The Captain of the Sea accordingly constructed an apartment especially for the use of the bride. It consisted of a saloon adorned with mosaics like majolica. Next to this was a vaulted chamber in mosaics and gold, and frescoed in part; in this chamber was a fountain. Behind the vaulted chamber came a toilet closet decorated in gold, and out of that opened a bath. All round the new apartment ran a covered loggia, fully protected from the sun and the heat. This was the present from the best man to the bridegroom. Meantime, the Sultan had given to his daughter all the jewels which belonged to the Sultana, her mother, and two beautiful ponies trapped in gold and jewels, which were to take her from the seraglio of her father to that of her husband.

Ibraim, too, was busy. He had sent to all the embassies to ask the ambassadors to supply him with pheasants, partridges, hares, and other game. The Venetian and French representatives excused themselves on the ground that they were foreigners, and did not know how to get any game even for themselves. The English ambassador not only provided game and sent it, but added a vast quantity of fowls.

The ceremonies which were to lead up to the wedding began on the 15th of May. On that day, the Sultana mother,

the bride, and all the women of the Sultan's harem passed from the new seraglio on the water to the old seraglio in the city. There they found the other Sultanas, the sisters and relations of the Sultan, and the wives of the Pashas and great officers of state. All these ladies began an eight days' revelry, which was kept up day and night. Female slaves danced and sang. The ladies lay on couches, drinking sherbet. No men were allowed near the place except the black eunuchs who kept watch at the doors. The day after the ladies arrived at the old seraglio, the Pashas and other ministers of the Porte made their presents to the bride. The next day, the best man, the Captain of the Sea, having prepared all his presents in several small houses near the seraglio, went there early in the morning, attended by upwards of three hundred horsemen and a like number of foot. He then headed the procession which conveyed his gifts to the bride. These presents were vast in size and quantity, and required hundreds of sailors to carry them. They consisted of fifty life-size figures of animals made of sugar; a great castle, also of sugar; five bowls filled with necklaces of gold, jeweled slippers, crowns, girdles, earrings, all richly jeweled; five bales of cloth of gold and of silk; one packet of henna, which these ladies use to dye their hands, feet, and other parts of the body, for greater beauty; lastly, four parcels of comfits. All these gifts were consigned to the black eunuchs at the door of the seraglio, to be presented to the bride.

The next day was the turn of the best woman, the commadre. She walked first, followed by the captain of the Janizaries, the Captain of the Sea, and all the ministers of state; behind them came the music and the crowd of shouters, and then the presents. These consisted of a huge machine of silver gilt, studded with turquoises let into it in various patterns. This machine was twenty yards high, and from

one and a half to two yards wide; it was covered with flowers and plants wrought in gold, silver, and colored silks; it required a large number of men to carry it, and was valued at twenty thousand sequins. After the big machine came eight smaller ones, of similar construction, eight horses laden with bales of silk and cloth of gold, and five bales of that kind of cloth which is used by Turkish ladies to hang on each side of the landing-stages which lead from their caïques to their houses or gardens, to shut out inquisitive gazers. When the bride had received all her presents, her father, the Sultan, came in state to inspect them, and to assure himself that they were worthy of his daughter's acceptance.

So far, the father, the best man, and the best woman had all done their part. It was Ibraim's turn now. On the 18th he began a series of banquets at his own house. His first guests were the Emirs of the Green Toque, relations of the Prophet. The following day he received all the priests, preachers, doctors of law, and divines. The Sultan's secretary on behalf of his Majesty, and the Captain of the Sea on behalf of Ibraim, were both present on this occasion, and drew up the marriage contract. The dowry was fixed at three hundred thousand ducats. After dinner Ibraim held a reception, and received the congratulations of all the nobles of the Porte. After this ceremony was concluded, accompanied by all who had attended his levee, he went to the old seraglio to receive the presents and the dowry of the bride, and to take them to his own house. At the end of this procession came a coach hung round with crimson brocade, so that it was impossible to see who was inside; but it was supposed to contain the governess of the harem, the best woman, whose suite consisted of fifty waiting-women, who were conveyed in fifty closely draped coaches, each one with a black eunuch on horseback as guard. It was the duty of these women to prepare the

chamber and the couch for the newly wedded couple. On the return journey to the seraglio of Ibraim, one hundred female slaves riding astride, and all of them richly dressed in brocade, followed the fifty coaches, and scattered money among the crowd. Each horse was led by a slave, and the whole band was escorted by fifty handsome black eunuchs on horseback. After the slave women came a gold-bound Koran carried on a golden desk studded with jewels; then six silver candelabra with lighted torches, a crystal box full of gems, and many other caskets of jewels; then the bride's bed, made of silver gilt, and carried in several pieces, to be put together, and bedquilts and coverlids of gold brocade embroidered with pearls; then a cook with a whole sheep spitted on a spit; then kitchen utensils in silver; then one hundred and twenty-five mules laden with boxes of precious stones, silver, gold, cushions, carpets, curtains; and, to wind up, all the common kitchen and scullery utensils, piled up anyhow. By the time this long procession of household furniture reached the seraglio of Ibraim, the fifty waiting-women, under the direction of the governess of the harem, were ready to receive it, and in a short time the rooms of the bride, the kitchen, and the rest of the house were in order.

Besides the big machine already described, which was presented to the bride by the governess of the harem, the Captain of the Sea had prepared two others of even greater size. They were made in the shape of a pyramid, and on the top of each was a huge candle. They were carried on the shoulders of a great number of men, whose movements were regulated by the whistle of a boatswain who stood at the foot of the pyramid. As these huge and cumbersome erections were carried through the streets, one of them had its candle knocked over by the topmost branches of a lofty tree, and it was found necessary to cut away the eaves of the houses in those streets

through which they were to pass. They reached the old seraglio in safety at last, and were placed one on each side of the door.

At last the 22d of May arrived, the day destined for the passage of the bride to Ibraim's house. The procession, headed by the three great constructions already described, was formed in much the same order as on the occasion of previous processions, only every one was more richly dressed, and the number of foot and horse was increased by several hundreds. Jugglers, mountebanks, and conjurers were added to the throng. All the Pashas and the Grand Vizir were on horseback, dressed in white. Behind them came Ibraim's household and all his horses. The horse destined for the bride had its mane and tail decked out with gold and jewels. Then came the commadree and the bride, both on horseback, riding like men. Over the bride's head was a *baldacchino* of gold brocade, whose sides hung down so as to cover completely the bride, leaving free only the head of her horse. Under the baldacchino were her guard of eunuchs and her waiting-women. Behind the bride came fifty women on horseback, riding like men. These were the wives of the Pashas and the chief ministers of the Porte.

In this way the bride was led to the door of her husband's house. Ibraim met her on the threshold. It was the first time he had been allowed to see her. Even then the bridegroom saw no more than her eyes, for she kept her veil on. It was not till after supper that she finally uncovered her face. She is described as short, dark, thin, and with a nose long and excessively hooked.

All through these eight days of the wedding festival the Hippodrome had been full of tumblers, acrobats, ropewalkers, by day; and at night, on the Bosphorus, in front of the new seraglio, fireworks and set pieces had delighted and diverted the Sultan Murad.

But although Ibraim had received his bride into his own house, she still remained the Sultan's daughter. He was not allowed to approach her until her father sent him formal permission. When he spoke to her, he was obliged to use all humility of manner, — he called himself her slave; nor might he sit down unless she invited him to do so. He was kept in this trying position for fifteen or twenty days, until the Sultan chose to end the situation. The result of this very painful treatment was, perhaps, not surprising. The day after the Sultan gave orders to place the newly married couple on a more rational footing, and to complete the ceremony, the Venetian ambassador sent to congratulate Ibraim, and to offer the presents of his government. He found, however, that the Sultan's orders had not been sufficient for their purpose. Congratulations and presents had to be postponed.

Ibraim's position was now a very dan-

gerous one. His wife and her father, the Sultan, considered themselves insulted. Ibraim was in disgrace, and instantly found himself deprived of the one compensation for the misfortune of having to marry the Sultan's daughter, namely, influence at court and the money that it brought in. He had spent a vast sum on his marriage, and the sudden cessation of this source of revenue left him almost penniless. He asked his best man, the Captain of the Sea, to lend him fifty thousand ducats, but was at once refused. Ibraim declared that he had been bewitched by the Sultan's sister, his wife's aunt, who was married to Mehemet Pasha, and was afraid and jealous of Ibraim's growing influence. He accordingly put himself in the hands of certain Turks who were skilled in treating such cases. The results were satisfactory, and by the 25th of June Ibraim's marriage was *un fait accompli*.

Horatio F. Brown.

THE WITHROW WATER RIGHT.

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

LYSANDER SPROUL, driving his dun-colored mules leisurely toward the mesa, looked back now and then at the winery which crowned its low hill like a bit of fortification.

"If I'd really had any idee o' gettin' ahead o' him," he reflected, "or circumventin' him an inch, I reckon I'd been more civil; it's no more 'n fair to be civil to a man when you're gettin' the best of 'im; but I 'hain't. I don't s'pose Indian Pete's yaller dog, standin' ahead there in the road ready to bark at my team like mad, has any idee of eatin' a mule, much less two, but all the same it's a satisfaction to him to be sassy; an' seein' he's limited in his means of entertainin' hisself, I

don't begrudge him. And the Colonel don't begrudge me. When a man has his coat pretty well wadded with greenbacks, he can stand a good deal o' thumpin'."

The ascent was growing rougher and more mountainous. Lysander put on the brake and stopped "to blow" his team. Whiffs of honey-laden air came from the stretch of chaparral on the slope behind him. He turned on the high spring seat, and, dangling his long legs over the wagon-box, sent a far-reaching, indefinite gaze across the valley. There were broad acres of yellowing vineyard, fields of velvety young barley, orange-trees in dark orderly ranks, and here and there a peach orchard

robbed of its leaves, — a cloud of tender maroon upon the landscape. Lysander collected his wandering glance and fixed it upon one of the pale green barley fields.

"It's about there, I reckon. Of course the old woman'll kick; but if the Colonel has laid out to do it, he'll do it, kickin' or no kickin'. If he can't buy her out or trade her out, he'll freeze her out. Well, well, I ain't a-carin'; she can do as she pleases." The man turned and took off the brake, and the mules, without further signal, resumed their journey. Boulders began to thicken by the roadside. The sun went down, and the air grew heavy with the soft, resinous mountain odors. Some one stepped from the shadow of a scraggy buckthorn in front of the team.

"Is that you, Sandy?"

It was a woman's voice, but it came from a figure wearing a man's hat and coat. Lysander stopped the mules.

"Why, Minervy! what's up?"

"Oh, nothin'. I just walked a ways to meet you." The woman climbed up beside her husband. "You're later 'n I 'lowed you'd be. Something must 'a' kep' you."

"Yes, I come around by the winery. I saw Poindexter over t' the Mission, an' he said the old Colonel wanted to see me."

"The old Colonel wanted to see *you*, Sandy?" The woman turned upon him anxiously in the yellow twilight. The rakishness of her attire was grotesquely at variance with her troubled voice and small freckled face. "What did he want with you?"

"Well, he *said* he wanted me to help him make a trade with the old man," — Lysander sent a short, explosive laugh through his nostrils; "an' I told 'im I reckoned he knewed that the old woman was the old man, up our way."

"Oh, I'm glad you give it to 'im that way, Sandy," said the woman earnestly, rising to her habiliments. "Mother'll be prouder 'n a peacock of you.

I hope you held your head high and sassd him right and left." Mrs. Sproul straightened her manly back and raised her shrill womanish voice nervously. "Oh, I hope you told him you'd stood at the cannon's mouth before, an' was n't afraid to face him or any other red-handed destroyer of his country's flag. I hope you told him that, Sandy."

"Well, I was n't to say brash," returned her husband slowly and soothingly. "It would n't do, Minervy, it would n't do." Lysander uncoiled his long braided lash and whipped off two or three spikes of the withering perfumed sage. "I talked up to 'im, though, middlin' impident; but law! it did n't hurt 'im; he's got a hide like a hypothernuse."

Mrs. Sproul drew a long, excited breath.

"I wish mother'd been along, Sandy; she'd 'a' told 'im a thing or two."

Lysander was discreetly silent. The sage and grease wood ended abruptly, and a row of leafless walnut-trees stretched their gaunt white branches above the road. Here and there an almond-tree, lured into premature bloom by the seductive California winter, stood like a wraith by the roadside. They could see the cabin now. A square of flaring and fading light marked the open doorway. The mules quickened their pace, and the wagon rattled over the stony road.

"Talk about increasin' the value o' this piece o' property!" the man broke out contemptuously. "I told 'im it would take a good deal o' chin to convince the old woman that anything would increase the value o' this ranch o' her'n, and danged if I did n't think she was right. I'd pegged away at it two years, an' I could n't."

"What did he say to that, Sandy?" demanded the woman, with admiring eagerness.

"Say? Oh, he said the soil was good. An' I 'lowed it was, — what there was

of it; an' so was the boulders good, for boulders, — the trouble was in the mix-in'. Don't talk to me about your 'decomposed granite,' says I; 'it's the granite what ain't decomposed that bothers me.' But pshaw!" and Lysander dropped his voice hopelessly, "he ain't a-carin'. I'd about as soon work the boulders as try to work him; he's harder 'n any boulder on the ranch."

The mules turned into a narrow road, and stopped before the stable, a shakly, semi-tropical structure, consisting of four sycamore posts and a brush-covered roof. The lower half of the firelit doorway beyond suddenly darkened, and there was a swift scurrying sound among the bushes that intervened between the house and the shed. A succession of heads, visible even in the deepening twilight by reason of a uniform glimmering whiteness, appeared in the barnyard.

Mrs. Sproul ran over the number with a rapid maternal calculation.

"Where 's the baby, Sheridan?"

"Grammuzgotin'."

Lysander climbed out of the wagon, and came around to his wife's side.

"Sha'n't I h'ist you down, Miner-vy?"

She gave him her hand, and stood beside him for an instant, meditatively, after he had lifted her to the ground.

"I guess I won't say nothin' to mother till you come in, Sandy. Be as spry as you can with the chores. Mebbe M'lissy 'll milk the cow for you."

She turned, and went up the walk toward the house, her mannish attire and the glimmering white heads that encircled her faintly suggestive of Jupiter and his attendant moons.

The sea breeze had died away, and the wind was blowing in cooler gusts from the mountain; breezes laden with the aromatic sweetness of the bay-tree and the heavy scent of the shade-loving bracken wandered from far up the cañon into the cabin and out again, only to find themselves profaned and sordid with the smell of frying bacon.

A high, energetic voice was making itself heard even above the sizzle of the meat and the voice of a crying baby.

"What under the sun makes ye set up that yell every night jest at supper time? Ye ain't a-lackin' anything, as I kin see, exceptin' a spankin', and I'm too busy to give ye that. Hark! There comes your mammy, now. Straighten up yer face and show 'er what a good boy you 've been."

Thus adjured, the baby brought his vocalizing to that abrupt termination indicative of feeling not so deep-seated as to be entirely beyond control, and scrambled toward the door on all fours, breaking in upon the approaching planetary system, a somewhat dimmed and bedraggled comet. Mrs. Sproul picked him up, and looked around the room questioningly.

"What 's M'lissy doin', mother?"

"Dawdlin'," answered the old woman, with a curtness that was eloquent, lifting the frying-pan from the stove, and shaking it into a more aggravated sputter.

"Is she upstairs?"

"I s'pose so. She gener'ly is, when there 's anything doin' down."

Mrs. Sproul put her hand over the baby's mouth and called upward, "M'lissy!"

There was a sound of slow moving above, plainly audible through the unplastered ceiling, leisurely sliding steps on the stairs, and Melissa appeared in the doorway. She was still elevated above them by two or three steps, and leaned against the casement, looking down into the smoke and disorder of the room with a listless, irresponsible gaze. A tall, unformed girl, with a braid of red hair hanging across her shoulder, and ending in a heavy lustrous curl upon the limp folds of her blue cotton dress.

The baby had resumed a subdued but dismal proclamation of the grief from which his mother's return had afforded him but a temporary relief, and Mrs.

Sproul elevated her thin, anxious voice coaxingly.

"Lysander's late, M'lissy, and I thought mebbe you'd milk the cow for 'im."

"Why, yes, of course," answered the girl, with a soft, good-natured drawl, descending the remaining steps slowly. "Where's the milk-pail, mother?"

"On top o' the chimbley," answered the old woman tartly, pointing with the frying-pan to a bench in the corner. "If it'd 'a' been a snake, it'd 'a' bit you."

The young girl crossed the room, and the satellites surrounding Mrs. Sproul's chair, with an erratic change of orbit, transferred themselves to the newcomer. The older sister took a handkerchief from the pocket of her coat.

"You'd best tie this around your neck, M'lissy; it's gettin' chill."

The girl accepted it carelessly, and stood in the doorway tying the bit of faded silk about her round white throat.

"Where's the cow, mother?"

"She's staked on the 'fileree, t'other side of the barn. If ye don't find her when ye git there, come an' ask." The old woman drawled the last three words sarcastically.

Melissa smiled, showing a row of teeth, not small, but white and regular.

"Oh, if she's got away, I know where she's gone."

"Yes, I'll bet you do. Some folks has a heap of unnecessary learnin'."

There was no demand upon Melissa's supply of undervalued information. The cow was mooing reproachfully in a cropped circle of musky alfilaria behind the shed. The moon had risen, and rested for an instant upon the edge of Cucamonga, like a silver ball rolling down the mountain side. Melissa laid her arms on the spotted heifer's back, and gazed at the landscape dreamily. Not discontent, nor longing, nor vague troublesome aspirations mirrored themselves in the girl's placid face. Gentle, ease-loving natures, that might show

in fair relief against a delicate background of luxury, become dull and lifeless in contrast with the coarser tints of poverty. In the parlance of those about her, Melissa was "dawdlin'," — and those about us are likely to be just, for they speak from the righteous standpoint of results.

The moon had floated high above Cucamonga, — so high that every nook and fastness of the mountain lay revealed in her soft nocturnal splendor; even the tops of the mottled sycamores, far below in Sawpit Cañon, were touched with a vague, ghostly light; and still the council that sat in Lysander Sproul's kitchen was loud-voiced and shrill. The children, huddled in a corner that they might whisper and giggle beyond the reach of manual reproof, had fallen asleep, a confused heap of dejected weariness. The baby's head hung at an alarming angle from his father's arm, and even the acrid, high-pitched notes of his grandmother's voice failed to disturb the sleep of bedraggled innocence.

"So he's a-wantin' to develop the cañon, is he? Time wuz when you'd 'a' thought that cañon was good enough even for him, from the lawin' and the lyn' and the swearin' he did to git his clutches onto it. Well, if he wants to improve it, why don't he improve it? Nobody's goin' to hender."

"That's what I told 'im," answered her son-in-law, taking the pipe from his mouth, and sending a halo of blue smoke about the head of his slumbering charge. "He said he wanted to improve the water. 'Nobody's goin' to kick at that,' says I; 'if they do, they're fools. I think the old lady'll tell you to go ahead. I should n't be s'prised, though,' says I, 'if she'd add that the water o' Sawpit Cañon's good enough fer her without any improvin'.'"

Mrs. Sproul glanced at her mother triumphantly.

"I told you Sandy talked up to him,

mother. Oh, I do *wish* you 'd 'a' wore your uniform, Sandy; then you could 'a' rose up before him proudly, an' told 'im you 'd fought the battles of your country before" —

"Oh, shucks, Minervy!" interrupted the old woman dejectedly; "what does Nate Forrester care for anybody's country? What else 'd he say, Lysander?"

"He said — well" — the man hesitated, and hitched his high shoulders a trifle uneasily — "he swore he hated to do business with a woman."

Spots of a deep coppery red glowed through the tan of the old woman's cheeks.

"He said that, did 'e, Lysander Sproul? Then he must 'a' found some woman hard to cheat. Nate Forrester don't hate to do business with nobody he can cheat. The next time you see 'im, tell 'im it 's mut'chal."

"I told 'im that," answered Lysander grimly. "I told 'im he did n't hate to do business with the hull female sect no worse than this partikiler woman hated to do business with him; but I reckoned you would n't bother 'im if he wanted to go to work on the cañon, — that 'd be onreasonable."

"He hain't no notion o' doin' that," asserted the old woman contemptuously. "Ketch him improvin' anybody else's water right. We're nothin' to him but sticks to boil his pot. What 's he up to now?"

"Well," rejoined Lysander skeptically, "he *said* he wanted to divide that upper volunteer barley patch into ten-acre lots and put it onto the market. An' he b'lieved he could double the water right by tunnelin'."

"Why don't he tunnel away, then? Nobody 's a-carin'," demanded the old woman shrilly.*

"That 's what I told 'im; and he 'plowed, of course, he was n't a-goin' to put money into another feller's water right. An' then he figured away, showin' me how it 'd increase the value

o' this piece o' property; an' I told 'im this property was 'way up now," — Lysander sneered audibly, — "consider'ble higher 'n most folks wanted to go; an' then he went to blowin' about it, braggin' up the ranch, an' tellin' what a big thing he done when he give it to you" —

The old woman broke in upon him fiercely.

"Did he say that, Lysander?" She turned, and bent upon her son-in-law a quick, wrathful glance from under her shaggy brows; the muscles of her weather-beaten face twitched nervously. "I 'd 'a' give my right hand to 'a' heerd 'im. I 'd like to have Colonel Nate Forrester try to say anything to me about givin' anybody this ranch." She measured her words bitingly. "I s'pose when a feller puts his pistol at yer head, and tells you to hold up yer hands, and goes through yer pockets, if he happens to overlook a ten-cent piece he *gives* ye that much, does 'e? That 's the way Colonel Nate Forrester *give* me this ranch. Loss Anjelus County had n't heerd o' him when I settled onto this claim, and it ain't heerd no good of 'im sence."

The old woman's harsh, discordant voice rose higher with her wrath. The baby stirred uneasily in his father's arms. Even Melissa raised her eyes, — Melissa, who sat on the lowest step of the projecting staircase, twisting and untwisting the faded blue silk handkerchief in her lap with a gentle, listless monotony. It was impossible to tell whether ignorance or indifference characterized the girl, so calm, so inert, so absent was she, sitting in the half-shadow of the dimly lighted corner, her lustrous auburn head outlined against the sombre-hued redwood of the wall behind her.

There was a little hush in the room after the tempest.

"No, that 's a fact, — that 's a fact. Well — then — you see" — continued Lysander, groping for his forgotten

place in the recital. "Oh, yes, — I got up and told 'im 'Addyoce,' as if I s'posed he was through, and started off; an' he called me back, an' 'lowed mebbe the old folks did n't have much loose change lyin' around to put into water improvements; an' I told 'im I did n't know, — I reckoned you could mortgage the ranch. From the way he talked, he 'd make you a handsome loan on it, and jump at the chance; an' after he 'd hummed and hawed a while, he offered to give you a clear title to Flutterwheel Spring if you 'd deed 'im your int'rest in the rest o' the cañon. I told 'im it was n't my funeral. I 'd tell you what he said, an' you could do as you pleased."

The old woman fixed her small, shrewd eyes on her son-in-law.

"What else 'd he say, Lysander?"

"Nothin' much. Wanted me to use my influence with the old man!"

His mother-in-law gave a short, contemptuous sniff.

"I reckon he 'd like to do business with the old man. What 'd you tell 'im?"

"I told 'im I 'd be sure to put my influence where it 'd do the most good, an' I 'dvised him to see you. I 'lowed him an' you 'd git on peaceable as a meetin' to 'lect a preacher," — Lysander rubbed his gnarled hand over his face, as if to erase a lurking grin, — "but he did n't seem anxious."

"I reckon not. Is that all he said?"

"'Bout all. He said it was a damned good trade."

"Lysander!" Mrs. Sproul sprang up, placing herself between her husband and the heap of slumbering innocents in the corner. "Lysander Sproul, — and you a father! This comes of consortin' with the ungodly, and sittin' in the chair of the scorner."

"Oh, come now, Minervy, I was only quotin'." Lysander's eye twinkled, but he spoke contritely, with generous consideration for his wife's condition, which was imminently delicate.

"Oh, you 're hystericky, Minervy. You 'd best go to bed," observed her mother. "You 're all tuckered out with yer walk. I guess Lysander 's told all he knows, hain't you, Lysander?"

"'Bout all, — yes. He followed me out to the wagon, and hinted something about Poindexter wantin' help if he went to work on the tunnel, and 'lowed I 'd find it handier to have a job nearer home, now that the grape haulin' was over. But I told 'im there was no trouble about that. The nearer home I got, the more work I found, gener'ly. Pay was kind o' short, but then a man must be a trifle stickin' that would n't do his own work fer nothin'."

Lysander got up and carried the baby into the adjoining room, bending his lank form from habit rather than from necessity, as he passed through the doorway.

Mrs. Sproul, tearfully resentful of the charge of hysterics, investigated the sleeping children with a view to more permanent disposal of them for the night, a process which resulted in much whimpering, and a limp, somnolent sense of injury on the part of the investigated.

"I don't take much stock in Nate Forrester's trades," said the grandmother, elevating her voice so that Lysander could hear; "there 's some deviltry back of 'em, gener'ly; the better they look, the more I 'm afraid of 'em. I don't purtend to know what he 's drivin' at now, not bein' the prince o' darkness, but I reckon he can wait till I do."

The next day Melissa turned her gray eyes with a vague, kindling interest toward the "volunteer barley patch." Two or three points of white gleamed upon it in the afternoon sun. She mused upon them speculatively for a while, and then consulted Lysander.

"I reckon it 's the survey stakes, M'lissy," he said kindly. "Forrester 's dividin' it up, as he said. I would n't

say nothin' about it to yer maw, 'f I was you; it 'll only rile her up."

Melissa looked at the field in a quiet, dispassionate way.

"The land 's his'n, ain't it, Lysander?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, the land 's his'n, an' a good part o' the cañon, too, — all but a little that belongs to yer maw. But the hull thing used to be her'n, quite a spell back, though."

Lysander was hauling stones from a knoll near the house, and dumping them on the edge of the cañon, — a leisurely process, carried on by means of a sled, of unmistakable home manufacture, drawn by one of the dun-colored mules. Melissa was helping him in a desultory, intermittent fashion. There was a very friendly understanding between these two peace-loving members of the family.

The young girl carried two or three speckled granite boulders and dropped them into the rude vehicle, and then sat down on the edge of it meditatively. The dark rim of her hat made a background for her head with its little billows of richly tinted hair. Exertion had brought a faint transitory pink to her fair freckled face.

"Did Colonel Forrester steal the land and water from mother, Lysander?" she asked, with the calm, unreasoning candor of youth.

Lysander straightened his lank form, and then betook himself to a seat on a neighboring boulder, evidently of the opinion that the judicial nature of the question before him demanded a sitting posture.

"I dunno about that, M'lissy," he said, shutting one eye and squinting across the valley sagaciously. "The Soopreme Court of the State of Californy said he did n't, an' yer maw says he did, — with regards to the cañon, that is. The land, — well, she deeded him the land, but he sort o' had the snap on her when she done it. You 'll find, M'lissy," he added, with a careful dis-

avowal of prejudice, "that there 's as much difference of 'pinion about stealin' as there is about heaven."

There was a long, serene, comfortable silence. Even the mule seemed dreamily retrospective. Bees reveled in the honeyed wealth of the buckthorn, and chanted their content in drowsy monotony. The upland lavished its spicy sweetness on the still, yellow air. A gopher peered out of its freshly made burrow with quick, wary turns of its little head, and dropped suddenly out of sight as Melissa spoke.

"How come mother to deed him the land, Sandy?"

The weight of decision being lifted from Lysander's shoulders, he got up and resumed his work, evidently esteeming a mild form of activity admissible in purely narrative discourse.

"Well, ye see, M'lissy, yer maw homestidded the land and filed a claim on the water in the cañon eight or ten years back, when neither of 'em was worth stealin'; an' she 'lowed she done the thing up in good shape, and had everything solid an' reg'lar, till Colonel Forrester come and bought the Santa Elena ranch and a lot o' dry land j'inin' it, and commenced nosin' around the cañon, an' hirin' men to overhaul the county record; an' the fust thing you know, he filed a claim onto the water in the cañon. Then you can guess what kind of a racket there was on hand."

Lysander paused, and sat down on a pile of stones, shaking his head in vague, reminiscent dismay. The young girl turned and looked at him, a sudden gleam of recollection widening her eyes.

"I b'lieve I remember 'bout that, Sandy," she said, with a little thrill of animation in her voice.

"Like enough. You was quite a chunk of a girl then. Minervy an' me was bee-ranchin' over t' the Verdugo, that spring. The rains was late and lodged yer maw's barley, so as 't she did n't have half a crop; an' you know

yer paw 's kind o' — kind o' — easy," — having chosen the adjective after some hesitation, Lysander lingered over it approvingly, — "and bein' as she was dead set on fightin' the Colonel, she mortgaged the ranch to raise the money for the lawsuit."

Lysander stopped again. Memories of that stormy time appeared to crowd upon him bewilderingly. He shook his head in slow but emphatic denial of his ability to do them dramatic justice in recital.

There was another long silence. The noonday air seemed to pulsate, as if the mountain were sleeping in the sun and breathing regularly. The weeds, which the weight of the sled had crushed, gave out a fragrance of honey and tar. A pair of humming-birds darted into the stillness in a little tempest of shrill-voiced contention, and the mule, aroused from dejected abstraction by the intruders, shook his tassel-like tail and yawned humanly.

Melissa got up and wandered toward the edge of the cañon, and Lysander, aroused from the plenitude of his recollections by her absence, completed his load and drove the dun-colored mule leisurely after her.

The stones fell over the precipice, breaking into the quiet of the depths below with a long, resounding crash that finally rippled off into silence, and the two sat down on the side of the empty sled and rode back to the stone pile.

"I've always thought," said Lysander, resuming his work and his narrative with equal deliberation, "that there was a good deal missed by yer maw bein' took down with inflammatory rheumatiz jest about the time o' the trial o' that lawsuit. I dunno as it would 'a' made much difference in the end, but it would 'a' made consider'ble as it went along, and I think she'd 'a' rested easier if she'd 'a' had her say. Of course they come up an' took down her testimony in writin'; but it was short-hand, an' yer maw

don't speak short-hand fer common. Well, of course the old Colonel got away with the jury, and then yer maw found out that he'd bought the mortgage; an' about the time it was due he come up here, as smooth as butter, an' offered to give her this little patch o' boulders an' let her move the house onto it, an' give her share 'nough in the cañon to irrigate it, if she'd deed him the rest o' the land, an' save him the trouble o' foreclosin'. So she done it. But I don't think he en'joyed his visit, all the same. She was n't spar-in' o' her remarks to 'im, an' I think some of 'em must 'a' hurt his feelin's, fer he hain't been here sence." Lysander chuckled with reminiscent relish.

Melissa had walked around the sled, and stood facing him, with her hands behind her. Her slight figure in its limp blue cotton drapery had the scarred mountain side for a background.

"I don't see yet as he done anything so awful mean," she protested leniently.

"Ner do I, M'lissy," acquiesced her brother-in-law. "But after the hull thing was signed, sealed, and delivered," — Lysander rested from his labors again on the strength of these highly legal expressions, — "after it was closed up, so to speak, it came to yer maw's ears, in some way, that there was a mistake in the drawin' of that mortgage, an' this land was left out of it, an' would 'a' been her'n anyway; and somehow that thing has stuck in her craw all these years, and sort o' soured her."

Melissa mused on the problem, wide-eyed and grave. The mule seemed to await her verdict with humble resignation. Lysander sat on the side of the sled and looked across the valley seaward, to where Catalina was outlined against the horizon in soft, cloudlike gray.

"An' it was a mistake? she meant to put it in the mortgage?" queried the girl.

"Yes, she meant to, so far as a

person can be said to mean anything when they 're a-mortgagin' their homestead; usually they 're out o' their heads. But the law don't take no 'count o' that kind o' craziness. You can do the fooliest things, M'lissy, without the court seein' a crack in your brain; but if you happen to get mad an' put a bullet through some good-fere-nother loafer, then immedjitly yer insane. That 's the law, M'lissy."

Melissa received this exposition of her country's code with wondering, luminous eyes. It had a wild, unreasonable sound which was a sufficient guarantee of its correctness. The doings of authorities were liable to be misty by reason of elevation. The fault lay in her limited vision.

"I s'pose the law's right. An' the law said the cañon did n't belong to mother. I think that ought to 'a' settled it. I don't see any good in it all, — this talkin' so loud, an' scoldin', an' callin' people names. Do you, Sandy?"

"I hain't seen much good come of it," confessed the man reluctantly; "but it's human to talk, — it's human, M'lissy. Some folks find it relievin', an' it don't do any harm."

The young girl did not assent. Deep down in her placid, peace-loving nature was the obstinate conviction that it did a great deal of harm. She sat down in the velvety burr-clover, clasping her hands about her knees.

"Is Flutterwheel Spring more 'n mother's share o' the cañon?" she inquired.

"Yes, I think it is. Of course I never measured the water, an' I did n't admit it when Forrester said so; but I'd 'a' resked sayin' it was, if anybody else'd asked me."

"Why would n't you say so to him?"

Lysander laughed, and flipped a pebble toward a gray squirrel, who gave a little rasping, insulted bark, and whisked into his hole in high dudgeon.

"Well, because he ain't a-lackin'

for information, an' I hain't got none to spare, M'lissy."

The young girl rocked herself gently in the clover.

"I don't understand it," she said hopelessly. "It looks as if he was tryin' to be fair, an' mother would n't let him. I should think she'd be glad, even if he did used to be mean, — an' I can't see as he was any meaner than the law 'lowed him to be. I s'pose the law's right. You went to the war for the law, did n't you, Sandy?"

Her companion winced. There was one thing dearer to him than his neutrality in the family feud.

"Mebbe I did, M'lissy, — mebbe I did," he answered, with a trifling accession of dignity; "fer the law as I understood it. The law's all right, but it ain't every judge nor every jury that knows what it is; they think they do, but they're liable to be mistaken. Seems to me they're derved liable to be mistaken!" he added, with some asperity.

And so the paths that to Melissa's straightforward consciousness seemed so simple and direct ended, one and all, in hopeless confusion. Even Lysander had failed her. The foundations of human knowledge were certainly giving way when Lysander indulged in the mysterious.

Melissa turned and left him, walking absently up the little path that led to the cañon. She had not noticed a speck crawling like an overburdened insect along the winding road in the valley. Visible and invisible by turns, as the sage brush was sparse or high, and emerging at last into permanent view where the wild growth came to an end and Mrs. Withrow's "patch" began, it resolved itself, to Lysander's intent and curious gaze, into a diminutive gray donkey, bearing a confused burden of blankets and cooking utensils, and followed by a figure more dejected, if possible, than the donkey himself.

"I'll be hanged if the old man hain't

showed up!" said Lysander, dropping down on the sled, and throwing back into the pile the two boulders he held, as if to indicate a general cessation of all logical sequence, and a consequent embargo on industry.

Evidently the old man was conscious that he "showed up" to poor advantage, for he began prodding the donkey with a conscientious absorption that filled that small brute with amazement, and made him amble from one side of the road to the other, in a vain endeavor to look around his pack and discover the reason for this unexpected turn in the administration of affairs.

Lysander watched their approach with an expression of amused contempt. The traveler started, in a clumsy attempt at surprise, when he was opposite his son-in-law, and, giving the donkey a parting whack that sent him and his hardware onward at a literally rattling pace, turned from the road, and sidled doggedly through the tarweed toward the stone pile.

Lysander folded his arms, and surveyed him in a cool, sidelong way that was peculiarly withering.

"Well," he said, with a caustic downward inflection, "well, it's you, is it?"

The new-comer admitted the gravity of the charge by an appealing droop of his whole person.

"Yes," he answered humbly, "it's me, — an' I did n't want to come. I vum I did n't. But Forrester made me. He 'lowed you would n't hev no objections to my comin' — on business."

He braced himself on the last two words, and made a feeble effort to look his son-in-law in the face. What he saw there was not encouraging. It became audible in a sniff of undisguised contempt.

"Where 'd you see Forrester?"

"At the winery. Ye see I was a-goin' over to the Duarte, an' I stopped at the winery" —

"What 'd you stop at the winery

for?" interrupted the younger man savagely.

"Why, I tole ye, — Forrester wanted to see me *on business*. I stopped to see Forrester, Lysander. What else 'd I stop fer? I was in a big hurry, too, an' I vum I hated to stop, but I hed to. When a man like Forrester wants to see you" —

"How 'd you know he wanted to see you?" demanded Sproul.

The old man gave his questioner a look of maudlin surprise.

"Why, he tole me so hisself; how else 'd I find it out? I was a-settin' there in the winery on a kaig, an' he come an' tole me he wanted to see me *on business*. 'Pears to me you 're duller 'n common, Lysander." The speaker began to gather courage from his own ready comprehension of intricacies which evidently seemed to puzzle his son-in-law. "Why, sho — yes, Lysander, don't ye see?" he added encouragingly.

"Oh, yes, I see, — I see," repeated Lysander sarcastically. "It's as clear as mud. Now, look here," he added, turning upon his visitor sternly, "you let Forrester alone. You don't know any more about business than a hog does about holidays, an' you know it, an' Forrester knows it. You'll put your foot in it, that's what you'll do."

The old man looked pensively at one foot and then at the other, as if speculating on the probable damage from such a catastrophe.

"I'm sure I dunno," he said plaintively. "Forrester 'peared to think I ought to come; he tole me why, but I vum I've forgot." He took off his hat and gazed into it searchingly, as if the idea that had mysteriously escaped from his brain might have lodged in the crown.

Lysander fell to work with an energy born of disgust for another's uselessness.

"Seein' I'm here, I reckon nobody'll object to my payin' my respects to the old woman," continued the new-

comer, glancing from the crown of his hat to Lysander's impassive face with covert inquiry.

"I guess if you c'n stand it, the rest of us 'll have to," sneered his son-in-law. "I've advised you over 'n' over again to steer clear of the old woman; but there's no law agen a man courtin' his own wife, even if she don't give 'im much encouragement."

The old man put on his hat, and shuffled uneasily toward the house. Lysander stopped his work, and looked after him with a whimsical, irreverent grimace.

"You're a nice old customer, you are; an' Forrester's 'nother. I wish to the livin' gracious the old woman'd send you a-kitin'; but she won't; she 'll bark at you all day, but she won't bite. Women's queer."

Mrs. Withrow was engaged in what she called "workin' the bread into the pans." She received her dejected spouse with a snort of disapproval.

"When the donkey come a-clatterin' up to the door, I knowed there was another follerin'," she said acridly. "Come in an' set down. I s'pose you're tired: you mostly are."

The old man sidled sheepishly into the room and seated himself, and his wife turned her back upon him and fell to kneading vigorously a mass of dough that lay puffing and writhing on the floured end of a pine table.

"I jess come on Forrester's 'count," he began haltingly; "that is, he did n't want me to come, but I was n't goin' to do what Forrester said. I ain't a-carin' fer Forrester. I was n't goin' to take a trip way up here jess because he wanted me to, so I did n't. I" —

"Shut up!" said his wife savagely, without turning her head.

The visitor obeyed, evidently somewhat relieved to escape even thus ignominiously from the bog into which his loquacity was leading him.

The old woman thumped and pounded the mass of dough until the small tene-

ment shook. Then, after much shap- ing and some crowding, she consigned her six rather corpulent loaves to "the pans," and turned on her nominal lord.

He had fallen asleep, with his head dropped forward on his breast; his hat had fallen off, and lay in his lap in a receptive attitude, as if expecting that the head would presently drop into it.

Mrs. Withrow gave him a withering glance.

"Forrester sent you, did 'e? You miser'ble old jelly-fish! You're a nice match fer Forrester, you are!"

She pushed her loaves angrily under the stove, to the discomfiture of the cat, who, being thus rudely disturbed, yawned and stretched, and curved its back to the limit of spinal flexibility, as it rubbed against the old woman's knees.

The California winter had blossomed and faded. The blaze of the poppies on the mesa had given place to the soft, smoky tint of the sage, and almost insensibly the cloudless summer had come on.

Work had commenced in Sawpit Cañon. Unwillingly, and after much wrangling, the old woman had yielded to the evident fairness of Forrester's offer. Even in yielding, however, she had permitted herself the luxury of defiance, and had refused to appear before a notary in the valley to sign the deed. If it afforded her any satisfaction when that official was driven to the door by Colonel Forrester, and entered her kitchen, carrying his seal, and followed by an admiring and awe-stricken group of children, she did not display it by the faintest tremor of her grim countenance. She had held the end of the penholder gingerly while she made her "mark," and it was when old Withrow had been banished from the room, and the notary, in a bland, perfunctory way, had made her acquainted with the contents of the document, and inquired whether she signed the same

freely and voluntarily, that she deigned to speak.

"Did Nate Forrester tell you to ask me that?" she demanded, darting a quick glance through the open door at the Colonel, who sat in his road wagon under the trailing pepper-tree, flecking the flies from his roadster's back. "Ef he did, you tell 'im for me that the man don't live that kin make me do what I don't want to. An' if he thinks the two or three kaigs of wine he's poured into that poor, miser'ble, sozzlin' old man o' mine has had anything to do with me signin' this deed, he's a bigger fool than I took 'im to be, an' that's sayin' a good deal."

And with this ample though somewhat novel declaration of freedom from marital compulsion the notary was quite willing to consider the majesty of the law satisfied, and proceeded to affix his seal on its imposing star of gilded paper, a process which drew the children about him in a rapidly narrowing circle from which he was glad to escape.

"Damn it," he said, as he climbed into the road wagon and tucked the robe about his legs, — "damn it, Colonel, I thought you were popular with the gentler sex; but there certainly seems to be a coolness between you and the old lady," and the two men drove off, laughing as they went.

The document they had left behind them, which made Mrs. Withrow the owner of Flutterwheel Spring, "being the most southerly spring on the west side of Sawpit Cañon," had lain untouched upon the table until Lysander had taken it in charge, and it was this lofty indifference on the part of his mother-in-law that had justified her in the frequent boast that, "whatever she'd done, she had n't stirred out of her tracks, nohow."

So at last the stillness of Sawpit Cañon was invaded. Poindexter had come from San Gabriel Mission, and with him a young engineer from Los

Angeles, — a straight, well-made young fellow, whose blue flannel shirt was not close enough at the collar to hide the line of white that betokened his recent escape from civilization. There were half a dozen workmen besides, and the muffled boom of blasting was heard all day among the boulders. At night, the touch of a banjo and the sound of men's voices singing floated down from the camp among the sycamores.

This camp was a bewildering revelation to Melissa, who carried milk to the occupants every evening. The Chinese cook, who came to meet her and emptied her pail, trotting hither and thither, and swearing all the time with cheerful confidence in the purity of his pigeon English, was not to her half so much a foreigner and an alien as was either of the two men who occupied the engineer's tent. They raised their hats when she appeared among the mottled trunks of the sycamores. One of them — the younger, no doubt — sprang to help her when her foot slipped in crossing the shallow stream, and the generous concern he manifested for her safety, and which was to him the merest commonplace of politeness, was to Melissa a glimpse into Paradise.

"By Jove, she's pretty, Poindexter," he had said, as he came back and picked up his banjo; "she has eyes like a rabbit."

And Poindexter had added up two columns of figures and contemplated the result some time before he asked, "Who?"

"The milkmaid, — she of the bare feet and blue calico. I have explored the dim recesses of her sunbonnet, and am prepared to report upon the contents. The lass is comely."

But Poindexter had relapsed into mathematics, and grunted an unintelligible reply.

Melissa heard none of this. All that she heard was the faint, distant strum of a banjo, and a gay young voice announcing to the rocks and fastnesses

of the cañon that his love was like a red, red rose. His love! Melissa walked along the path beside the flume in vague bewilderment. It was his love, then, whose picture she had seen pinned to the canvas of the tent. The lady was scantily attired, and Melissa had a confused idea that her heightened color might arise from this fact. She felt her own cheeks redden at the thought.

Lysander was at work in the cañon some distance below the new tunnel, "ditching" the water of Flutterwheel Spring to Mrs. Withrow's land.

"That long-legged tenderfoot thinks you're purty, M'lissy," he announced, as he smoked his pipe on the doorstep one evening. "He come down to the ditch this afternoon to see if I could sharpen a pick fer 'em, and he asked if you was my little dotter. I told 'im no, I was your great-grandpap," and Lysander laughed teasingly.

Melissa was sitting on a low chair behind him, holding her newly arrived niece in her arms. She bent over the little puckered face, her own glowing with girlish delight. The baby stirred, and tightened its wrinkles threateningly, and Melissa stooped to kiss the little moist silken head.

"I — I don't even know his name," she faltered.

"Nor me, neither," said Lysander. "Poindexter calls him 'Sterling,' but I don't know if it's his first name or his last. Anyway, he seems to be a powerful singer."

The baby broke into a faint but rapidly strengthening wail.

"Come, now, Pareppy Rosy," said Lysander soothingly, "don't you be jealous; your old pappy ain't a-goin' back on you as a musicianer. Give 'er to me, M'lissy."

Melissa laid the little warm unhappy bundle in its father's arms, and stood in the path in front of them, looking over the valley, until the baby's cries were hushed.

"Was the pick much dull?" she

asked, with a faint stirring of womanly tact.

"Oh, yes," rejoined the unsuspecting Lysander; "they get 'em awful dull up there in the rock. I had to bring it down to the forge, an' I guess I'll git you to take it back to 'em in the morning. I've got through with the ditch, and I want to go to makin' basins; them orange-trees west o' the road needs irrigatin'."

"Yes, they're awful dry; they're curlin' a little," said the girl, with waning interest. "I thought mebber Mr. Poindexter done the singin'?" she added, after a little silence.

Her brother-in-law hesitated, and then found his way back.

"No, I guess not; I s'pose he joins in now and then, but it's the Easterner that leads off."

"Jee-ee-rusalem, my happy home!"

Lysander threw his head back against the casement of the door, and broke into the evening stillness with his heavy, unmanageable bass. Mrs. Sproul came to the door to "take the baby in out of the night air;" the air indoors being presumably a remnant of midday which had been carefully preserved for the evening use of infants.

The next morning Melissa carried the pick to the workmen at the tunnel.

A fog had drifted in during the night, and was still tangled in the tops of the sycamores. The soft, humid air was sweet with the earthy scents of the cañon, and the curled fallen leaves of the live oaks along the flume path were golden-brown with moisture. Beads of mist fringed the silken fluffs of the clematis, dripping with gentle rhythmic insistence from the trees overhead.

Melissa had set out at the head of a straggling procession, for the children had clamored to go with her.

"You can go 'long," she said, with placid good nature, "if you'll set down when you give out, and not go taggin' on, makin' a fuss."

In consequence of this provision va-

rious major-generals had dropped out of the ranks, and were stationed at different points in the rear, and only Melissa and Ulysses S. Grant were left. Even that unconquerable hero showed signs of weakening, lagging behind to "sick" his yellow cur into the wild-grape thickets in search of mountain lion and other equally ambitious game.

Melissa turned in the narrow path, and waited for him to overtake her.

"I b'lieve you 'd better wait here, 'Lyss," she said gravely. "You can go up the bank there and pick some tunas. Look out you don't get a cactus spine in your foot, though, for I hain't got anything to take it out with exceptin' the pick," — she smiled in the limp depths of her sunbonnet, — "an' I won't have that when I come back."

The dog, returned from the terrors of his unequal chase at the sound of Melissa's voice, looked and winked and wagged his approval, and the two comrades darted up the bank with mingled and highly similar yaps of release.

Melissa quickened her steps, following the path until she heard the sound of voices and the ring of tools in the depths below. Then she turned, and made her way through the underbrush down the bank.

Suddenly she heard a loud prolonged whistle and the sound of hurrying feet. She stood still until the footsteps had died away. Then the sharp report of an explosion shook the ground beneath her feet, and huge pieces of rock came crashing through the trees about her. The girl gave a shrill, terrified scream, and fell cowering upon the ground. Almost before the echo had ceased, Sterling sprang through the chaparral, his face white and his lips set.

"My God, child, are you hurt?" he said, dropping on his knees beside her.

"No, I ain't hurt," she faltered, "but I was awful scared. I did n't know you was blastin' here; I thought it was on up at the tunnel."

"It was until this morning. We

are going to put in a dam." He frowned upon her, unable to free himself from alarm. "I did not dream of any one being near. What brought you so far up the cañon?"

"I brung you the pick."

She stooped toward it, and two or three drops of blood trickled across her hand.

"You are hurt, see!" said Sterling anxiously.

The girl turned back her sleeve and showed a trifling wound.

"I must 'a' scratched it on the Spanish bayonet when I fell. It's no difference. Nothin' struck me. Ly-sander's gettin' ready to irrigate; he said if you wanted any more tools sharpened, I could fetch 'em down to the forge."

The young man showed a preoccupied indifference to her message. Producing a silk handkerchief, fabulously fine in Melissa's eyes, he bound up the injured wrist, with evident pride in his own deftness and skill.

"Are you quite sure you are able to walk now?" he asked kindly.

"Why, I ain't hurt a bit; not a speck," reiterated the girl, her eyes widening.

Her companion's face relaxed into the suggestion of a smile. He helped her up the bank, making way for her in the chaparral, and tearing away the tangled ropes of the wild grapevines.

"Tell your father not to send you above the camp again," he said gently, when she was safe in the path; "one of the men will go down with the tools."

Melissa stood beside the flume a moment, irresolute. Her sunbonnet had fallen back a little, disclosing her rustic prettiness.

"I'm much obliged to you," she said quaintly, exhausting her knowledge of the amenities. "I'll send the hankecher back as soon as I can git it washed and done up."

The young man smiled graciously, bowed, raised his hat, and waited until

she turned to go; then he bounded down the bank, crashing his way through the underbrush with the pick.

None of the men below had heard the cry, and Poindexter refused to lash himself into any retrospective excitement.

"Confound the girl!" fumed Sterling, vexed, after the manner of men, over the smallest waste of emotion; "why must she frighten a fellow limp by screaming when she was n't hurt?"

"Possibly for the same reason that the fellow became limp before he knew she *was* hurt," suggested Poindexter; "or she may have thought it an eminently ladylike thing to do; she looks like a designing creature. If the killed and wounded are properly cared for, suppose we examine the result of the blast."

It was Saturday morning, and Lysander and Melissa were irrigating the orange-trees. Old Withrow sat by the ditch at the corner of the orchard, watching them with a feeble display of interest, while two or three of the children climbed and tumbled over him as if he were some inoffensive domestic animal.

The old man had hung about the place longer than was his wont, filled with a maudlin glee over his own importance as having been in some way instrumental in the trade with Forrester; and he had followed Lysander to the orchard this morning with a confused alcoholic idea that he ought to be present when the water from Fluttwheel Spring was turned on for the first time.

"You 'll git a big head," he had said to his wife, as he started, — "a deal bigger head 'n ever. I tole Forrester I 'd tell ye it was a good trade, an' I done what I said I 'd do. Forrester knowed what he was doin' when he got me" —

"G'long, you old gump!" his spouse had hurled at him wrathfully, ceasing

from a vigorous wringing of the mop to grasp the handle with a gesture that was not entirely suggestive of industry.

The old man had put up his hand and wriggled in between Melissa and Lysander with a curlike movement that brought a grim smile to his son-in-law's face, and made Melissa shrink away from him noticeably. Out in the orchard, however, he ceased to trouble them, being content to smoke and doze by the ditch, while the water ran in a gentle, eddying current from one basin to another, guided now and then by Lysander's hoe.

The boom of the blasting could be heard up the cañon, fainter as the afternoon sea breeze arose, and Melissa, standing barefoot in the warm, sandy soil, let the water swirl about her ankles as she mended the basins, and thought of the tall young surveyor who had bound up her wounded arm.

"I 'm a-goin' to take his hankcher to him to-morruh. Bein' it 's Sunday they won't be blastin'."

She leaned on her hoe and looked up the cañon, where the blue of the distant mountains showed soft and smoky among the branches of the sycamores.

"M'lissy!" Lysander called from the lower end of the row of orange-trees, "hain't the ditch broke som'ers, or the water got into a gopher hole? There ain't no head to speak of."

The girl turned quickly and looked about her. The water had settled into the loose soil of the basins, and was no longer running in the furrow. She walked across, following the main ditch to the edge of the cañon, looking anxiously for the break. The wet sand rippled and glistened in the bottom of the ditch, but no water was to be seen. Lysander, tired of waiting, came striding through the tarweed, with his hoe on his shoulder.

"I guess it 's broke furdur on up the cañon, Sandy."

Melissa stepped back, as she spoke, to let him precede her on the narrow

path, and the two walked silently beside the empty ditch. Lysander's face gathered gloom as they went.

"It's some deviltry, I'll bet!" he broke out, after a while. "Danged if I don't begin to think yer maw's right!"

Melissa did not ask in what her mother was vindicated; she had a dull prescience of trouble. Things seemed generally to end in that way. She turned to her poor hopeless little dream again, and kept close behind Lysander's lank form all the way to Flutterwheel Spring.

Alas! not to Flutterwheel Spring. Where the spray had whirled in a fantastic spiral the day before, the moss was still wet, and the ferns waved in happy unconsciousness of their loss; but the stream that had flung itself from one narrow shelf of rock to another, in mad haste to join the rush and roar of Sawpit Cañon, had utterly disappeared.

Lysander turned to his companion, his face ashen-gray under the week-old stubble of his beard. Neither of them spoke. The calamity lay too near the source of things for bluster, even if Lysander had been capable of bluster. In swift dual vision they saw the same cruel picture: the shriveling orange-trees, the blighted harvest of figs dropping withered from the trees, the flume dry and useless, the horse-trough empty and warping in the sun, — all the barren hopelessness of a mountain claim without water, familiar to both. And through it all Melissa felt rather than imagined the bitterness of her mother's wrath. Perhaps it was this latter rather than the real catastrophe that whitened the poor young face, turned toward Lysander in helpless dismay.

"Danged if I don't hate the job o' tellin' yer maw," said the man at last, raking the dry boulders with his hoe aimlessly, — "danged if I don't. I can't figger out who's done it, but one thing's certain, — it beats the devil."

Lysander made the last statement soberly, as if this vindication of his satanic majesty were a simple act of justice. Seeming to consider the phenomenon explained by a free confession of his own ignorance, he ceased his investigation, and sat down on the edge of the ditch hopelessly.

"Don't le's tell mother right away, Sandy. Paw's fell asleep, an' he'll think you turned the water off. Mebbe if we wait it'll begin to run again." The hopefulness of youth crept into Melissa's quivering voice.

Lysander shook his head dismally.

"I'm willin' enough to hold off, M'lissy, but I hain't got much hope. There ain't any Moses around here developin' water, that I know of. The meracle business seems to have got into the wrong hands this time; danged if it hain't. It gets away with me how Forrester can dry up a spring at long range that-a-way; there ain't a track in the mud around here bigger'n a linnet's, — not a track. It's pure deviltry, you can bet on that." Lysander fell back on the devil with restful inconsistency, and fanned himself with his straw hat, curled by much similar usage into fantastic shapelessness.

"I don't believe he done it," said Melissa, obstinately charitable. "I don't believe anybody done it. I believe it just happened. I don't think folks like them care about folks like us at all, or want to pester us. I believe they just play on things and sing," — the color mounted to her face, until the freckles were drowned in the red flood, — "an' laugh, an' talk, an' act pullite, an' that's all. I don't believe Colonel Forrester hates mother like she thinks he does at all. I think he just don't care!"

It was the longest speech Melissa had ever made. Her listener seemed a trifle impressed by it. He rubbed his hair the wrong way, and distorted his face into a purely muscular grin, as he reflected.

"I've a mind to go and see Poindexter," Lysander announced presently. "Poindexter's a smart man, and I believe he's a square man. 'Tenny rate, it can't do any good to keep it a secret. Folks'll find it out sooner or later. You stay here a minute, M'lissey, and I'll go on up the cañon."

The young girl seated herself, with her back against a ledge of rocks, and her bare feet straight out before her. She was used to waiting for Lysander. Their companionship antedated everything else in Melissa's memory, and she early became aware that Lysander's "minutes" were fractions of time with great possibilities in the way of physical comfort hidden in the depths of their hazy indefiniteness.

She took off her corded sunbonnet, and crossed her hands upon it in her lap. The shifting sunlight that fell upon her through the moving leaves of the sycamores lent a grace to the angularity of her attitude. She closed her eyes and listened drearily to the sounds of the cañon. The water fretting its way among the boulders below, the desultory gossip of the moving leaves, the shrill iterative chirp of a squirrel scolding insistently from a neighboring cliff, — all these were familiar sounds to Melissa, and had often brought her relief from the rasping discomfort of family contention; but to-day she refused to be comforted. She had the California mountaineer's worship of water, and the gurgle of the stream among the sycamores filled her with vague rebellion.

"Why could n't he 'a' let us alone?" she mused resentfully. "As long as he had a share o' the spring it did n't show any signs o' dryin' up. Mother never said nothin' about Flutterwheel to him; it was all his doin's. But it's no use." She dropped her hands at her sides with a little gesture of despair. "He never done it, but mother'll always think so. She does hate him so — so — *p'izonous*."

There was a sound of approaching footsteps, and the girl scrambled to her feet. It was not Lysander coming at that business-like pace. Sterling, hurrying along the path, became conscious of her standing there, in the rigid awkwardness of unculture, and touched his hat lightly.

"Your father says the spring has stopped flowing," he said, pushing aside the ferns where the rocks were yet slimy and moss-grown. "It is certainly very strange."

"Yes, sir," faltered the girl, rubbing the sole of one foot on the instep of the other. "But Lysander ain't my father; he's my brother-'n-law; he merried my sister."

"I beg your pardon," returned the young man absently, running his eye along the stratum of rock in the ledge above them. "I believe he did tell me he was not your father."

No one had ever begged Melissa's pardon before. She meditated a while as to the propriety of saying, "You're welcome," but gave it up, wondering a little that polite society had made no provision for such an emergency, and stood in awkward silence, tying and untying her bonnet strings.

Sterling pursued his investigations in entire forgetfulness of her presence, until Poindexter appeared in the path. Lysander followed, managing, by length of stride, to keep up with the engineer's brisk movements.

There was much animated talk among the three men, which Melissa made no attempt to follow. The two engineers smiled leniently at Lysander's theory concerning Forrester, and fell into a discussion involving terms which were incomprehensible to both their hearers. All that Melissa did understand was the frank kindliness of the younger man's manner, and his evident desire to allay their fears. Colonel Forrester, he assured Lysander, was the kindest-hearted man in the world, — a piece of information which seemed to carry

more surprise than comfort to its recipient. He would make it all right as soon as he knew of it, and they would go down and see him at once; that is, Mr. Poindexter would go, and he turned to Poindexter, who said, with quite as much kindness, but a good deal less fervor, that he was going down to Santa Elena that evening to see the Colonel, and would mention the matter to him.

"Don't worry yourself, Sproul," he added guardedly. "If we find out that the work in the cañon has affected the spring, I think it will be all right."

"I reckon you won't be back before Monday?" said Lysander, with interrogative ruefulness.

"Well, hardly, but that is n't very long."

"Folks can git purty dry in two days, 'specially temperance folks, and some of our fam'ly 'll need somethin' to wet their whistles, for there 'll be a good deal o' talkin' done on the ranch between this and Monday, if the water gives out." Lysander turned his back on Melissa, who was pressing her bare foot in the soft wet earth at the bottom of the ditch, and made an eloquent facial addition to his remarks, for the benefit of the two men.

Sterling looked mystified, but his companion laughed.

"Oh, is that it? Well, turn some water from the sand-box into the old flume and run it down to your new ditch until I get back. I presume the ownership won't affect the taste. It is n't necessary to say anything about it; that is, unless you think best." He looked toward Melissa doubtfully.

"M'lissy won't blab," returned her brother-in-law laconically.

The young girl blushed, in the security of her sunbonnet, at the attention which this delicately turned compliment

drew upon her, and continued to make intaglios of her bare toes in the mud of the ditch.

It occurred to Sterling for the first time that she might represent a personality. He went around the other two men, who had fallen into some talk about the flume, and stood in the path beside her.

"I have not seen you since you were up the cañon," he said kindly. "I hope your arm did not pain you."

Melissa shook her head without looking up.

"It was only a scratch; it did n't even swell up. I never said nothin' about it," she added in a lower tone.

The young man entered into the situation with easy social grace, and lowered his own voice.

"You didn't want to alarm your mother" —

"M'lissy," interrupted Lysander, "I guess I'll go on up to the sand-box with Mr. Poindexter and turn on some water. I wish you 'd go 'long down to the orchard and look after the basins till I get back. I won't be gone but a minute."

Sterling lifted his hat with a winsome smile that seemed to illuminate the twilight of poor Melissa's wilted sunbonnet, and the three men started up the cañon, the bay that they pushed aside on the path sending back a sweet, spicy fragrance.

Melissa shouldered her hoe and proceeded homeward.

"He does act awful pullite," she mused, "an' he had on a ring: I did n't know men folks ever wore rings. I wish I had n't 'a' been barefooted."

Poor Melissa! Sterling remembered nothing at all about her except a certain unconsciously graceful turn she had given her brown ankle as she stood pressing her bare foot in the sand.

Margaret Collier Graham.

AN ENGLISH MISSAL.

UPON these pages clear,
I, Basil, write my name;
My task is ended, and the year
Is gone out like a flame.

Martin and John the good
Are gathered to the blest;
It seems an hour ago they stood
And praised me with the rest.

I missed them when they went;
Then filled this page with palms,
And visioned both — their travail spent —
Harbored in heavenly calms.

The tulips in this book,
Their like our garden knew;
All spring what could I do but look,
And set them here anew?

The saint that yonder walks
Smiles from our chancel space;
But Mary with the lily-stalks
Has mine own mother's face.

The thought of her was sweet
As blossoms are in Lent;
Green turned our winding convent street,
And all the world was Kent.

Kent lilies round her nod;
I drew her staid and fair;
I drew her with the Son of God
Clasped to her bosom there.

Brief is our life, and dark;
The grave shall hold us fast;
Yet find I here in old Saint Mark
That only Right shall last.

I, Basil, too, must heed,
Else were my task undone.
God has more books than I can read;
I praise him for this one.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE time has come to pay that tribute of farewell, which is fitting in these pages, upon the occasion of the death of Whittier. The popular instinct which long ago adopted him as the poet of New England is one of those sure arbiters, superior to all academic judgments upon the literary works of a man, which confer a rightful fame in life, and justify the expectation of a long remembrance. Whittier was distinctly a local poet, a New Englander; but to acknowledge this does not diminish his honor, nor is he thereby set in a secondary place. His locality, if one may use the expression, was a country by itself; its inhabitants were a peculiar people, with a strongly marked social and moral character, with a landscape and an atmosphere, with historical traditions, legends often romantic, and with strong vitalizing ideas. There was something more than a literary fancy in the naturalness with which Whittier sought a kind of fellowship with Burns; there was a true resemblance in their situation as the poets of their own kin and soil, in their reliance upon the strength of the people of whom they were born, and in their cherished attachment to the places and scenes where they grew. New England, moreover, had this advantage, that it was destined to set the stamp of its character upon the larger nation in which it was an element; so that if Whittier be regarded, as he sometimes is, as a representative American poet, it is not without justice. He is really national so far as the spirit of New England has passed into the nation at large; and that vast body of Western settlers who bore New England to the frontier, and yet look back to the old homestead, find in him the sentiment of their past. There can be little question, too, that he is representative of a far larger portion of

the American people than any other of the elder poets. His lack of the culture of the schools has here been in his favor, and has brought him closer to the common life; he is more democratic than he otherwise might have been; and the people, recognizing in him their own strain, have accepted him with a judgment as valid as that with which cultivated critics accept the work of the man of genius who is also an artist. One calls him a local poet rather to define his qualities than to characterize his range.

The New England which Whittier represents has now become historical. The length of his life carried him beyond his times. It is plainer now than it was at an earlier day that his poems are one of the living records of a past which will be of perennial interest and ever held in honor. That his early poetic career fell in with the antislavery movement was not a misfortune for his Muse; the man fed upon it, and drew therefrom an iron strength for the moral nature which was the better half of his endowment. He was, too, one who was destined to develop, to reach his powers, more by exercising than by cultivating his poetic gift; and in the events of the agitation for the abolition of slavery he had subjects that drew out his moral emotions with most eloquent heat, and exalted his spirit to its utmost of sympathy, indignation, and heroic trust. The antislavery movement was his education,—in a true sense, the gymnastic of his genius; but in the whole body of his work it was no more than an incident, although the most stirring and most noble, in his literary career, just as it was no more in the career of New England.

The great events with which a man deals, and part of which he is, obscure

the other portions of his life; but it should not be forgotten that Whittier began as a poet, and not as a reformer, and it may be added that the poet in him was, in the long run, more than the reformer. He did not resort to verse as an expedient in propagandism; rather, wearing the laurel, — to use the good old phrase, — he descended into the field just as he was. He had begun with those old Indian legends in lines which still echoed with Byron's tales, and he had with them much the same success that attended other aboriginal poetry. It seems, as one reads the hundred weary epics, from which Whittier's are hardly to be distinguished, that the curse of extinction resting on the doomed race clung also to the Muse that so vainly attempted to recompense it with immortality in the white man's verse. These were Whittier's juvenile trials. He came early, nevertheless, to his mature form in the ballad and the occasional piece; his versification was fixed, his manner determined, and thenceforth there was no radical change.

This is less remarkable inasmuch as it is a commonplace to say that he owed nothing to art; the strength of his native genius was all his secret, and when he had freed a way for its expression the task of his novitiate was done. He had now a mould in which to run his metal, and it satisfied him because he was not exacting of perfect form or high finish; probably he had no sense for them. This indifference to the artistic workmanship, which a later day prizes so much as to require it, allowed him to indulge his natural facility, and the very simplicity of his metres was in itself a temptation to diffuseness. The consequence was that he wrote much, and not always well, unevenness being usually characteristic of poets who rely on the energy of their genius for the excellence of their work. To the artist his art serves often as a conscience, and forces him to a standard below which

he is not content to fall. Whittier, however, experienced the compensations which are everywhere to be found in life, and gained in fullness, perhaps, more than he lost in other ways. The free flow of his thought, the simplicity of his structure, the willingness not to select with too nice a sense, but to tell the whole, all helped to that frankness of the man which is the great charm of his works, taken together, and assisted him in making his expression of old New England life complete. No man could have written *Snow-Bound* who remembered Theocritus. In Whittier, Nature reminds us, as she is wont to do from time to time, that the die which she casts exceeds the diploma of the schools. Art may lift an inferior talent to higher estimation, but genius makes a very little art go a long way. This was Whittier's case. The poetic spark was inborn in him, living in his life; and when academic criticism has said its last word, he remains a poet, removed by a broad and not doubtful line from all stringers of couplets and filers of verses.

Whittier had, in addition to this clear native genius, character; his subject, too, New England, had character; and the worth of the man blending with the worth of the life he portrayed, independent of all considerations of art, has won for him the admiration and affection of the common people, who know the substance of virtue, and always see it shining with its own light. They felt that Whittier wrote as they would have written, had they been gifted with the miraculous tongues; and this feeling is a true criterion to discover whether a poet has expressed the people rather than himself. They might choose to write like the great artists of letters; they know they never could do so; but Whittier is one of themselves.

The secret of his vogue with the plain people is his own plainness. He appeals directly to the heart, as much in his lesser poems as in those which

touch the sense of right and wrong in men with stinging keenness, or in those which warm faith to its ardor. He has the popular love of a story, and tells it more nearly in the way of the old ballad-makers. He does not require a tragedy, or a plot, or any unusual action. An incident, if it only have some glamour of fancy, or a touch of pathos, or the likeness of old romance, is enough for him; he will take it and sing it merely as something that happened. He was familiar with the legendary lore and historical anecdote of his own county of Essex, and he enjoyed these traditions less as history than as poetry; he came to them on their picturesque and human side, and cared for them because of the emotions they could still awake. It is to be acknowledged, too, that the material for these romances was just such as delights the popular imagination. The tales of the witches, notwithstanding the melancholy of the delusion, have something of the eeriness that is inseparable from the thought of the supernatural, and stir the dormant sense of some evil fascination; and the legends of spectral shapes that haunted every seacoast in old times, and of which New England had its share, have a similar quality. Whether they are told by credulous Mather or the make-believing poet, they have the same power to cast a spell. When to this sort of interest Whittier adds, as he often does, the sights of religious persecution, or some Lochinvar love-making, or the expression of his faith in heaven, his success as a story-teller is assured. In reality, he has managed the ballad form with more skill than other measures; but it is because he loves a story and tells it for its own sake, with the ease of one who sits by the fireside, and with a childish confidence that it will interest, that he succeeds so well in pleasing. In his sea-stories, and generally in what he writes about the ocean, it is observable that he shows himself to be an inland-dweller,

whose acquaintance with the waves is by distant glimpses and vacation days. He is not a poet of the sea, but this does not invalidate the human truth of his tales of voyaging, which is the element he cared for. Perhaps the poetic quality of his genius is most clear in these ballads; there is a freer fancy; there are often verses about woman's eyes and hair and cheeks, all with similes from sky and gold and roses, in the old fashion, but not with less naturalness on that account; there is a more absorbing appeal to the imagination both in the characters and the incidents. If these cannot be called his most vigorous work, they are at least most attractive to the purely poetic taste.

In the ballads, nevertheless, one feels the strong undertow of the moral sense dragging the mind back to serious realities. It is probably true of all the English stock, as it certainly is of New England people, that they do not object to a moral, in a poem or anywhere else. Whittier's moral hold upon his readers is doubtless greater than his poetic hold. He appeals habitually to that capacity for moral feeling which is the genius of New England in its public life, and the explanation of its extraordinary influence. No one ever appeals to it in vain; and with such a cause as Whittier took up to champion, he could ring out a challenge that was sure to rank the conscience of his people upon his side. His Quaker blood, of which he was proud, pleaded strongly in his own veins. He was the inheritor of suffering for conscience' sake; he was bred in the faith of equality, of the right of every man to private judgment, and the duty of every man to follow it in public action; and he was well grounded in the doctrines of political liberty which are the foundation of the commonwealth. It is more likely, however, that his enthusiasm for the slave did not proceed from that love of freedom which is the breath of New England. It arose

from his humanity, in the broad sense ; from his belief, sincerely held and practiced, in the brotherhood of men ; from the strong conviction that slavery was wrong. It was a matter of conscience more than of reason, of compassion and sympathy more than of theoretical ideas. These were the sources of his moral feeling ; his attitude was the same whether he was dealing with Quaker outrages in the past or with negro wrongs in the present. In expressing himself upon the great topic of his time, he was thus able to make the same direct appeal to the heart that was natural to his temperament. The people either felt as he did, or were so circumstanced that they would respond to the same springs which had been touched in him, if a way could be found to them. Outside of the reserves of political expediency, the movement for abolition was harmonious with the moral nature of New England. Yet Whittier's occasional verses upon this theme made him only the poet of his party. In themselves they have great vigor of feeling, and frequently force of language ; they have necessarily the defects, judged from the artistic standpoint, of poems upon a painful subject, in which it was desirable not to soften, but to bring out the tragedy most harshly. The pain, however, is entirely in the facts presented ; the poetry lies in the indignation, the eloquence, the fine appeal. These verses, indeed, are nearer to a prose level than the rest of his work, in the sense of partaking of the character of eloquence rather than of poetry. Their method is less through the imagination than by rhetoric. They are declamatory. But rhetoric of the balanced and concise kind natural to short metrical stanzas is especially well adapted to arrest popular attention and to hold it. Just as he told a story in the ballad with a true popular feeling, so he pleaded the cause of the abolitionists in a rhetoric most effective with the popular taste. In the war time, he

rose, under the stress of the great struggle, to finer poetic work ; the softer feelings of pity, together with a solemn religious trust, made the verses of those battle-summers different in quality from those of the literary conflict of the earlier years. He never surpassed, on the lower level of rhetoric, the lines which bade farewell to Webster's greatness, nor did he ever equal in intensity those rallying-cries of defiance to the South, in which the free spirit of the North seemed to speak before its time. In these he is urging on to the conflict, — a moral and peaceful one, he thought, but not less real and hard ; in the war pieces, he seems rather to be waiting for the decision of Providence, while the fight has rolled on far in the van of where he stands. The power of all these poems, their reality to those times, is undeniable. Their fitness for declamation perhaps spread his reputation. Longfellow is distinctly the children's poet ; but Whittier had a part of their suffrages, and it was by such stirring occasional verses that he gained them. In those years of patriotism he was to many of them the first poet whom they knew. At that time his reputation in ways like these became established. If he had not then done his best work, he had at times reached the highest level he was to attain, and he had already given full expression to his nature. His place as the poet of the antislavery movement was fixed. It is observable that he did not champion other causes after that of abolition was won, and in this he differed from most of his companions. The only other cause that roused him to the point of poetic expression was that of the Italian patriots. Some of his most indignant and sharpest invective was directed against Pope Pius IX., who stood to Whittier as the very type of that Christian obstructiveness to the work of Christ which in a lesser degree he had seen in his own country, and had seen always only to express the heartfelt scorn which

descended to him with his Quaker birth-right.

It would be unfitting to leave this part of the subject without reference to the numerous personal tributes, often full of grace, of tender feeling, and of true honor paid to the humble, which he was accustomed to lay as his votive wreath on the graves of his companions. One is struck once more by the reflection how large a part those who are now forgotten had in advancing the cause, how many modest but earnest lives entered into the work, and what a feeling of comradeship there was among those engaged in philanthropic service in all lands. The verses to Garrison and Sumner naturally stand first in fervor and range as well as in interest, but nearly all these mementos of the dead have some touch of nobility.

The victory of the Northern ideas left to Whittier a freer field for the later exercise of his talent. It was natural that he should have been among the first to speak words of conciliation to the defeated South, and to offer to forget. He was a man of peace, of pardons, of all kinds of catholic inclusions; and in this temperament with regard to the future of the whole country, fortunately, the people agreed with him. With the coming of the years of reconciliation his reputation steadily gained. His representative quality as a New Englander was recognized. It was seen that from the beginning the real spirit of New England had been truly with him, and, the cause being now won and the past a great one, his countrymen were proud of him for having been a part of it. At this happy moment he produced a work free from any entanglement with things disputed, remarkable for its truth to life, and exemplifying the character of New England at its fireside in the way which comes home to all men. It is not without perfect justice that *Snow-Bound* takes rank with *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and

The Deserted Village; it belongs in this group as a faithful picture of humble life. It is perfect in its conception and complete in its execution; it is the New England home, entire, with its characteristic scene, its incidents of household life, its Christian virtues. Perhaps many of us look back to it as Horace did to the Sabine farm; but there are more who can still remember it as a reality, and to them this winter idyl is the poetry of their own lives. It is, in a peculiar sense, the one poem of New England, — so completely indigenous that the soil has fairly created it, so genuine as to be better than history. It is by virtue of this poem that Whittier must be most highly rated, because he is here most impersonal, and has succeeded in expressing the common life with most directness. All his affection for the soil on which he was born went into it; and no one ever felt more deeply that attachment to the region of his birth which is the great spring of patriotism. In his other poems he had told the legends of the country, and winnowed its history for what was most heroic or romantic; he had often dwelt, with a reiteration which only emphasized his fondness, upon its scenery in every season, by all its mountains and capes and lakes and rivers, as if fearful lest he should offend some local divinity of the field or flood; he had shared in the great moral passion of his people in peace and war, and had become its voice and been adopted as one of its memorable leaders; but here he came to the heart of the matter, and by fitly describing the homestead, which was the unit and centre of New England life, he set the seal upon his work, and entered into all New England homes as a perpetual guest.

There remains one part of his work, and that, in some respects, the loftiest, which is in no sense local. The Christian faith which he expressed is not to be limited as distinctly characteristic of New England. No one would make

the claim. It was descended from the Quaker faith only as Emerson's was derived from that of the Puritan. Whittier belongs with those few who arise in all parts of the Christian world and out of the bosom of all sects, who are lovers of the spirit. They illustrate the purest teachings of Christ, they express the simplest aspirations of man; and this is their religious life. They do not trouble themselves except to do good, to be sincere, to walk in the sight of the higher powers with humbleness, and if not without doubt, yet with undiminished trust. The optimism of Whittier is one with theirs. It is indissolubly connected with his humanity to men. In his religious as in his moral nature there was the same simplicity, the same entire coherency. His expression of the religious feeling is always noble and impressive. He is one of the very few whose poems, under the fervor of religious emotion, have taken a higher range and become true hymns. Several of these are already adopted into the books of praise. But independently of these few most complete expressions of trust and worship, wherever Whittier touches upon the problems of the spiritual life he evinces the qualities of a great and liberal nature; indeed, the traits which are most deeply impressed upon us, in his character, are those which are seen most clearly in his religious verse. It is impossible to think of him and forget that he is a Christian. It is not rash to say that it is probable that his religious poems have reached many more hearts than his antislavery pieces, and have had a profounder influence to quiet, to console, and to refine. Yet he was not distinctly a poet of religion, as Herbert was. He was a man in whom religion was vital, just as affection for his home and indignation at wrong doing were vital. He gave expression to his manhood, and consequently to the religious life he led. There are in these revelations of his nature the same frankness

and the same reality as in his most heated polemics with the oppressors of the weak; one cannot avoid feeling that it is less the poet than the man who is speaking, and that in his words he is giving himself to his fellow-men. This sense that Whittier belongs to that class of writers in whom the man is larger than his work is a just one. Over and above his natural genius was his character. At every step of the analysis, it is not with art, but with matter, not with the literature of taste, but with that of life, not with a poet's skill, but with a man's soul, that we find ourselves dealing; in a word, it is with character almost solely: and it is this which has made him the poet of his people, as the highest art might have failed to do, because he has put his New England birth and breeding, the common inheritance of her freedom-loving, humane, and religious people which he shared, into plain living, yet on such a level of distinction that his virtues have honored the land.

The simplicity and dignity of Whittier's later years, and his fine modesty in respect to his literary work, have fitly closed his career. He has received in the fullest measure from the younger generation the rewards of honor which belong to such a life. In his retirement these unsought tributes of an almost affectionate veneration have followed him; and in the struggle about us for other prizes than those he aimed at, in the crush for wealth and notoriety, men have been pleased to remember him, the plain citizen, uncheaped by riches and unsolicitous for fame, ending his life with the same habits with which he began it, in the same spirit in which he led it, without any compromise with the world. The Quaker aloofness which has always seemed to characterize him, his difference from other men, has never been sufficient to break the bonds which unite him with the people, but it has helped to secure for him the feeling with which the poet is always regarded

as a man apart; the religious element in his nature has had the same effect to win for him a peculiar regard akin to that which was felt in old times for the sacred office; to the imagination he has been, especially in these closing years, a man of peace and of God. No one of his contemporaries has been more silently beloved and more sincerely honored. If it be true that in him the man was more than the poet, it is happily not true, as in such cases it too often is, that the life was less than it should have been. The life of Whittier affects us rather as singularly fortunate in the completeness with which he was able to do his whole duty, to possess his soul, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. He was fortunate in his

humble birth and the virtues which were about his cradle; he was fortunate in the great cause for which he suffered and labored in his prime, exactly fitted as it was to develop his nature to its highest moral reach, and lift him to real greatness of soul; he was fortunate in his old age, in the mellowness of his humanity, the repose of his faith, the fame which, more truly than can usually be said, was "love disguised." Lovers of New England will cherish his memory as that of a man in whom the virtues of this soil, both for public and for private life, shine most purely. On the roll of American poets we know not how he may be ranked hereafter, but among the honored names of the New England past his place is secure.

George Edward Woodberry.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

DECEMBER 17, 1807—SEPTEMBER 7, 1892.

THOU, too, hast left us. While with heads bowed low,
And sorrowing hearts, we mourned our summer's dead,
The flying season bent its Parthian bow,
And yet again our mingling tears were shed.

Was Heaven impatient that it could not wait
The blasts of winter for earth's fruits to fall?
Were angels crowding round the open gate
To greet the spirits coming at their call?

Nay, let not fancies, born of old beliefs,
Play with the heart-beats that are throbbing still,
And waste their outworn phrases on the griefs,
The silent griefs that words can only chill.

For thee, dear friend, there needs no high-wrought lay,
To shed its aureole round thy cherished name,—
Thou whose plain, home-born speech of *Yea* and *Nay*
Thy truthful nature ever best became.

Death reaches not a spirit such as thine,—
It can but steal the robe that hid thy wings;

Though thy warm breathing presence we resign,
Still in our hearts its loving semblance clings.

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right, —
When Slavery's gauntlet in our face was flung, —
While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight
No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes
Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known.
Our stern New England's hills and vales and streams, —
Thy tuneful idyls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from thy native sod
Lent all their charms thy new-world song to fill, —
Gave thee the mayflower and the golden-rod
To match the daisy and the daffodil.

In the brave records of our earlier time
A hero's deed thy generous soul inspired,
And many a legend, told in ringing rhyme,
The youthful soul with high resolve has fired.

Not thine to lean on priesthood's broken reed;
No barriers caged thee in a bigot's fold;
Did zealots ask to syllable thy creed,
Thou saidst "Our Father," and thy creed was told.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless stone;
Smooth the green turf and bid the tablet rise,
And on its snow-white surface carve alone

These words, — he needs no more, — *HERE WHITTIER LIES.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WHITTIER.

(DYING.)

September sixth and seventh.

BREATHLESS the mist of amethyst
That faints upon the sea.
The sun moves like a musing god;
What sacred sight sees he?

The golden-rod doth gravely nod
Unto the beckoning bay;
The aster watches for a sign.
What ails the happy day?

On its pale lip a finger-tip
The stern, white immortelle
Lays softly, like one murmuring:
"Hush! Ask not. It is well."

Smile ye, or weep, ye cannot keep
The secret that ye hold;
Deep-hearted Autumn that he loved!
The solemn word is told.

Wind of the north! it has gone forth;
Breath of the pines—he dies.
Ye had eternal kinship's right
To kiss his closing eyes.

To us, who love as men may love,
Tender and loyal he;
But Nature was his confidante,
Sole intimate was she.

We kneel afar, where thousands are;
Gray light is on the grass;
The tide is calling from the ebb;
Lord, let the great soul pass.

Thou spirit! who in spirit and in truth
Didst worship utterly the unseen God;
Thine age the blossom of a stainless youth,
Thy soul the star that swings above the sod.
No prayer to heaven ever lighter rose
Than thy pure life, escaped, ariseth now.

Thou hushest like a chord unto its close,
Thou ceasest as the Amen to a vow.

Sacred the passion-flower of thy fame.
To thee, obedient, "Write," the Angel saith.
Proudly life's holiest hopes preserve thy name,
Thou poet of the people's Christian faith.
Master of song! Our idler verse shall burn
With shame before thee, Beauty dedicate!
Prophet of God! We write upon thine urn,
Who, being Genius, held it consecrate:

To starving spirits, needing heavenly bread, —
The bond or free, with wrong or right at strife;
To quiet tears of mourners comforted
By music set unto eternal life.
These are thine ushers at the Silent Gate;
To these appealing, thee we give in trust.
Glad heart! Forgive unto us, desolate,
The sob with which we leave thy sacred dust!
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

DON ORSINO.¹

XXV.

AT this time Count Spicca received a letter from Maria Consuelo, written from Nice, and bearing a postmark more recent than the date which headed the page, — a fact which proved that the writer had either taken an unusually long time in the composition, or had withheld the missive several days before finally dispatching it.

MY FATHER, — I write to inform you of certain things which have recently taken place and which it is important that you should know, and of which I should have the right to require an explanation, if I chose to ask it. Having been the author of my life, you have made yourself also the author of all my unhappiness and of all my trouble. I

have never understood the cause of your intense hatred for me, but I have felt its consequences, even at a great distance from you, and you know well enough that I return it with all my heart. Moreover, I have made up my mind that I will not be made to suffer by you any longer. I tell you so quite frankly. This is a declaration of war, and I will act upon it immediately.

You are no doubt aware that Don Orsino Saracinesca has for a long time been among my intimate friends. I will not discuss the question whether I did well to admit him to my intimacy or not. That, at least, does not concern you. Even admitting your power to exercise the most complete tyranny over me in other ways, I am, and have always been, free to choose my own acquaintances, and I am able to defend

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myself better than most women, and as well as any. I will be just, too. I do not mean to reproach you with the consequences of what I do; but I will not spare you where the results of your action towards me are concerned.

Don Orsino made love to me last spring. I loved him from the first. I can hear your cruel laugh and see your contemptuous face, as I write. But the information is necessary, and I can bear your scorn because this is the last opportunity for such diversion which I shall afford you, and because I mean that you shall pay dearly for it. I loved Don Orsino, and I love him still. You, of course, have never loved. You have hated, however, and perhaps one passion may be the measure of another. It is in my case, I can assure you; for the better I love, the better I learn to hate you.

Last Thursday Don Orsino asked me to be his wife. I had known for some time that he loved me, and I knew that he would speak of it before long. The day was sultry at first, and then there was a thunderstorm. My nerves were unstrung, and I lost my head. I told him that I loved him. That does not concern you. I told him also, however, that I had given a solemn promise to my dying husband, and I had still the strength to say that I would not marry again. I meant to gain time, I longed to be alone. I knew that I should yield, but I would not yield blindly. Thank God, I was strong. I am like you in that, though happily not in any other way. You ask me why I should even think of yielding. I answer that I love Don Orsino better than I loved the man you murdered. There is nothing humiliating in that, and I make the confession without reserve. I love him better, and therefore, being human, I would have broken my promise and married him, had marriage been possible. But it is not, as you know. It is one thing to turn to the priest, as he stands by a dying man, and

to say, Pronounce us man and wife, and give us a blessing, for the sake of this man's rest. The priest knew that we were both free, and took the responsibility upon himself; knowing also that the act could have no consequences in fact, whatever it might prove to be in theory. It is quite another matter to be legally married to Don Orsino Saracinesca, in the face of a strong opposition. But I went home that evening believing that it could be done, and that the opposition would vanish. I believed because I loved. I love still, but what I learned that night has killed my belief in an impossible happiness.

I need not tell you all that passed between me and Lucrezia Ferris. How she knew of what had happened I cannot tell. She must have followed us to the apartment I was furnishing, and she must have overheard what we said, or seen enough to convince her. She is a spy. I suppose that is the reason why she is imposed upon me, and always has been, since I can remember,—since I was born, she says. I found her waiting to dress me, as usual, and as usual I did not speak to her. She spoke first. "You will not marry Don Orsino Saracinesca," she said, facing me with her bad eyes. I could have struck her, but I would not. I asked her what she meant. She told me that she knew what I was doing, and asked me whether I was aware that I needed documents in order to be married to a beggar in Rome, and whether I supposed that the Saracinesca would be inclined to overlook the absence of such papers, or could pass a law of their own abolishing the necessity for them, or, finally, whether they would accept such certificates of my origin as she could produce. She showed me a package. She had nothing better to offer me, she said, but such as she had she heartily placed at my disposal. I took the papers. I was prepared for a shock, but not for the blow I received.

You know what I read: the certificate

of my birth as the daughter of Lucrezia Ferris, unmarried, by Count Spicca, who acknowledged the child as his; the certificate of your marriage with Lucrezia Ferris, dated, strangely enough, a fortnight after my birth; and further, a document legitimizing me as the lawful daughter of you two. All these documents are from Monte Carlo. You will understand why I am in Nice. Yes, they are all genuine, every one of them, as I have had no difficulty in ascertaining. So I am the daughter of Lucrezia Ferris, born out of wedlock, and subsequently whitewashed into a sort of legitimacy? And Lucrezia Ferris is lawfully the Countess Spicca. Lucrezia Ferris, the cowardly spy-woman who more than half controls my life, the lying, thieving servant (she robs me at every turn), the common, half-educated Italian creature, — she is my mother; she is that radiant being of whom you sometimes speak with tears in your eyes; she is that angel of whom I remind you; she is that sweet influence that softened and brightened your lonely life for a brief space some three and twenty years ago! She has changed since then.

And this is the mystery of my birth which you have concealed from me, and which it was at any moment in the power of my vile mother to reveal. You cannot deny the fact, I suppose, especially since I have taken the trouble to search the registers and verify each separate document.

I gave them all back to her, for I shall never need them. The woman — I mean my mother — was quite right. I shall not marry Don Orsino Saracinesca. You have lied to me throughout my life. You have always told me that my mother was dead, and that I need not be ashamed of my birth, though you wished it kept a secret. So far, I have obeyed you. In that respect, and only in that, I will continue to act according to your wishes. I am not called upon to proclaim to the world and my

acquaintance that I am the daughter of my own servant, and that you were kind enough to marry your estimable mistress after my birth, in order to confer upon me what you dignify by the name of legitimacy. No. That is not necessary. If it could hurt you to proclaim it, I would do so in the most public way I could find. But it is folly to suppose that you could be made to suffer by so simple a process.

Are you aware, my father, that you have ruined all my life from the first? Being so bad, you must be intelligent, and you must realize what you have done, even if you have done it out of pure love of evil. You pretended to be kind to me, until I was old enough to feel all the pain you had in store for me. But even then, after you had taken the trouble to marry my mother, why did you give me another name? Was that necessary? I suppose it was. I did not understand then why my older companions looked askance at me in the convent, nor why the nuns sometimes whispered together and looked at me. They knew, perhaps, that no such name as mine existed. Since I was your daughter, why did I not bear your name when I was a little girl? You were ashamed to let it be known that you were married, seeing what sort of wife you had taken, and you found yourself in a dilemma. If you had acknowledged me as your daughter in Austria, your friends in Rome would soon have found out my existence — and the existence of your wife. You were very cautious in those days, but you seem to have grown careless of late, or you would not have left those papers in the care of the Countess Spicca, my maid — and my mother. I have heard that very bad men soon reach their second childhood and act foolishly. It is quite true.

Then, later, when you saw that I loved and was loved, and was to be happy, you came between my love and me. You appeared in your own charac-

ter, as a liar, a slanderer, and a traitor. I loved a man who was brave, honorable, faithful; reckless, perhaps, and wild, as such men are, but devoted and true. You came between us. You told me that he was false, cowardly, an adventurer of the worst kind. Because I would not believe you, and would have married him in spite of you, you killed him. Was it cowardly of him to face the first swordsman in Europe? They told me that he was not afraid of you, the men who saw it, and that he fought you like a lion, as he was. And the provocation, too! He never struck me. He was showing me what he meant by a term in fencing; the silver knife he held grazed my cheek because I was startled and moved. But you meant to kill him, and you chose to say that he had struck me. Did you ever hear a harsh word from his lips during those months of waiting? When you had done your work you fled, like the murderer you were and are. But I escaped from the woman who says she is my mother, — and is, — and I went to him, and found him living, and married him. You used to tell me that he was an adventurer, and little better than a beggar. Yet he left me a large fortune. It is as well that he provided for me, since you have succeeded in losing most of your own money at play, — doubtless to insure my not profiting by it at your death. Not that you will die; men of your kind outlive their victims, because they kill them.

And now, when you saw — for you did see it — when you saw and knew that Orsino Saracinesca and I loved each other, you broke my life a second time. You might so easily have gone to him, or have come to me, at the first, with the truth. You knew that I should never forgive you for what you had done already. A little more could have made matters no worse then. You knew that Don Orsino would have thanked you as a friend for the warning. Instead — I refuse to believe you in your dotage, after all — you

make that woman spy upon me until the great moment is come; you give her the weapons, and you bid her strike when the blow will be most excruciating. You are not a man. You are Satan. I parted twice from the man I love. He would not let me go, and he came back and tried to keep me. I do not know how I escaped. God helped me. He is so brave and noble that if he had held those accursed papers in his hands and known all the truth he would not have given me up. He would have brought a stain on his great name and shame upon his great house for my sake. He is not like you. I parted from him twice. I know all that I can suffer, and I hate you for each individual suffering, great and small.

I have dismissed my mother from my service. How that would sound in Rome! I have given her as much money as she can expect, and I have got rid of her. She said that she would not go, that she should write to you, and many other things. I told her that if she attempted to stay I should go to the authorities, prove that she was my mother, provide for her, if the law required it, and have her forcibly turned out of my house by the aid of the same law. I am of age, married, independent, and I cannot be obliged to entertain my mother either in the character of a servant or as a visitor. I suppose she has a right to a lodging under your roof. I hope she will take advantage of it, as I advised her. She took the money and went away, cursing me. I think that if she had ever, in all my life, shown the smallest affection for me; even at the last, when she declared herself my mother, if she had shown a spark of motherly feeling, of tenderness, of anything human, I could have accepted her and tolerated her, half-peasant woman as she is, spy as she has been, and cheat and thief. But she stood before me with the most perfect indifference, watching my surprise with those bad eyes of hers. I wonder why I have borne her presence

so long. I suppose it had never struck me that I could get rid of her in spite of you, if I chose. By the bye, I sent for a notary when I paid her, and I got a legal receipt signed with her legal name, *Lucrezia Spicca, nata Ferris*. The document formally releases me from all further claims. I hope you will understand that you have no power whatsoever to impose her upon me again, though I confess that I am expecting your next move with interest. I suppose that you have not done with me yet, and have some new means of torment in reserve. Satan is rarely idle long.

And now I have done. If you were not the villain you are, I should expect you to go to the man whose happiness I have endangered, if not destroyed. I should expect you to tell Don Orsino Saracinesca enough of the truth to make him understand my action. But I know you far too well to imagine that you would willingly take from my life one thorn of the many you have planted in it. I will write to Don Orsino myself. I think you need not fear him, — I am sorry that you need not. But I shall not tell him more than is necessary. You will remember, I hope, that such discretion as I may show is not shown out of consideration for you, but out of forethought for my own welfare. I have, unfortunately, no means of preventing you from writing to me, but you may be sure that your letters will never be read, so that you will do as well to spare yourself the trouble of composing them.

MARIA CONSUELO D'ARANJUEZ.

Spicca received this letter early in the morning, and at midday he still sat in his chair, holding it in his hand. His face was very white, his head hung forward upon his breast, his thin fingers were stiffened upon the thin paper. Only the hardly perceptible rise and fall of the chest showed that he still breathed.

The clocks had already struck twelve when his old servant entered the room, a

being thin, wizened, gray and noiseless as the ghost of a greyhound. He stood still a moment before his master, expecting that he would look up, then bent anxiously over him and felt his hands.

Spicca slowly raised his sunken eyes.

"It will pass, Santi, — it will pass," he said feebly.

Then he began to fold up the sheets slowly and with difficulty, but very neatly, as men of extraordinary skill with their hands do everything. Santi looked at him doubtfully, and then got a glass and a bottle of cordial from a small carved press in the corner. Spicca drank the liqueur slowly, and set the glass steadily upon the table.

"Bad news, Signor Conte?" asked the servant anxiously, and in a way which betrayed at once the kindly relations existing between the two.

"Very bad news," Spicca answered sadly, and shaking his head.

Santi sighed, restored the bottle to the press, and took up the glass, as though he were about to leave the room. But he still lingered near the table, glancing uneasily at his master as though he had something to say, but was hesitating to begin.

"What is it, Santi?" asked the count.

"I beg your pardon, Signor Conte, you have had bad news. If you will allow me to speak, there are several small economies which could still be managed without too much inconveniencing you. Pardon the liberty, Signor Conte."

"I know, I know. But it is not money, this time. I wish it were."

Santi's expression immediately lost much of its anxiety. He had shared his master's fallen fortunes, and knew better than he what he meant by a few more small economies, as he called them.

"God be praised, Signor Conte," he said solemnly. "May I serve the breakfast?"

"I have no appetite, Santi. Go yourself and eat."

"A little something?" Santi spoke

in a coaxing way. "I have prepared a little mixed fry, with toast, as you like it, Signor Conte, and the salad is good to-day; ham and figs are also in the house. Let me lay the cloth; when you see, you will eat. And just one egg beaten up with a glass of red wine, to begin with; that will dispose the stomach."

Spicca shook his head again, but Santi paid no attention to the refusal, and went about preparing the meal. When it was ready, the old man suffered himself to be persuaded, and ate a little. He was in reality stronger than he looked, and an extraordinary nervous energy still lurked beneath the appearance of a feebleness amounting almost to decrepitude. The little nourishment he took sufficed to restore the balance, and when he rose from the table he was outwardly almost himself again. When a man has suffered great moral pain for years, he bears a new shock, even the worst, better than one who is hard hit in the midst of a placid and long habitual happiness. The soul can be taught to bear trouble as the great self-mortifiers of an earlier time taught their bodies to bear scourging. The process is painful, but hardening.

"I feel better, Santi," said Spicca. "Your breakfast has done me good. You are an excellent doctor."

He turned away and took out his pocket-book, not over-well garnished. He found a ten-franc note. Then he looked round and spoke in a gentle, kindly tone.

"Santi, this trouble has nothing to do with money. You need a new pair of shoes, I am sure. Do you think that ten francs is enough?"

Santi bowed respectfully and took the money.

"A thousand thanks, Signor Conte."

Santi was a strange man, from the heart of the Abruzzi. He pocketed the note; but that night, when he had undressed his master and was arranging the things on the dressing-table, the ten-franc note found its way back into the

black pocket-book. Spicca never counted, and never knew.

He did not write to Maria Consuelo, for he was well aware that, in her present state of mind, she would undoubtedly burn his letter unopened, as she had said she would. Late in the day he went out, walked for an hour, entered the club and read the papers, and at last betook himself to the restaurant where Orsino dined when his people were out of town.

In due time Orsino appeared, looking pale and ill-tempered. He caught sight of Spicca, and went at once to the table where he sat.

"I have had a letter," said the young man. "I must speak to you. If you do not object, we will dine together."

"By all means. There is nothing like a thoroughly bad dinner to promote ill feeling."

Orsino glanced at the old man in momentary surprise; but he knew his ways tolerably well, and was familiar with the chronic acidity of his speech.

"You probably guess who has written to me?" Orsino resumed. "It was natural, perhaps, that she should have something to say, but what she actually says is more than I was prepared to hear."

Spicca's eyes grew less dull, and he turned an inquiring glance on his companion.

"When I tell you that in this letter Madame d'Aranjuez has confided to me the true story of her origin, I have probably said enough," continued the young man.

"You have said too much or too little," Spicca answered in an almost indifferent tone.

"How so?"

"Unless you tell me just what she has told you, or show me the letter, I cannot possibly judge of the truth of the tale."

Orsino raised his head angrily.

"Do you mean me to doubt that Madame d'Aranjuez speaks the truth?" he asked.

"Calm yourself. Whatever Madame

d'Aranjuez has written to you she believes to be true; but she may have been herself deceived."

"In spite of documents, public registers" —

"Ah! Then she has told you about those certificates?"

"That and a great deal more which concerns you."

"Precisely. A great deal more. I know all about the registers, as you may easily suppose, seeing that they concern two somewhat important acts in my own life, and that I was very careful to have those acts properly recorded, beyond the possibility of denial, — beyond the possibility of denial," he repeated very slowly and emphatically. "Do you understand that?"

"It would not enter the mind of a sane person to doubt such evidence," answered Orsino rather scornfully.

"No, I suppose not. As you do not, therefore, come to me for confirmation of what is already undeniable, I cannot understand why you come to me at all in this matter, unless you do so on account of other things which Madame d'Aranjuez has written you, and of which you have so far kept me in ignorance."

Spicca spoke in a formal manner and in cold tones, drawing up his bent figure a little. A waiter came to the table, and both men ordered their dinner. The interruption rather favored the development of a hostile feeling between them than otherwise.

"I will explain my reasons for coming to find you here," said Orsino, when they were again alone.

"So far as I am concerned, no explanation is necessary. I am content not to understand. Moreover, this is a public place, in which we have accidentally met and dined together before."

"I did not come here by accident," answered Orsino, "and I did not come in order to give explanations, but to ask for one."

"Ah?" Spicca eyed him coolly.

VOL. LXX. — NO. 421.

42

"Yes. I wish to know why you have hated your daughter all her life, why you persecute her in every way, why you" —

"Will you kindly stop?"

The old man's voice grew suddenly clear and incisive, and Orsino broke off in the middle of his sentence. A moment's pause followed.

"I requested you to stop speaking," Spicca resumed, "because you were unconsciously making statements which have no foundation whatever in fact. Observe that I say 'unconsciously.' You are completely mistaken. I do not hate Madame d'Aranjuez. I love her with all my heart and soul. I do not persecute her in every way, nor in any way. On the contrary, her happiness is the only object of such life as I still have to live, and I have little but that life left to give her. I am in earnest, Orsino."

"I see you are. That makes what you say all the more surprising."

"No doubt it does. Madame d'Aranjuez has just written to you, and you have her letter in your pocket. She has told you in that letter a number of facts in her own life as she sees them, and you look at them as she does. It is natural. To her and to you I appear to be a monster of evil, a hideous incarnation of cruelty, — a devil, in short. Did she call me a devil in her letter?"

"She did."

"Precisely. She has also written to me, informing me that I am Satan. There is a directness in the statement and a general disregard of probability which are not without charm. Nevertheless, I am Spicca, and not Beelzebub, her assurances to the contrary notwithstanding. You see how views may differ. You know much of her life, but you know nothing of mine, nor is it my intention to tell you anything about myself. But I will tell you this much: If I could do anything to mend matters, I would. If I could make it possible for you to marry Madame d'Aranjuez, being what you are and fenced in as you

are, I would. If I could tell you all the rest of the truth, which she does not know nor dream of, I would. I am bound by a very solemn promise of secrecy, — by something more than a promise, in fact. Yet, if I could do good to her by breaking oaths, betraying confidence, and trampling on the deepest obligations which can bind a man, I would. But that good cannot be done any more. That is all I can tell you."

"It is little enough. You could and you can tell the whole truth, as you call it, to Madame d'Aranjuez. I should advise you to do so, instead of embittering her life at every turn."

"I have not asked for your advice, Orsino. That she is unhappy I know. That she hates me is clear. She would not be the happier for hating me less, since nothing else would be changed. She need not think of me, if the subject is disagreeable. In all other respects she is perfectly free. She is young, rich, and at liberty to go where she pleases and to do what she likes. So long as I am alive I shall watch over her" —

"And destroy every chance of happiness which presents itself," interrupted Orsino.

"I gave you some idea, the other night, of the happiness she might have enjoyed with the deceased Aranjuez. If I made a mistake in regard to what I saw him do, — I admit the possibility of an error, — I was nevertheless quite right in ridding her of the man. I have atoned for the mistake, if we call it so, in a way of which you do not dream, nor she either. The good remains, for Aranjuez is buried."

"You speak of secret atonement. I was not aware that you ever suffered from remorse."

"Nor I," answered Spicca dryly.

"Then what do you mean?"

"You are questioning me, and I have warned you that I will tell you nothing about myself. You will confer a great favor upon me by not insisting."

"Are you threatening me again?"

"I am not doing anything of the kind. I never threaten any one. I could kill you as easily as I killed Aranjuez, old and decrepit as I look, and I should be perfectly indifferent to the opprobrium of killing so young a man; though I think that, looking at us two, many people might suppose the advantage to be on your side rather than on mine. But young men nowadays do not learn to handle arms. Short of laying violent hands upon me, you will find it quite impossible to provoke me. I am almost old enough to be your grandfather, and I understand you very well. You love Madame d'Aranjuez. She knows that to marry you would be to bring about such a quarrel with your family as might ruin half your life, and she has the rare courage to tell you so and to refuse your offer. You think that I can do something to help you, and you are incensed because I am powerless, and furious because I object to your leaving Rome in the same train with her against her will. You are more furious still to-day, because you have adopted her belief that I am a monster of iniquity. Observe that, apart from hindering you from a great piece of folly, the other day, I have never interfered. I do not interfere now. As I said then, follow her if you please, persuade her to marry you if you can, quarrel with all your family if you like. It is nothing to me. Publish the banns of your marriage on the doors of the Capitol, and declare to the whole world that Madame d'Aranjuez, the future Princess Saracinesca, is the daughter of Count Spicca and Lucrezia Ferris, his lawful wife. There will be a little talk, but it will not hurt me. People have kept their marriages a secret for a whole lifetime before now. I do not care what you do, nor what the whole tribe of the Saracinesca may do, provided that none of you do harm to Maria Consuelo, nor bring needless suffering upon her. If any of you do that, I will kill you. That,

at least, is a threat, if you like. Good-night."

Thereupon Spicca rose suddenly from his seat, leaving his dinner unfinished, and went out.

XXVI.

Orsino did not leave Rome, after all. He was not in reality prevented from doing so by the necessity of attending to his business, for he might assuredly have absented himself for a week or two, at almost any time before the new year, without incurring any especial danger. From time to time, at ever-increasing intervals, he felt strongly impelled to rejoin Maria Consuelo in Paris, where she had ultimately determined to spend the autumn and winter; but the impulse always lacked just the measure of strength which would have made it a resolution. When he thought of his many hesitations, he did not understand himself, and he fell in his own estimation, so that he became by degrees more silent and melancholy of disposition than had originally been natural with him.

He had much time for reflection, and he constantly brooded over the situation in which he found himself. The question seemed to be whether he loved Maria Consuelo or not, since he was able to display such apparent indifference to her absence. In reality he also doubted whether he was loved by her, and the one uncertainty was fully as great as the other.

He went over all that had passed. The position had never been an easy one, and the letter which Maria Consuelo had written to him after her departure had not made it easier. It had contained the revelations concerning her birth, together with many references to Spicca's continued cruelty, plentifully supported by statements of facts. She had then distinctly told Orsino that she would never marry him, under any circumstances whatever, declaring that if

he followed her she would not even see him. She would not ruin his life and plunge him into a lifelong quarrel with his family, she said; and she added that she would certainly not expose herself to such treatment as she would undoubtedly receive at the hands of the Saracinesca, if she married Orsino without his parents' consent.

A man does not easily believe that he is deprived of what he most desires exclusively for his own good and welfare, and the last sentence quoted wounded Orsino deeply. He believed himself ready to incur the displeasure of all his people for Maria Consuelo's sake, and he said in his heart that, if she loved him, she should be ready to bear as much as he. The language in which she expressed herself, too, was cold, and almost incisive.

Unlike Spicca, Orsino answered this letter, writing in an argumentative strain, bringing the best reasons he could find to bear against those she alleged, and at last reproaching her with not being willing to suffer for his sake a tenth part of what he would endure for her. But he announced his intention of joining her before long, and expressed the certainty that she would receive him.

To this Maria Consuelo made no reply for some time. When she wrote at last, it was to say that she had carefully considered her decision, and saw no good cause for changing it. To Orsino her tone seemed colder and more distant than ever. The fact that the pages were blotted here and there, and that the handwriting was unsteady, was probably to be referred to her carelessness. He brooded over his misfortune, thought more than once of making a desperate effort to win back her love, and remained in Rome. After a long interval he wrote to her again. This time he produced an epistle which, under the circumstances, might have appeared almost ridiculous. It was full of indifferent gossip about society; it contained

a few sarcastic remarks about his own approaching failure, with some rather youthfully cynical observations on the instability of things in general, and the hollowness of all aspirations whatsoever.

He received no answer, and duly repented the flippant tone he had taken. He would have been greatly surprised could he have learned that this last letter was destined to produce a greater effect upon his life than all he had written before it.

In the mean while, his father, who had heard of the increasing troubles in the world of business, wrote him in a constant strain of warning, to which Orsino paid little attention. His mother's letters, too, betrayed her anxiety, but expressed what his father's did not, to wit, the most boundless confidence in his power to extricate himself honorably from all difficulties, together with the assurance that if worse came to worst she was always ready to help him.

Suddenly and without warning, old Saracinesca returned from his wanderings. He had taken the trouble to keep the family informed of his movements by his secretary during two or three months, and had then temporarily allowed them to lose sight of him, thereby causing them considerable anxiety, though an occasional paragraph in a newspaper reassured them from time to time. Then, on a certain afternoon in November, he appeared, alone and in a cab, as though he had been out for a stroll.

"Well, my boy, are you ruined yet?" he inquired, entering Orsino's room without ceremony.

The young man started from his seat and took the old gentleman's rough hand with an exclamation of surprise.

"Yes, you may well look at me," laughed the prince. "I have grown ten years younger. And you?" He pushed his grandson into the light and scrutinized his face fiercely. "And you are ten years older," he concluded in a discontented tone.

"I did not know it," answered Orsino, with an attempt at a laugh.

"You have been at some mischief. I know it. I can see it."

He dropped the young fellow's arm, shook his head, and began to move about the room. Then he came back, all at once, and looked up into Orsino's face from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Out with it; I mean to know!" he said roughly, but not unkindly. "Have you lost money? Are you ill? Are you in love?"

Orsino would certainly have resented the first and the last questions, if not all three, had they been put to him by his father. There was something in the old prince's nature, something warmer and more human, which appealed to his own. Sant' Ilario was, and always had been, outwardly cold, somewhat measured in his speech, undemonstrative, — a man not easily moved to much expression or to real sympathy except by love, but capable, under that influence, of going to great lengths. And Orsino, though in some respects resembling his mother rather than his father, was not unlike the latter, with a larger measure of ambition and less real pride. It was probably the latter characteristic which made him feel the need of sympathy in a way his father had never felt it and could never understand it, and he was thereby drawn more closely to his mother and to his grandfather than to Sant' Ilario.

Old Saracinesca evidently meant to be answered, as he stood there gazing into Orsino's eyes.

"A great deal has happened since you went away," said Orsino, half wishing that he could tell everything. "In the first place, business is in a very bad state, and I am anxious."

"Dirty work, business," grumbled Saracinesca. "I always told you so. Then you have lost money, you young idiot! I thought so. Did you think you were any better than Montevarchi?"

I hope you have kept your name out of the market, at all events. What in the name of Heaven made you put your hand to such filth! Come, how much do you want? We will whitewash you, and you shall start to-morrow and go round the world."

"But I am not in actual need of money at all" —

"Then what the devil are you in need of?"

"An improvement in business, and the assurance that I shall not ultimately be bankrupt."

"If money is not an assurance that you will not be bankrupt, I should like to learn what is. All this is nonsense. Tell me the truth, my boy, — you are in love. That is the trouble."

Orsino shrugged his shoulders.

"I have been in love some time," he answered.

"Young? Old? Marriageable? Married? Out with it, I say!"

"I should rather talk about business. I think it is all over now."

"Just like your father, — always full of secrets! As if I did not know all about it! You are in love with that Madame d'Aranjuez."

Orsino turned a little pale.

"Please do not call her 'that' Madame d'Aranjuez," he said gravely.

"Eh? What? Are you so sensitive about her?"

"Yes."

"You are? Very well; I like that. What about her?"

"What a question!"

"I mean, is she indifferent, cold, in love with some one else?"

"Not that I am aware. She has refused to marry me, and has left Rome, — that is all."

"Refused to marry you!" cried old Saracinesca, in boundless astonishment. "My dear boy, you must be out of your mind! The thing is impossible. You are the best match in Rome. Madame d'Aranjuez refuse you! Absolutely in-

credible, not to be believed for a moment. You are dreaming. A widow — without much fortune — the relit of some curious adventurer — a woman looking for a fortune — a woman" —

"Stop!" cried Orsino savagely.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. You are sensitive. Well, well, I meant nothing against her, except that she must be insane, if what you tell me is true. But I am glad of it, my boy, very glad. She is no match for you, Orsino. I confess, I wish you would marry at once, — I should like to see my great-grandchildren, — but not Madame d'Aranjuez. A widow, too."

"My father married a widow."

"When you find a widow like your mother, and ten years younger than yourself, marry her, if you can. But not Madame d'Aranjuez, — older than you by several years."

"A few years."

"Is that all? It is too much, though. And who is Madame d'Aranjuez? Everybody was asking the question last winter. I suppose she had a name before she married; and since you have been trying to make her your wife, you must know all about her. Who was she?"

Orsino hesitated.

"You see!" cried the old prince. "It is not all right. There is a secret, — there is something wrong about her family, or about her entrance into the world. She knows perfectly well that we would never receive her, and has concealed it all from you" —

"She has not concealed it. She has told me the exact truth; but I shall not repeat it to you."

"All the stronger proof that everything is not right. You are well out of it, my boy, — exceedingly well out of it. I congratulate you."

"I should rather not be congratulated."

"As you please. I am sorry for you, if you are unhappy. Try and forget all about it. How is your mother?"

At any other time Orsino would have laughed at the characteristic abruptness.

"Perfectly well, I believe. I have not seen her all summer," he answered gravely.

"Not been to Saracinesca all summer! No wonder you look ill. Telegraph to them that I have come back, and let us get the family together as soon as possible. Do you think I mean to spend six months alone in your company, especially when you are away all day at that wretched office of yours? Be quick about it, — telegraph at once."

"Very well. But please do not repeat anything of what I have told you to my father or my mother. That is the only thing I have to ask."

"Am I a parrot? I never talk to them of your affairs."

"Thanks. I am grateful."

"To Heaven because your grandfather is not a parakeet! No doubt. You have good cause. And look here, Orsino" — The old man took Orsino's arm and held it firmly, speaking in a lower tone. "Do not make an ass of yourself, my boy, especially in business. But if you do, — and you probably will, you know, — just come to me, without speaking to any one else. I will see what can be done without noise. There — take that, and forget all about your troubles, and get a little more color into your face."

"You are too good to me," said Orsino, grasping the old prince's hand. For once he was really moved.

"Nonsense. Go and send that telegram at once. I do not want to be kept waiting a week for a sight of my family."

With a deep, good-humored laugh he pushed Orsino out of the door in front of him, and went off to his own quarters.

In due time the family returned from Saracinesca, and the gloomy old palace waked to life again. Corona and her

husband were both struck by the change in Orsino's appearance, which indeed contrasted strongly with their own, refreshed and strengthened as they were by the keen mountain air, the endless out-of-door life, the manifold occupations of people deeply interested in the welfare of those around them, and supremely conscious of their own power to produce good results in their own way. When they all came back, Orsino himself felt how jaded and worn he was as compared with them.

Before twelve hours had gone by he found himself alone with his mother. Strange to say, he had not looked forward to the interview with pleasure. The bond of sympathy which had so closely united the two during the spring seemed weakened, and Orsino would, if possible, have put off the renewal of intimate converse which he knew to be inevitable. But that could not be done.

It would not be hard to find reasons for his wishing to avoid his mother. Formerly his daily tale had been one of success, of hope, of ever-increasing confidence. Now he had nothing to tell of but danger and anxiety for the future, and he was not without a suspicion that she would strongly disapprove of his allowing himself to be kept afloat by Del Ferice's personal influence, and perhaps by his personal aid. It was hard to begin daily intercourse on a basis of things so different from that which had appeared solid and safe when they had last talked together. Orsino had learned to bear his own troubles bravely, too, and there was something which he associated with weakness in the idea of asking sympathy for them now. He would rather have been left alone.

Deep down, too, was the consciousness of all that had happened between himself and Maria Consuelo since his mother's departure, — another suffering, another and distinctly different misfortune, to be borne better in silence than under

question even of the most affectionate kind. His grandfather had indeed guessed at both truths, and had taxed him with them at once, but that was quite another matter. He knew that the old gentleman would never refer again to what he had learned, and he appreciated the generous offer of help, of which he would never avail himself, in a way in which he could not appreciate an assistance even more lovingly proffered, perhaps, but which must be asked for by a confession of his own failure.

On the other hand, he was incapable of distorting the facts in any way so as to make his mother believe him more successful than he actually was. There was nothing dishonest, possibly, in pretending to be hopeful when he really had little hope, but he could not have represented the condition of the business otherwise than as it really stood.

The interview was a long one, and Corona's dark face grew grave, if not despondent, as he explained to her one point after another, taking especial care to elucidate all that bore upon his relations with Del Ferice. It was most important that his mother should understand how he was placed, and how Del Ferice's continued advances of money were not to be regarded in the light of a personal favor, but as a speculation in which Ugo would probably get the best of the bargain. Orsino knew how sensitive his mother would be on such a point, and dreaded the moment when she should begin to think that he was laying himself under obligations beyond the strict limits of business.

Corona leaned back in her low seat and covered her eyes with one hand for a moment, in deep thought. Orsino waited anxiously for her to speak.

"My dear," she said at last, "you make it very clear, and I understand you perfectly. Nevertheless, it seems to me that your position is not very dignified, considering who you are, and what Del

Ferice is. Do you not think so yourself?"

Orsino flushed a little. She had not put the point as he had expected, and her words told upon him.

"When I entered business, I put my dignity in my pocket," he answered, with a forced laugh. "There cannot be much of it in business, at the best."

His mother's black eyes seemed to grow blacker, and the delicate nostril quivered a little.

"If that is true, I wish you had never meddled in these affairs," she said proudly. "But you talked differently last spring, and you made me see it all in another way. You made me feel, on the contrary, that in doing something for yourself, in showing that you were able to accomplish something, in asserting your independence, you were making yourself more worthy of respect; and I have respected you accordingly."

"Exactly," answered Orsino, catching at the old argument. "That is just what I wished to do. What I said a moment since was in the way of a generality. Business means a struggle for money, I suppose, and that in itself is not dignified. But it is not dishonorable. After all, the end may justify the means."

"I hate that saying!" exclaimed Corona hotly. "I wish you were free of the whole affair."

"So do I, with all my heart!"

A short silence followed.

"If I had known all this three months ago," Corona resumed, "I should have taken the money and given it to you to clear yourself. I thought you were succeeding, and I have used all the funds I could gather to buy the Monteverchi's property between us and Affile, and in planting eucalyptus-trees in that low land of mine where the people have suffered so much from fever. I have nothing at my disposal unless I borrow. Why did you not tell me the truth in the summer, Orsino? Why have you

let me imagine that you were prospering all along, when you have been and are at the point of failure? It is too bad" —

She broke off suddenly, and clasped her hands together on her knee.

"It is only lately that business has gone so badly," said Orsino.

"It was all wrong from the beginning! I should never have encouraged you. Your father was right, as he always is, — and now you must tell him so."

But Orsino refused to go to his father, except in the last extremity. He represented that it was better and more dignified, since Corona insisted upon the point of dignity, to fight the battle alone so long as there was a chance of winning. His mother, on the other hand, maintained that he should free himself at once and at any cost. A few months earlier he could easily have persuaded her that he was right; but she seemed changed since he had parted from her, and he fancied that his father's influence had been at work with her. This he resented bitterly. It must be remembered, too, that he had begun the interview with a preconceived prejudice, expecting it to turn out badly, so that he was the more ready to allow matters to take an unfavorable turn.

The result was not a decided break in his relations with his mother, but a state of things more irritating than any open difference could have been. From that time Corona discouraged him, and never ceased to advise him to go to his father and ask frankly for enough money to clear him outright. Orsino, on his part, obstinately refused to apply to any one for help so long as Del Ferice continued to advance him money.

In those months which followed, there were few indeed who did not suffer in the almost universal financial cataclysm. All that Contini and others, older and wiser than he, had predicted took place, and more also. The banks refused discount

even upon the best paper, saying with justice that they were obliged to hold their funds in reserve at such a time. The work stopped almost everywhere. It was impossible to raise money. Thousands upon thousands of workmen who had come from great distances during the past two or three years were suddenly thrown out of work, penniless in the streets, and many of them burdened with wives and children. There were one or two small riots, and there was much demonstration; but, on the whole, the poor masons behaved very well. The government and the municipality did what they could, — what governments and municipalities can do, when hampered at every turn by the most complicated and ill-considered machinery of administration ever invented in any country. The starving workmen were by slow degrees got out of the city, and sent back to starve, out of sight, in their native places. The emigration was enormous in all directions.

The dismal ruins of that new city which was to have been built, and which never reached completion, are visible everywhere. Houses seven stories high, abandoned within a month of completion, rise, uninhabited and uninhabitable, out of a rank growth of weeds, amidst heaps of rubbish, staring down at the broad, desolate streets where the vigorous grass pushes its way up through the loose stones of the unrolled metaling. Amidst heavy low walls which were to have been the ground stories of palaces a few ragged children play in the sun, a lean donkey crops the thistles, or, if near to a few occupied dwellings, a wine-seller makes a booth of straw and chestnut boughs, and dispenses a poisonous sour drink to those who will buy. But that is only in the warm months. The winter winds blow the wretched booth to pieces and increase the desolation. Further on, tall façades rise suddenly up, the blue sky gleaming through their windows, the green moss already growing

upon their naked stones and bricks. The Barberini of the future, if any should arise, will not need to despoil the Colosseum to quarry material for their palaces. If, as the old pasquinade had it, the Barberini did what the Barbarians did not, how much worse than Barbarians have these modern civilizers done!

The distress was very great in the early months of 1889. The satisfaction which many of the new men would have felt at the ruin of great old families was effectually neutralized by their own financial destruction. Princes, bankers, contractors, and master masons went down together in the general bankruptcy. Ugo Del Ferice survived, and with him Andrea Contini and Company, and doubtless other small firms which he protected for his own ends. San Giacinto, calm, far-seeing and keen as an eagle, surveyed the chaos from the height of his magnificent fortune, unmoved and immovable, awaiting the lowest ebb of the tide. The Saracinesca looked on, hampered a little by the sudden fall in rents and other sources of their income, but still superior to events, though secretly anxious about Orsino's affairs, and daily expecting that he must fail.

And Orsino himself had changed, as was natural enough. He was learning to seem what he was not; and those who have learned that lesson know how it influences the real man, whom no one can judge but himself. So long as there had been one person in his life with whom he could live in perfect sympathy, he had given himself little trouble about his outward behavior. So long as he had felt that, come what might, his mother was on his side, he had not thought it worth his while not to be natural with every one, according to his humor. He was wrong, no doubt, in fancying that Corona had deserted him. But he had already suffered a loss in Maria Consuelo, which had at the time seemed the greatest conceivable; and the pain he had suffered then, together with

the deep though unacknowledged wound to his vanity, had predisposed him to believe that he was destined to be friendless. The consequence was that a very slight break in the perfect understanding which had so long existed between him and his mother had produced serious results. He now felt that he was completely alone, and, like most lonely men of sound character, he acquired the habit of keeping his troubles entirely to himself, while affecting an almost unnaturally quiet and equable manner with those about him. On the whole, he found that his life was easier when he lived it on this principle. He found that he was more careful in his actions since he had a part to sustain, and that his opinion carried more weight since he expressed it more cautiously and seemed less liable to fluctuations of mood and temper. The change in his character was more apparent than real, perhaps, as changes in character generally are when not in the way of logical development; but the constant thought of appearances reacts upon the inner nature in the end, and much which at first is only put on becomes a habit next, and ends by taking the place of an impulse.

Orsino was aware that his chief pre-occupation was identical with that which absorbed his mother's thoughts. He wished to free himself from the business in which he was so deeply involved, and which still prospered so strangely in spite of the general ruin. But here the community of ideas ended. He wished to free himself in his own way, without humiliating himself by going to his father for help. Meanwhile, too, Sant' Ilario himself had his doubts concerning his own judgment. It was inconceivable to him that Del Ferice could be losing money to oblige Orsino; and if he had desired to ruin him, he could have done so with ease a hundred times in the past months. It might be, he said to himself, that Orsino had, after all, a surprising genius for affairs, and

had weathered the storm in the face of tremendous difficulties. Orsino saw the belief growing in his father's mind, and the certainty that it was there did not dispose him to throw up the fight and acknowledge himself beaten.

The Saracinesca were one of the very few Roman families in which there is a tradition in favor of non-interference with the action of children already of age. The consequence was that, although the old prince and Giovanni and his wife all felt considerable anxiety, they did nothing to hamper Orsino's action beyond an occasionally repeated warning to be careful. That his occupation was distasteful to them they did not conceal; but he met their expressions of opinion with perfect equanimity and outward good humor, even when his mother, once his staunch ally, openly advised him to give up business and travel for a year. Their prejudice was certainly not unnatural, and had been strengthened by the perusal of the unsavory details published by the papers at each new bankruptcy during the year. But they found Orsino now always the same, always quiet, good-humored, and firm in his projects.

Andrea Contini had not been very exact in his calculation of the date at which the last door and the last window would be placed in the last of the houses which he and Orsino had undertaken to build. The disturbance in business might account for the delay. At all events, it was late in April of the following year before the work was completed. Then Orsino went to Del Ferice.

"Of course," he said, maintaining the appearance of calm which had now become habitual with him, "I cannot expect to pay what I owe the bank unless I can effect a sale of these buildings. You have known that all along, as well as I. The question is, can they be sold?"

"You have no applicant, then?" Del Ferice looked grave and somewhat surprised.

"No. We have received no offer."

"You owe the bank a very large sum on these buildings, Don Orsino."

"Secured by mortgages on them," answered the young man quietly, but preparing for trouble.

"Just so, — secured by mortgages. But if the bank should foreclose within the next few months, and if the buildings do not realize the amount secured, Contini and Company are liable for the difference."

"I know that."

"And the market is very bad, Don Orsino, and shows no signs of improvement."

"On the other hand, the houses are finished, habitable, and can be let immediately."

"They are certainly finished. You must be aware that the bank has continued to advance the sums necessary for two reasons: first, because an expensive but habitable dwelling is better than a cheap one with no roof; second, because in doing business with Andrea Contini and Company we have been dealing with the only really honest and economical firm in Rome."

Orsino smiled vaguely, but said nothing. He had not much faith in Del Ferice's flattery.

"But that," continued the latter, "does not dispense us from the necessity of realizing what is owing to us, — I mean the bank, — either in money or in an equivalent. Or in an equivalent," he repeated thoughtfully, rolling a big silver pencil-case backward and forward upon the table, under his fat white hand.

"Evidently," assented Orsino. "Unfortunately, at the present time there seems to be no equivalent for ready money."

"No, no, perhaps not," said Ugo, apparently becoming more and more absorbed in his own thoughts. "And yet," he added, after a little pause, "an arrangement may be possible. The houses certainly possess advantages over much

of this wretched property which is thrown upon the market. The position is good and the work is good. Your work is very good, Don Orsino. You know that better than I. Yes, the houses have advantages, I admit. The bank has a great deal of waste masonry on its hands, Don Orsino, — more than I like to think of."

"Unfortunately, again, the time for improving such property is gone by."

"It is never too late to mend," says the proverb," retorted Del Ferice, with a smile. "I have a proposition to make. I will state it clearly. If it is not to our mutual advantage, I think neither of us will lose so much by it as we should lose in other ways. It is simply this: we will cry quits. You have a small account current with the bank, and you must sacrifice the credit balance. It is not much, I find, — about thirty-five thousand."

"That was chiefly the profit on the first contract," observed Orsino.

"Precisely. It will help to cover the bank's loss on this. It will help, because, when I say we will cry quits, I mean that you shall receive an equivalent for your houses; a nominal equivalent, of course, which the bank nominally takes back as payment of the mortgages."

"That is not very clear," said Orsino. "I do not understand you."

"No," laughed Del Ferice, "I admit that it is not. It represents rather my own view of the transaction than the practical side. But I will explain myself beyond the possibility of mistake. The bank takes the houses and your cash balance and cancels the mortgages. You are then released from all debt and all obligation upon the old contract. But the bank makes one condition which is important. You must buy from the bank, on mortgage of course, certain unfinished buildings which it now owns; and you, Andrea Contini and Company, must take a contract to complete them

within a given time, — the bank advancing you money, as before, upon notes of hand, secured by subsequent and successive mortgages."

Orsino was silent. He saw that if he accepted, Del Ferice was receiving the work of a whole year and more without allowing the smallest profit to the workers, besides absorbing the profits of a previous successfully executed contract, and besides taking it for granted that the existing mortgages only just covered the value of the buildings. If, as was probable, Del Ferice had means of either selling or letting the houses, he would make an enormous profit. He saw, too, that if he accepted now, he must, in all likelihood, be driven to accept similar conditions on a future occasion, and that he would be binding Andrea Contini and himself to work, and to work hard, for nothing, and perhaps during years. But he saw also that the only alternative was an appeal to his father, or bankruptcy, which ultimately meant the same thing. Del Ferice spoke again.

"Whether you agree or whether you prefer a foreclosure, we shall both lose. But we should lose more by the latter course. In the interests of the bank, I trust that you will accept. You see how frankly I speak about it, — in the interests of the bank. But then, I need not remind you that it would hardly be fair to let us lose heavily, when you can make the loss relatively a slight one, considering how the bank has behaved to you, and to you alone, throughout this fatal year."

"I will give you an answer to-morrow," said Orsino.

He thought of poor Contini, who would find that he had worked for nothing during a whole year. But it would be easy for Orsino to give Contini a sum of money out of his private resources. Anything was better than giving up the struggle and applying to his father.

F. Marion Crawford.

SOCIOLOGY IN THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THE recent and rapid development of the higher education of women is one of the remarkable changes of our generation. Colleges less than twenty years old now count their students far into the hundreds, while they reject almost as many candidates as they receive. Their graduates can already be found in nearly every country town, and are numerous enough in cities to form associations of their own.

This movement has a profound interest for the student of society. It raises questions like these: What proportions is it yet to take on? What are all these women going to do? What will be the ultimate effect upon the sex and upon society? How shall its results be made most beneficial? Is the higher education of women to continue along its present line of development? If not, then in what direction is the change likely to lead us? Are there any indications now that will reward our attention?

On some of these points there is little need of concern. Things are taking their own course. Many college-trained women are teaching for a time or permanently. Our secondary schools are thereby gaining better teachers. Young women of inferior training, and even young men, are compelled to give place to the better educated college women. In this way, the schools, if we leave out of the account the question of the advantage of the employment of both sexes in the work of instruction, have profited by the higher education of women.

There are, however, limits to work of this sort, and to the opportunities in libraries, literary work, and medicine. There remain marriage and the life of the home and of society, which will absorb the larger part of educated women as a matter of course. For it is inevitable that most educated women of all

classes will become wives and mothers as surely as most educated men will marry and become fathers of children. If it were otherwise, the enthusiastic advocate of the higher education would join every true friend of humanity in lamenting the condition of things. And, on the whole, the entrance into society of a large number of educated women must be a very great advantage. Home life, too, ought to be the gainer from the movement.

But it is to other phases of our subject that attention should be directed. The bearing of education on the mere occupations of women, though important, is, after all, of secondary concern. The education of either sex that ends in fitting one for a trade or a profession or vocation of any sort, without doing more, is sadly defective. If it does not, even while it is practical in immediate object, make the subject of it more of a man or more of a woman, it is little less than a failure. We are accustomed to say, also, that the education of the schools is a success just in proportion as it brings out the inner resources and powers of the student, and gives them such impulse and direction that the work of education is continued through life, no matter where one is put or what he is called upon to do. Results of this kind are signs of the highest order of educational work; for such training makes life a continuous process of self-discovery and self-development.

All this is of course familiar truth among educators of experience, but my reference to it will lead the way to some principles that directly concern our study of the subject before us. If education, looking at its effect upon the student, be the projection into life of the work of self-discovery and self-development, certain important consequences follow.

Education will bring out whatever is common to all human beings. It will most sedulously develop whatever is peculiar to one as an individual. It will discover the peculiarities of sex, and as carefully mould them as it does those of individuals. For it is out of the special gifts of individual beings that the best contributions to the welfare of society are made. We may say in general that the higher the culture, the more certainly will both the common possessions and the distinctive characteristics appear; and the perfection of both does much to make society and life interesting, as well as strong and beneficent.

We get so much from looking at the individual, and from the subjective point of view only, and we reach the conclusion that the educational work of the higher schools for all students must, as it advances, increasingly open the way to specialization, but within the limits I have pointed out, in order to provide for the aptitudes of the student. This is a truth of equal application to the sexes. There must come a time, therefore, if educational work develops normally, when both men and women will find in their sex and its relations to life differentials of the utmost importance in the determination of their studies. While highly organized social relations will add to the common possessions of the individual members of it, we must remember that the increased differentiation of function is no less a marked feature of a complex social order. I suspect that in the just recognition of both these features of the social advance lies our success, and in the neglect to hold the two in true relation is the chief danger of some of the friends of the advance of woman. An increasing difference, then, between the education of men and women will attend the future growth of women's colleges; for it is in the higher educational institutions, rather than in the secondary or elementary schools, that we must look for the more marked distinctions. Post-

graduate work will show the difference still more; and those who would adopt the elective method almost entirely will expect and welcome more differentiation in the studies of women. The distinctive notes of woman's nature will become clearer and stronger.

Let us now turn to another side of our study; for I cannot think that sheer individualism, with its inevitable incidents of unrestricted election or selection of studies, is the final word in the science of education. It is doubtful, to say the least, if, after having, in political and economic science, put restrictions upon the doctrine of *laissez-faire* and its principle of unregulated liberty of contract, we can pin our faith to it as the comprehensive rule of education. Sociology is beginning to make its voice heard on the subject. It declares the vital oneness of all individual action in human society, and the consequent solidarity of the social life. This points to the conclusion that purely individual election cannot hold a radically different place in education from that which belongs to it in any other part of the social order, whether it be in religion, economics, or politics; and it also shows that we must look for true educational methods in the study of the processes of actual life.

What, then, is the educational process in life? Education begins with the infant. The practice, the power of election, is then at its minimum. It grows little by little. The days, months, years, bring it out. Bring it out, we say. The phrase is noteworthy. The inward apptency exists. It is active from the first. It grows from unreasoning instinct to intelligent choice. It increases in power to reach farther and farther from itself in time, space, and other relations; and the power and habit of doing so measure the real culture gained, the character acquired. But note that all this does not come wholly by force of the inward impulse or from the in-

centive from within. The whole external world, beginning with the mother, and through and from her reaching out to all beings and into all things, is continually soliciting the inner life. Always and everywhere something without, a distinctive something in the larger number of instances, is at work upon the human being, calling forth the elective act. The distinctive without finds the distinctive within, and the latter answers to the appeal. In the larger view, then, the result of my education is my power to respond to the external in the full strength of all that is within me, and by the assistance of all I can bring to my aid. When, therefore, I hear education spoken of as the perfection in power of all that is in the individual, and the definition is made to stop there, I feel that something is lacking; for I would add to the sentence the clause, *in reference to and through the relations of that individual*. In fewer words, the educational task is the perfection of the individual through his responsiveness to the external. It is the realization of the inner life in and through the perfection of its external relations. It is only as we confine ourselves to the subjective point of view that the educational method is elective, or the mere following of inward appetency. From the larger place of observation the process is one of response. What seems at first sight to be simply choice becomes, on closer inspection, the acceptance of a call. The very election itself is the consequence of an environment of solicitation and its power over the individual; and he is therefore less conscious of a selection of his own than he is of a response to an imperative external to himself. Even that which seems to come from himself is not ultimately so derived, but comes from another, and calls for his reverent consent. Here, close to the secret springs of religion, are, to my mind, the sources of true educational power. It is impossible, so long as the integral man is himself an organism,

and also stands in organic relation to all that is external to himself, for the true educational theory to be at variance with that of religion.

Let me now emphasize the truth, already briefly stated, that academical education of every grade has value very largely in the degree it has aroused this kind of educational activity, and so inspired and directed it that the educational process goes on through life, with increasing power and with growing skill in application. Just here is the critical point with the majority of students. It appears in the question of their educational future. Whether they enter a profession, engage in pursuits most favorable to the growth of mind and character, or are shut into those that are apparently unstimulating or narrowing, here is the crucial test: Have they been so trained in school that, whatever they may do afterwards, the educational process will be kept up through life? Will they acquire the habit of treating small things in a large way? Will they increase in the ability to do it? If they have been educated in the schools to do this, the whole world will easily become both their textbook and their teacher. Everything within one's own being and everything without will be facts calling for that interpretation of itself and its relations whose result is truth and personal perfection in character. This is education for man. It is education for woman. By as much as men and women differ from the pure individual common to them both, and by as much as those of one sex differ from those of the other, by just so much, in all instances of a complete education, will the inner response of men and women to the educational call give each something that the other needs, but cannot supply alone. We cannot afford to lose differentiation of education as between the sexes in our attainment of the common treasure.

To the distinctive nature within there

is also a distinctive nature without, at least in the way the call comes to the student. Just as the science of law and government engages the mind of one man, while the rocks and woods interest that of another, so it is with the mind of women. There must be subjects in which women will take deeper interest than men. The place of the family in the social order, and of women in the family, and their future as wives and mothers, will inevitably draw the attention of women to the family and the home as subjects of educational importance in proportion to their richness in educational material and value, and to their close connection with the life of women. That women are late in reaching these subjects in scientific study is nothing unusual, for we are all ever looking far away for that which is near us. The science of botany came late; so did geology; and sociology, one of the most important and far-reaching of sciences, the nearest to our daily life of them all, has been the last to arrest attention. But we are fast learning that almost, if not quite, the best way to begin our knowledge of a science is in the study of the material immediately about us, and that this also leads to a broad culture; for, as one has finely said, "it is through the vivid endeavor to comprehend the present that we are impelled towards the reconstruction and interpretation of the past." The great students, the great teachers, are learning to study simple, familiar things. A physiologist turns to the *amœba* and gets clues that work a revolution in his method of classification. The educator is going back to the contents of the minds of children for his richest suggestions. Sociology, too, is learning the same lesson. It begins to see the value of that method which goes first to the simpler forms of social life, and finds through study of the individual, the family, and the village as they actually are about us the best way of approach to the vastly

complex social order. That the earlier movements for the higher education of women should overlook the rich field that is nearest them is therefore not an unusual experience.

To recall the points I have tried to make clear so far in my discussion: First, we may expect that the principle of mental appetency which finds its expression in the selection of one class of studies rather than another will lead women, as it has led men, to an increasing differentiation in their intellectual pursuits, and that this change will be in the direction of their future occupations. Second, the external presentation of the facts of being and life to women will be in time powerful in that class of subjects which appeal to that which is special in their nature. Once having escaped from the traditional limitations which have deprived her of comradeship with educated men, the womanly nature will plead anew for its own rights. Third, the pedagogical need of projecting the enthusiasms and methods of the higher institutions of learning into the years that follow school life will naturally tend to accomplish this object by opening to women, while in academical study, their future educational resources in the every-day life of home and society. And fourth, the growing use in all sciences of the rich educational material of the life directly about us as the very best way, in many respects, to enter the several fields of knowledge will turn the study of women to the familiar things of home and social life. We get so much from the educational side. But let us look at the subject from another position.

Service is now recognized more clearly than ever as the true work of life. It is of the very genius of Christianity that we find our highest self in our relations to others through service. The world is calling for service in its deeply felt need, if not in its conscious appeals. It wants the service of women, and it is getting it.

It needs women of a high order of culture. The service of an untrained philanthropy, in which devotion and zeal are made to take the place of skillful intelligence, will not do anywhere, in these days. The motive of all beneficent service may spring from the same eternal source as formerly, but its material, form, direction, distribution, proportion, it is now seen, must grow wiser and more effective. The deepest cries for knowledge do not come from those whose immediate duties are in the schoolroom, but from those who are called into service in the social life, and have work thrust upon them for which they find themselves but partially prepared. Here is the place where a man or a woman of purely academical education is in peril of breaking completely from the past, and perhaps forever. This disaster will happen unless a way can be found to bring the work of the college to bear on the work and life of the present.

Let me select for illustration of my contention regarding this need from some things that have come under my more immediate observation. Take the home and its problems. There is now a fairly general recognition, among the intelligent, of the outlines of a great work that shall centre in and around this fundamental institution of society. Marriage, divorce, chastity, children, the domestic economy, the true constitution of the family and its various functions in the complex social order, the place of woman in reference to the family, and in the industrial, political, and educational activities of society, suggest urgent social problems. In their work for the prevention and cure of intemperance, poverty, and crime, women are coming face to face with subjects of the most profound difficulty, both as practical and scientific problems. The older methods of relief through direct assault, by brute moral force, so to speak, and by singling out isolated subjects for attack, regardless of the broad relations

they sustain, are distrusted. They savor of social quackery.

The religious problem of the country town, including pretty much all social matters, as it has come up in recent years, is another instance. We are now beginning to be aware of the utter inadequacy of continuing the old method of work under the new social conditions. That concentrated the religious work in one or more officials of the same type, who worked in their respective churches upon such persons as they could reach by their own individual effort. We mainly resisted the tide that drew away from the church by trying to put forth more strength through the old agencies. This has led to wastefulness. Possibly there is nowhere else in American social life so great a waste in men and money as is found in the present working of its system, if we may call it such, of religious activity. Steadily and increasingly, earnest people have been breaking away from their traditional ideas and methods, in the hope of finding something more practical. The names of Moody, Booth, and Toynbee stand for this idea of original methods in cities. The country town will soon have its leaders of genius and originality. Meanwhile experiments are being made. Beginnings in really scientific social surveys of sections of country have been made. Churches have been massed for coöperation and to secure variety in their work. Some of the best students in the oldest of our theological seminaries have banded together, to go not to a new territory or to a foreign land, but into the country towns of Maine; and devoted young women of simple faith have made themselves extremely useful in the rural towns of Vermont by their work in the homes of the people.

These are the signs of a need and a movement that may yet surprise us. For there are large sections of our rural communities, probably having a population exceeding the entire population of

our large cities, which are as needy of something like the spirit and aims of the university settlement as the cities themselves. The home, the neighborhood, and the village, in the country, are often in sore need of the suggestions and touch of persons who are skilled in sociology and the social sciences as well as inspired with religious fervor. What is called evangelistic work is in danger of being narrow, short-sighted, and ephemeral, unless it be led to vitalize the whole social life of these communities. So strongly am I impressed with this conviction that I often think that it would be a great religious gain if one fourth of all the ministers of three such States as Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont could be dismissed, and half as many devoted Christian women, highly educated and specially trained in social problems, could take their places. Not one of these women, unless occasionally under exceptional conditions, should be allowed to enter a pulpit, for the people do not need more sermons so much as they do other things; and much as they might need the former, women would have more imperative calls, for women of scientific education and practical training have a great work before them in giving a new touch to the social life of country towns. Many a woman of education, having the social spirit, and who has gone far enough in study to have the sociological sense and method fairly developed, can do more for a country town than any one of its educated men. She may or she may not have an official position. Such a woman, living it may be in her own home, and fulfilling her common duties of wife and mother, has a mission. She may become a leader in plans for the village and neighborhood, or even in university extension among women. A few years ago, a woman of this type, but without a college training, found time, amid the cares of her own domestic life, to give, in and around Boston, courses of six

lectures each, on the family, children, home, education, and kindred topics. Tickets were sold for the course. Everywhere crowded houses met her, and in more than one instance the lectures were repeated in the same place and with equal success. The most significant thing about it all was the frequent expression, as well as the general recognition, of the value of work applied at the very springs of our social life. This and similar kinds of work need to be done by hundreds of the graduates of our colleges for women. Women can reach women in ways and with a sympathy impossible to men.

Now let us ask for the preparation for this kind of work. Take up the first catalogue of a college for women that comes to hand, or look through several of them. A larger place is made for music and art, and perhaps literature, or possibly history, than in the colleges for young men. One college offers an elective in domestic economy; but this is confined to the material side of the home, and leaves the family itself outside its range. A little instruction is given that is special to women, but it is incidental to the general work in ethics and other subjects, and nowhere does it appear to be at all prominent. With these slight exceptions, so far as sex and the social future of women are concerned, the curriculum of one of their colleges is almost a complete duplication of the courses offered in the colleges for young men.

And to this the speech of some of the young women corresponds. I recall a conversation with a young woman of whom I was trying to learn what provision her college made for studies that applied specifically to her future life as a woman. After various unsatisfactory attempts to enlighten me, she concluded triumphantly with the answer, "We pursue precisely those studies which are offered in the colleges for young men." Many others, I suspect, would also have shown her surprise at the intimation

that this answer possibly might not be conclusive. I remember another who, in giving the popular opinion of the merits of three or four colleges, closed her description of their characteristics with the claim that her own college aimed above all others to make women. Delighted with her contention, I pushed my inquiries, examined its catalogue, and read a paper setting forth the peculiar merits of this college. But nothing appeared in the curriculum that might not be found in that of a college for young men. Like most others of its kind, this institution, according to the claim of its advocate, took great care to secure an atmosphere favorable to the development of womanly character. But its main dependence for this part of its work was upon its material and social environment. A graduate course in sociology has been introduced into one college, and an elective in domestic economy in another, within the last two years. That is all I find that is clearly distinctive in catalogues of the five colleges for women which I have before me as I write.

There is need, then, in our colleges for women or elsewhere, of a new class of studies touching sociology, and those specific subjects that are more intimately related to the life of women and their work in society. Either in their colleges or in some other well-equipped institutions studies of this kind should be greatly increased. And certainly, until these special institutions exist, should it be found necessary to create them as we already have created medical and normal schools for women, we must look to the colleges themselves to supply the need as best they may. For this is only to repeat the old practice of having the colleges supplement their general work with professional training until the separate schools of theology, law, and medicine could be founded. It must sooner or later be true that so far as highly educated women have special occupations in life, just so far will they demand spe-

cial training for their work. Either the college work for young women must be, like that for young men, only a preparation for the special school, or else its own curriculum must include the special studies. Those who say that we best educate liberally, as this word is used, by resort to special study must support this contention regarding the need of sociological education for women. Everything, then, seems to point to the early call for the development of such particular educational courses as young women may need, both as being women rather than mere individuals, and also with reference to their relation to the problems and employments of educated women who are to be social leaders and guides in the philanthropic work of society; and I would give special emphasis to the sciences that touch the home, and the social life more closely connected with it.

The excuse given for the present neglect of these subjects, that colleges for young men do not educate in special ways, does not seem to me to be fairly made. The reason for this is implied in what has already been said. The higher education of men, having centuries the start of that of women, has only within the last seventy-five years entered upon this very line of development in our country. The higher education of women began after that of men had accomplished this differentiation. At first it was compelled to demonstrate the capacity of women as a class for higher education. This could most easily be done in coeducation. When the separate institutions were founded, this consideration doubtless did much to shape the courses of study and give us our present system.

But has not the time arrived for an advance to the higher ground? This may be brought about by a change in the present courses, so that studies such as I will soon designate may take the place of an eighth or more of the work usually done in the four years; or we may provide for their pursuit else-

where, or use both methods.¹ The problem is to put the education young women are now getting into its true relation to their future and the future of the higher education. It needs to do more to equip the girl for what I may call the great profession of being a woman, in her social trinity of wife, mother, and member of society. But can that, as a rule, be a truly liberal education of woman, the leading of her into freedom in and through the fullest response to all the relations of her life, which ignores or minimizes this part of her culture? Is there not something worthy of serious attention in that shrinking from the collegiate education of their daughters which many parents of thoughtful minds now feel? Are those young men entirely in the wrong who are reluctant to have their sisters educated in precisely the same studies with themselves, or who, with all the advantages that husbands and wives of common intellectual attainments possess, are still hardly willing to marry the average college-bred woman?

To accomplish these ends there must of course be some surrender of studies, but not to a very great extent. A place for several of the subjects can be made in additional lectures in the present department of ethics and political economy. One course, running through a year or half-year, three or four hours a week, would accomplish much. This should include an elementary study of sociology and the social sciences; for I would distinguish between the two. Enough should be done in sociology to give the outlines of the structure, forms, and principles of human society in its present form and historical development. This should make a sociological survey of the social sciences, which depend upon sociology for their best interpretation, but are distinct from it. A few weeks of

this sort of work might properly precede the study of a dependent science, like economics or politics, in order to give the student a better perspective in these latter studies. The immediate loss of time to the other studies by a dozen or twenty hours' work on the social structure would be amply made up by the larger grasp and more rapid advance in the special sciences. Then, later in the curriculum, sociology could be again taken up and pursued further. At least one course on the family should be required. The family in its present and past constitution and relations; its relations to the individual, to man, to woman, and to children; its great functions in religion, industry, education, and the state, is of the greatest practical importance. We should include the house and homestead, going over the entire range of domestic science. Beyond these subjects lies the great field in which sociology and the social sciences lead into ethics, politics, law, literature, and history. Some of this is now covered, probably too briefly, in the present departments. But I think there would be a gain by taking some of the work into distinct courses, so that sociology and the family could be more distinctly seen and better understood.

Such study will open new occupations for woman, and prepare her to enter them. She will see the old familiar social order with new eyes. Her thought will be quickened, her heart warmed, and her purpose formed by it. She will become inventive, fertile in resources, and wise in plans. Her own immediate social environment will be as full of interest to her sociologically as the region now is because of her botanical knowledge. She will find a new interest in the old common round of domestic duties. The educational process, which hitherto has been stimulated almost wholly by pursuits far removed from daily cares,

very direction; but the advantages for women must be less than could be desired.

¹ The announcement, made since this paper was written, that Yale opens her post-graduate course to women is a sign of progress in this

will find powerful incentive in things she must do. Here, directly about her, lies the richest of educational material, from whose study she is sure to find her way, and that by the best possible method, into the vast field of history and human learning. Her powers of observation, of interpretation, and of forming scientific opinions will have vigorous exercise. Theory will be active, but will be constantly subjected to the verifications of actual experience. Such a training will do much to prevent that separation between daily duties and intellectual pursuits which is now common among women who justly crave intellectual pleasure, but whose present ways of getting it sometimes lead to mischievous discontent; for, as a friend puts it, it will enable women to learn how they may in part satisfy their intellectual hunger in their daily life. The emotions will find a broader play for the view that scientific knowledge has taken of their objects; and there will be, as I think President Eliot pointed out several years ago, that gain in the relations of husband and wife which comes from the fellowship of educated minds whose subjects of study have not been wholly the same.

It would seem, if these positions are well taken, that both educational and utilitarian ends demand these modifications in the higher education of women. Whether women are to share in the work of improving the social conditions in city, country town, Western frontier, or to go into the foreign missionary field, or to enter upon the duties of home and society, they will be greatly aided by a sociological training.

Let me close with another suggestion. It is an open question in my mind whether the required or permitted daily work in colleges for young women should not be reduced, in the ground covered, to four fifths or three fourths the amount of that required in colleges for men. This has been done, I believe, in one of our best colleges for women, so that only

twelve or thirteen hours in a week are required. There are two reasons for this reduction, — the physical and the educational. The restriction of the daily quantity is in the interest of better quality. Masterful handling is superior to the slavish grind of mere acquisition, and this power is generally gained by spending more time over fewer things. Here lies part of the secret of the superiority of the country-bred boys and girls over others. They have thought much on a few subjects. Too much ground is covered in the colleges for men. Many of their graduates know much, but have little ability to do a given thing in a way to command the respect of the truly educated. They have been widely informed, but are poorly educated. They never get inside of facts into their truths, nor beyond them, through their relations, into truth itself. We all know that to study a few things, not to accumulate masses of knowledge, but to develop power and acquire method, that greatest of intellectual instruments, is the best of education. But the influences in the other direction are very strong. The eagerness of women for knowledge, and a kind of conscientious persistence in work beyond their strength, increase their danger of substituting acquisition for power under perfect control. We all need ever to remember that mastery over self for high ends is the great educational aim.

I sometimes think there is already room in New England for another college for women, or for some other higher educational institution, in which these features which I have described should be leading characteristics. If it were a college, it might be well to have two courses, one of three or four years and another of five, in which the greatest care should be exercised to keep the material of study within safe limits, and where the education of the school and of life should have the closest relation to each other. Many parents, I am confident, are ready to welcome an institution of this sort.

Samuel W. Dike.

FOUR QUATRAINS.

November.

At winter's gate she seemeth to delay,
 A dream of summer past. Or do her eyes
 Grow tender that she hears, beyond gray skies,
 Sweet April singing on her earthward way?

*Charles Washington Coleman.**Pioneering Thought.*

KNOWING she yet shall meet the whole world's want,
 She knocks to-day, where she has knocked before;
 And waits with patience of a mendicant,
 Nor fears refusal from a great mind's door.

*Charlotte Fiske Bates.**"For the Rain it raineth every Day."*

AY, every day the rain doth fall,
 And every day doth rise:
 'T is thus the heavens incessant call,
 And thus the earth replies.

*John B. Tabb.**The Flower of Dreams.*

WHAT flower was that I plucked in sleep last night?
 Not this world's lily, violet, or rose.
 The Flower of Dreams greets not the upper light;
 In under-fields, with asphodel, it blows.

Edith M. Thomas.

SOME BRETON FOLK-SONGS.

A SIMPLE, kindly, honest people are the Breton folk. Not French at all, but very far from it, although they nowadays choose deputies to the legislative body in Paris, and their rugged granite country is districted into "departments" with French names only a century old, and is painted of the same color with France on the map of Europe. So far are they from being French that for almost a thousand years they were resisting French invasions, as their cousins, the

Highland Gaels and Cambrian Welsh, in their stronger mountain refuges, were repelling Saxon and English invasions. With such success did they resist that, of all the provinces which went to make up the French monarchy, Brittany was the last to become incorporated in it, as contiguous Normandy was the first.

Not French in race, they are not even cognate with the French, except by a remote and roundabout relation of the half-blood; for while the very name of French, or Frank, is German, no German strain can be traced in Breton blood, except as in these later centuries it has oozed over from Frankish and Norman regions to the east. The true Breton is a true Celt; and although Kelt and Gaul are one in ultimate origin, the Breton folk are not a remnant of the Gauls whom Cæsar subdued, and whom, after him, German and Scandinavian hordes — Franks or Freemen, Normans or Northmen — overran and settled down upon and mingled with, as conquering races with conquered. Under this process of confusion, the Gauls of Cæsar's Gaul ceased long ago to exist. The French who are in their place are certainly not more than half Gaulish, or Gallic, and for the rest German and Romanic; and even their language contains, in its German and Latin mass, but slight traces of the aboriginal speech of two thousand years ago.

This name of "Gaul" and "Celt" remains, indeed, to this day, in infinite variety of form, over much of Europe, and even in western Asia. The "foolish Galatians" of Paul's epistle are cousins, so far away as Asia Minor, of the western Gauls, and are charged by him with a certain light-mindedness which is not seldom imputed even now to men of that race. Galicia in Poland and Galicia in Spain, separated though they are by the breadth of Europe, owe their common name to identity of origin. The Gael of the Scottish Highlands, the Irish Celt, the mountaineer of Wales (which

in its French form is "Galles"), declare their kindred by their names.

Kindred indeed, but by collateral and not direct descent, is the Celt of Brittany to the Gaul of Cæsar's time. Gauls enough there were in the Armorican peninsula, in those days; but it was not until the Celtic population of the Britain north of the Channel began to flee before the Saxon invasion of the fifth century that a great movement in mass from the island to the peninsula of the mainland gave it a new population, and the new name which that population brought with it. From that time the island from which they came was rather England — the land of the Angles — than even the *Great* Britain which it became necessary to call it, by way of distinction from the new Brittany of the opposite shore.

Thus established in the peninsula, the ancient Celtic type has endured with a rare and strong persistency. It can be plainly discerned in face and form, and even in moral qualities; while in language, though the type is steadily passing away, it seems likely to be here the last survivor of all Celtic tongues. In Ireland, the Erse is rapidly disappearing, even in the remotest districts; and although in the Scottish Highlands the Gaelic, and in the mountains of Cambria the Welsh, are still spoken languages, yet in Cornwall, which is closest of all to Brittany in situation, in kin, and in speech, it is now a hundred years since the last man died to whom the language was native with which he could have communicated, if need were, with his neighbors on the south side of the Channel.

These two peninsulas, indeed, the Cornish and the Breton, have more in common than identity of speech and race. Both are thrust forward against the Atlantic storms, hard, granite, rocky, unfertile, swept by tempests, drenched with fogs, yet each resting at its base upon a country behind it of prodigious fertility and of soft and gentle beauty. Upon the map of each the common language

has set its mark in hundreds of common name-forms. If, as the inquisitive inn-keeper in Kenilworth quoted to Tressilian,

"By Pol, Tre, and Pen
You may know the Cornish men,"

so in France the same prefixes belong as surely to Breton names. The Cornish town of Saint Ives owes its name to a Breton saint, patron of lawyers. The Mont-Saint-Michel, which rears its rocky pyramid out of the southern margin of the Channel, just at the edge of Brittany, has its counterpart in the smaller Saint Michael's Mount, near the opposite Cornish shore; and even the name itself of Cornwall belongs in an almost identical form to a district (Cornouaille) of the French peninsula.

Yet, whatever may be the qualities of likeness between the various regions, remote and barren, which served as the final refuges of the Celtic race, in no other of them is there to-day the historic and human interest which belongs to Lower Brittany. It is in Basse Bretagne, or "la Bretagne bretonnante" (for by nothing less than an invented word could their French neighbors express the intensity of the national feeling which they found there), that, furthest from the stress of modern life, persistence in the life of the Middle Ages has been most stubborn and most successful. There antique faith seems still to maintain her strongest hold. In that wild land, covered with the unstoried monuments of a religion without written record, the pagan faith, which within three centuries was still extant there, seems even now to live in the absolute devotion of the peasant to that form of Christianity which superseded it, or even adopted and assimilated it. The traveler may see across a stretch of untilled moor the druidic menhir still pointing its solitary finger to heaven, but it is dominated by the cross. The massive unhewn stones of the dolmen, "an altar of whole stones, over which no man hath lift up any

iron" (Joshua viii. 31), if the Armorican deities have abandoned them, are still the nightly haunt of the fairies, who are to the Breton mind as true and as potent *daimons* as those whom they have supplanted. The noble churches and cathedrals, constructed with infinite toil from the hard granite of the country, remain untouched by the destroying hand of revolutionary atheism, and overflow with worshipping thousands on the Sundays and saints' days. Submissive at last to the French domination, which they resisted long after it had established itself all over France, the Bretons repel the name of Frenchmen for themselves; and the foot-traveler asking his way in French will often be answered that the native whom he accosts does not understand that language. Subject at last to the French monarch, they became in time "more royalist than the king," as they have always been (almost) more Catholic than the Pope. But it was not merely loyalty, or religion, or race, or all together, which inspired their furious resistance to the Revolution. There was the further reason that, content with their own institutions, upon which, as upon the clan system of the Scottish Highlands, feudalism had never impressed the cruelties under which most of western Europe was groaning, they alone in what is now France, as has been said by M. Thiers, "had nothing to gain by the Revolution."

It was from the very time, it seems, of the great British migration across the Channel, a movement which must have abounded in perils and exploits, at once demanding commemoration and stimulating to the imagination, that Breton history and Breton literature began. The history, indeed, was oral tradition; the literature was legend and folk-song. Nor were the bards of pagan times divested of their functions by the intrusion, when that occurred, of the priests of a new religion. The bards were still, for Breton common folk, their holy men, their soothsayers, even their sor-

cerers; and when the last of them had yielded to the hostility of an alien hierarchy, the wandering minstrels continued their service to a period within living memory.

This literature, in great part preserved hitherto only by delivery from parent to child, by the recital of the minstrel, and by the village chorus, must soon have disappeared with the extinction of the Breton tongue, — an extinction approaching with a speed accelerated by the new compulsory education in French. It is a Breton nobleman *de vieille souche*, the Viscount de la Villemarqué, who has rendered the great service to his native land and to the world of letters and learning of fixing for all time some part of this evanescent treasure. With affectionate and enthusiastic faithfulness, he has brought together a collection of the popular songs of his native province, not one of which, it seems, had ever, before the appearance of his book a few years ago, been committed to printed paper. His mother, to whom he dedicates his work with filial reverence, had begun before him to take down in her household receipt book, from the lips of those who recited or sang them, many of the songs which the son has now preserved. Not one, it is said, of the persons from whom they were received had ever read them, or would have been able to read if he had seen them. Yet the sciences of archæology and philology concur in the judgment that in the earliest of these compositions the thoughts, and the words even, of the sixth century have been preserved by oral tradition to the nineteenth. No wonder, then, if it has been thought that nowhere is the power of poetry greater than in Brittany. They have a proverb that "poetry is stronger than the three strongest things, — pestilence, fire, and storm." Their language, indeed, is poor. It is the narrow instrument of a simple people, aloof from modern civilization, having simple wants and simple ideas. Yet the lan-

guage, very poor though it be, is the vehicle of an elevated poetry; and there may, perhaps, be reason for the suggestion that the language has not always been so bare, and that its rags sometimes show the glimmer of a splendor which is past. This, at all events, is true: that if the Breton idiom in which these songs appear is rustic, it is never coarse, and that one who hears or reads must feel that they have come to him through the lips of mothers. The enlightened modern French criticism, therefore, has been right in admitting, as a worthy subject of its study and its pride, not merely the provincial legends and folk-songs of the narrower France, in their broad and rich variety, but those of this conquered and alien subject. "As she has received with pride," says M. de la Villemarqué, "the lyric palms of the Provençal troubadour and the epic laurels of the French trouvère, she accepts graciously the branch of flowering birch, coronal of the old bards, which the Breton Muse, long fugitive and proscribed, comes in her turn to offer."

It is under the Breton title *Barzaz Breiz*, and its French equivalent *Chants Populaires de la Bretagne*, that the folk-songs thus collected are preserved in their Breton form, with parallel literal translations into French. Rude though their rhythm may seem, they are not without prosodic system. That system is founded on metre and rhyme. The lines are arranged so as to form, usually, distichs or quatrains, generally of equal measure. They are of three, five, six, seven, eight, nine, twelve, and even in some cases thirteen and fifteen syllables. Every hemistich, every line, every strophe, should have a complete signification, which should never lap over upon the following one. The rhymes never cross one another, as in written poetry. In general they satisfy the ear; sometimes they present nothing more than a simple assonance; and it has been observed that the remoter the epoch

to which the subject of the song belongs, the richer are the rhymes. Besides the rhyme, alliteration is employed; that is, the accord of consonants in the same line. Besides distichs and quatrains, there are tercets; but these are regarded as artificial forms, essentially opposed to the genius of true popular poetry, and received by Breton prosody from the ancient bards.

Of this variety of rhythm, out of the whole range of popular poetry through war, crime, passion, mythology, religion, and the gentler affections, over a period from the British migration to the Chouan war of the last century, M. de la Villemarqué has brought together almost a hundred examples. His translations into French are, fortunately, literal, and not metrical; and it is simply a retranslation from the French which is essayed in the selections that follow. That those who choose may test the accuracy of this double process, the entire first strophe of *The Prophecy of Gwenc'hlan* is given in its original Cornouaille dialect.

From pagan times, this savage song, like an Apache war-song, has come to us with all its pagan fury, breathing the spirit, and conveying almost the very words, of the fifth century. A foreign prince had seized the bard, put out his eyes, and cast him into a dungeon, where he was left to die. But the invader himself, not long afterward, fell in battle under the blows of the Bretons, a victim of the prophetic imprecation of the poet. This is the Breton song, and its meaning follows.

DIUGAN GWENC'HLAN.

Pa guz ann heol, pa goenv ar mor,
Me oar kana war dreuz ma dor.

Pa oann iaouank me a gane;
Pa'z onn deut koz, me gan ive.

Me gan enn noz, me gan enn de
Ha me keuziet koulskoude.

Mard-eo gan-in stouet ma bek,
Mar'm euz keuz, ne ket heb abek.

Evid aoun me n'am euz ket,
Meuz ked aoun da vout lazet;

Evid aoun me n'am euz ket,
Amzer awalc'h ez onn-me bet.

Pa vinn het klasket vinn kavet;
Ha pa'z onn klasket ne'z onn ket.

Na vern petra a c' hoarvezo:
Pez a zo dleet a vezo.

Red eo d'ann holl mervel teir gwes,
Kent evid arzaou enn-divez.

I.

At sunset, when the sea is swelling, I sing at my threshold.

When I was young, I sang; now I am old, I sing still.

I sing at night, I sing in the daytime, and yet I am sad.

If my head is downcast, if I am sad, it is not without cause.

It is not that I am afraid; I am not afraid of being killed.

It is not that I am afraid; long enough have I lived.

When they do not seek me, they will find me; and when they seek me, they find me not.

Little matters it what shall happen; that which is to be will be.

All men must die three times before resting at last.

[This triple death is that of the limited metempsychosis of the bardic religion.]

II.

I see the wild boar coming out of the wood.

He limps sorely; his foot is wounded;

His jaws yawn, full of blood; his hair is whitened by age.

Around him are his young boars, growling with hunger.

I see the sea-horse come to meet him, making the shore tremble with terror.

He is white as the glittering sun; on his forehead he wears silver horns.

The water boils under him, at the fire of the thunder of his nostrils.

Sea-horses surround him, crowded as the grass on the margin of a pond.

Hold hard! Hold hard, sea-horse! Strike him in the head! Strike hard! Strike!

Their bare feet slip in the blood! Harder yet! Strike now! Harder yet!

I see the blood like a rivulet! Strike now! Strike hard! Harder yet!

I see the blood mount to his knee! I see the
blood like a pool!
Harder yet! Strike now! Harder yet! Thou
shalt rest to-morrow!
Strike hard! Strike hard, sea-horse! Strike
him on the head! Strike hard! Strike!

III.

As I was sleeping softly in my cold tomb, I
heard the eagle call in the midst of the
night.
He was calling his eaglets and all the birds
of heaven.
And he said, as he called them, "Rise swift
on your two wings!
It is not the putrid flesh of dogs or of sheep;
it is Christian flesh that we want!
Old sea-crow, listen! Tell me, what hast
thou there?"
"I hold the head of the chief of the army. I
mean to have his two red eyes.
I pluck out his two eyes because he has
plucked out thine."
"And thou, fox, tell me what hast thou
there?"
"I hold his heart, which was false as mine, —
His who didst desire thy death, and hath
made thee die long since."
"And thou, tell me, toad, what dost thou
there at the corner of his mouth?"
"I? I put myself here to wait for his soul
as it passes.
It shall remain in me as long as I live, in
punishment for the crime which he has
committed
Against the Bard who no longer dwells be-
tween Roe'h-allaz and Porz-gwenn."

Of what age is the strongly contrasted
ballad which follows does not so clearly
appear. The useful trade which it sati-
rizes seems to have been especially the
object of ridicule in Celtic countries,
although in all warlike nations men's
agitated and wandering lives accorded
ill with the quiet household existence of
the tailors. In Lower Brittany, as well
as elsewhere, they have still the proverb
that "it takes nine tailors to make one
man;" and there, as not elsewhere,
one who speaks the word lifts his hat
and adds, "Saving your presence." The
Très-Ancienne Coutume of the province
classes them with "rascal trades, like flay-
ers of horses and of vile animals, vaga-
bonds, hangmen, tavern-waiters, wine-
peddlers, fishmongers, those who meddle

in the selling of bad wares, and minstrels
or *venders of wind*."

THE DWARFS.

Long Paskou, the tailor, tried to play the
thief Friday.

He could no longer make breeches, for all
the men have gone to the war against
the French and their king.

He went into the dwarfs' cave with his
shovel, and set a-digging to find the
hidden treasure.

He found the good treasure, and hurried
home with all haste and went to bed.

Shut the door! Shut it tight! Here are the
little night fairies!

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday!"

[This is the favorite fairy song. The
singers dance about their fountains, as
they recite it, but never venture to add
the "Saturday," for that is the Virgin's
day, nor to begin with "Sunday," for it
is the Lord's day. It is said that a trav-
eler who listened, unobserved, to their
singing, finding the refrain monotonous,
and adding himself the words "Satur-
day, Sunday," brought on such an explo-
sion of disorder and threats that the poor
man almost died of terror; but the as-
surance is given that if he had imme-
diately added, "and now the week is
ended," the long penitence to which the
dwarfs are condemned would have ended
with the song.]

Shut the door, my friends! See, see, the
dwarfs are coming!

There they are, coming into the yard! There
they are, dancing themselves out of
breath!

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday!"

There they are, crawling on your roof!
There they are, making a hole through
it!

You are taken, my poor friend! Throw
out the treasure quick!

Poor Paskou, you are dead! Sprinkle your-
self with holy water!

Throw the bedclothes over your head! Do
not stir!

Oh, dear! I hear them laugh! He would
be crafty who should escape now!

Lord God! There is one! His head is sticking through the hole!
 His eyes shine like coals! He is slipping down the post!
 Lord God! One, two, three! See them dance over the floor!
 They jump and rage! Holy Virgin! I am strangled!
 "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday!"
 Two, three, four, five, six! "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday!"
 Tailor, dear little tailor, one would say you were snoring!
 Tailor, dear little tailor, just show the tip of your nose!
 Come try a turn of the dance! We will teach you the step!
 Tailor, dear little tailor! Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday!
 Tailor, you are a scamp! Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday!
 Just come and rob us again! Come, rascally little tailor!
 We will teach you a dance that will make your back crack!
 Dwarfs' money is no good."

The Submersion of Is preserves a legend of the earliest centuries of the Christian era. The town of Is seems to be quite unknown to history, but according to the legend it was the capital of King Gradlon, protected against the invasion of the sea by an immense basin made to receive the highest tides. This basin had a secure gate, of which the king alone kept the key, and which he opened and closed as might be needed. One night, as he slept, the Princess Dahut, his daughter, wishing to crown worthily the follies of a banquet given to her lover, stole from her father the fatal key, opened the gate, and submerged the city.

I.

Hast thou heard, hast thou heard what the Man of God said to King Gradlon at Is?
 "Surrender not thyself to Love. Surrender not thyself to Folly. After pleasure comes grief.
 He who bites into the flesh of fish shall be bitten by fish. He who swallows shall be swallowed.
 He who drinks and mixes wine shall drink water like a fish; and he who knows not shall learn."

II.

King Gradlon spoke: "Merry fellow-feasters, I would go sleep a little."
 "To-morrow morning shalt thou sleep; stay with us this evening. Nevertheless, let it be as thou wilt."
 Upon this the lover poured softly, all softly, these words into the ear of the king's daughter:
 "Sweet Dahut, the key!" "The key shall be taken. The basin shall be opened. Let it be done according to thy desire!"

III.

Now, whoever had seen the old king asleep would have been seized with admiration, —
 With admiration seeing him in his purple cloak, his snow-white hair flowing over his shoulders, and his gold chain about his neck.
 Whoso had been watching would have seen the white young girl enter the chamber softly, barefoot.
 She approached the king, her father; she knelt down and took away chain and key.

IV.

Still he sleeps. The king sleeps. But a cry arises in the plain: "The water is let out; the town is flooded!
 Arouse, my lord king! To horse! Flee away! The overflowing sea is breaking its banks!"
 Cursed be the white young girl who opened, after the banquet, the gate of the basin of the town of Is, that barrier from the sea!

V.

"Forester, forester, tell me, — the wild horse of Gradlon, hast thou seen it pass in this valley?"
 "I have not seen the horse of Gradlon pass by here. I have only heard, in the black night, *trip trep, trip trep, trip trep*, swift as fire."
 "Hast thou seen, fisherman, the daughter of the sea combing her hair, yellow as gold, in the noonday sun, at the water's edge?"
 "I have seen the white daughter of the sea. I have even heard her sing. Her songs were sad as the waves."

It is a different motive which inspires The Wine of the Gauls and the Dance of the Sword. This, it is thought from internal proofs, comes quite from the sixth century, if not, in part at least, from a still earlier date. At that time,

as down to quite recent times in the Scottish borderlands, the Bretons used often to make raids upon the territory of their neighbors subject to the domination of the Franks, to whom, ignoring the ethnic facts which are better known now, they misapplied the name of Gauls. The cattle, which were the object of the Highland incursions, were only a part, and perhaps a minor part, of the booty sought by their Breton cousins. There was no wine in Brittany unless it came from abroad, and there was no commerce to bring it. So in the autumn, says Gregory of Tours (A. D. 540-594), they set out with wagons, and provided with implements both of war and of husbandry, for their armed vintage. If the grapes were still on the vines, they gathered them; if the wine was made, they carried it with them; if they were too hard pressed or surprised by the Franks, they drank it on the spot, and then, leading captive the vintagers, joyously regained their forests and marshes.

Of the piece which follows, the first part is believed to have been composed upon the return from such an expedition. It is still sung, glass in hand, by tavern-roisterers in the parish of Coray; "more for the air," it is said, "than for the words, of which, thank God, they have ceased to comprehend the original spirit." The second part, however, is thought to have only an accidental connection with the first, and to be a battle-song in honor of the sun, — a fragment of the Round of the Sword of the ancient Bretons, executed by the young men leaping in a measured circular movement, throwing their swords in the air and receiving them again in the hand. The earlier piece is regularly alliterated from beginning to end; and how well the refrain must have recalled to the ear the clash of arms may be better appreciated from the original, which is: —

Tan! tan! dir! oh! dir! tan! tan! dir ha tan!
Tann! tann! tir! ha tonn! tonn! tir ha tir
ha tann!

I.

Better white wine of grape than of mulberry!
Better white wine of grape!
O fire! O fire! O steel! O steel! O fire!
O steel and fire! O oak! O oak! O
earth! O waves! O waves! O earth!
O earth and oak!

[Each strophe is followed by the same refrain.]

Red blood and white wine! A river of red
blood and white wine!
Better new wine than beer! Better new wine!
Better sparkling wine than hydromel! Bet-
ter sparkling wine!
Better wine of the Gauls than of apples! Bet-
ter wine of the Gauls!
Gaul, stalks and leaves to thee, thou dung-
hill! Gaul, stalks and leaves to thee!
White wine to thee, Breton of heart! White
wine to thee, Breton!
Wine and blood flow mingled! Wine and
blood flow!
White wine and red blood and fat blood!
White wine and red blood!
'T is the blood of the Gauls that flows! The
blood of the Gauls!
I have drunk blood and wine in the rough com-
bat! I have drunk blood and wine!
Wine and blood nourish him who drinks them!
Wine and blood nourish!

II.

Blood and wine and dance, to thee, O Sun!
Blood and wine and dance!
And dance and song, song and battle! And
dance and song!
Dance of the sword, in a circle! Dance of the
sword!
Song of the blue sword which loves murder!
Song of the blue sword!
Battle where the savage sword is king! Bat-
tle of the savage sword!
O sword! O great king of the battlefield!
O sword! O great king!
Let the rainbow shine on thy forehead! Let
the rainbow shine!

If the savage passions which inspired The Wine of the Gauls have been outlived by the words, now only dimly appreciated, of that lyric, not so with the nobler sentiment which has kept The March of Arthur for twelve hundred years alive in Breton hearts and on Breton lips. — From the sixth century, whenever war approached, there was sent as its forerunner the army of Arthur, defil-

ing at dawn on the summit of the Black Mountains; and at the close of the eighteenth this song was heard again from the rustic levies of Cadoudal and La Rochejaquelein, armed in defense of altar and fireside against the Revolution.

THE MARCH OF ARTHUR.

Come! come! come to the combat! Come, kindred! Come, brother! Come, son! Come, father! Come! Come! Come all! Nay, come, men of heart!

The warrior's son said to his father one morning: "Horsemen upon the mountain-top!

Horsemen passing, mounted on gray coursers snorting with cold!

Ranks closed by sixes; ranks closed by threes; a thousand lances glittering in the sun!

Ranks closed by twos, following flags that flutter in the Wind of Death!

Nine lengths of a sling shot from head to rear!

'Tis the army of Arthur, — I know it; Arthur is marching before it on the mountain-top!"

"If it is Arthur, quick! to our bows and our live arrows! and forward in his train! and let the javelin be brandished!"

He had not done speaking, when the war-cry resounded from end to end of the mountains:

"Heart for eye! Head for arm! Death for wound! In the valley as on the mountain! and father for mother, and mother for daughter!

Stallion for mare, and mule for ass! War-chief for soldier, and man for child! Blood for tears, and fire for sweat!

And three for one! 'Tis that we must have, in the valley as on the mountain, day and night, if it can be, until the valleys roll with floods of blood!

If we fall pierced in the fight, we shall baptize ourselves with our own blood, and die with joyous heart.

If we die as Christians ought, as Bretons ought, we can never die too soon!"

Here is another war-song, which seems to have come, not, like the last, from the sixth century, but from the tenth, and was first taken down in writing, as was also *The March of Arthur*, from the lips of an old peasant who had been a soldier of George Cadoudal in the war of "the Blues" against "the Whites."

It celebrates the patriotic exploits of a national hero, to whose Celtic name Alan, as Scottish as it is Breton, history has added the surname of "the Twisted Beard," and tradition that of "the Bearded" or "the Fox."

ALAN THE FOX.

The bearded Fox yelps, yelps, yelps in the wood. Ill luck to the foreign rabbits! His eyes are two cutting blades!

Sharp are his teeth and swift his feet, and his claws red with blood. Alan the Fox yelps, yelps, yelps; war! war!

I have seen the Bretons sharpen their terrible arms, not on the stone of Brittany, but on the cuirass of the Gauls.

I have seen the Bretons reap on the battlefield, not with notched sickles, but with swords of steel;

Not the grain of the country, not our rye, but the beardless ears of the Saxons' country and the beardless ears of the Gauls' country.

I have seen the Bretons beat the wheat on the trodden threshing-floor; I have seen the husks torn from the beardless ears.

Nor is it with wooden flails that the Bretons beat, but with iron boar-spears and with horses' hoofs.

I have heard a shout of joy, the shout of joy which is raised when the hunt is finished, resound from Mont-Saint-Michel even to the valleys of Elorn,

From the abbey of Saint-Gildas to the cape where the world ends.¹ To the four corners of Brittany let the Fox be glorified!

Let him be a thousand times glorified, the Fox, from age to age! Let the memory of this song be kept; but pity him who hath sung it.

He who first sang this song never sang afterwards. Alas, unhappy bard! the Gauls cut out his tongue.

But if he has no longer a tongue, he has still a heart, — a heart, and a hand to let fly the arrow of melody.

But though the savage fierceness of the Celtic pagan lives even now, after many centuries of Christian domination, in such songs as these, and bursts forth into fire in such explosions as the exterminating Vendean war, the patient and enduring gentleness of the Breton peasantry has other ways of thinking

¹ Finistère.

and feeling, and other means of expression. The *korrigan* (little fairies) still frequent, it is true, those rare localities — oftenest a spring in the neighborhood of a dolmen — from which the holy Virgin, who is deemed their greatest enemy, has not yet driven them away; but the Virgin Mother is herself the object of their most reverent devotion. A song of great simplicity and tenderness, seeming to be of comparatively recent composition, sets forth the toils and hardships of the life of him who tills the soil: “a hard and painful life, without rest day or night; wretched our lot, evil our star, our state right painful; yet let us bear all in patience, that we may merit Paradise!”

Nowhere, perhaps, are poverty and misfortune less a reproach and a humiliation than in the Brittany even of this day. The poor there are God's poor. The poor man does not shrink from labor when he is young, so that he is not despised for begging when he is old and unable to work longer. No one forgets that his rags are one day to be exchanged for glorious vestments; and he is welcomed to the fare and fireside of those whose fortune is better than his. Poor though the peasantry be, they are not a proletariat dangerous to social order, for they are patient and religious. Though elsewhere the peasant, unsustained by

faith, may curse the earth on which he works and the landowner whom he must pay, the tiller of the Breton soil interrupts his labor with a prayer as he hears the Angelus ring. If his cottage is consumed by fire, he does not weep, or burst into screams or curses; he bows his head and says sadly, “God's will be done.” Such resignation, it has been said, goes with him to the bed of death, and he leaves without regret a miserable life which he has patiently endured in the confident hope of a better.

The day after a marriage is “the day of the poor.” They come by hundreds, in their cleanest rags, and are given what is left from the feast of the day before. The bride herself, her skirts trussed back, serves the women, and her husband the men. After this is done, the husband gives his arm to the most decent woman, and the bride offers hers to the most respected man of the assemblage, and they lead the rest in a dance. On such an occasion there has been heard from one of the mendicant throng this delicate appeal to charity.

THE SONG OF THE POOR.

Saint Peter said to Jesus, “Shall you go into Lower Brittany, my God?”

“Peter, I shall not go into Lower Brittany; men are sound and strong there, Peter, and only the water is inconstant.”¹

¹ A competent idea of the obscurities of the Breton original, not always clarified by the French translation, may be had from this passage, which even in the French seemed meaningless, and from the elucidation given me by Professor William I. Knapp, of Yale University. The Breton is: —

“Per, da Vreiz izel me ne dann :
Tud divac'han, Per, ha dour skan.”

Which is translated by the author: “Pierre, je n'irai point en basse Bretagne; les hommes n'y sont pas estropiés, Pierre, et l'eau y est légère.”

Mr. Knapp writes: “Taking the Armorican text as you present it, it does not find a very clear expression in Villemarqué's version, and I could not have suggested an interpretation had you not sent the Celtic original also, al-

though that original is in a quaint form of the Leonese dialect of Llydaweg or Breton. Like all old Celtic literature, this has its suspensions and ellipses. ‘Tud divac'han, Per, ha dour skan.’ ‘Ce monde-là est d'une santé parfaite, Pierre, et ce n'est que l'eau qui y est inconstante. (C'est à dire, ils n'ont point besoin de médecin, eux; l'eau chez eux est sujette à des changements comme les vagues de la mer qui environne leur péninsule; mais quant à ces Bretons, ils sont forts et inébranlables comme leurs rochers — leur falaises.)’ *Tud* is the plural of *den* = man; Welsh *dyn*; and so literally: —

Tud *divac'han* *Per* *ha dour*
man there (is) not halt (= sound), Peter, and water
skan (ellipsis)
unstable (sc. not they).

That is, the sea about them is tossed, but they are firm. . . . I think you will agree with me

Saint John said to the Virgin, "Shall you go into Lower Brittany, dear Lady?"
 "To Lower Brittany I shall go to-morrow; a great friend has invited me."
 The morrow, in the parish of Plouigneau, were heard songs and cries of joy;
 The bagpiper was heard playing at the house of a worthy householder;
 At the house of a rich householder, who was good to the wretched,
 And whose wealth went on growing as fast as he gave alms.
 Now he had an only son, a brave youth of eighteen, and he was giving a banquet in his honor;
 A splendid wedding-banquet, to which he had invited all his relatives, and the poor also, who are friends of the saints.
 As they sat at table, late at night, behold there came a poor woman, long after the rest,
 Her clothes in rags, barefoot, and a little child hanging at her bosom.
 "Though you have come very late, poor dear woman, be welcome;"
 And he took her by the hand, and led her near the fire, —
 Near the fire, to comfort herself as well as her little child.
 And the child smiled on the people of the house; but she herself would not eat.
 "Eat and drink at your ease; it is with pleasure that we serve you."
 "I am neither hungry nor thirsty, but I feel great friendship for you, —
 A tender friendship for you who have invited me of your good heart.
 You have tenderly invited me to come to the marriage of your son.
 My heart feels no joy to see all your company;
 It feels no joy, my Son Jesus, to see people so charitable!
 Not one has recognized us but him who has given us alms.
 A thousand times blessed be this house! Farewell, till we meet again in Paradise!"

This song was made in heaven, in the palace of the Trinity,
 Under a bush loaded with roses which fill Paradise with balm.

But though the Virgin and her Child have come into Lower Brittany, the fairies have not utterly fled; and though the king of France established his do-
 if I give it thus: "Men sound, Peter, water unstable."

minion there hundreds of years ago, yet even now "King Arthur is not dead"! This ancient refrain, these songs with their simple and plaintive melodies, common to dissevered fragments of the Celtic race, still give expression to a sentiment of consanguinity which seems but to grow stronger as absorption into other dominant peoples approaches. Even in the second half of the eighteenth century, the power of such a song and melody, if the story is as authentic as it seems,¹ received an extraordinary illustration. In September, 1758, an English force effected a descent upon the Breton coast, at Saint-Cast. A company of Lower Bretons, from the neighborhood of Tréguier and Saint-Pol-de-Léon, was marching against a detachment of Welsh mountaineers, which was coming briskly forward singing a national air, when all at once the Bretons of the French army stopped short in amazement. The air their enemies were singing was one which every day may be heard sounding over the heaths of Brittany. "Electrified," says the historian, grandson himself of an eye-witness, "by accents which spoke to their hearts, they gave way to a sudden enthusiasm, and joined in the same patriotic refrain. The Welsh, in their turn, stood motionless in their ranks. On both sides officers gave the command to fire; but it was in the same language, and their soldiers stood as if petrified. This hesitation continued, however, but a moment: a common emotion was too strong for discipline; the weapons fell from their hands, and the descendants of the ancient Celts renewed upon the battlefield the fraternal ties which had formerly united their fathers."

So, of late, says the noble author of *Barzaz Breiz*, "at a family festival given to the Bretons of Armorica by their brethren of Wales, when I saw floating above my head the ancient standards of our common ancestors; when I found

¹ *Combat de Saint-Cast, par M. de Saint-Pern Couelan, 1836.*

again customs like ours, hearts answering to our own; as I gave ear to voices which seemed to issue from the tomb, awakened as by miracle at the accents of Celtic harps; as I heard a language spoken which I understood, in spite of more than a thousand years of separa-

tion, I repeated with enthusiasm the traditional refrain. To-day, when I turn to look upon this poetic land of Brittany, which remains the same when all around it is changing, may I not repeat with the Bretons of old, *No! King Arthur is not dead!*"

Theodore Bacon.

THE TWO PROGRAMMES OF 1892.

EVERY choice of a President by the American people depends upon their opinion or their feeling about four matters. First is the practical behavior of the party in power, with the results which it has brought, or is supposed to have brought, to public and private interests; next is the practical behavior of the rival party when it was last in power, with a like reference to its effects upon public and private interests; thirdly, the personal merit of each of the candidates for the presidency; and last, the preponderance of merit of the rival promises which the two parties have formally made to the country. The collection of promises of each party, called by a telling and useful American metaphor the "platform," upon which its candidate stands, ought to be a programme of performance on which the country may surely count. If platforms were really such programmes, they would, in weight of influence, be the first, rather than, as in recent American history they have probably been, the last and least consideration with citizens at election time. No doubt other things affect most individual voters, such as the like or dislike of one party or the other for traditional or family or interested reasons, or local prejudices at the voter's home, or a preference of one party because of its general or historic trend or policy. But these are relatively permanent motives rather than motives belonging particularly to

one election; or they are motives determined by the "personal equation" of the voter rather than by special and current party policy. The operation of these motives is nearly the same through a series of presidential campaigns. Taking the whole of the country together, they help or hurt the two great parties with substantial equality; and in dealing with the politics of 1892, great as are those forces, we may, because of their equilibrium, ignore them, and confine our attention to the four classes of lesser considerations which we have mentioned. We shall do this, not indeed with absolute safety, but with as much safety as we may, in forecasting the November result, ignore the Prohibition and People's parties. If those small bodies of voters shall, by drawing more largely from one of the great parties, throw victory to the other, it will be because no great popular preponderance belongs to either the Democratic or the Republican party over the other; or, to express it otherwise, because, so far as concerns any lasting determination of the political policy of the country, the election is to be indecisive.

The American people ought to consider whether, hereafter, they shall not, both before and after the presidential election, deal more rigorously with party platforms. Shall we not make our politics more responsible, shall we not make dangerous to the politicians some of the demagoguery and insincerity which are

practiced in both parties, if we treat their platforms with serious and persistent criticism? Will not such a treatment elevate and sober the discussions during national conventions, — not only, or indeed so much, the formal open speeches made for the public, but the multifarious and strenuous discussions carried on, and often decisively closed, during the few days before the convention is organized, in heated and far-off upstairs rooms at the hotels of Chicago or Minneapolis? Will not each convention be a more useful body, if it be made to realize that its promises are to be conspicuously remembered during the canvass, and that the party, if successful, is doomed to defeat the next time, unless it shall at Washington do what it promises in order to gain power? The present canvass presents a convenient time for beginning, or rather returning to, this treatment. For there is in 1892 at least one, and an important, note of genuine and responsible sincerity in each of the two platforms. Even if the emphasis of their promises exaggerate the assurance of future action, they at least represent a true and great difference on one subject, that of protective duties, — a difference which we shall find, actually and in the near future, between the administration of the victorious party and the administration which we should have had if the defeated party had succeeded.

Let us therefore examine, as respectfully as we can, and with every effort to find sincerity, the platforms upon which either Mr. Harrison or Mr. Cleveland is to be reelected President in November next. As we write, we are aided by Mr. Harrison's letter of acceptance and Mr. Blaine's terse accompaniment; but Mr. Cleveland's belated reply is still locked in his desk at Gray Gables.

It is convenient first to clear away the worthless parts of the two platforms, their gimcrack ornaments. Every sensible citizen contemptuously perceives that they neither strengthen nor beau-

tify the structures; and we may well doubt whether they attract, as they are insincerely intended to do, a support worth having from citizens who are not sensible. Apart from conventional praise of the Republican party and its record, the Republican platform contains twenty-one general "planks," nearly every one of which is really a group of propositions. President Harrison was quite right, in his letter, to declare, with an accent of complaint, that it was impossible for him "to refer even in the briefest way to many of the topics presented in the resolutions." Surely, the private citizen, knowing far less of political matters than the President, cannot, or at least will not consider, whether to approve or to disapprove them, propositions which he ignores. The Democratic platform is even worse in this respect. It includes twenty-five general propositions; and they express or plainly imply perhaps seventy-five political assertions, every one of which might be fair matter for argument and difference. Mr. Blaine is probably right when, in his letter, he declares three questions to be enough for a presidential campaign. We Americans may wisely require our parties to observe the rule frankly stated and followed by the present premier of England, the ablest as he is the most interesting of living politicians. Gladstone has steadfastly refused to permit his party to deal with any political question for whose consideration public sentiment has not become ripe. The number of those questions, he has rightly believed, could not exceed three or four at a time; and of the three or four, one, and only one, has usually been accorded a position of conspicuous superiority. How silly and unconstitutional were the Democratic declarations at Chicago, "in favor of the enactment by the States of laws for abolishing the notorious sweating system, for abolishing contract convict labor, and for prohibiting the employment in factories of children under

fifteen years of age," and in favor of legislation by the States for the protection of railway employees! Neither the President, nor any member of the federal government who is to be chosen, nor the Democratic party as a national party, can touch or affect in the slightest degree domestic legislation of the States on such subjects. Indeed, the Democratic party has considered, or affected to consider, itself the guardian of the "sovereign" rights of the States. Equally silly and irrelevant were the Democratic recommendations "to the several States" of "most liberal appropriations for the public schools," and against "state interference with parental rights and rights of conscience in the education of children." The electoral vote of Wisconsin is no doubt worth having; but the Democrats of that State will not be helped by bringing to the aid of legitimate and relevant declarations of their state convention on a strictly state question the approval of a national body having no concern with the question, and whose candidates will be powerless, if they shall succeed at the election, to deal with it. The comparative brevity of the Republican platform tempted the committee on resolutions at Minneapolis to fewer irrelevances of this sort than were committed by their brethren at Chicago; although in the general trend of Republican doctrine there would have been more excuse for such utterances at Minneapolis than at Chicago. Still, the Republican convention, thinking of the prohibitionist, said that it "sympathized" with "efforts to lessen and prevent the evils of intemperance and promote morality," and, thinking of the "beer and liquor vote," declared that its sympathy was confined to such efforts only as were "wise and legitimate." One must have a low estimate of American intelligence if he believe that such resolutions will bring many votes.

Both conventions knew perfectly well that the American federal government,

with whose affairs alone they had legitimate concern, could not act, or even pronounce, in favor of Home Rule in Ireland or against the persecution of Jews in Russia. But the Republican party fancied votes were to be gained by declaring itself "the champion of the oppressed" and a believer in "the dignity of manhood, irrespective of color or faith or nationality," the Chinese for the moment being out of mind. The Democrats followed, and both conventions, loudly and cheaply, and without appearance of real respect for Irish and Jewish voters, appealed to those special classes. If the Primrose League or the next Conservative Conference at Birmingham should declare its sympathy with the struggles of American consumers to be freed from the burdens of a protective tariff, or if the next National Liberal gathering at Newcastle or the Czar of Russia should lament the brutal suppression of the negro vote in our Southern States, we should no doubt hear a valiant and angry, and it may be added a just condemnation by the Republican and Democratic conventions of foreign meddling with our political affairs.

There is, perhaps, a larger quantity of buncombe in the Democratic than in the Republican platform. But the latter clearly reaches loftier pitches of the art, when the Republicans pronounce for "the maintenance of freedom among men;" when they pledge anew their "devotion to liberty of thought and conscience, of speech and press;" when they "reaffirm" their approval of the Monroe Doctrine, as if even the swinging arms of a Quixotic windmill threatened that article of national faith; and when, most glorious of all, and fit cause for the inextinguishable laughter of the gods, they declare their belief "in the achievement of the manifest destiny of the republic in its broadest sense." No chart or identification of "manifest destiny," that political *château en Espagne*, was attempted; and the draughtsman, it is con-

siderate to believe, had forgotten, if he ever knew, the grim and sinister significance in politics which "manifest destiny" carried to the last generation of Americans, when the Republican party or its predecessor was ardently condemning territorial aggression practiced by Democratic administrations at the bidding of the slave power, the shameless Ostend Circular of Buchanan and his associates, and the raids of Southern filibusters. We have never yet met a competent or successful politician who seriously contended that these platitudes were worth a single vote.

The two platforms agree upon three points of federal legislation. With some differences of phrase, they both declare the Nicaragua Canal a work of national importance, and its protection and even control, though in a foreign country, a fit care of the federal government. They both commend federal appropriations to the Chicago exhibition. They both favor federal legislation to protect the lives and limbs of the servants of railway and other transportation companies. It is safe to say that not one of these three questions belonged to politics at all. They were not, and are not likely to be, subjects of party division. They are fair administrative or legislative questions, which should be decided by Congress and Presidents when in office, upon thorough examination and proper consideration free from party pressure. No such examination or consideration can possibly be had at a national political convention. Such topics are not in the thoughts of more than one out of ten of the delegates. It happens that somebody (usually an adroit committee is present) suggests to the committee on resolutions that a certain section of voters will be pleased at such and such an expression. If nobody, during the high pressure of a night session, can make it doubtful whether some other equally large section of voters will be displeased, the plank is adopted.

But the plank represents no real and responsible conclusion. The more planks of this kind a party adopts, the larger ought to be the distrust with which a prudent citizen will regard its sincere sense of responsibility in its more important utterances. It is neither fit nor safe that the agreement of both conventions on measures not political should constrain congressional or executive action, as if such an agreement represented the unanimous wish of the people. But that is the very purpose which animates the small interest or lobby which attends the conventions. After the latter adjourn, and even before the election, the Congressman or the President is told that the resolution thus adopted for both the great parties authoritatively expresses the mandate of the country. Whatever of this kind his party's convention may have said, the utterance imposes no obligation, political or moral, more than the *obiter dictum* of a judge. As much weight should be given to it as belongs to an opinion expressed by so many of the committee on resolutions as intelligently, deliberately, and conscientiously voted for it, but no more. This sound rule for estimating the obligation of such resolutions was recently illustrated by the Republican party in the matter of letter postage. In its national platform adopted at Chicago in 1888 it said, "We demand the reduction of letter postage to one cent per ounce." Upon the platform it carried the election so as to control the entire federal law-making power, President, Senate, and House. But it did not so reduce or attempt to reduce letter postage. Letter postage remains where it was on July 1, 1885.

Before reaching the real substance of the platforms, — that is to say, the programmes they present, — we must at least read the resolutions, which, though touching really federal and political subjects, are so vague, and so intentionally vague, as to present to the voter no ques-

tion for consideration. They do no more than say: "Dear fellow-citizens, believe in us. Our party is more interested in this great subject than our rivals; we are more likely than they to do what you wish, though indeed we don't know, and perhaps you don't know, what it is you wish." Thus the Democrats, at Chicago, declare their "relentless opposition to the Republican policy of profligate expenditures." But the declaration (apart from the records of the parties) deserves no respect; for those who made it refrained from pointing out a single matter in which they would themselves economize, if power were given them. They seem to have feared to incur the ill will even of the recipients of subsidies or of bounties upon production, to which in theory their party has claimed to be opposed, and indeed has been opposed. The Democrats approved "all legitimate efforts" (it would seem that there were *illegitimate* efforts which they did not approve) "to prevent the United States from being used as the dumping-ground for the known criminals and professional paupers of Europe." This means just as much as another declaration, in which the Democrats say they oppose restricting the immigration of "the industrious and worthy of foreign lands," — as if, indeed, any such effort were being made, unless in the case of the Chinese, whose exclusion they themselves elsewhere approve. The Republicans were opposed, so they said, to trust combinations "to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens," — whatever that may mean; and the Democrats, following suit, and with as little use or meaning, demanded against trusts "such further legislation in restraint of their abuses as experience may show to be necessary." The idea here is that the resolution is strong enough to attract the voters who hate trusts, but not explicit enough to frighten away such monopolists as may incline to support the party.

The plank is a shaft aimed in a friendly and seductive fashion at the voter, so as "to hit him if a deer, but miss him if a cow." The Republicans meant, of course, simply nothing as to what in fact they would do if they had power, when they declared for the admission as States of the remaining Territories "at the earliest possible date, having *due regard* to the interests of the people of the Territories and of the United States." So the citizen anxious to vote aright may safely ignore, as irrelevant to present national politics, the more or less vague Democratic talk about public lands, pensions, federal care and improvement of the Mississippi River, and the Republican talk about "the continued inhuman outrages perpetrated upon American citizens, for political reasons, in certain Southern States of the Union," and about arid public lands and pensions.

Having thus cleared away, with no little difficulty, the greater part of each of the platforms, we have left all that is properly programme, all that is promise of performance. We leave the preliminary work we have now done with a sincere wish that each party may realize that, on the whole and in the long run, there results to it a net loss of votes for every bit of irrelevant demagoguery it utters, and indeed for every utterance it makes on a subject not really in the field of practical and present popular consideration.

When the conventions met in June, there were before the country for decision, involved more or less in the rivalry of the two parties, perhaps six questions, — certainly not more, — upon the consideration of which votes important in number were to go to one of the two presidential candidates as against the other. In the order of popular importance, that is, in the order of numbers of votes depending upon them, the topics should probably be thus arranged: (1) Tariff, (2) Silver Coinage, (3) Federal Election Bill, (4) Civil Service Reform, (5) Subsidies, and (6) Foreign Pol-

icy. The later of the conventions, the Democratic, added a seventh, — the question of freeing state banks from a tax on their issue of bills. We reserve the first and greatest of the seven topics until the last, and shall deal with the other six in the order we have given.

Until the conventions met, silver coinage, without a doubt, held the place of second importance among current political questions. With honeyed words addressed to Colorado and other silver States about the traditional bimetalism of the United States and the love of its party for silver, each convention explicitly declared against free coinage: the Democrats saying, with an emphasis perhaps tautological, but useful, that the dollar unit-of coinage of both metals "must be of equal *intrinsic* and *exchangeable* value;" and the Republicans, though their expression, tolerably plain as it was, was enfeebled for its larger constituency in the Mountain and Pacific States, declaring for "the use of both gold and silver as standard money with restrictions, and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal." Whichever party succeed, we shall not therefore have free coinage of silver. The Democrats declared for the repeal of the Sherman Act of 1890, — that dangerous and extraordinary surrender to a small, selfish interest, — under which the government is now practically buying the entire silver product of the United States; but what limitation, if any, they would, if in power, put upon silver coinage at the false ratio fixed by present law, they seem carefully to have left unsaid. The voter will, on the whole, not give decisive preference to either party upon its silver programme. So far as his vote depends on this question, he will be influenced by the past behavior of the two parties when respon-

sibly in power, and by his comparative estimates of the intelligence and resolution of Mr. Harrison and of Mr. Cleveland.

The President tore out of his party platform one of its principal planks. He has finally withdrawn the Federal Election Bill issue. Indeed, the Republican party, after its platform was adopted on June 9, and before the President's letter was published, had substantially surrendered this issue. Its orators ceased to speak of it; its state conventions ignored it; and the only earnest reference to it came from statesmen, like Senator Hoar, who were in foreign lands, or who were plainly not in the current of party opinion. The surrender was no slight one. When the Republican platform demanded "that such laws shall be enacted and enforced as will secure to every citizen, be he rich or poor, native or foreign born, white or black," the "sovereign right" of casting "one free and unrestrained ballot," and of having that ballot "counted and returned as cast," it plainly referred to the Lodge Bill, which had been supported by nearly all the Republicans in the Senate and House of the last Congress. It plainly referred to President Harrison's message of December, 1890, earnestly approving the Lodge Bill, its constitutionality and its necessity to the welfare of the country. He then said in rather stinging words that the "probable effectiveness" of the bill was "evidenced by the character of the opposition that is made to it." That message urged the passage of the bill upon a Senate and House both controlled by the Republicans. The softer suggestion which the letter quotes from his message of December, 1891, was addressed to a Congress in which the House was Democratic by a two-thirds majority.

The Democrats were perfectly warranted when they made their platform treat the Election Bill as a great and living issue; and, passing by their rhetorical exaggerations, they rightly declared

that the Republican party, "in its latest authoritative utterance" (but a fortnight before), had said that its success meant the enactment of such a bill. But the inroads of the Farmers' Alliance upon the Democratic vote in the South, and the real doubt of the result in Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and perhaps in Alabama (for it seems that the Alliance was defeated at the August election in that State only by negro votes, which naturally would not, in November, come again to the Democratic ticket), had, in view of the bitter hostility to the bill in those States, made it discreet for the Republicans to take this plank, precious no doubt as the plank was to a large section of the party, from their platform. It brought grief and alarm to the Democrats that the President ruthlessly did this. He now, he says, sees reason, in "new political movements" and the attitude of men differing from Republicans "widely in opinion, to hope that arbitrary and partisan election laws and practices . . . may be corrected by the States." The only step which, as a candidate, he proposes towards so unfederal and even un-Republican a remedy is a "non-partisan commission" to consider the question. A safe enough limbo for a troublesome issue. The Democrats take hardly this spiking of a pretty loud if not effective gun of theirs; but they must, *nolens volens*, now turn to other artillery, or impeach Mr. Harrison's sincerity,

To the advocates of the abolition of the detestable spoils system neither platform can seem highly promising. The Republican utterance on civil service reform is weaker than the Democratic. The Republicans express entire satisfaction with the past, and refuse to promise improvement in the future. They "commend," they say, the "spirit and evidence of reform in the civil service, and the wise and consistent enforcement by the Republican party of the *laws* regulating the same." That is, the Republican party is content with what it has

done; it will enforce the present statutes as it has enforced them since Mr. Harrison's inauguration; but it will do no more. The Democrats, beginning their utterance on this subject with the Cleveland legend, "Public office is a public trust," proceed to "reaffirm" the civil service declaration made by the party at St. Louis in 1876. Nothing could be more admirable than that inspiration of Mr. Tilden. "Efficient, economical conduct of the governmental business," it said, "is not possible, if its civil service be subject to change at every election, be a prize fought for at the ballot-box, be a brief reward of party zeal, instead of posts of honor assigned for proved competency, and held for fidelity in the public employ." We must thank the Democrats for again making this sound doctrine a tenet of party faith; but our confidence and hope would be larger if the words of 1876 had been expressly and courageously quoted for the better education and deeper impression of such of the faithful as, in case of success, are to administer the reform. The Democratic condemnation of the participation of federal office-holders in party conventions is really excellent, followed as it is by an express "pledge" that the party will not join in such "abuses." Democrats may not unreasonably claim some sincerity for this utterance of theirs, in view of the exclusion of their own federal office-holders from the convention which, in 1888 and during Mr. Cleveland's presidency, renominated him. Although in this matter the Democratic programme is far better than the Republican, it is, perhaps, open to doubt whether the civil service question be not, of all questions, the one upon which a political programme carries the least assurance of performance. The number of the citizens who give it the first place in politics has of late, especially in the Eastern States, greatly increased. Though not numerous in comparison with either of the two great parties, they probably

hold, if they act together, the balance of power in several States. They will be obliged, in deciding their course in November, not indeed to ignore the platforms, but to rest their conclusions upon their estimate of the actual performance of Mr. Cleveland from 1885 to 1889, under the difficulties and with the advantages which met him on his inauguration, as compared with Mr. Harrison's performance since 1889, likewise judged in view of his special difficulties and advantages, and upon the estimates they place upon the strength, resolution, intelligence, and sincerity of these two distinguished men.

While, in his letter, President Harrison has removed from the canvass the issue of federal elections, he has added in its place to his platform a Subsidies plank. When the two conventions adjourned, this issue had, so far as the conventions could determine, been eliminated. Neither of them said a word about subsidies, important a part as the question had lately played at Washington, and substantially arrayed against one another on the question as the two parties had long been. The Republican convention wished votes from those who did not believe in subsidies. The Democrats, more foolishly, thought some of the American citizens who asked for subsidies would forget Democratic opposition if the Democratic platform should, ostrich-like, say nothing on the subject. The President deserves respect for his explicit and eloquent statement of his position on the question. He gives it the second place in his letter. He truly says that "few subjects have elicited more discussion or excited more general interest." He declares it to be an "undisputed fact" that the great European steamship lines have been built up by subsidies. It is, he says, a question which, in this election, is to be decided by "patriotic people, the workmen in our shops, the capitalists seeking new enterprises." He condemns Democratic

hostility to the general policy, shown by the refusal even to expend appropriations already made. "The Democratic party," he quite truly but rather surprisingly declares, "has found no place in its platform for any reference to this subject;" for, had he looked, he would have found as complete an absence of reference to the subject in the Republican platform. Its plank in favor of a "restoration of our mercantile marine by home-built ships" neither expresses nor implies a belief in subsidies, and is quite consistent with the policy long advocated by the Democrats, of freeing the materials of ship-building from tariff taxes, under which the Democrats have said that ships would be built at home, and the American marine would be restored to the supremacy it enjoyed before the civil war.

There was really much material for a plank in each platform on our foreign policy, not only in the matter of reciprocity, which both parties rightly deal with as a part of the tariff question, but in other respects. The Pan-American Conference, the New Orleans, Barrundia, Chilean, and Bering Sea episodes, and others too, are elements of current politics which will in some measure determine the party action of a body of citizens, not large, indeed, but very intelligent and influential. The Republicans, however, beyond the irrelevant and quite untimely and meaningless talk about the Monroe Doctrine and "manifest destiny of the republic in its broadest sense," to which we have already referred, are content with what, nearly a century after the Farewell Address, must, in politics, be considered platitudes. They say they favor "the maintenance of the most friendly relations with all foreign powers, entangling alliances with none, and the protection of the rights of our fishermen." The praise of the President's administration as maintaining "the dignity and honor of the nation at home and abroad" is the only

significant reference to foreign policy. This perhaps presents a programme of performance, especially if it be assumed that Mr. Blaine's personality was not really an important factor in the foreign administration from 1889 to 1892. The Democrats also mouthed phrases about "friendly relations" and "entangling alliances." Their condemnation of "a policy of irritation and bluster, which is liable at any time to confront us with the alternative of humiliation or war," might really have raised fair political discussion, had there been any specification. But when they forgot, or were afraid to mention, Chile or Bering Sea or the Barrundia episode, the programme, as programme, amounted to little. The voter to whom our foreign relations are of first moment will have to ignore the platforms, and examine the records of Messrs. Cleveland and Bayard, of Messrs. Harrison, Blaine, and Foster.

Whether the single line of the eighth resolution adopted by the Democrats raised of itself an issue which, though not before existing in our politics, is now to play an important practical part in the canvass, is very doubtful. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Blaine have, quite naturally and cleverly, sought to give great prominence to this Democratic proposal to repeal the federal taxes on the note issue of state banks. But in politics, as in most important and lengthy business, considerations which are discovered for the first time long after a reasonable period for study and reflection has passed rarely secure or deserve deep and enduring hold. People will probably think that if, as Mr. Blaine declares, "the palpable effect of this policy" of the Democrats would really "cheat the poor man out of his daily bread," and would be "deadly for the deception and despoilment of all the commercial and laboring classes," so stupendous an issue would not have lurked unperceived by the country at large from June 22 until September. It is pretty difficult to see how the freeing

of state banks from this tax would tend to undermine the national bank and certificate currency. As such notes could not be legal tender, it is hard to believe that, even if they were issued, people would accept them in lieu of a vastly better paper currency at hand, which they may have if they insist upon it. The vast change in the financial condition of the country, and its business unification resulting from cheap and rapid communication, will, quite as much as the tax, prevent return to the provincial system of bank issues in vogue before the civil war. If Mr. Harrison or Mr. Blaine had defended the tax as a check, artificial but wholesome, upon an increase in the amount of our money circulation, rather than rested upon the supposititious hardship which citizens accepting the notes of state banks would experience, perhaps a question of real interest might have been presented. But neither the Republicans nor the Democrats condemn an increase in the currency.

Such are the six features of the two party programmes other than the tariff. There is no real issue as to silver coinage; the Federal Election Bill is out of the way, and there is not in the platforms any issue which the country will deem important in respect of foreign policy or the abolition of taxes on state banks. Of the six issues, there remain, therefore, as real parts of the programme of performance, only civil service reform and subsidies. On the former, the Democrats, with the confidence of a party out of power, take the higher and more definite position. On the latter, the traditions of the parties, their recent behaviors when in power, and the President's firm and plain utterance give a fairly distinct affirmative to the Republicans and negative to the Democrats, enabling voters themselves to take definite position.

We are left, besides these, the second and third issues of the campaign, the first of the issues, the tariff. And that

is really a great issue, an ideal political issue of enormous practical importance, of the deepest theoretical interest; an issue connected with almost the entire history of the country; an issue that had, long before the present contest, enrolled, on one side and the other, a famous array of men distinguished in philosophy, science, philanthropy, and practical success in life. When the Democrats rejected a large part of the lumbering resolution about the tariff presented by their committee, and declared any protective tariff to be "unconstitutional," when they said that government had no right to tax except for "revenue only," an even louder and clearer call to battle was sounded than Mr. Cleveland's message of 1887. Mr. Harrison, in his letter, with admirable recognition of the value of an issue, ascribed the change of the platform to what he called the "new and more courageous leadership" of the Democratic party. The Republican leaders have welcomed it with confident enthusiasm. The issue is distinctly made on a practical and living principle. The Republicans declare for "the American doctrine of protection," to whose application by their party they assert "the prosperous condition of our country" to be "largely due." They define the doctrine to mean that "on all imports coming into competition with the products of American labor there should be levied duties equal to the difference between wages abroad and at home."

About this issue there is no sham. The American people are interested in it. Politicians dare not cheat them about it. If the Democratic party succeed so as to control the Senate as well as the presidency and the House, they will, to a certainty, not rest upon the mere repeal of the McKinley law which they promise. They will, with further steps, — steps perhaps not as fast and peremptory as their present party bearing might indicate, but still real steps, — move toward a "tariff for revenue only." Such

a tariff is plainly one which admits, and which, so far as possible in the absence of a federal land tax and the insufficiency of internal revenue taxes, applies, the dreaded theory of free trade. The Democrats timorously refuse to use the words, but they now mean the thing.

Nor does either party seek to limit the battle of principle to any special law or schedule. The Democrats condemn the McKinley tariff merely "as the culminating atrocity of class legislation." It is the principle they attack. They will attack, they say, any schedule which applies the principle. The Republicans do not plant themselves on the McKinley law nor on any special schedule. Their platform does not, surprising as the news will be to many, even mention the McKinley law. They do not say that the present tariff is right, nor that it should be maintained. Their platform distinctly contemplates further, if not immediate revision of the tariff. On competing foreign imports they say, not that there *are* levied, but that "there *should be* levied," duties equal to the difference of wages. The President fairly, and even bravely, accents this feature of the platform. After saying in his letter that he approves the declaration in favor of the "doctrine of protection," he adds that the convention did not adopt a schedule, but "a principle that is to control all tariff schedules." There might, he says, "be differences of opinion among protectionists as to the rate upon particular articles." Neither in the Republican platform nor in the President's letter is there a word of promise that the tariff is to remain in its present, or in substantially its present form. There is, in what they say, none of the protest against a disturbance of business by tariff agitation of which we heard much in more timid days. That a schedule of duties under the system of protection must, to effect the very end of beneficence to which it is directed, be in a state of unstable equi-

librium is wisely and frankly admitted. The difference of wages between foreign lands and this country must, in the nature of things, perpetually fluctuate; and, as the American system of protection means an adjustment of duties to those differences, new schedules must from time to time be enacted by Congress. Protection is not to bring business repose. It is to be a living principle, whose application by the law-makers must continually vary in the perpetual flux of human conditions. The subordinate part of the tariff issue arises out of the Democratic claim, earnestly disputed by the Republicans, that tariffs made by the latter are fraudulent; that they do not stop with the difference of wages, but go enormously beyond that limit, for the benefit, not of the working classes, but of small wealthy and powerful interests, and to the oppression of consumers who compose the masses of the people. And here we are brought face to face, in spite of what the President says, with the details of the schedules of the existing tariff law.

Under either party programme, therefore, it is clear that we are to have further tariff legislation as well as further tariff controversy. It is not left to us to choose between one fixed economic state and another, but to choose between two rival rules, upon one of which,

rather than the other, we decide that the inevitable variation of that economic state ought to proceed. The great issue which the presidential election of 1892 involves is whether the changes of the tariff which are certain to be made in the future shall be in the direction of a "tariff for revenue only," or be only a fluctuating adjustment of the measure of protection accorded to every American producer of something which foreigners also produce, and produce cheaply enough for exportation to this country.

The verdict in November, if it go heavily in either Mr. Harrison's or Mr. Cleveland's favor, will advise us on which side of the question of the tariff lies the popular preponderance of American belief. If the majorities in the critical States be small, then the presidency, unless the popular personal confidence in one candidate be materially greater than in the other, will have been awarded upon the preponderance of opinion among a relatively small number of citizens as to which party and candidate will do the more to limit the evils of the spoils system, or the preponderance of opinion of another relatively small body of citizens as to whether federal subsidies to steamship-owners be truly for the interest of the country at large. For these are the three questions practically and expressly presented by the two programmes of 1892.

THE DUTCH INFLUENCE IN AMERICA.

AMERICAN historical literature has been mainly the work of New England men. It involves no ingratitude toward their labors to say that, as representatives of New England, they have done their work only too well. In the absence of equally vigorous champions of other claims, the public mind in most portions of the United States has allowed

itself to be persuaded that, in making the country what it is, much the greatest influence was exerted by New England, or even by Massachusetts. Indeed, one occasionally sees American history treated as if Plymouth Rock underlay the whole geological formation of the United States. Now, the open-minded man who, in the body or in the spirit, trav-

els over the country at all, otherwise than on his own parallel of latitude, speedily perceives the narrowness and insufficiency of such a theory. Looking at our national life and institutions from as nearly central a point of view as he can attain, he sees that their characteristics and the course of their development, complex and varied, refuse to be so simply explained. Some things were settled by public debate and agreement; in these, he remembers, representatives of thirteen States participated on fairly equal terms. Others received their form through slow processes of attrition and growth; in these silent and unconscious processes other sections, he feels sure, cannot have been less active than New England. A country which a hundred years ago had for its population a million New Englanders, a million Middle-State men, and a million Southerners cannot, in the nature of things, be wholly — is probably not even mainly — the handiwork of any one of the three.

Any writer, therefore, who makes a careful attempt to exhibit the influence of other portions of the nation, or of other than the English elements in our population, may feel assured of a welcome from the lovers of American history. This is the service which Mr. Campbell has undertaken with respect to the Dutch element in our national life and institutions.¹ "From their earliest schooldays," he says in his preface, "Americans have been told that this nation is a transplanted England, and that we must look to the motherland as the home of our institutions." But studies in the colonial history of New York had early shown him traces of those institutions and ideas which are regarded as distinctively American, but which, in the case of that colony, seemed clearly not to be of English origin. He became convinced that the common source must

be sought in the institutions and the Puritanism of the Netherlands. The present book is the offspring of this conviction. The author rightly says that the influence of the Netherlands upon England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been largely overlooked by English historians, and their influence upon American history equally overlooked among us. This neglect he labors to repair.

In an introductory chapter upon the institutions of the United States, Mr. Campbell tells us what he intends to prove. It is no halfway doctrine which he proposes to defend. Stated in his own words, it is this: "Instead of [the institutions] of the United States being derived from England, . . . we have scarcely a legal or political institution of importance which is of English origin, and but few which have come to us by the way of England." He sets forth in forcible terms the points of contrast between the institutions of England and those of the United States. We do not have an established church. Democratic equality prevails among us. We have a written constitution. To our President and Supreme Court there are no English analogues. "Each country has two legislative houses, but the resemblance goes no further." Primogeniture is unknown among us. Deeds and mortgages are recorded in public offices, and peasant proprietorship is the rule. Popular education is universal. Public libraries and colleges are numerous. The simplicity of our system of local government contrasts strikingly with the fantastic disorder of English local arrangements. Religious liberty, the freedom of the press, the use of the written ballot, and the modern system of prison management were all fully established in America long before they came into vogue in England. Finally, American

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¹ *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America. An Introduction to American History.* By DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, A. M., LL. B.

legal reforms, mainly due to a Roman influence alien to the common law, so far from being derived from England, have subsequently and slowly and partially been copied by the Parliament of that nation.

The contrast, drawn out with much force and pungency of expression in this introductory chapter, is an impressive one. Indeed, Mr. Campbell did not need to fortify it with petulant innuendo regarding the slowness and insularity of our cousins. But before allowing the impressiveness of the contrast to convince us that American institutions must have been derived from some third country, let us inquire if there is no fallacy in the reasoning. Is no other conclusion possible than that drawn by the author, which, frankly, will seem to many readers a paradox? Mr. Campbell makes no allowance for the more rapid progress of political change in new countries, — a fact constantly noted from the times of the Greek colonies down. Democracy, disestablishment, religious freedom, popular education, simplicity of local administration, peasant proprietorship, and the equal partition of the landed property of persons dying intestate are all things much more easily brought about in a new country than in one of ancient civilization. Suppose we take Australia for an example. Here is a land without established churches, and in which religious liberty, freedom of the press, and democratic equality have long prevailed. The individual colonies have written constitutions, and the commonwealth of Australia will have. The organization of the colonial legislatures is of a considerably more modern type than that of the legislature in England, and the system of local government is simpler. Public education is the rule. Public libraries and the universities are highly developed. Primogeniture is unknown. The administration of prisons is in accord with modern notions. The registration of land titles is more highly

developed than in the United States, and the arrangements with regard to the written ballot are those which we have at last copied. Now, no one thinks it necessary to refer all this to Dutch or other non-English influence. It is well known to have been a natural outgrowth of conditions of existence considerably different from those of England. Similarly, in the case of America, it is plain enough that many of the differences between English and American institutions of which Mr. Campbell demands the explanation are most naturally explained as resulting from the widely different conditions presented by virgin soil, new settlement, absence of traditions, or other historic accidents. Take the written constitution, for instance. It is true that the republic of the United Provinces had one, and that England had not. But, quite apart from that, can any one imagine thirteen colonies agreeing upon a union and not writing down the terms of it? Again, as to the chief peculiarity of the Supreme Court, Mr. Bryce and Mr. Dicey have pointed out that its supposed peculiar power in constitutional cases is but a natural incident to the position of any judiciary of English traditions acting under a written constitution. Plainly, Mr. Campbell's task shrinks a little upon examination, and he might have spared himself some trouble.

Though the preface and the introductory chapter set forth as the main object of the book the demonstration of the thesis described, the work is by title an account of Dutch and English Puritanism; for the author regards the Dutch influence, to which he attributes so much, as exerted chiefly through the Dutch and English Puritans. Indeed, one is surprised, after reading the introductory matter, to see how largely the book consists of a history of the Netherlands and England during the Puritan age. All the chapters from one to twenty are occupied with this narrative, and it is, for

the most part, only in the twenty-first and twenty-second that the author proceeds to the demonstration of the positions above mentioned. His narrative chapters begin with the abdication of Charles V. and the accession of Elizabeth, and sketch Dutch and English history down to the close of the war against Spain and the establishment of the English Commonwealth. He constantly assures us that all this is necessary to his intended demonstration, but we must say he does not make us see that it is. To prove conclusively that the civilization of the Netherlands was, in the times of the Pilgrim Fathers, vastly more advanced than that of England is a genuine and valuable service, for the fact, though indisputable, is not so generally known as it should be. It is also a service to show, by many interesting little facts, that the influence of the Dutch upon the English during the Puritan period was considerable. But this did not require the author to tell again the story of the rise of the Dutch republic to readers to whom Motley is perhaps not so unsatisfactory as he seems to be to Mr. Campbell; nor does it seem to us that his declared purpose is furthered by relating any other than the institutional portions of Puritan history in England.

Considered separately, Mr. Campbell's history of Puritanism and of the Dutch war for independence is an interesting one. His style is clear and nervous, and occasionally picturesque. His criticisms of the accepted views respecting English greatness in the Elizabethan age are often acute and instructive, though marred by an acerbity of temper that is anything but scientific. Everywhere one feels that he has a thesis to maintain, a contrast to exhibit and to heighten. For instance, he surely makes no converts by saying such things as that "from the death of Chaucer until the destruction of the Armada England had produced scarcely an original book worthy to be classed as literature."

Professional students of history will certainly say that Mr. Campbell's ideas of research are those of an amateur. Apparently, however, he is fortified against such judgments by a consuming scorn of historians as a class. Never, we think, have we read a book in which phrases exposing their shortcomings so abounded: "few historians have noticed," "many writers make the statement that," "some historians have assumed," "it has been customary, among a certain class of writers," "modern historians who judge the transactions of two centuries ago by modern canons," and so on, and so on. The gentle reader will be moved to inquire what are the scientific qualifications for his task which justify Mr. Campbell in thus loftily remarking upon the deficiencies of his predecessors; and, to begin with, he will scarcely be prepared to hear that Mr. Campbell evidently knows no Dutch! Truly this is astounding,—that one should undertake to prove the Dutch origin of the leading institutions of the United States, and to that end write an account of the most important century of Dutch history, and yet not provide himself with the most clearly indispensable of all tools, and that a tool so easily acquired! It need, then, surprise no one that the author's notions as to sources are elementary. His Dutch history is necessarily drawn from English sources. Now it so happens that, as a result of that very neglect of the Netherlands which Mr. Campbell so justly reprehends, one can get but a very imperfect notion of Dutch history from books written in English. If he had been able to read the Dutch historians, he would have seen many matters of a general nature in a different light, to say nothing of the necessity of real researches to one who undertakes to prove so much in matters depending upon details. Deficiency of research is equally apparent in other parts of the narrative. For mediæval matters, Hallam's *Mid-*

dle Ages, published in 1818, seems to Mr. Campbell a sufficient authority; for matters of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Mr. Froude. If his views regarding the influence of the Dutch upon the English during the Puritan period are to be substantiated at all, it is evident that one of the chief instruments for doing it must be the Calendars of State Papers; but he is evidently content to use them only at second hand. The mention of "Canon Adams, of Bremen" may be only a slip; but surely it is reprehensible to cite Sir Josiah Child eleven times as an authority, and each time give him the name of Joshua. If we may mention one more matter of detail in the narrative portion, it is a pity that Mr. Campbell should (i. 346) so scornfully point the contrast between the immediate acceptance of the Gregorian calendar by the intelligent Netherlands and the slowness of the ignorant and prejudiced English; for in point of fact it was only the province of Holland that adopted the reform at once, the other six provinces wheeling into line so late as 1700, almost as tardily as the benighted islanders.

But what of Mr. Campbell's propositions respecting the origin of American institutions, when at last, in his concluding chapters, he proceeds to the direct proof of them? For this is certainly the most significant part of his book. In the matter of free schools a case is made out, and a probability is established in the case of the institution of the governmental prosecuting officer, the registration of conveyances, and the distribution of the goods of an intestate, though in our judgment Mr. Campbell has not yet done all the work necessary to prove these points. Into the matter of the written ballot he has gone more thoroughly. He shows that in one city, Emden, which lay outside the Netherlands, but which was garrisoned by Dutch troops, the secret written ballot was employed from the beginning of the seven-

teenth century for the nomination of civil magistrates by the Council of Forty. But when they came to the actual selection, they voted, as each name was called, by the use of coins marked "yes" and "no." This was a secret ballot, though not written; and the secrecy is perhaps a more important part of the modern institution than the use of writing. But such an unwritten ballot, of "balls in the affirmative box" and "balls in the negative box," was used in the elections of the Virginia Company, and such was probably the "scrutiny" which we find mentioned in the early records of the English East India Company. There is nothing to show that the members of the Massachusetts Company derived the plan of their election of 1634 from one or from another of these sources. There is a greater probability in the author's theory that the New England elections by written ballot, which began with the choice of a minister by the Salem church in 1629, had their source in the Dutch practice whereby congregations chose their ministers by ballot. Singularly enough, the author has nothing to say as to the history of the institution in New York before the Revolution, which we should suppose would be of much importance to his argument.

What Mr. Campbell has to say concerning the attempts made toward legal reform under the English Commonwealth, and their probable influence in America, is interesting and instructive. His arguments in support of most of his other points are decidedly flimsy, especially in view of his having "roared so loud, and thundered in the index" as to what he was going to prove. Take universal suffrage, for instance. What can be more extraordinary than to attribute American popular suffrage to Dutch influence, upon the strength of the fact that the suffrage was wide in the provinces of Friesland and Groningen, provinces containing about one

eighth of the population of the republic, when it is well known that in the other five provinces, including those nearest and best known to the English, the suffrage was closely limited? So, of that peculiarity of the American Senate by which one third of the number go out of office at a time, Mr. Campbell says that we must derive it from Pennsylvania, "in which colony it alone prevailed. When Penn prepared his Frame of Government, he provided for a council or upper house of the legislature, one third of whose members went out of office every year, and this system was continued in the first state constitutions of Pennsylvania and Delaware. But Penn merely borrowed this idea from the Netherland cities, where it was universal." But Penn's Frame of Government of 1696 abolished this feature of rotation, and the council which the constitution of 1776 provided was an executive council, and not at all an upper house of the legislature. Moreover, so far from this plan being universal in the Dutch cities, so that "in all their important bodies they changed only a fraction at a time," we believe it was not even usual. Van Meteren preserves a letter of the States-General to the Earl of Leicester, written in 1587, in which they state the chief features of the town governments of the Netherlands, and which ought to be a sufficient authority, though of course they speak in general terms. They say: "The city magistracies consist of from twenty to forty, the most considerable persons in the city, and hold as long as they live and continue to be citizens. Vacancies by death or removal they fill themselves."

Between any two federal constitutions there must, in the nature of the case, be many resemblances. Mr. Campbell states some and magnifies others, and at once concludes for direct derivation or imitation. Upon how slight grounds he is content to base such conclusions, how far the love of his thesis

can carry him in the way of seeing evidence where none exists, may be seen by such an instance as that where (ii. 422) he speaks of the fact that, in the Continental Congress and in the States-General, each state had but a single vote. His footnote reads: "See, as to the influence of the Netherland republic upon this question, Jefferson's Works (ed. 1853), i. 32, etc. See also page 16 in regard to the Netherland republic as a model for the colonies in declaring their independence." The reader who turns to the passages in the hope of seeing there some evidence which really proves a connection finds that on page 16 Jefferson merely mentions that, in the discussions respecting independence, some said that "the history of the Dutch republic, of whom three states only confederated at first, proved that a secession of some colonies would not be so dangerous as some apprehended:" and that is absolutely all. And on page 32 he finds it mentioned, as one of eleven arguments adduced by one member, that "the Belgic confederacy voted by provinces."

As if not to leave England a leg to stand on, Mr. Campbell adds a supplementary chapter on the Scotch-Irish, "the Puritans of the South," interesting, but marred by much exaggeration and a tendency to "claim everything." We take this occasion to protest against the habit into which writers upon the influence of non-English elements in our history seem prone to fall, of claiming "signers," revolutionary heroes, and Presidents as belonging to these other races merely on the strength of their surnames and first known male ascendant. Thus, Mr. Campbell tells us that, of the twenty-three Presidents of the United States, the Scotch-Irish have contributed six, the Scotch three, among whom he reckons Monroe, the Welsh one (Jefferson), etc. Now, unless he knows more of the genealogy of Jefferson and Monroe than any one else does,

he would find it hard work to prove, in the case of either President, that fifteen of his sixteen great-great-grand-parents were not English.

We welcome all attempts to set forth duly the influence of Dutch, French,

Scotch, or Irish in our history. But, in order to be successful, they must be made by writers who possess abundant scholarship, temperate judgment, and the ability to distinguish between assertion and proof.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Criticism. Walter Savage Landor, a Critical Study, by E. W. Evans, Jr. (Putnams.) An unusual piece of work when regarded as the product of an undergraduate; for while it has the solemnity of serious undergraduate work, it has also the marks of a discriminating and mature judgment. What Mr. Evans has to say of Landor's personality in connection with his work is excellent; and though he does not quite solve the problem of Landor's failure to make himself a force in literature, it may well be that critics have gone too far about for their solution. The book deserves a complete reading by all who care for Landor, and it will probably receive it from such as are not deterred by a certain magniloquence in the opening pages,—a manner, we can assure them, which is left behind by the writer shortly. — *Novalis, his Life, Thoughts, and Works*, edited and translated by M. J. Hope. (McClurg.) A neat little volume, containing a biographical sketch, the tale of Heinrich von Osterdingen, and a collection of thoughts, among which is his famous "Philosophy cannot bake bread, but it can reveal God, freedom, and eternity." — *From the Books of Laurence Hutton*. (Harpers.) A revised collection of half a dozen rambling essays upon topics of interest to one who loves books for themselves as well as for what they contain. Thus, Mr. Hutton discourses of book-plates, Grangerism, poetical dedications, poetical inscriptions, portrait inscriptions, and of the Portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. He draws not only from sources accessible to all book-lovers, but from many private domains not open to the public even on half-holidays. — *The Hell of Dante*, edited, with Translation and Notes, by Arthur John Butler. (Macmillan.)

This volume completes Mr. Butler's version, in English prose, of the *Divina Commedia*, of which he published the other parts about a decade ago. His work is distinguished by vivid comprehension and energetic scholarship. In availing himself of the recent additions to Dante literature, Mr. Butler discriminates excellently between the earlier methods of criticism admitting "amiable conjecture" and the modern opposite tendency to "negative dogmatism." His translation is highly conscientious, with a flavor of originality, while it does not equal the elect charm of the idiom of Professor Norton's work. The text is fully annotated, with possibly a little too much of grammatical minuteness. Mr. Butler makes the admirable suggestion that a number of students should combine to read (among them) all that Dante can have read, and make themselves as familiar as he was with the events, great and small, of his age. From this coöperation might be expected an adequate edition of Dante's works. — *The Odes and Epodes of Horace*, translated into English Verse, with an Introduction and Notes and Latin Text, by John B. Hague. (Putnams.) Horace is the hope and despair of scholars. His lyrics fascinate by their beauty and by the difficulty of rendering them. Dr. Hague has chosen simple forms in which to render complex measures; and though his work is smooth and sometimes elegant, he misses that linking of phrase which makes one of Horace's lyrics a whole oblivious of the stanza divisions in which it is printed. The notes are to the point, though we think Dr. Hague takes too much pains to establish Horace's good character, and assumes too readily that the persons to whom the lyrics are addressed "sail under the colors named in the headings. It is a

great convenience to the reader to have the Latin text given. — A Companion to the Iliad for English Readers, by Walter Leaf. (Macmillan.) Mr. Leaf, in connection with Mr. Lang and Mr. Myers, published, several years ago, a prose version of the Iliad. This book is in effect a full body of notes to that work; and inasmuch as his version supposed little or no knowledge of the Greek language on the part of the reader, so this is concerned with the Iliad as a work of art and an exponent of Greek life. It is most admirably conceived and executed. — Messrs. Roberts Brothers have completed their attractive edition of Jane Austen's works by the publication of Northanger Abbey and Persuasion, and of two supplementary volumes: one containing Mr. Austen-Leigh's admirable memoir, upon which all later works of the kind have been based, Lady Susan and The Watsons; the other, edited by Miss Woolsey, giving a selection from the letters contained in Lord Brabourne's compilation. The selection has been judiciously made, but the reader misses the original editor's introduction and running comments. As a memorandum for Errata in this volume, we would call attention to the fact that Miss Austen's favorite niece was not Lady Edward Knatchbull, — an impossible title, since no Lord Edward Knatchbull ever existed, — and also that leg-of-mutton sleeves were never worn by our novelist's heroines till they had reached middle age. The latter blunder is the more apparent in view of the accuracy with which the costume of their youth is reproduced in the illustrations. This edition is so satisfactory in nearly every respect that one is disturbed by even the most trivial blemishes. — Tributes to Shakespeare, collected and arranged by Mary R. Silsby. (Harpers.) It was a happy thought to bring together the most worthy poetical tributes to the greatest of poets, and this volume is welcome if only for the reason that it gives the general reader, in an easily accessible form, the principal seventeenth-century tributes, and may thus assist in weakening the robust popular fallacy that Shakespeare was but poorly, if at all, appreciated by his contemporaries and their children. It would hardly do to inquire too curiously as to the wide knowledge of even Ben Jonson's noble eulogy, save of the lines that have become

familiar quotations. We wish the editor, in dealing with recent verse, had been more rigidly exclusive. The omission of a few of the later poems would have added greatly to the permanent value of the book. The Brief Tributes, too, might well be spared, at least those in prose, as the collection must necessarily be so incomplete. — Browning's Criticism of Life, by William F. Revell. (Macmillan.) Mr. Revell believes that Browning reached substantially his main beliefs at an early age, and that his poetry repeated these beliefs from first to last. Hence he sets about a discovery of what the great lines of his doctrine of life were by an examination of his verse. This method enables him to dismiss any notion of development of belief; and when one considers the eagerness of Browning's search into the heart of man all through his life, one is constrained to think this a perilous method. However, Mr. Revell goes to work industriously, and essays to try out the religious thought, the ethical and the scientific conception, in Browning's poetry. He says some commonplace things, but the reader learns to respect his sincerity and his painstaking desire to restate the whole matter clearly and with discrimination. The book will furnish a clue to some puzzled readers of Browning. — Poet-Lore, a Monthly Magazine, devoted to Shakespeare, Browning, and the Comparative Study of Literature. (Poet-Lore Co., Boston.) The third volume of this work was issued just before the removal of the magazine from Philadelphia to Boston, and a survey of it gives a better idea than single numbers can of the scope intended by the editors. It is a most excellent indication of the genuine love of high literature that the editors have been able to bring together so many distinct contributions of a suggestive and critical character. There is a freshness about the work which is inspiring, and the study is of that which is worth while, not the tiresome praise of the second-rate. — The Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors, 1741-1850, by Albert H. Smyth. (Robert M. Lindsay, Philadelphia.) The primary place which Philadelphia occupied in our literary history is justification for this little volume, which collects a great deal of curious bibliographical information, and sets forth well the poverty and fecundity of our early magazine literature. — The Idealist, by Henry

T. King. (Lippincott.) A collection of more than a hundred essays, some less than a page in length, which contain the writer's reflections on a variety of topics, expressed in more or less epigrammatic terms. The golden milestone of his journeyings appears to be himself. — *Essays on German Literature*, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. (Scribners.) Mr. Boyesen takes for his themes the great constructive names and periods. To Goethe he gives six chapters, to Schiller one, to the German novel three, and to the Romantic School in Germany three. The equipment which he brings to his task is important, for he writes, not as an exclusive student of German literature, but as a comprehensive student of current tendencies in literature; so that his work is throughout illustrated by a wide range of examples, and his criticism becomes a study in comparative literature.

Fiction. *It Came to Pass*, by Mary Farley Sanborn. No. 19 of Good Company series. (Lee & Shepard.) She thought she did not love the young man number one, though she was engaged to him, for she had seen number two. So number one went away, and came back, thirty-nine pages before the end of the book, and married her. She never really loved number two, who was a villain. We seem to have heard this story before, but this particular variation is cleverly told, and some of the minor incidents and characters are capital. The book is an odd mixture of the domestic and sensational. — *Confessions of a Publisher*, by John Strange Winter. (The Waverly Co., New York.) A careless, idle story, in which the assumption of character by the story-teller intended for irony is all that lifts the tale above cheap commonplace. — *Columbus and Beatriz*, by Constance Goddard Du Bois. (McClurg.) With the "Columbian year" we have much Columbian fiction. The author tells us that this book has for its object the reparation of an injustice which history has done to Beatriz Enriquez, popularly supposed to be the mistress of Columbus. The defense of the close relations of this pair at first, and the breaking of these ties later, is based on the idea that Columbus, always drawn to the religious life, married Beatriz; but later, on his great voyage, being in danger of shipwreck, he vowed, if preserved, to forsake his wife and his all that he might

more truly dedicate himself to the service of God. This theory is ingeniously worked out. The book is old-fashioned in form, and not very vividly interesting, although a picturesque account of the times of Columbus. — *Out of the Fashion*, by L. T. Meade. (Cassell.) A story of four sisters who, losing their fortune through their father's defalcation, are enabled, through the aid of a benevolent and practical maiden lady, to turn their London mansion into a boarding-house. This ideal abode is, of course, a marvelous success, persons of distinction being only too glad to lodge in the back attic of a house where everybody dresses for dinner, and "all the comforts of a refined home are to be had at a nominal price." Although the characters are supposed to be English, their habits of life and speech are very American. The story is commonplace and ill written, but perfectly harmless. — *Colonel Starbottle's Client and Some Other People*, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) Nine stories, short, one might almost think, to show the skill with which this writer can turn his carriage round on a ten-cent piece. — *Ground Arms! the Story of a Life*, by Bertha von Suttner; translated from the German by Alice Asbury Abbott. (McClurg.) A novel in autobiographic form, recounting the change of attitude toward militarism by an Austrian lady of rank. Her experience begins with Solferino, and ends with the defeat of the French by the Prussians, so that something of modern military history is reviewed. In addition there is a good deal of discussion over Darwin and modern philosophy, and an earnest plea for the abandonment of the military system. The book has made a strong impression among the author's countrymen, where the tension produced by impending war is tremendous, but the writer requires an audience. She has failed, we think, to make her book impressive to unmilitary people. Certainly it can hardly be named with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. — *A Man and a Woman*, by Stanley Waterloo. (F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago.) It is difficult to see what the author gains by introducing himself to the reader. In spite of his explanation, there are several points in the story which the most intimate friend of a man and his wife must needs imagine, for he would not be told. In a word, the teller is not a necessary part of the story.

There is not much of a story. The man is represented as defiling himself with women, and yet a most wonderful husband. We wonder if the writer would have the temerity to reverse the situation, or would believe such a reversal true to life and nature? The solemnity with which the book opens encourages one to believe that it is the work of a young writer, for it contains enough evidence of cleverness to make one wish to believe this. — *Some Children of Adam*, by R. M. Manley. (Worthington Co., New York.) One would fancy this tale, on the contrary, to have been written by an old man, who had been bred on fiction of the elaborately fictitious order of fifty years ago. The ingenuity is purely intellectual; it does not spring from the joy of story-telling, and the people and incidents are only occasionally natural. — *Aunt Anne*, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Harpers.) Nothing that Mrs. Clifford has hitherto done has prepared her readers for the force, skill, and pathos with which the central figure of this story is depicted. The unusual, and it might be supposed hazardous, experiment made in the choice of a heroine has been amply justified. Aunt Anne, old, worn, and wrinkled, but with the sentiment, sentimentality, and foolishness of a young girl; poor and dependent, yet recklessly extravagant and lavishly generous, — often at the expense of the recipients of her gifts; with her impressive diction, overweening sense of her own importance, and power of self-deception, is an absolutely living woman, whose story never fails, while she is on the stage, to hold the reader. On one point alone, in this original and admirable delineation, does the writer show the touch of an amateur, — she insists overmuch on personal peculiarities. Aunt Anne's involuntary wink is so persistently dwelt upon that it becomes a positive annoyance to the reader. Unfortunately for the complete effect of the book, the minor characters are, as a rule, commonplace and conventional, while the most important of them, Aunt Anne's villainous young husband, is almost a failure. — *Helen Brent*, M. D. (Cassell.) In this variation of the woman-doctor story, she secretly loves him, in spite of her noble profession; he marries the other woman; then she saves his wife's life, and tries to bring about a right state of feeling between the two; then the

wife runs away with some one else; then he is brought to his senses, and, on the page after "The End," she is to be made happy with him. How the genuine woman-doctors must loathe these travesties on their real life! — *Onoqua*, by Frances C. Sparhawk. (Lee & Shepard.) A story of Indian life, in which is depicted the struggle for ascendancy of the new aspirations through a Christian training over the old traditional, isolated, lower-animal existence. — *A Golden Gossip*, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. (Houghton.) A bright story, full of small but not petty incidents, because they have to do with character and its development. Mrs. Whitney has a way of interpreting the common things of what people call commonplace life, and disclosing their fuller significance; and if she sometimes plays with her phrases and invents verbal mysteries, there is always actual life showing through the veil she weaves. — *The Master of Silence*, a Romance, by Irving Bacheller. (C. L. Webster & Co.) Melodramatic situations preserved from scenic terror by the evident desire of the author to introduce a finer element in the spirit of the leading character. His psychical construction, however, of this marvelous person is scarcely equal to his design, so that the reader falls back upon the story at last, and gets what satisfaction he can out of that. — *Calmire*. (Macmillan.) Seven hundred and fifty pages of fiction are required to bring together at last the young man and young woman who meet in the first chapter. But then the writer had to account for the change in the principle of the young man, and that meant a good deal of grave consideration of questions of faith and no faith. She has written a book of some cleverness in spite of its wholly unnecessary length and its abnormally developed characters. May she live to write a better and shorter tale. — *The Goddess of Atvatar*, being the Discovery of the Interior World and Conquest of Atvatar, by William R. Bradshaw. (J. F. Douthitt, New York.) With so skeptically a named publisher, the reader begins to wonder if Mr. W. R. Bradshaw may not have dropped, casually, a *p* from between *d* and *s*, and if the grave introduction by Mr. Julian Hawthorne may not be all of Mr. Bradshaw's contribution to this elaborate fooling. Some one, at any rate, has been at a world of trouble to in-

vent another world within our globe, and has disturbed the dreams of certain picture-makers, who appear to have made the profuse illustrations in their sleep. — Colonel Judson of Alabama, or A Southerner's Experience at the North, by F. Bean. (United States Book Co., New York.) The writer of this book must have lived in some noman's land, for his Southerners and Northerners are each destitute of the characteristics of their respective sections; and the tedious vulgarity of pretty much every one in the book leads one to ask why on earth the author took the trouble to write it. — Moonlight and Six Feet of Romance, by Dan Beard. With illustrations by the author. (C. L. Webster & Co.) The former tale occupies nearly all the book, and is a fantastic whimsey, in which the author endeavors to give vent to his views regarding the labor problem in the mining regions. His earnestness is unmistakable, but he has entangled his story with such complex conceits that many will abandon the attempt to read the book, and find their satisfaction in the pictures, some of which are clever and effective.

Theology, Ecclesiology, and Ethics. Humanity in its Origin and Early Growth, by E. Colbert. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) Mr. Colbert's astronomical studies have blended with his archæological, and, in his eagerness to account for humanity upon strictly mundane principles, he translates all worship into reverence for planets. His book is a slap-dash, dogmatic interpretation of human history before the time of records, and with all its cleverness betrays an undue haste in reasoning whenever the reasoning militates against received notions born of the Christian education which so offends him. He is one of the sensible men who smile at the Christian superstitions. — *The Incarnation of the Son of God*, by Charles Gore. (Scribners.) These Bampton Lectures for 1891 are among the most notable of the recent lectures on this foundation, not merely in themselves, but as significant of the movement of thought in the English Church. The lecturer, representing what would be regarded as the most conservative school in the Church, boldly takes his stand with the men of other sciences, and undertakes to apply the inductive method to the profoundest article in the creed of the Church. One

of the most successful passages is that in which he turns the tables upon those who oppose the higher Biblical criticism, using one of their favorite proof texts, and showing clearly how utterly it fails them when subjected to close analysis, and how completely it sanctions the higher criticism. The whole argument of the book is masterly. — *The Plan of the Ages. A Vindication of the Divine Character and Government*; showing, by a Recognition and Harmonizing of all the Scriptures, that the Permission of Evil, past and present, is Educational and Preparatory to the Ushering of Mankind into the Golden Age of Prophecy, in which all the Families of the Earth will be blessed with a Full Knowledge of God and a Full Opportunity for attaining Everlasting Life through the Redeemer, who then will be the great Restorer and Life-Giver. Acts 3: 19-21. (Saalfeld & Fitch, New York.) After reading this title-page, and gazing at the wonderful folding chart of the ages which confronts it, and turning the leaf to dwell upon the extraordinary dedication to the King of kings and Lord of lords, one begins to ask to whom God has thus entrusted the vindication of his character. Who art thou, O man? — *Old Wine, New Bottles, Some Elemental Doctrines in Modern Form*, by Amory H. Bradford. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.) Four Discourses, on The Living God, The Holy Trinity, What is Left of the Bible, The Immortal Life, by a vigorous divine who, like others, is striving to translate the great truths of religion into terms of current thought. — *The Soteriology of the New Testament*, by W. P. Du Bose. (Macmillan.) A very interesting study of the problem of sin and the delivery from it as lying in the nature of things and defined in the New Testament. The writer, though theologically definite, is honest, clear, and reasonable, and his book is refreshingly free from assumptions and professional language. There is a certain quaintness even in the style which gives it a flavor of originality, and a human interest which gives body to arguments and illustrations drawn from the great facts of life. — *Glimpses of Heaven. Discourses concerning the Way of Life and the House not made with Hands, Instructing Sinners to Enter by the Open Door and Encouraging Saints to Walk with Christ Evermore.*

Stenographically Reported as Delivered under the Power of the Holy Spirit. By Rev. W. H. Munhill, Louisville, Ky. (John Y. Huber Co., Philadelphia.) There is a portrait of the preacher fronting the book. Some people like colloquialism in religious discourses, and the free-and-easy handling of sacred themes, and the cocksure affirmations of the man who rushes in. — *The Sources of Consolation in Human Life*, by William Rounseville Alger. (Roberts Bros.) Mr. Alger, dissatisfied with the fragmentary or professional consolations to be found in anthologies and religious treatises, has essayed a more consecutive and comprehensive study of the fundamental resources available for the cure of human suffering. He ploughs deep, and is satisfied with nothing short of a philosophic view which takes account of real experience, and assumes to produce a higher good expulsive of every evil. The book is a thoughtful one, and informed with a persistently high purpose. If it seem to some mystical, it is because of the subtlety of pain which can be cured, not by any sharp caustic, but by the exaltation of a mood, the pervasiveness of a spiritual temper. — *The Life Beyond*, by George Hepworth. (Randolph.) Under the guise of colloquies between a master and his doubting, inquiring pupil, a variety of analogies and illustrations is employed to set forth the probability of personal immortality.

History and Biography. Of the making of books about Carlyle there is apparently to be no immediate end, but before a halt is called it is pleasant to welcome so real a contribution to the subject as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's *Conversations with Carlyle* (imported by Scribners), which gives a much more amiable view than the commonly accepted one. Sir C. G. Duffy was twenty years younger than Carlyle, and was an ardent member of the United Ireland party when, in 1845, he made the acquaintance of that perverted man of genius. It is evident in almost every letter of Carlyle to Sir C. G. Duffy that he had a warm affection for the young and enthusiastic Irishman. This, so far from being disagreeable, is a most timely aspect of Carlyle; but the reader must all the more be on his guard against supposing — as Sir C. G. Duffy apparently supposes — that the "whole and perfect chrysolite" has been

presented, instead of a too seldom seen facet of a most roughly hewn gem. The more familiar surfaces shine, too, in Sir C. G. Duffy's pages, and whoever likes to read Carlyle at all will like to read his vehement utterances about Ireland, Home Rule, Thackeray, Jeffrey, Landor, Mill, Dickens, and other men and things. The book gives also a pleasant and lively impression of Mrs. Carlyle and of her relations to her husband; but there is some implied reprobation of Mr. Froude with reference to the publication of the *Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849*, and to other matters. A letter or two of Mrs. Carlyle's and reports of her high-keyed sayings add to the interest of the book. — Mr. J. P. Mahaffy's *Problems in Greek History* (Macmillan) falls far short of the greater part of the author's work in entertainment, because Mr. Mahaffy will be insisting, with a perseverance which even his variety of expression cannot redeem from monotony, upon his own services to scholarship, his own shrewdness and enlightenment in long ago advancing opinions which are now universally held. We have all along been aware that Home Rule perpetually plays the Head of Charles I. to the Mr. Dick of Mr. Mahaffy, but there has been nothing better in the performance than the comparison here made between the attitude of the free Greek states toward Philip and the attitude of the Irish landlords toward Parnell. But lively interest in current affairs, and a disposition to treat ancient history as if it really happened and might happen again, are not so common amongst academic writers as to make us feel like complaining too querulously over so ardent an Irishman as Mr. Mahaffy. — *The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus*, by Harry Hakes, M. D. (Robert Baur & Son, Wilkesbarre, Penn.) An expanded lecture, in which an attempt is made, not without success, to determine the facts, and to brush away mere speculations. — Henry Boynton Smith, b. Lewis F. Stearns. (Houghton.) A volume in the *American Religious Leaders* series. The type of scholarship illustrated by Professor Smith was a rare one, for he was at once courageous and conservative, acute and broad-minded. His constructive power was very great, and he applied it not only in religious philosophy, but in ecclesiastical order;

and though he stood in his great work as a pacificator and church statesman, there was nothing of the trimmer or halfway man about him. His noble character penetrates his writing, and the able student who wrote this book — his last contribution to theological science — has shown a fine capacity to measure and estimate Smith's work. — *A Footnote to History, Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) It may not be the mark of genius, but it is something very like it, when Mr. Stevenson turns the little tempest in a Polynesian teapot, by the force of his imaginative skill, into a human drama full of interest to his readers. His brilliant touch translates Samoan life into terms intelligible by the Anglo-American audience which he addresses, and his humor constantly flies forth even when he is most in earnest, as he is indeed throughout the book. — *Dorothy Wallis, an Autobiography*, with Introduction by Walter Besant. (Longmans.) Mr. Besant, in his interesting preface, assures us that this is what it purports to be, a perfectly true history of a girl, a gentlewoman, who, without help from any one, with no money, and with very few friends, endeavors to obtain an honorable position as an actress. Though the slight story that serves as the framework of her adventures is conventional both in incident and characterization, the main narrative, in its vigorous and unadorned realism, at once impresses the reader as a veritable fragment of autobiography. The City house where a crowd of women earn the smallest and most precarious of wages by directing wrappers, the struggle to obtain even an unsalaried position in theatres which are rather euphemistically called "minor," the haps and mishaps of "a tour," the third-rate theatrical life, the gleam of better fortune at the close, — all these are depicted in a manner which, whatever else it may lack, is vividly and sometimes painfully truthful. Dorothy is a girl who will probably in the end secure at least some measure of success; but her story should serve, as it probably will not, as a strong deterrent to the ordinary stage-struck young woman. — In the series *The Stories of the Nations* (Putnams), a recent volume is on the Byzantine Empire, by C. W. C. Oman. The history is traced from the founding of Byzantium by the Greeks,

B. C. 666, to the fall of Constantinople in A. D. 1453, and the narrative is a plain, unadorned tale, which attracts by its clearness and business-like character rather than by any special charm in the telling. — *Serampore Letters*, being the Unpublished Correspondence of William Carey and Others with John Williams, 1800–1816, edited by Leighton and Mornay Williams; with an Introduction by Thomas Wright. (Putnams.) The reader of the more considerable biography of Carey, Marshman, and Ward will be glad of this little book of a hundred and fifty pages which adds to the material there used. The careful reproduction of these letters adds to their value by preserving the quaint flavor of a recent antiquity, and one is struck anew with the single-minded simplicity of these Baptist missionary pioneers. There are several very good illustrations. — *History of the Nineteenth Army Corps*, by Richard B. Irwin. (Putnams.) The corps was organized at the close of 1862, out of regiments which had been serving in the Department of the Gulf, and placed under command of General Banks. But the history of the corps begins really with the operations at New Orleans and on the Mississippi, so that almost the entire work becomes a history of the war in the Gulf and the Red River. In June, 1864, the corps was sent to the Potomac and Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek formed part of its experience. The narrative is clear and forcible, and a number of useful maps add to the value of the book. — *Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux. A Narrative of Stirring Personal Experiences and Adventures in the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expeditions of 1876, and in the Campaign on the British Border in 1879*. By John F. Finerty. (79 Dearborn St., Chicago.) We have already referred to this book in a regular review (February, 1892), and will only repeat, apropos of a new edition, that it contains a very spirited narrative of Indian warfare. — The final volume of Von Holst's *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States*, translated by John J. Lalor, covers the period from Harper's Ferry to Lincoln's Inauguration. (Callaghan & Co., Chicago.) It is a disappointment to find that there is no index to the entire work, at the end of the series. — *Life of Thomas Paine, with a History of his Literary, Po-*

litical, and Religious Career in America, France, and England, by Moncure Daniel Conway. To which is added a Sketch of Paine by William Cobbett. In two volumes. (Putnams.) — The First International Railway and the Colonization of New England. Life and Writings of John Alfred Poor, edited by Laura Elizabeth Poor. (Putnams.) The first part of this volume contains a spirited account of the public-minded man who was the soul of railroad movements in Maine, and foresaw the great importance of a system which should connect Maine with the Provinces, Canada, and the West. He was the head and front of the European and North American Railway. The rest of the volume is occupied with his writings on historical and commercial subjects. The book was well worth doing. — The Old South, Essays Social and Political, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) A collection of papers and addresses upon several topics relating to the history and social life of the Southern States before the war. They were addressed primarily to Southern readers, for the most part, and breathe the spirit of local patriotism. Not that Mr. Page is merely a *laudator temporis acti*; on the contrary, he says frankly that the South was not keeping pace with the rest of the civilized world, and he recognizes frankly the fundamental obstacle to her progress. But his effort to set the South right historically is still tinged with the unnecessary implication that the North was the greater sinner; and of course he has read Mr. George H. Moore with great satisfaction, and stopped his reading at that point. On the whole, we like best his more constructive social studies, as The Old Virginia Lawyer, and still must wait for the Southern historian who shall write history without sectional bias. He will come, — of that we are confident.

Education and Textbooks. The Art of Teaching and Studying Languages, by François Gouin; translated from the French by Howard Swan and Victor Betis. (George Philip & Son, London; Scribners, New York.) The lively author of this most suggestive work introduces his treatise by an animated account of the difficulties which he met in learning German, when he tried in turn the classical method, the Ollendorf, Jacobot, and others. It was by observing a child in the acquisition of a

new set of ideas and the expression of them that he came upon the key to the true method. In its simplest expression this method centres everything about the verb, and sentences are constructed in series which involve a succession of actions. It is not possible, however, to present in a sentence the scheme as laid down by Gouin, but no student of pedagogy should overlook this fresh, and we may say inspiring book. — Nu English, a Proposed Simplified English Language for Home Use, and for International Commerce and Travel, by Elias Molee. (The Author, Minneapolis, Minn.) A pamphlet containing an enthusiast's plea for a jargon which should supplant Volapük, and an outline of the reform. For one who knows English already the new speech offers few difficulties. — Business Law, a Manual for Schools and Colleges, for Every-Day Use, by Alonzo R. Weed. (Heath.) A convenient handbook, in which a brief statement, without discussion or reference to cases, is made regarding contracts, partnerships, deeds, negotiable paper, collection laws, insurance, and the like, together with business forms and a series of questions and exercises. As a textbook, it would seem to be of most service in commercial colleges. — Selections from Goethe's Poetical and Prose Works, by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. (Heath.) The principle of selection employed is to include specimens complete in themselves, so far as possible, "and large enough to make the student find the flower of every faculty which that mightiest genius of modern times has developed." The several selections are accompanied by comments of various writers, German, English, and American, and by a body of notes which are translations of troublesome words and phrases. — Beowulf, an Anglo-Saxon Epic Poem, translated from the Heyne-Socin Text, by Jno. Leslie Hall. (Heath.) It is perhaps hardly fair to include this scholarly work in this class; yet the fact remains that our first epic is still known almost wholly as an example of early English, and not as a piece of literature. — Three Circulars of Information, issued by the Bureau of Education (Government Printing Office), deal respectively with Promotions and Examinations in Graded Schools, by Emerson E. White; Rise and Growth of the Normal-School Idea in the United

States, by J. P. Gordy; and Biological Teaching in the Colleges of the United States. Dr. White collected information from a large number of schools, and his conclusions happily point to a freedom from too arbitrary methods. Mr. Gordy, who is a professor of pedagogy, gives an interesting sketch of his subject, and contends wisely for the establishment of pedagogical departments in our colleges and universities, since normal schools cannot cover the whole field. Dr. Campbell's paper is mainly a detailed survey of the opportunities offered in our colleges for the study of biological science, with some general observations. — The first Circular for 1892, from the same Bureau, is the Rev. A. D. Mayo's monograph on Southern Women in the recent Educational Movement in the South. The work is based on returns from circulars of inquiries, but quite as much upon the author's observations during twelve years' constant travel in the South upon educational errands. One of the notable facts brought out is the immense amount of work done in the secondary schools for Southern white girls. In other words, the teaching of teachers has been the work which has engaged the attention of Southern women. It is observable that not a single response to the hundreds of circulars sent out came from a Roman Catholic school. The monograph, though somewhat diffuse, is charged with a fine enthusiasm, and offers interesting as well as suggestive reading. — The Song Patriot, a Collection of National and Other Songs for School and Home, compiled by C. W. Bardeen. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) A little book of eighty pages, with a very good collection of patriotic and war songs, national hymns of other lands, songs of sentiment, college songs, sacred songs, and songs of a future life. — Nature Readers, Seaside and Wayside, by Julia McNair Wright. (Heath.) The fourth in this series of readers, which are not made up of selections from other writers, but are written by the author. This number deals with geology, paleontology, and the existing forms which are survivals of earlier types. The manner seems calculated for young pupils, but the style and the matter scarcely agree with this assumption. — A B C of the Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics, a Practical Hand Book for School Teachers and the Home,

by Hartvig Nissen. (F. A. Davis, Philadelphia.) Mr. Nissen is instructor of physical training in the Boston schools, and he has made a book very much like that of Baron Nils Posse, already referred to. Mr. Nissen's catechism is almost childishly simple in its preliminary questions and answers, but its main use, after making teachers smile over these, is to furnish a series of exercises. — French Schools through American Eyes, by James Russell Parsons, Jr. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) Mr. Parsons, who had already reported on the Prussian school system, made a similar study of French schools in 1891, and this book is his report to the New York State Department of Public Instruction. It contains a great deal of detailed, specific information, unincumbered by idle speculation, and arranged with a clear sense of order. Mr. Parsons's observations, when he does make them, are those of a well-trained observer, and appear to be free from whims and parochial prejudice. — English Composition by Practice, by Edward R. Shaw. (Holt.) Mr. Shaw deals less with principles than with examples in his book; rather, he leaves the teacher and the pupil to educe the principles from the examples; but he is very ingenious in furnishing suggestions for reproductions, paraphrases, letters, original essays, stories, and the like, and his book ought to be very serviceable to a teacher even when not used as a class book. — Modern Punctuation. A Book for Stenographers, Typewriter Operators, and Business Men; with Hints to Letter Writers, One Hundred Suggestions to Typewriter Operators, a List of Common Abbreviations with Definitions, and a Vocabulary of Business and Technical Terms, with Spaces for Writing in the Shorthand Equivalents. By William Bradford Dickson. (Putnams.) The new occupation of typewriting is collecting a literature, it seems, and this is a handy little book, with such admirable injunctions as the following: "Always omit a comma rather than put it in the wrong place." — The Test-Pronouncer. A Companion Volume to "7000 Words often Mispronounced;" containing the Identical List of Words found in the Larger Work, arranged in groups of ten, without Diacritical Marks, for Convenience in Recitation. By William H. P. Phyfe. (Putnams.) That is to say, this serves as a question book, and

the larger work as a key. Here are all the words, but no indication is given as to the way they should be pronounced.

Politics, Sociology, and Economics. A Dictionary of Political Economy (Macmillan) has been begun, of which Part One is before us, covering the words "Abatement-Bede." It is edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, and is to contain articles on the subjects usually dealt with by economic writers, with explanations of legal and business terms, and short notices of deceased English, American, and foreign economists, and their chief contributions to economic literature. The term "dictionary" is to be taken in a pretty literal sense, for the articles are very brief, and the authors plainly perceive this, since "the limits of space forbid" is a frequent formula. There is, however, a good bibliographical statement appended where the subject calls for a fuller explanation. — American Citizenship, and the Right of Suffrage in the United States, by Taliesin Evans. (Tribune Print, Oakland, Cal.) An examination of national and state laws affecting citizenship, together with a citation of such decisions of courts as bear upon the subject. The author undertakes the study with a view to inquiring how far our system imposes restrictions on the suffrage. Although he does not anywhere make a summary of his deductions, it is evident that he regards the system loose and weak on this point. — Direct Legislation by the Citizenship through the Initiative and Referendum, by J. W. Sullivan. (Twentieth Century Publishing Co., New York.) After a full though concise statement of the working of the Referendum in Switzerland, Mr. Sullivan turns to the application of the principle in the United States. He finds this much more general than a superficial observation would suppose, and he thinks it might be extended to advantage. Yet many will demur to a political theory which practically makes the Constitution a somewhat unwieldy statute-book. — The Scriptures of Benjamin the Giant-Killer. (Journal Publishing Co., Detroit.) A political fable couched in Old Testament style, with elaborately distorted names, the whole designed to show how President Harrison withstood the attempt made by Great Britain to force its free-trade doctrines upon the United States. — Who Pays Your Taxes? A Consideration of the Question of Taxation,

by David A. Wells, George H. Andrews, Thomas G. Shearman, Julien T. Davies, Joseph Dana Miller, Bolton Hall, and others; edited by Bolton Hall, and issued by authority of the New York Tax Reform Association. (Putnams.) This is not, as might be supposed from the title-page, a collection of essays by many hands, but Mr. Hall has drawn upon the writings of a large number of persons to enforce the principles involved in the platform of the association, which is, in brief, that taxes should be laid mainly upon real estate. — Direct Legislation by the People, by Nathan Cree. (McClurg.) Another study in a direction which plainly lies along the line of thought taken by many students of political science. The Swiss Referendum is the suggestion, and the practical end aimed at is to increase the number of acts directly referred to the people. We are constantly employing this method in such questions as License or No License; the principle is admitted, and the question is as to the extension of its application. Mr. Cree does not confine himself to discussion; he brings forward practical forms and methods. — The Tariff, What it is and What it does, by S. E. Moffett. (Potomac Publishing Co., Washington.) A keen discussion of the practical working of the tariff by a Californian. He derives many of his illustrations from trade on the Pacific coast. The book is a pamphlet of a hundred pages. — The Teaching of Humanity, a Treatise throwing some Light on Certain Movements of the Day, by C. W. Rosenfeld. (The Author, 89 Leman St., London, E.) A pamphlet of a hundred pages, in which a Jew, struggling through translators who, he pathetically declares, cannot understand him (and surely the English is something wonderful), discourses upon "the promotion of humanity among the Jews." With much help from the Talmud, he seems bent on demonstrating that Jews ought to be sprinkled over the world, and not massed in one spot. Thus doing, he says, "it will not alone be good for the Jews, but for the Christians as well; for the Jews are like spice, — a little of it gives great flavor to the food; put too much of it in the food, and the result is the food is spoilt." — The Free Trade Struggle in England, by M. M. Trumbull. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) A revised edition of a work first published ten years

ago. The author has stuck pretty closely to his text ; but, as he is an American, and writes the book for American readers, he uses American legislation to illustrate his subject, claiming somewhat preposterously that all American utterances in favor of

protection are simply the repetition of English arguments used before free trade had opened the eyes of Englishmen. It is unscientific to treat free trade and protection as if they were doctrines only, to be applied like nostrums.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

La Muse
s'Amuse.

IN a recent evening company of good friends and fellows, of the literary craft, the Epigram became the subject of discussion, and subsequently of experiment. We had among us, on this occasion, both the professional and the amateur poet, and, in addition to these, a very choice laity, — connoisseurs, privileged to criticise, and who could tell to a nicety, as though each one had been the king's taster, the degree of "distinction" and the exact "touch of quality" possessed severally by either the professional or the amateur poet.

"The epigram," grumbled one of this choice laity, — "I don't think much of the epigram. It's a sign of genius running to seed, just as when a plant puts forth smaller and smaller flowers toward autumn. In my opinion, it goeth before the fall of any epoch of literary brilliancy."

"I agree with you," added another censorious layman ; "only it seems to me even worse than that. The epigram is distinctly vulgar. Its smartness and catchiness, its tendency to punning, ought to be enough to condemn it, for a true poet."

Still another note of objurgation : "It is even worse than vulgar ; it is atheistical. Its cynicism, when it does n't call God to account, amuses itself with running on what it would consider the *pretended* virtues of mankind."

"But," ventured one of the counsel for the defense, "the epigram has been employed at times by the best order of genius, from the ancients to the moderns. In discreet hands, there is nothing like it for packing 'infinite riches in a little room.'"

"I object," said another, "to the charge of vulgarity and atheism made against the epigram. Of course it may be diverted to base uses ; but think how often the poets have made it express a profound moral

truth, how often some strain of hero-worship has been blended with its terse directness. What a sweep of vision, what a swing, there is in the epigram on Francis Drake ! Just listen : —

'The stars above will make thee known,
If man were silent here ;
The sun himself cannot forget
His fellow-traveler !'

Or take those lines from Dryden, beginning, —

'Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.'

For further proof that the epigram may possess dignity and nobility of purpose, one has but to refer to old Herbert with his pithy couplets, such as this : —

'But he who grieves because his faith is small
Hath a true grief and the best faith of all.'

This surely has the quality and the form of the epigram, and it is not smart nor cynical."

"I don't know," said an objector, "about that matter of 'quality and form.' It seems to me that none of these specimens, however remarkable as verse, is a true epigram. They don't fall under Martial's prescription, which requires not only honey, but a little sting."

"I should like to put in a word right here," observed one of the good listeners of the company. "I have noticed the recent vogue of short flights in verse. These flights don't appear to me to result in epigrams, even where the intent is to be humorously satiric."

"I know what you mean," said our Champion Interrupter, "the quatrain" —

"I believe they call them quatrains," calmly rejoined the Good Listener. "I notice a great many graceful and lovely four-line performances. I should n't call them

epigrams, and I do not know that their authors would. They are rather like little lyrics, — often perfect little lyrics, — in which the sting, if there is any, is no more than that which honey gives to sensitive throats."

It was now the Interrupter's legitimate turn. "I happen to remember a good example of the quatrain, — the 'perfect little lyric' you mention. And it is about The Lyric. It's Aldrich's 'touch,' one might know.

'I would be the lyric,
Ever on the lip,
Rather than the epic
Memory lets slip!'

Yes, I should call that a lyric in miniature rather than an epigram."

"Or say an epigram made on the wing by delicious Ariel himself;" and the speaker, who would have been called Moderator, had our informal circle recognized parliamentary offices, indicated that it was now "in order" to announce the subjects for metrical contest. No limitations as to metrical form were assigned, nor was any moral stricture made, except against absolute punning. The subjects announced were as follows: Patriotism, Vanity, Similia Similibus, The Editor, Traveling for Health. One of the contestants produced three "epigrams" in the given time; another had two to show, while the rest contented themselves with but one apiece. The results, without further introduction, are subjoined.

PATRIOTISM (I.).

(A true incident. Comment by the poet.)

"Yes, we've rivers as wide," he sneers at the guide,
As the Duro is crossed with a bound;
"Only we call them gutters," the patriot mutters,
And he spat on the foreigner's ground!

PATRIOTISM (II.). ANAXAGORAS.

When shallow hearts reproached the pilgrim wise,
"Wanderer, why dost thou not thy country prize?"
He raised to heaven his tranquil, smiling eyes, —
"I do," he answered; "there my country lies!"

VANITY (I.).

(The Beauty to her Confidante.)

My front face, — alas!
I see in the glass
The praises men lavish are true!
My side face I turn,
And with rapture they learn
That Clytie is flashed into view!
These flatteries cloy me,
These transports annoy me.
Now, Grace dear, what am I to do?

VANITY (II.).

How brave it is, in all its splendor drest!
How poor, when of its lordly gear divest!
So, Venus' bird, if his gay plumage fall,
In abject grief hides under hedge or wall.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

His sermon cost him many a sleepless night;
But when he came before the congregation,
Lulled by the Reverend Beetle's droning flight,
They peaceful slept from text to peroration.

THE EDITOR (I.).

Our Rhadamanthus left and right rejects;
Then, all at once, from mere caprice selects
Some trivial thing not worth the reader's pains.
('T is thus my rival's verse an audience gains.)

THE EDITOR loquitor.

I wade through seas of fustian for a pearl.

TRAVELING FOR HEALTH (I.).

"So, your wife is in Europe," the fair gossip cried;
"She travels for health, I opine."
"Yes, my wife is abroad," he grimly replied;
"She's abroad — not for *her* health, but mine!"

TRAVELING FOR HEALTH (II.).

In quest of health, I roved the world around.
A mile from home a healing spring I found.
"Here's health — but mark!" (the naiad smiled ad-
vice)
"Each day on foot you here must journey twice."

The above having been read, the reader, who was an approver of the epigram, looked triumphantly about with the air of having vanquished opposition. "What do you say to these?"

"I should say," our chief censor remarked, mingling a placebo with his criticism,

"I wade through seas of fustian for a pearl."

— In a recent richly suggestive paper on the Romance of Memory, appearing in The Atlantic, it seems to me that the writer but sparingly touched upon one important province in this great principality of the past. May I, therefore, briefly adventure over its border? A word on the memory of the emotions.

In the Asphodel Country, before the transient sojourner there (be it for some thousand years, more or less!) is ordered back to earth, he is given a draught from certain forgetful waters. In Dante's Vision, the newly arrived in Purgatory drink Lethe, but afterwards are refreshed with the live crystal of Eunoë, which yields them back all that is comforting in their recollections of earth. I know a modern spirit who affirms a conviction that perfect

spiritual repose would be impossible without the extinction of memory : as, once let in memory, all the passions are *potentially* present, the joyous and the painful, the exalting and the humiliating alike, amid the stir and antagonism of all which, rest would of necessity be precluded. But this view of the subject ignores the fact that the memories of most human beings readily undergo mutation, or rather transmutation, into something else than their former substance and shape. What they now feel, they easily antedate, and convince themselves and others that they have always maintained the likings or dislikings, the advocacy or the objection, of the present moment. They will even refute, or so juggle, their previous words to the contrary that it becomes of no use to attempt to cite to them their own past opinions. Now, I freely confess that I am not so fortunate in the metamorphose of memory (if this protean facility be regarded as fortunate). I deplorably forget chronological orders, verbal collocations of wit and poesy, localities and landscapes, ways and landmarks, but not subjective sensations and emotions, either my own, or, so far as I can obtain a record of it, the tremolo of emotion in other human creatures of my near association. If my attitude toward any individual has suffered a change with the years, I am aware of the change. If my saints are no longer aureoled, I do not forget that they once wore the nimbus ; and *per contra*, if some now most cherished person did, on first sight and acquaintance, produce an unfavorable impression upon my mind, I am still able to recall that unsparing initial glimpse of demerits either real or fancied. In a world of easy forgetting and of convenient fluctuation of sentiment, these are hard lines ; but I am consoled by the thought that here and there must be others whose temperaments are touched by a like merciless permanence of impression. To these I make my appeal. "Yesterday, To-Day, and Forever," repeated in a sort of monotonous burden of constancy, might be taken as the cognizance of this order of memory. Those who are its repositories would perhaps maintain, the more retrospect, the less prospect. To them the vitality of a once living past must ever be more vividly felt than the life of a non-existent future. In brief words, there are the na-

tures that are built upon hope, and the natures that find their foundations in memory.

My personal friends sometimes humorously cite me as an instance of one whose face is set to look backwards. I cheerfully acknowledge the defect in mental anatomy ; but I as cheerfully assure them that if I continue to look that way, and to look far and keenly enough, I shall doubtless yet see into the future, on the principle that the periplus of the globe brings you to the starting-point again, and also that the symbol of eternity is a circle. How is it that the eldest past and the remotest future seem, to the fancy, to have some meeting-point, or place of tryst, on that enormous annular stretch ? But truce to these flip-pant surmisings.

Physicists tell us — and the poets closely follow — that no sound once communicated to the unresting wave of the air, "no idlest word thou speakest," no tone of the voice, no merest whisper, ever ceases its wandering. I can believe this, with little stress of the imagination. The phonograph, with all its possibilities of recovering long-silent tones and long-forgotten words, is nothing to the sensitive, hoarding jealousy, to the sharp-relimning power, of this kind of memory ! And not only are tones of voice and words reproduced at will, but also faces, the features, the soul in the eyes, a look, — nay, less than a look, the attempted suppression of meaning, — all, as in an animate picture, flashed upon the marveling eyes of the mind ! Back to the nerve flutters the sense of a touch, of a caress, the motion of the air displaced by the passing of a person ! All these vital details return not merely when summoned as pleasant minor witnesses of a passage long since happily incorporated into the story of life ; they come not only at will, but against the will in instances where friendship has cooled, and neither the name nor the substance thereof is retained. The doors of amity are closed, but they enter, as in Locksley Hall.

"And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness
on thy pain."

Even when all tragedy is absent from the situation ; when, if former friends (now mutual aliens) should meet, there would not be aroused even the interest of mild feud, — even then, in one's brief solitary revision of the past, this touch of "ancient

kindness" contrives to lend a sharp even though momentary pang. The power of exercising forgiveness may depend more directly upon the faculty and quality of memory than is commonly supposed: some persons may more easily forgive, because they more readily forget.

Among the tyrannies of memory, there is one which particularly puzzles me. I cannot understand why certain slight incidents, certain unimportant traits of person or manner, should in the after time become as a shorthand symbol, gathering up the whole situation, the entire image and "atmosphere" of the person remembered. The most distinct representation I am able to form of a friend of mine (no longer living) is upon this wise: hooded and cloaked for a winter walk, I see her at a certain point upon the path; she is in the act of taking a step forward. When the one step is completed, this mental portrait vanishes instantly, and can be reproduced only in the way I have described, and only to fade again at the same juncture. I have even come to dread this edged incisiveness, this scrupulous circumstantiality of memory; and I often fall to speculating as to what now happening will be in future recalled with special poignancy. Sometimes such forecast acquires almost the mournful quality of retrospect. I very well know (though I do not know *why*) that, when a friend of mine turns the leaf of a newspaper and folds it carefully back between thumb and finger, this act will be among the characteristic memories I shall treasure regarding him, and will be fraught with unaccountable and disproportionate pathos, should Memory and I survive him.

Some one of the ancients observes that he has forgotten the things he should like to remember, while he remembers the things he *would* forget. Some of us have no right to complain of a "bad memory." If we have greatly desired to forget some painful phase of experience, and, to this end, have so blinded and drugged the traveler into the past that she can bring us no certain word from beyond the forbidden bourne, what must we expect but that Memory will, be equally listless and unfaithful when sent by us to other quarters of her proper ranging-ground? In our manœuvring to forget what we do not wish to remember, discipline overreaches itself,

and we are betrayed into forgetting what we should like to remember. And so we are able to confer sympathetically with the ancient just cited.

Speaking of the ancients, of the Asphodel Country, and of Lethe, may I not give a Neo-Greek view of that region and of memory as a perpetuity?

I SHALL REMEMBER.

I.

In the dim meadows flecked with asphodel
I shall remember!
I shall not quaff
The waters of the immemorial well,
That darkly laugh, throwing oblivious spell.
The cup of memory I shall bear, shall drain
Again — again — again —
Down to the draff!
I shall remember.

II.

I shall not drink the waters of that well;
I shall remember!
Far from all mirth
I will make glad, make mad, the souls that dwell
In pale content obscure; for I will tell
It is the Earth, once theirs, they blindly seek
In search too weak, too weak, —
It is the Earth!
I shall remember.

III.

In the dim meadows flecked with asphodel
I shall remember!
Fadeless it blows.
All sweetest blooms with Earth and Change do dwell,
And in their greeting mingle a farewell, —
More dear because they droop, they fade, they pass.
The rose of life, alas!
The rose, the rose
I shall remember.

IV.

I shall not drink the waters of that well;
I shall remember,
And witness yet: —
"Ye shadowy dancers of the twilight dell,
And ye whose shadowy arms do but compel
A shadowy foe, — this is not mirth, not strife!
This is not life, not life!
Do ye forget?"
I shall remember.

— We drove along the Barony
A Memory. Road, as it is called, — a long,
straight avenue between rows of trees, the
Via Sacra of the old Laird of Anchinleck.
The storms of the past week had broken
great branches from the trees on either
side, and when we entered the grounds we
found still more damage had been done.
But to-day there is no breath of wind. The
autumn sunshine is everywhere, gilding the
fading leaves, making beautiful lights on
the harvested fields, laying soft shadows on
the distant hills. "The day is made for
you," some one says. Through the open

gates we notice here and there in the woods a tree blown down ; some of them are oaks that were growing when Johnson came. But the woods fall back, there is a wide sweep of lawn, and in another minute we are at the house.

Auchinleck Place, a large white house, plain in style, handsome in its proportions, dignified rather than grand, stands as it was built some hundred and twenty years ago. The most beautiful thing about it is the situation. From the broad steps we look across the graveled road to the green-sward, glittering this October morning with the early frost ; and beyond, the eye passes over pasture lands and woods, till the view is closed in some twenty miles away by the New Cumnock hills.

In the hall, which we enter from the steps, are several pictures, and over the drawing-room mantelpiece one of Mary, Queen of Scots, signing her abdication in Lochleven Castle. It was painted, we learn from Boswell, by a Mr. Hamilton in Rome, and Johnson, at Boswell's request, composed a Latin inscription for the engraving taken from it.

Crossing the hall, a doorway leads to the staircase, where, on the wall, hangs a full-length portrait of "the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican," General Paoli. He is represented as a portly looking gentleman in a green velvet suit and powdered wig.

Upstairs is the library, — a long room, with a fireplace at either end. It is lined with bookcases, except for three windows on the farther side, looking to the back of the house. The view in that direction is as beautiful and as extensive as we saw to the front. The trees in the park are finer ; this is, if we may so say, the older part of the demesne where the former mansion-house stood. The gardens are over there, and just beyond them, hidden in its deep, rocky channel, flows the Lugar. On the far horizon we can trace a mountain outline : it is Arran. Was it mere chance, or taste which was rare in those days, that led Lord Auchinleck to choose this site for the new house ? Was the view among the things "*quod petis*" he sought and found here, stout old Whig that he was, with his doctrine of contentment ?

The library is the most interesting apartment in the house, but it would take days to explore its treasures, and we have only

half an hour. The sober bindings of the volumes in calf and vellum give a scholastic air to the room, strangely at variance with the large billiard-table which takes up so much of the space. It seems a queer setting for the billiard-table, does it not, and a queer companionship for the books, — Ladislaw and Casaubon domiciled together, to their mutual discomfort ? It has taken more than one generation to bring this about. The man who filled the bookshelves which still give the chamber its name was not the man who had the table built there. The glazed doors of the bookcases are standing open to-day, and we keep dipping in among the volumes. Those Greek and Roman classics may have been what Johnson handled that rainy morning, the first day of his visit, while he still remembered his biographer's urgent request to avoid Whiggism, Presbyterianism, and — Sir John Pringle, in conversation with his host. Alas ! before the week was out the request was forgotten, the promise gone to the winds.

"Dr. Johnson and my father came into collision. In the course of their altercation, Whiggism and Presbyterianism, Toryism and Episcopacy, were terribly buffeted. My worthy hereditary friend, Sir John Pringle, never having been mentioned, happily escaped without a bruise." (November 6, 1773.)

Queen Mary's prayer-book is here, a little red-bound volume of Latin prayers written and illuminated on vellum. An inscription on the fly-leaf tells what is known of its history, and how it was given by Mary's granddaughter, Elizabeth Stuart, to Lord Harrington, when he escorted her to her home in the Palatinate. There is a manuscript of *The Gentle Shepherd*, and surely some of the very smallest volumes ever bound in calf and gold. They have the tiniest frontispieces and title-pages, and are dated "Amsterdam." One is a *Treatise on Short Writing*. On another shelf, stowed away among all sorts of odds and ends, we found a little worn volume entitled *The New Year's Gift*, and on the fly-leaf was written "This book belonged to Samuel Johnson." Over the fireplaces there are family portraits : of the first Boswell of Auchinleck, to whom the property was given, and who fell at Flodden ; of his wife ; of the Dutch ancestor ; of Grizzel

Cochrane. Lord Auchinleck's portrait is hung in the dining-room, but the son he thought "clean gyte" is here, painted by Reynolds. An engraving of this picture forms the frontispiece to the fifth volume of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of the great biography. It has suffered reverses, this portrait. Within living memory it was turned to the wall, and a fool's cap was displayed on the back of it. Poor James Boswell! his "moments of self-complacency" would have been fewer could he have looked forward a little way. But there he is, at once the most famous and the most jeered at of biographers, the author to whom we owe so much, and for whom we care so little.

"*Quod petis hic est*" (to quote again the motto on the front of the mansion) in the library, but we must see the remains of the old house which are still standing. We pass down among the trees, and, entering by a wicket-gate, go along the smooth grassy walks. And in my lady's garden, right in what must have been the banqueting-hall, the flowers are growing, mingling their fleeting delicate graces with the severe outlines of the ancient masonry. Beyond is the bowling-green, and across from it, on a lofty point of rock jutting out above the river, the ruin of the oldest Auchinleck of them all, the castle whose "sullen dignity" so pleased the sage.

"I cannot figure a more romantic scene!" exclaims Boswell, as he relates how he pointed out its beauties to Dr. Johnson, and "expatiated on the antiquity of my family." Indeed, it is a beautiful and romantic scene. The Lugar, which here is joined by a burn, flows far below, almost hidden by the trees and brushwood. The old keep still commands the situation, but the enemies it feared and the lives it guarded alike are gone. The old order has changed, and given place to new fulfillments of human life.

A Story for Botanists. — On the old state road, about halfway between the villages of Avon and Caledonia in New York, there is a little knoll close to the roadside, upon which has blossomed for seventy-eight summers what would be regarded as a common weed only for certain weird associations which have given it a wide fame, making the *murder plant*, as it is called, one of the sights of Avon Springs. For seventy-eight years the hardy little shrub has come up in the very spot where verified tradition says it

was never seen before the spring of 1814; and although its stonelike seeds have been wind-sown, not a trace of the plant, it is affirmed, can be found elsewhere in the vicinity. Moreover, it is said that seeds of it sown elsewhere, no matter how carefully nourished, come to naught, and that its roots, if transplanted, only rot in the ground.

The story of the murder plant, as it was told by a most estimable woman who saw its first blossoms, and who lived almost within sight of the roadside hillock the rest of her life, may be relied upon in every detail. Her father had settled on the old Niagara road in 1800. His house was upon the very site of the one occupied by his grandchildren to-day, and was one of the best known stopping-places, or taverns, on the old state road, which was fairly opened about 1802. The first stage from Utica to the Genesee River made its pioneer trip in September, 1799, reaching Canawaugus (Avon) on the third day. During the war of 1812 the road was a thoroughfare for the soldiers and sailors passing between the seaboard and the lakes, and Smith's tavern a welcome halting-place in the march through the wilderness. The daughter of mine host, whose children pass down her version of the story of the plant, became the wife of Sylvester Hosmer, a son of Dr. Timothy Hosmer, whose name is inseparable from the history of Livingston County. I well remember how the young folk visiting at "Hosmer's," some thirty years ago, would draw out the old lady's story of the interesting plant, which they made a point of visiting in the pale moonlight, some of them declaring that they experienced an unmistakable shiver when they plucked the tiny blue blossoms from the scraggy bush.

It was in the late afternoon of an October day (as Mrs. Hosmer used to tell the story) in the year 1813, about two months before Buffalo was burned. The troops at Sackett's Harbor had been to Batavia to get their pay, and were returning. They had been "stringing along" all day in squads. Just at nightfall there was a break in the straggling procession, and for some time not a soldier was seen at Smith's tavern; then a little company of them arrived, saying that they had discovered in the woods by the roadside, west of the inn, a murdered man, a soldier. He was quite dead, and weltering in his gore. His pockets had

been rifled, and there was every proof of his having been shot and robbed.

He was wrapped in his blanket and buried a few rods from the spot. On the mound where he was found, and which had been well known to all of the Smith family, the strange plant sprang up the next spring, and was watched by them with interest. No one had ever before seen its like in the neighborhood; it was something new in the flora of the country.

Major Smith learned afterwards that the soldier's name was Alexander; that he was from New England, where he had a family, to whom he always sent his pay. He was on his way to Canandaigua to remit it to them when he was slain, undoubtedly by a comrade, in that lonely place in the woods. A teamster passing over the road that night had been accosted by a man on foot, who "looked wild and scared," and asked if the soldiers had all gone by. A soldier by the name of Collins was executed at Sackett's Harbor, not long afterwards, for shooting at an officer, and it was believed that he had committed the murder on the state road.

"We fear the plant will not come up this spring," writes one of the Hosmer family living in the old homestead. "So many visited it last summer, and pulled up the last root to be found. But it has never failed to make its appearance for seventy-eight years."

It is to be hoped that the vandals have not exterminated it entirely, and that some skilled botanist will take pains to tell us if there is anything marvelous about it, — if it is in any way different from ordinary gromwell. Can this much-talked-about weed on the old state road claim special consideration as an illustration of the fungi we read of in Septimius Felton? If that is the case, then why not give the world a brew of its leaves, or blossoms, or roots, or all of them combined, and who knows but we shall have found at last in the decoction the elixir of life, "the seeds of which," as Hawthorne put it, "must be planted in a fresh grave of bloody death in order to make it effectual."

P. S. "There is no sign of the murder plant this summer" is the last report. Perhaps it is at last exterminated.

The Rogues' Gallery. — At the police headquarters in the city of New York there is a

department known as the Rogues' Gallery, where are preserved the counterfeit presentments of a large and continuous series of enforced lodgers. Counterfeit presentments, did I say? I should rather have said counterfeit misrepresentments; for the most of these photographs are grotesque caricatures of their originals, totally inexplicable, until you learn the intent of the sitters. These have to be held forcibly while a negative is secured; yet as no one can chain the features of the face, many of the countenances recorded by the camera exhibit a curious variety of grimace, — mouths askew, scowls on the brow, and all facial distortions that a whispering Mephistopheles could suggest at one's ear. This is done, not with a view to any dramatic impersonation whatsoever, but for the purpose of spoiling the chance of a later identification through the memorial photograph, obtained under such difficulties. Necessarily, the detective who employs this touching souvenir as a means of recognition of his man has always to make allowance for the superactivity of countenance and expression in the photograph which he preserves.

Now, I think this mode of masking the features by a violent grimace exceedingly ingenious on the part of the Rogues, who may have their own roguish satisfaction — not altogether without a touch of the artist — in the number, contrariety, and perplexity of portraits produced from one original.

Not at all with a view to be cynical, I remark that I find the world at large not a whit more anxious for an exact delineation by any accurate photograph process. Precious rogues that we are, we are all quite willing to "sit" for something else than ourselves; only here it is not grimace which is employed, but an assumption (often most innocently unconscious) of that which we esteem as the highest type of the magnanimous, the chivalrous, the generous, the altogether lovely in human nature.

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DON ORSINO.¹

XXVII.

ORSINO was to all intents and purposes without a friend. How far circumstances had contributed to this result, and how far he himself was to blame for his lonely state, those may judge who have followed his history to this point. His grandfather had indeed offered him help, and in a way to make it acceptable, if he had felt that he could accept it at all. But the old prince did not in the least understand the business nor the situation. Moreover, a young fellow of two or three and twenty does not look for a friend in the person of a man sixty years older than himself. While maintaining the most uniformly good relations in his home, Orsino felt himself estranged from his father and mother. His brothers were too young, and were generally away from home, at school and college, and he had no sisters. Beyond the walls of the Palazzo Saracinesca, San Giacinto was the only man whom he would willingly have consulted; but San Giacinto was of all men the one least inclined to intimacy with his neighbors, and, after all, as Orsino reflected, he would probably repeat the advice he had already given, if he vouchsafed counsel of any kind.

He thought of all his acquaintance, and came to the conclusion that he was in reality on terms more closely approaching to friendship with Andrea Contini than with any man of his own class.

Yet he would have hesitated to call the architect his friend, as he would have found it impossible to confide in him concerning any detail of his own private life.

At a time when most young men are making friends, Orsino had been hindered from the formation of such ties by the two great interests which had absorbed his existence, — his attachment and subsequent love for Maria Consuelo, and the business at which he had worked so steadily. He had lost Maria Consuelo, in whom he would have confided, as he had often done before, and at the present important juncture he stood quite alone.

He felt that he was no match for Del Ferice. The keen banker was making use of him for his own purposes in a way which neither Orsino nor Contini had ever suspected. It could not be supposed that Ugo had foreseen from the first the advantage he might reap from the firm he had created, and which was so wholly dependent on him. Orsino might have turned out ignorant and incapable. Contini might have proved idle and even dishonest. But, instead of this, the experiment had succeeded admirably, and Ugo found himself possessed of an instrument, as it were, precisely adapted to his end, which was to make worthless property valuable at the smallest possible expense; in fact, at the lowest cost price. He had secured a first-rate architect and a first-rate accountant, both

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men of spotless integrity, both young, energetic, and unusually industrious. He paid nothing for their services, and he entirely controlled their expenditure. It was clear that he would do his utmost to maintain an arrangement so immensely profitable to himself. If Orsino had realized exactly how profitable it was, he might have forced Del Ferice to share the gain with him, and would have done so for the sake of Contini, if not for his own. He suspected, indeed, that Ugo was certain beforehand, in each case, of selling or letting the houses, but he had no proof of the fact. Ugo did not leave everything to his confidential clerk, and the secrets he kept to himself were well kept.

Orsino consulted Contini, as a matter of necessity, before accepting Del Ferice's last offer. The architect went into a tragi-comic rage, bit his cigar through several times, ground his teeth, drank several glasses of cold water, talked of the blood of Cola di Rienzo, vowed vengeance on Del Ferice, and finally submitted.

The signing of the new contract determined the course of Orsino's life for another year. It is surprising to see, in the existence of others, how periods of monotonous calm succeed seasons of storm and danger. In our own they do not astonish us so much, if at all. Orsino continued to work hard, to live regularly, and to do all those things which, under the circumstances, he ought to have done, and earned the reputation of being a model young man, a fact which surprised him on one or two occasions when it came to his ears. Yet, when he reflected upon it, he saw that he was in reality not like other young men, and that his conduct was undoubtedly abnormally good as viewed by those around him. His grandfather began to look upon him as something almost unnatural, and more than once hinted to Giovanni that the boy, as he still called him, ought to behave like other boys.

"He is more like San Giacinto than any of us," said Giovanni thoughtfully. "He has taken after that branch."

"If that is the case, he might have done worse," answered the old man. "I like San Giacinto. But you always judge superficially, Giovanni. You always did. And the worst of it is, you are always perfectly well satisfied with your own judgments."

"Possibly. I have certainly not accepted those of others."

"And the result is that you are turning into an oyster; and Orsino has begun to turn into an oyster, too; and the other boys will follow his example, — a perfect oyster-bed! Go and take Orsino by the throat and shake him" —

"I regret to say that I am physically not equal to that feat," said Giovanni, with a laugh.

"I should be!" exclaimed the aged prince, doubling his hard hand and bringing it down on the table, while his bright eyes gleamed. "Go and shake him, and tell him to give up this dirty building business, — make him give it up; buy him out of it; put plenty of money into his pockets and send him off to amuse himself! You and Corona have made a prig of him, and business is making an oyster of him, and he will be a hopeless idiot before you realize it! Stir him, shake him, make him move! I hate your furniture-man, who is always in the right place, and always ready to be sat upon!"

"If you can persuade him to give up affairs, I have no objection."

"Persuade him! I never knew a man worth speaking to who could be persuaded to anything he did not like. Make him, — that is the way."

"But since he is behaving himself and is occupied, that is better than the lives all these young fellows are leading."

"Do not argue with me, Giovanni; I hate it. Besides, your reason is worth nothing at all. Did I spend my youth over accounts, in the society of an archi-

teet? Did I put water in my wine, and sit up like a model little boy at my papa's table, and spend my evenings in carrying my mamma's fan? Nonsense! And yet all that was expected in my day in a way it is not expected now. Look at yourself. You are bad enough, —dull enough, I mean. Did you waste the best years of your life in counting bricks and measuring mortar?"

"You say that you hate argument, and yet you are arguing. But Orsino shall please himself, as I did, and in his own way. I will certainly not interfere."

"Because you know you can do nothing with him!" retorted old Saracinesca contemptuously.

Giovanni laughed. Twenty years earlier he would have lost his temper to no purpose; but twenty years of unruffled existence had changed him.

"You are not the man you were," grumbled his father.

"No; I have been happy far too long to be much like what I was at thirty."

"And do you mean to say I am not happy, and have not been happy, and do not mean to be happy, and do not wish everybody to be happy, so long as this old machine hangs together? What nonsense you talk, my boy! Go and make love to your wife. That is all you are fit for!"

Discussions of this kind were not unfrequent, but of course led to nothing. As a matter of fact, Sant' Ilario was quite right in believing interference useless. It would have been impossible. He was no more able to change Orsino's determination than he was physically capable of shaking him. Not that Sant' Ilario was weak, physically or morally, nor ever had been; but his son had grown up to be stronger than he.

Twelve months passed away. During that time the young man worked, as he had worked before, regularly and untiringly. But his object now was to free himself, and he no longer hoped to make

a fortune, or to do anything beyond the strict execution of the contract he had in hand, determined, if possible, to avoid taking another. With a coolness and self-denial beyond his years, he systematically hoarded the allowance he received from his father, in order to put together a sum of money for poor Contini. He made economies everywhere, refused to go into society, and spent his evenings in reading. His acquired manner stood him in good stead, but he could not bear more than a limited amount of the daily talk in the family. Being witty rather than gay, if he could be said to be either, he found himself inclined rather to be bitter than amusing, when he was wearied by the monotonous conversation of others. He knew this to be a mistake and controlled himself, taking refuge in solitude and books when he could control himself no longer.

Whether he loved Maria Consuelo still or not, it was clear that he was not inclined to love any one else for the present. The tolerably harmless dissipation and wildness of the two or three years he had spent in England could not account for such a period of coldness as followed his separation from Maria Consuelo. He had by no means exhausted the pleasures of life, and his capacity for enjoyment could not even be said to have reached its height. But he avoided the society of women even more consistently than he shunned the club and the card-table.

More than a year had gone by since he had heard from Maria Consuelo. He met Spicca from time to time, looking now as though he had not a day to live, but neither of them mentioned past events. The Romans had talked a little of her sudden change of plans; for it had been known that she had begun to furnish a large apartment for the winter of the previous year, and had then very unaccountably changed her mind, and left the place in the hands of an agent to be sublet. People said she had lost

her fortune. Then she had been forgotten in the general disaster that followed, and no one had taken the trouble to remember her since then. Even Gouache, who had once been so enthusiastic over her portrait, did not seem to know or care what had become of her. Once only, and quite accidentally, Orsino had authentic information of her whereabouts. He took up an English society journal, one evening, and glanced idly over the paragraphs. Maria Consuelo's name arrested his attention. A certain very high and mighty old lady of royal lineage was about to travel in Egypt during the winter. "Her Royal Highness," said the paper, "will be accompanied by the Countess d'Aranjuez d'Aragona." Orsino's hand shook a little as he laid the sheet aside, and he was pale when he rose, a few moments later, and went to his own room. He could not help wondering why Maria Consuelo was styled by a title to which she certainly had a legal right, but which she had never before used, and he wondered still more why she traveled in Egypt with an old princess who was generally said to be anything but an agreeable companion, and was reported to be quite deaf. But on the whole he thought little of the information itself. It was the sight of Maria Consuelo's name which had moved him, and he was not altogether himself for several days. The impression wore off before long, and he followed the round of his monotonous life as before.

Early in the month of March, in the year 1890, he was seated alone in his room, one evening, before dinner. The great contract he had undertaken was almost finished, and he knew that within two months he would be placed in the same difficult position from which he had formerly so signally failed to extricate himself. That he and Contini had executed the terms of the contract with scrupulous and conscientious nicety did not better the position. That they had

made the most strenuous efforts to find purchasers for the property, as they had a right to do if they could, and had failed, made the position hopeless, or almost as bad as that. Whether they liked it or not, Del Ferice had so arranged that the great mass of their acceptances should fall due about the time when the work would be finished. To mortgage on the same terms, or anything approaching the same terms, with any other bank was out of the question, so that they had no hope of holding the property for the purpose of leasing it. Even if Orsino could have contemplated for a moment such an act of bad faith as willfully retarding the work in order to gain a renewal of the bills, such a course could have led to no actual improvement in the situation. The property was unsalable, and Del Ferice knew it, and had no intention of selling it. He meant to keep it for himself and let it, as a permanent source of income. It would not have cost him in the end one half of its actual value, and was exceptionally good property. Orsino saw how hopeless it was to attempt resistance, unless he would resign himself to making an appeal to his own people, and this, as of old, he was resolved not to do.

He was reflecting upon his life of bondage, when a servant brought him a letter. He tossed it aside without looking at it, but it chanced to slip from the polished table and fall to the ground. As he picked it up, his attention was arrested by the handwriting and by the stamp. The stamp was Egyptian, and the writing was that of Maria Consuelo. He started, tore open the envelope, and took out a letter of many pages, written on thin paper. At first he found it hard to follow the characters, and his heart beat at a rate which annoyed him. He rose, walked the length of the room and back again, sat down in another seat close to the lamp, and read the letter steadily from beginning to end.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You may, perhaps, be surprised at hearing from me after so long a time. I received your last letter. How long ago was that? Twelve, fourteen, fifteen months? I do not know. It is as well to forget, since I, at least, would rather not remember what you wrote. And I write now — why? Simply because I have the impulse to do so. That is the best of all reasons. I wish to hear from you, which is selfish; and I wish to hear about you, which is not. Are you still working at that business in which you were so much interested? Or have you given it up and gone back to the life you used to hate so thoroughly? I should like to know. Do you remember how angry I was, long ago, because you agreed to meet Del Ferice in my drawing-room? I was very wrong, for the meeting led to many good results. I like to think that you are not quite like all the young men of your set, who do nothing, and cannot even do that gracefully. I think you used those very words about yourself, once upon a time. But you proved that you could live a very different life, if you chose. I hope you are living it still.

And so poor Donna Tullia is dead, — has been dead a year and a half! I wrote Del Ferice a long letter when I got the news. He answered me. He is not as bad as you used to think, for he was terribly pained by his loss. I could see that well enough in what he wrote, though there was nothing exaggerated or desperate in the phrases. In fact, there were no phrases at all. I wish I had kept the letter to send to you, but I never keep letters. Poor Donna Tullia! I cannot imagine Rome without her. It would certainly not be the same place to me, for she was uniformly kind and thoughtful where I was concerned, whatever she may have been to others.

Echoes reach me from time to time in different parts of the world, as I travel, and Rome seems to be changed

in many ways. They say the ruin was dreadful when the crash came. I suppose you gave up business then, as was natural, since they say there is no more business to do. But I should be glad to know that nothing disagreeable happened to you in the financial storm. I confess to having felt an unaccountable anxiety about you of late. Perhaps that is why I write, and why I hope for an answer at once. I have always looked upon presentiments and forewarnings and all such intimations as utterly false and absurd, and I do not really believe that anything has happened or is happening to distress you. But it is our woman's privilege to be inconsistent, and we should be still more inconsistent if we did not use it. Besides, I have felt the same vague disquietude about you more than once before and have not written. Perhaps I should not write even now unless I had a great deal more time at my disposal than I know what to do with. Who knows? If you are busy, write a word on a post card, just to say that nothing is the matter. Here in Egypt we do not realize what time means, and certainly not that it can ever mean money.

It is an idle life, — less idle for me, perhaps, than for some of those about me, but even for me not overfull of occupations. The climate occupies all the time not actually spent in eating, sleeping, and visiting ruins. It is fair, I suppose, to tell you something of myself, since I ask for news of you. I will tell you what I can.

I am traveling with an old lady, as her companion, — not exactly out of inclination, and yet not exactly out of duty. Is that too mysterious? Do you see me as companion and general amuser to an old lady over seventy years of age? No, I presume not. And I am not with her by necessity, either, for I have not suffered any losses. On the contrary, since I dismissed a certain person — an attendant, we will call her —

from my service, it seems to me that my income is doubled. The attendant, by the bye, has opened a hotel on the Lake of Como. Perhaps you, who are so good a man of business, may see some connection between these simple facts. I was never good at managing money, nor at understanding what it meant. It seems that I have not inherited all the family talents.

But I return to Egypt, to the Nile, to this dahabiyah, on board of which it has pleased the fates to dispose my existence for the present. I am not called a companion, but a lady in waiting, which would be only another term for the same thing, if I were not really very much attached to the princess, old and deaf as she is. And that is saying a great deal. No one knows what deafness means who has not read aloud to a deaf person, which is what I do every day. I do not think I ever told you about her. I have known her all my life, ever since I was a little girl in the convent at Vienna. She used to come and see me, and bring me good things, and books of prayers. I remember especially a box of candied fruits which she told me came from Kiew. I have never eaten any like them since. I wonder how many sincere affections between young and old people owe their existence originally to a confectioner!

When I left Rome, I met her again in Nice. She was there with the prince, who was in wretched health, and who died soon afterwards. He never was so fond of me as she was. After his death, she asked me to stay with her as long as I would. I do not think I shall leave her again so long as she lives. She treats me like her own child, — or rather, her grandchild, — and besides, the life suits me very well. I am, really, perfectly independent, and yet I am perfectly protected. I shall not repeat the experiment of living alone for three years until I am much older.

It is a rather strange friendship.

My princess knows all about me, — all that you know. I told her one day, and she did not seem at all surprised. I thought I owed her the truth about myself, since I was to live with her, and since she had always been so kind to me. She says I remind her of her daughter, the poor young Princess Marie, who died six and twenty years ago. In Nice, too, like her father, poor girl. She was only just nineteen, and very beautiful, they say. I suppose the dear good old lady fancies she sees some resemblance even now, though I am so much older than her daughter was when she died. There is the origin of our friendship, — the trivial and the tragic, confectionery and death, a box of candied fruits and an irreparable loss! If there were no contrasts, what would the world be? All one or the other, I suppose; all death, or all Kiew sweetmeats.

I suppose you know what life in Egypt is like. If you have not tried it yourself, your friends have, and can describe it to you. I shall certainly not inflict my impressions upon your friendship. It would be rather a severe test. Perhaps yours would not bear it, and then I should be sorry.

Do you know, I like to think that I have a friend in you. I like to remember the time when you used to talk to me of all your plans, — the dear old time! I should rather remember that than much which came afterwards. You have forgiven me for all I did, and are glad now that I did it. Yes, I can fancy your smile. You do not see yourself, Prince Saracinesca, Prince Sant' Ilario, Duke of Whatever-it-may-be, Lord of ever so many What-are-their-names, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Grandee of Spain of the First Class, Knight of Malta, and Hereditary Something of the Holy See, — in short, the tremendous personage you will one day be, — you do not exactly see yourself as the son-in-law of the Signora Lucrezia Ferris, proprietor of a tourists' hotel on

the Lake of Como! Confess that the idea was an absurdity! As for me, I will confess that I did very wrong. Had I known all the truth on that afternoon, — do you remember the thunder-storm? — I should have saved you much, and I should have saved myself — well, something. But we have better things to do than to run after shadows. Perhaps it is as well not even to think of them. It is all over now. Whatever you may think of it all, forgive your old friend,

MARIA CONSUELO D'A.

Orsino read the long letter to the end, and sat awhile thinking over the contents. Two points in it especially struck him. In the first place, it was not the letter of a woman who wished to call back a man she had dismissed. There was no sentiment in it, or next to none. She professed herself contented in her life, if not happy, and in one sentence she brought before him the enormous absurdity of the marriage he had once contemplated. He had more than once been ashamed of not making some further direct effort to win her again. He was now suddenly conscious of the great influence which her first letter, containing the statement of her parentage, had really exercised over him. Strangely enough, what she now wrote reconciled him, as it were, with himself. It had turned out best, after all.

That he loved her still he felt sure, as he held in his hand the pages she had written, and felt the old thrill he knew so well in his fingers, and the old quick beating of the heart. But he acknowledged gladly — too gladly, perhaps — that he had done well to let her go.

Then came the second impression. "I like to remember the time when you used to talk to me of all your plans." The words rang in his ears, and called up delicious visions of the past, — soft hours spent by her side, while she listened with something warmer than pa-

tience to the outpouring of his young hopes and aspirations. She, at least, had understood him, and encouraged him, and strengthened him with her sympathy. And why not now, if then? Why should she not understand him now, when he most needed a friend, and give him sympathy now, when he stood most in need of it? She was in Egypt and he in Rome, it was true. But what of that? If she could write to him, he could write to her, and she could answer him again. No one had ever felt with him as she had.

He did not hesitate long. On that same evening, after dinner, he went back to his own room and wrote to her. It was a little hard at first, but, as the ink flowed, he expressed himself better and more clearly. With an odd sort of caution, which had grown upon him of late, he tried to make his letter take a form as similar to hers as possible.

MY DEAR FRIEND [he wrote], — If people always yielded to their impulses, as you have done in writing to me, there would be more good fellowship and less loneliness in the world. It would not be easy for me to tell you how great a pleasure you have given me. Perhaps, hereafter, I may compare it to your own memory of the Kiew candied fruits! For the present I do not find a worthy comparison to my hand.

You ask many questions. I propose to answer them all. Will you have the patience to read what I write? I hope so, for the sake of the time when I used to talk to you of all my plans, and which you say you like to remember. For another reason, too. I have never felt so lonely in my life as I feel now, nor so much in need of a friend, — not a helping friend, but one to whom I can speak a little freely. I am very much alone. A sort of estrangement has grown up between my mother and me, and she no longer takes my side in all I want to do, as she did once.

I will be quite plain. I will tell you all my troubles, because there is not another person in the world to whom I could tell them, and because I know that they will not trouble you. You will feel a little friendly sympathy, and that will be enough. But you will feel no pain. After all, I dare say that I exaggerate, and that there is nothing so very painful in the matter as it will strike you. But the case is serious, as you will see. It involves my life perhaps for many years to come.

I am completely in the power of Del Ferice. A year ago I had the possibility of freeing myself. What do you think that chance was? I could have gone to my grandfather and asked him to lay down a sum of money sufficient to liberate me, or I could have refused Del Ferice's new offer and allowed myself to be declared bankrupt. My abominable vanity stood in the way of my following either of those plans. In less than two months I shall be placed in the same position again. But the circumstances are changed. The sum of money is so considerable that I should not like to ask all my family, with their three fortunes, to contribute it. The business is enormous. I have an establishment like a bank, and Contini—you remember Contini?—has several assistant architects. Moreover, we stand alone. There is no other firm of the kind left, and our failure would be a very disagreeable affair. But so long as I remain Del Ferice's slave we shall not fail. Do you know that this great and successful firm is carried on systematically without a centime of profit to the partners, and with the constant threat of a disgraceful failure, used to force me on? Do you think that if I chose the alternative any one would believe, or that my tyrant would let any one believe, that Orsino Saracinesca had served Ugo Del Ferice for years—two years and a half before long—as a sort of bondsman? I am in a very unenvi-

able position. I am sure that Del Ferice made use of me at first for his own ends; that is, to make money for him. The magnitude of the sums which pass through my hands makes me sure that he is now backed by a powerful syndicate, probably of foreign bankers who lost money in the Roman crash, and who see a chance of getting it back through Del Ferice's management. It is a question of millions. You do not understand? Will you try to read my explanation?

[And here Orsino summed up his position towards Del Ferice in a clear and succinct statement, which it is not necessary to reproduce here. It needed no talent for business on Maria Consuelo's part to understand that he was bound hand and foot.]

One of three things must happen [Orsino continued]. I must cripple, if not ruin, the fortune of my family, or I must go through a scandalous bankruptcy, or I must continue to be Ugo Del Ferice's servant during the best years of my life. My only consolation is that I am unpaid. I do not speak of poor Contini. He is making a reputation, it is true, and Del Ferice gives him something, which I increase as much as I can. Considering our positions, he is the more completely sacrificed of the two, poor fellow, and through my fault. If I had only had the courage to put my vanity out of the way eighteen months ago, I might have saved him as well as myself. I believed myself a match for Del Ferice, and I neither was nor ever shall be. I am a little desperate.

That is my life, my dear friend. Since you have not quite forgotten me, write me a word of that good old sympathy on which I lived so long. It may soon be all I have to live on. If Del Ferice should have the bad taste to follow Donna Tullia to St. Lawrence's, nothing could save me. I should no longer have the alternative of remaining his slave in exchange for safety from

bankruptcy to myself, and ruin — or something like it — to my father.

But let us talk no more about it all. Save for your kindly letter no one would ever have known all this, except Contini. In your calm Egyptian life — thank God, dear, that your life is calm! — my story must sound like a fragment from an unpleasant dream. One thing you do not tell me. Are you happy as well as peaceful? I should like to know. I am not.

Pray write again, when you have time — and inclination. If there is anything to be done for you in Rome, — any little thing, or great thing either, — command your old friend,

ORSINO SARACINESCA.

XXVIII.

Orsino posted his letter with an odd sensation of relief. He felt that he was once more in communication with humanity, since he had been able to speak out and tell some one of the troubles that oppressed him. He had assuredly no reason for being more hopeful than before, and matters were in reality growing more serious every day; but his heart was lighter, and he took a more cheerful view of the future, almost against his own better judgment.

He had not expected to receive an answer from Maria Consuelo for some time, and was surprised when one came in less than ten days from the date of his writing. This letter was short, hurriedly written and carelessly worded, but there was a ring of anxiety for him in every line of it which he could not misinterpret. Not only did she express the deepest sympathy for him and assure him that all he did still had the liveliest interest for her, but she also insisted upon being informed of the state of his affairs as often as possible. He had spoken of three possibilities, she said. Was there not a fourth somewhere? There might often be an issue from the

most desperate situation, of which no one dreamed. Could she not help him to discover where it lay in this case? Could they not write to each other and find it out together?

Orsino looked uneasily at the lines, and the blood rose to his temples. Did she mean what she said, or more, or less? He was overwrought and oversensitive, and she had written thoughtlessly, as though not weighing her words, but only following an impulse for which she had no time to find the proper expression. She could not imagine that he would accept substantial help from her; still less that he would consent to marry her for the sake of the fortune which might save him. He grew very angry, then turned cold, and then, reading the words again, saw that he had no right to attach any such meaning to them. Then it struck him that even if, by any possibility, she had meant to convey such an idea, he would have no right at all to resent it. Women, he reflected, did not look upon such matters as men did. She had refused to marry him when he was prosperous. If she meant that she would marry him now, to save him from ruin, he could not but acknowledge that she was carrying devotion near to its farthest limit. But the words themselves would not bear such an interpretation. He was straining language too far in suggesting it.

"And yet she means something," he said to himself, — "something which I cannot understand."

He wrote again, maintaining the tone of his first letter more carefully than she had done on her part, though not sparing the warmest expressions of heartfelt thanks for the sympathy she had so readily given. But there was no fourth way, he said. One of those three things which he had explained to her must happen. There was no hope, and he was resigned to continue his existence of slavery until Del Ferice's death brought about the great crisis of his life. Not

that Del Ferice was in any danger of dying, he added, in spite of the general gossip about his bad health. Such men often outlasted stronger people, as Ugo had outlived Donna Tullia. Not that his death would improve matters, either, as they stood at present. That he had explained before. If the count died now, there were ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that Orsino would be ruined. For the present nothing would happen. In little more than a month — in six weeks at the utmost — a new arrangement would be forced upon him, binding him perhaps for years to come. Del Ferice had already spoken to him of a great public undertaking, at least half of the contract for which could easily be secured or controlled by his bank. He had added that this might be a favorable occasion for Andrea Contini and Company to act in concert with the bank. Orsino knew what that meant. Indeed, there was no possibility of mistaking the meaning, which was clear enough. The fourth plan could only lie in finding beforehand a purchaser for buildings which could not be so disposed of, because they were built for a particular purpose, and could only be bought by those who had ordered them, namely, persons whom Del Ferice so controlled that he could postpone their appearance, if he chose, and drive Orsino into a failure at any moment after the completion of the work. For instance, one of those buildings was evidently intended for a factory, and probably for a match factory. Del Ferice, in requiring that Contini and Company should erect what he had already arranged to dispose of, had vaguely remarked that there were no match factories in Rome, and that perhaps some one would like to buy one. If Orsino had been less desperate, he would willingly have risked much to resent the suave insolence. As it was, he had laughed in his tyrant's face, and bitterly enough; a form of insult, however, to which Ugo was supremely indifferent.

These and many other details Orsino wrote to Maria Consuelo, pouring out his confidence with the assurance of a man who asks nothing but sympathy, and is sure of receiving that in overflowing measure. He no longer waited for her answers, as the crucial moment approached, but wrote freely from day to day, as he felt inclined. There was little which he did not tell her, in the dozen or fifteen letters he penned in the course of the month. Like many reticent men who have never taken up a pen except for ordinary correspondence or for the routine work of a business requiring accuracy, and who all at once begin to write the history of their daily lives for the perusal of one trusted person, Orsino felt as though he had found a new means of expression, and abandoned himself willingly to the comparative pleasure of complete confidence. Like all such men, too, he unconsciously exhibited the chief fault of his character in his long, diary-like letters. That fault was his vanity. Had he been describing a great success, he could and would have concealed it better; in writing of his own successive errors and disappointments, he showed by the excessive blame he cast upon himself how deeply that vanity of his was wounded. It is possible that Maria Consuelo discovered this. But she made no profession of analysis, and while appearing outwardly far colder than Orsino, she seemed much more disposed than he to yield to unexpected impulses when she felt their influence. And Orsino was quite unconscious that he might be exhibiting the defects of his moral nature to eyes keener than his own.

He wrote constantly, therefore, with the utmost freedom, and in the moments while he was writing he enjoyed a faint illusion of increased safety, as though he were retarding the events of the future by describing minutely those of the past. More than once, again, Maria Consuelo answered him, and always in the same strain, doing her best, apparently,

to give him hope and to reconcile him with himself. However much he might condemn his own lack of foresight, she said, no man who did his best according to his best judgment, and who acted honorably, was to be blamed for the result, though it might involve the ruin of thousands. That was her chief argument, and it comforted him, and seemed to relieve him from a small part of the responsibility which weighed so heavily upon his shoulders; a burden now grown so heavy that the least lightening of it made him feel comparatively free, until called upon to face facts again and fight with realities.

But events would not be retarded, and Orsino's own good qualities tended to hasten them, as they had to a great extent been the cause of his embarrassment ever since the success of his first attempt, in making him valuable as a slave, to be kept from escaping at all risks. The system upon which the business was conducted was admirable. It had been good from the beginning, and Orsino had improved it to a degree very uncommon in Rome. He had mastered the science of book-keeping in a short time, and had forced himself to an accuracy of detail and a promptness of ready reference which would have surprised many an old professional clerk. It must be remembered that from the first he had found little else to do. The technical work had always been in Contini's hands, and Del Ferice's forethought had relieved them both from the necessity of entering upon financial negotiations requiring time, diplomatic tact, and skill of a higher order. The consequence was that Orsino had devoted the whole of his great energy and native talent for order to the keeping of the books, with the result that when a contract had been executed there was hardly any accountant's work to be done. Nominally, too, Andrea Contini and Company were not responsible to any one for their book-keeping; but in practice, and under pre-

tense of rendering valuable service, Del Ferice sent an auditor from time to time to look into the state of affairs,—a proceeding which Contini bitterly resented, while Orsino expressed himself perfectly indifferent to the interference, on the ground that there was nothing to conceal. Had the books been badly kept, the final winding up of each contract would have been retarded for one or more weeks. But the more deeply Orsino became involved, the more keenly he felt the value, and at last the vital importance, of the most minute accuracy. If worse came to worst and he should be obliged to fail, through Del Ferice's sudden death or from any other cause, his reputation as an honorable man might depend upon this very accuracy of detail, by which he would be able to prove that in the midst of great undertakings, and while very large sums of money were passing daily through his hands, he had never received even the very smallest share of the profits absorbed by the bank. He even kept a private account of his own expenditure on the allowance he received from his father, in order that, if called upon, he might be able to prove how large a part of that allowance he regularly paid to poor Contini as compensation for the unhappy position in which the latter found himself. If bankruptcy awaited him, his failure would, if the facts were properly made known, reckon as one of the most honorable on record, though he was pleased to look upon such a contingency as a certain source of scandal and more than possible disgrace.

Unconsciously, his own determined industry in book-keeping gave him a little more confidence. In his great anxiety, he was spared the terrible uncertainty felt by a man who does not precisely know his own financial position at a given critical moment. His studiously acquired outward calm also stood him in good stead. Even San Giacinto, who knew the financial world as few men

knew it, watched his youthful cousin with curiosity, and not without a certain sympathy and a very little admiration. The young man's face was growing stern and thoughtful like his own, lean, grave, and strong. San Giacinto remembered that night a year and a half earlier when he had warned Orsino of the coming danger, and he was almost displeased with himself now for having taken a step which appeared to have been unnecessary. It was San Giacinto's principle never to do anything unnecessary, because a useless action meant a loss of time, and therefore a loss of advantage over the adversary of the moment. San Giacinto in different circumstances would have made a good general, — possibly a great one; his strange life had made him a financier of a type singular and wholly different from that of the men with whom he had to deal. He never sought to gain an advantage by a deception, but he won everything by superior foresight, imperturbable coolness, matchless rapidity of action, and undaunted courage under all circumstances. It needs higher qualities to be a good man, but no others are needed to make a successful one. Orsino possessed something of the same rapidity and much of a similar coolness and courage, but he lacked the foresight. It was vanity, of the most pardonable kind, indeed, but vanity nevertheless, which had led him to embark upon his dangerous enterprise, — not in the determination to accomplish for the sake of accomplishing, still less in the direct desire for wealth as an ultimate object, but in the almost boyish longing to show to his own people that there was more in him than they suspected. The gift of foresight is generally weakened by the presence of vanity; but when vanity takes its place, the result is as likely to be failure as not, and depends almost directly upon chance alone.

The crisis in Orsino's life was at hand, and what has here been finally said of his position at that time seemed neces-

sary, as summing up the consequences to him of more than two years' unremitting labor, during which he had become involved in affairs of enormous consequence, at an age when most young men are spending their time, more profitably perhaps, and certainly more agreeably, in such pleasures and pursuits as Mother Society provides for her half-fledged nestlings.

On the day before his final interview with Del Ferice, Orsino wrote a lengthy letter to Maria Consuelo. As she did not receive it until long afterwards, it is quite unnecessary to give any account of its contents. Some time had passed since he had heard from her, and he was not sure whether or not she was still in Egypt. But he wrote to her, nevertheless, drawing much fictitious comfort and little real advantage from the last clear statement of his difficulties. By this time writing to her had become a habit, and he resorted to it naturally when overwearied by work and anxiety.

On this same day, also, he had spent several hours in talking over the situation with Contini. The architect, strange to say, was more reconciled to his position than he had formerly been. He, at least, received a certain substantial remuneration. He, at least, loved his profession and rejoiced in the handling of great masses of brick and stone. He, too, was rapidly making a reputation and a name for himself, and, if business improved, would not be prevented from entering into other enterprises besides the one in which he found himself so deeply interested. As a member of the firm, he could not free himself. As an architect, he could have an architect's office of his own and build for any one who chose to employ him. For his own part, he said, he might perhaps be more profitably employed upon less important work; but then, he might not, for business was very bad. The great works in which Del Ferice kept him engaged had the incalculable advantage of bringing

him constantly before the public as an architect, and of keeping his name, which was the name of the firm, continually in the notice of all men of business. He was deeply indebted to Orsino for the generous help given when the realities of profit were so greatly at variance with the appearances of prosperity. He would always regard repayment of the money so advanced to him as a debt of honor, and he hoped to live long enough to extinguish it. He sympathized with Orsino in his desire to be freer and more independent, but he reminded him that, when the day of liberation came, he would not regret the comparatively short apprenticeship during which he had acquired so great a mastery of business. Business, he said, had been Orsino's ambition from the beginning, and business he had in plenty, if not with profit. For his own part, he was satisfied.

Orsino felt that his partner could not be blamed; and he felt, too, that he would be doing Contini a great injury in involving him in a failure. But he regretted the time when their interests had coincided and they had cursed Del Ferice in common and with a good will. There was nothing to be done but to submit. He knew well enough what awaited him.

On the following morning, by appointment, he went with a heavy heart to meet Del Ferice at the bank. The latter had always preferred to see Orsino without Contini, when a new contract was to be discussed. As a personal acquaintance, he treated with Orsino on a footing of social equality, and the balance of outwardly agreeable relations would have been disturbed by the presence of a social inferior. Moreover, Del Ferice knew the Saracinesca people tolerably well, and, though not so timid as many people supposed, he somewhat dreaded a sudden outbreak of the hereditary temper; if such a manifestation took place, it would be more agreeable that there should be no witnesses of it.

Orsino was surprised to find that Ugo was out of town. Having made an appointment, he ought at least to have sent word to the Palazzo Saracinesca of his departure. He had indeed left a message for Orsino, which was correctly delivered, to the effect that he would return in twenty-four hours, and requesting him to postpone the interview until the following afternoon. In Orsino's humor this was not altogether pleasant. The young man felt little suspense, however, for he knew how matters must turn out, and that he should be saddled with another contract. But he found it hard to wait with equanimity, now that he had made up his mind to the worst, and he resented Del Ferice's rudeness in not giving a civil warning of his intended journey.

The day passed somehow, and towards evening Orsino received a telegram from Ugo, full of excuses, but begging to put off the meeting two days longer. The dispatch was from Naples, whither Del Ferice often went on business.

It was almost unbearable, and yet it must be borne. Orsino spent his time in roaming about the less frequented parts of the city, trying to make new plans for the future which was already planned for him, doing his best to follow out a distinct line of thought, if only to distract his own attention. He could not even write to Maria Consuelo, for he felt that he had said all there was to be said, in his last long letter.

On the morning of the fourth day he went to the bank again. Del Ferice was there, and greeted him warmly, interweaving his phrases with excuses for his absence.

"You will forgive me, I am sure," he said, "though I have put you to very great inconvenience. The case was urgent, and I could not leave it in the hands of others. Of course you could have settled the business with another of the directors, but I think — indeed I know — that you prefer to see me only

in these matters. We have worked together so long, now, that we understand each other with half a word. Really, I am very sorry to have kept you waiting so long!"

"It was of no importance," said Orsino coolly. "Pray do not speak of it."

"Of importance,—no, perhaps not. That is, as you could not lose by it, it was not of financial importance. But when I have made an engagement, I like to keep it. In business, so much depends upon keeping small engagements; and they may mean quite as much in the relations of society. However, as you are so kind, we will not speak of it again. I have made my excuses, and you have accepted them. Let that end the matter. To business, now, Don Orsino,—to business!"

Orsino fancied that Del Ferice's manner was not quite natural. He was generally more quiet. His rather watery blue eyes did not usually look so wide awake, his fat white hands were not commonly so active in their gestures. Altogether he seemed more nervous, and at the same time better pleased with himself and with life, than usual. Orsino wondered what had happened. He had perhaps made some very successful stroke in his affairs during the three days he had spent in Naples.

"So let us now have a look into your contracts, Don Orsino," he said. "Or rather, look into the state of the account yourself, if you wish to do so, for I have already examined it."

"I am familiar enough with the details," answered the young man. "I do not need to look over everything. The books have been audited, as you see. The only thing left to be done is to hand over the work to you, since it is executed according to the contract. You doubtless remember that verbal part of the agreement. You receive the buildings as they now stand and our credit cash, if there is any, in full discharge of all the obligations of Andrea Contini

and Company to the bank,—acceptances coming due, balance of account if in debit, and mortgages on land and houses,—and we are quits again, my firm being discharged of all obligation."

Del Ferice's expression changed a little and became more grave.

"Doubtless," he answered, "there was a tacit understanding to that effect. Yes, yes, I remember. Indeed, it was not altogether tacit. A word was said about it, and a word is as good as a contract. Very well, Don Orsino,—very well. Since you desire it, we will cry quits again. This kind of business is not very profitable to the bank,—not very,—but it is not actual loss."

"It is not profitable to us," observed Orsino. "If you do not wish any more of it, we do not."

"Really?"

Del Ferice looked at him rather curiously, as though wishing that he would say more. Orsino met his glance steadily, expecting to be informed of the nature of the next contract to be forced upon him.

"So you really prefer to discontinue these operations, if I may call them so," said Del Ferice thoughtfully. "It is strange that you should, I confess. I remember that you much desired to take a part in affairs, to be an actor in the interesting doings of the day, to be a financial personage, in short. You have had your wish, Don Orsino; your firm plays an important part in Rome. Do you remember our first interview on the steps of Monte Citorio? You asked me whether I could and would help you to enter business. I promised that I would, and I have kept my word. The sums mentioned in these papers, here, show that I have done all I promised. You told me that you had fifteen thousand francs at your disposal. From that small beginning I have shown you how to deal with millions. But you do not seem to care for business, after all, Don Orsino. You really do not seem to care for it,

though I must confess that you have a remarkable talent. It is very strange."

"Is it?" asked Orsino, with a shade of contempt. "You may remember that my business has not been profitable, in spite of what you call my talent, and in spite of what I know to have been hard work."

Del Ferice smiled softly.

"That is quite another matter," he answered. "If you had asked me, whether you could make a fortune at this time, I would have told you that it was quite impossible without enormous capital; quite impossible. Understand that, if you please. But, negatively, you have profited, because others have failed, — hundreds of firms and contractors, — while you have lost but the paltry fifteen thousand or so with which you began. And you have acquired great knowledge and experience. Therefore, on the whole, you have been the gainer. In balancing an account one takes but the sordid debit and credit and compares them, but in estimating the value of a firm one should consider its reputation and the good will it has created. The name of Andrea Contini and Company is a power in Rome. That is the result of your work, and it is not a loss."

Orsino said nothing, but leaned back in his chair, gloomily staring at the wall. He wondered when Del Ferice would come to the point, and begin to talk about the new contract.

"You do not seem to agree with me," observed Ugo in an injured tone.

"Not altogether, I confess," replied the young man, with a contemptuous laugh.

"Well, well — it is no matter — it is of no importance — of no consequence whatever," said Del Ferice, who seemed inclined to repeat himself and to lengthen his phrases as though he wished to gain time. "Only this, Don Orsino: I would remind you that you have just executed a piece of work successfully which no other firm in Rome could have carried

out without failure, under the present depression. It seems to me that you have every reason to congratulate yourself. Of course, it was impossible for me to understand that you really cared for a large profit, for actual money" —

"And I do not," interrupted Orsino, with more warmth than he had hitherto shown.

"But in that case you ought to be more than satisfied," objected Ugo suavely.

Orsino grew impatient at last, and spoke out frankly.

"I cannot be satisfied with a position of absolute dependence, from which I cannot escape except by bankruptcy. You know that I am completely in your power. You know very well that while you are talking to me now you contemplate making your usual condition before crying quits, as you express it. You intend to impose another and probably a larger piece of work on me, which I shall be obliged to undertake on the same terms as before, because, if I do not accept it, it is in your power to ruin me at once. And this state of things may go on for years. That is the enviable position of Andrea Contini and Company."

Del Ferice assumed an air of injured dignity.

"If you think anything of this kind, you greatly misjudge me," he said.

"I do not see why I should judge otherwise," retorted Orsino. "That is exactly what took place on the last occasion, and what will take place now" —

"I think not," said Del Ferice very quietly, and watching him.

Orsino was somewhat startled by the words, but his face betrayed nothing. It was clear to him that Ugo had something new to propose, and it was not easy to guess the nature of the coming proposition.

"Will you kindly explain yourself?" he asked.

"My dear Don Orsino, there is nothing to explain," replied Del Ferice, again becoming very bland.

"I do not understand."

"No? It is very simple. You have finished the buildings. The bank will take them over and consider the account closed. You stated the position yourself in the most precise terms. I do not see why you should suppose that the bank wishes to impose anything upon you which you are not inclined to accept. I really do not see why you should think anything of the kind."

In the dead silence which followed, Orsino could hear his own heart beating loudly. He wondered whether he had heard aright. He wondered whether this were not some new manœuvre on Del Ferice's part, by which he must ultimately fall still more completely under the banker's domination. Ugo doubtless meant to qualify what he had just said by adding a clause. Orsino waited for what was to follow.

"Am I to understand that this does not suit your wishes?" inquired Ugo presently.

"On the contrary, it would suit me perfectly," answered Orsino, controlling his voice with some difficulty.

"In that case, there is nothing more to be said," observed Del Ferice. "The bank will give you a formal release; indeed, I think the notary is at this moment here. I am very glad to be able to meet your views, Don Orsino, — very glad, I am sure. It is always pleasant to find that amicable relations have been preserved after a long and somewhat complicated business connection. The bank owes it to you, I am sure" —

"I am quite willing to owe that to the bank," answered Orsino, with a ready smile. He was almost beside himself with joy.

"You are very good, I assure you," said Del Ferice, with much politeness. He touched a bell, and his confidential clerk appeared.

"Cancel these drafts," he said, giving the man a small bundle of bills. "Direct the notary to prepare a deed of sale,

transferring all this property, as was done before" — He hesitated. "I will see him myself in ten minutes," he added. "It will be simpler. The account of Andrea Contini is balanced and closed. Make out a preliminary receipt for all dues whatsoever, and bring it to me."

The clerk stared for one moment, as though he believed that Del Ferice were mad. Then he went out.

"I am sorry to lose you, Don Orsino," said Del Ferice thoughtfully, rolling his big silver pencil-case on the table. "All the legal papers will be ready to-morrow afternoon."

"Pray express to the directors my best thanks for so speedily winding up the business," answered Orsino. "I think that, after all, I have no great talent for affairs."

"On the contrary, on the contrary," protested Ugo. "I have a great deal to say against that statement." And he eulogized Orsino's gifts almost without pausing for breath, until the clerk returned with the preliminary receipt. Del Ferice signed it, and handed it to Orsino with a smile.

"This was unnecessary," said the young man. "I could have waited until to-morrow."

"A matter of conscience, dear Don Orsino, — nothing more."

XXIX.

Orsino was free at last. The whole matter was incomprehensible to him, and almost mysterious, so that after he had at last received his legal release he spent his time in trying to discover the motives of Del Ferice's conduct. The simplest explanation seemed to be that Ugo had not derived as much profit from the last contract as he had hoped for, though it had been enough to justify him in keeping his informal engagement with Contini and Company, and that he feared a new and unfavorable change in

business which made any further speculations of the kind dangerous. For some time Orsino believed this to have been the case, but events proved that he was mistaken. He dissolved his partnership with Contini, but Andrea Contini and Company still continued to exist. The new partner was no less a personage than Del Ferice himself, who was constantly represented in the firm by the confidential clerk who has been more than once mentioned in this history, and who was a friend of Contini's. What terms Contini made for himself Orsino never knew, but it is certain that the architect prospered from that time, and is still prosperous.

Late in the spring of that year, 1890, Roman society was considerably surprised by the news of a most unexpected marriage. The engagement had been carefully kept a secret, the banns had been published in Palermo, the civil and religious ceremonies had taken place there, and the happy couple had reached Paris before either of them thought of informing their friends, and before any notice of the event appeared in the papers. Even then society felt itself aggrieved by the laconic form in which the information was communicated.

The statement, indeed, left nothing to be desired on the score of plainness or conciseness of style. Count Del Ferice had married Maria Consuelo d'Aranjuez d'Aragona.

Two persons only received the intelligence a few days before it was generally made known. One was Orsino, and the other was Spicca. The letters were characteristic, and may be worth reproducing.

MY FATHER [Maria Consuelo wrote], — I am married to Count Del Ferice, with whom I think that you are acquainted. There is no reason why I should enter into any explanation of my motives for taking this step. There are plenty which everybody can see. My husband's present position and great

wealth make him what the world calls a good match, and my fortune places me above the suspicion of having married him for his money. If his birth was not originally of the highest, it was at least as good as mine, and society will say that the marriage was appropriate in all its circumstances. You are aware that I could not be married without informing my husband and the municipal authorities of my parentage, by presenting copies of the registers in Nice. Count Del Ferice was good enough to overlook some little peculiarity in the relation between the dates of my birth and your marriage. We will therefore say no more about the matter. The object of this letter is to let you know that those facts have been communicated to several persons, as a matter of necessity. I do not expect you to congratulate me. I congratulate myself, however, with all my heart. Within two years I have freed myself from my worthy mother, I have placed myself beyond your power to injure me, and I have escaped ruining a man I loved by marrying him. I have laid the foundations of peace, if not of happiness.

The princess is very ill, but hopes to reach Normandy before the summer begins. My husband will be obliged to be often in Rome, but will come to me from time to time, as I cannot leave the princess at present. She is trying, however, to select among her acquaintance another lady in waiting, — the more willingly as she is not pleased with my marriage. Is that a satisfaction to you? I expect to spend the winter in Rome.

MARIA CONSUELO DEL FERICE.

This was the letter by which Maria Consuelo announced her marriage to the father whom she so sincerely hated. For cruelty of language and expression it was not to be compared with the one she had written to him after parting with Orsino. But had she known how the news she now conveyed would affect the old man

who was to learn it, her heart might have softened a little towards him, even after all she had suffered. Very different were the lines Orsino received from her at the same time.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — When you read this letter, which I write on the eve of my marriage, but shall not send till some days have passed, you must think of me as the wife of Ugo Del Ferice. To-night I am still Maria Consuelo. I have something to say to you, and you must read it patiently, for I shall never say it again; and after all, it will not be much. Is it right of me to say it? I do not know. Until to-morrow I have still time to refuse to be married. Therefore I am still a free agent, and entitled to think freely. After to-morrow it will be different.

I wish, dear, that I could tell you all the truth. Perhaps you would not be ashamed of having loved the daughter of Lucrezia Ferris. But I cannot tell you all. There are reasons why you had better never know it. But I will tell you this, for I must say it once: I love you very dearly. I loved you long ago, I loved you when I left you in Rome, I have loved you ever since, and I am afraid that I shall love you until I die.

It is not foolish of me to write the words, though it may be wrong. If I love you, it is because I know you. We shall meet before long, and then meet, perhaps, hundreds of times, and more, for I am to live in Rome. I know that you will be all you should be, or I would not speak now as I never spoke before, at the moment when I am raising an impassable barrier between us by my own free will. If you ever loved me, — and you did, — you will respect that barrier in deed and word, and even in thought. You will remember only that I loved you with all my heart on the day before my marriage. You will forget even to think that I may love you still to-morrow, and think tenderly of you on the day after that.

You are free now, dear, and can begin your real life. How do I know it? Del Ferice has told me that he has released you, — for we sometimes speak of you. He has even shown me a copy of the legal act of release, which he chanced to find among the papers he had brought. An accident, perhaps; or perhaps he knows that I loved you. I do not care, — I had a right to, then.

So you are entirely free. I like to think that you have come out of all your troubles quite unscathed, young, your name untarnished, your hands clean. I am glad that you answered the letter I wrote to you from Egypt and told me all, and wrote so often afterwards. I could not do much beyond give you my sympathy, and I gave it all, to the uttermost. You will not need any more of it. You are free now, thank God!

If you think of me, wish me peace, dear, — I do not ask for anything nearer to happiness than that. But I wish you many things, the least of which should make you happy. Most of all, I wish that you may some day love well and truly, and win the reality of which you once thought you held the shadow. Can I say more than that? No loving woman can.

And so, good-by, good-by, love of all my life, — good-by, dear, dear Orsino. I think this is the hardest good-by of all, when we are to meet so soon. I cannot write any more. Once again, the last, the very last time, forever — I love you.

MARIA CONSUELO.

A strange sensation came over Orsino as he read this letter. He was not able at first to realize much beyond the fact that Maria Consuelo was actually married to Del Ferice, — a match than which none imaginable could have been more unexpected. But he felt that there was more behind the facts than he was able to grasp, — almost more than he dared to guess at. A mysterious horror filled his mind as he read and re-read the lines.

There was no doubting the sincerity of what she said. He doubted the survival of his own love much more. She could have no reason whatever for writing as she did, on the eve of her marriage, — no reason beyond the irresistible desire to speak out all her heart once only, and for the last time. Again and again he went over the passages which struck him as most strange. Then the truth flashed upon him: Maria Consuelo had sold herself to free him from his difficulties, to save him from the terrible alternative of wasting his life as Del Ferice's slave or of ruining his family.

With a smothered exclamation between an oath and a groan of pain, Orsino threw himself upon the divan and buried his face in his hands. It is kinder to leave him there for a time, alone.

Poor Spicca broke down under this last blow. In vain old Santi got out the cordial from the press in the corner, and did his best to bring his master back to his natural self. In vain Spicca roused himself, forced himself to eat, went out, walked his hour, dragging his feet after him, and attempted to exchange a word with his friends at the club. He seemed to have got his death-wound. His head sank lower on his breast, his long, emaciated frame stooped more and more, the thin hands grew daily more colorless, and the deathly face daily more deathly pale.

Days passed away, and weeks, and it was early June. He no longer attempted to go out. Santi tried to prevail upon him to take a little air in a cab, on the Via Appia. It would be money well spent, he said, apologizing for suggesting such extravagance. Spicca shook his head, and kept to his chair by the open window. Then, on a certain morning, he was worse, and had not the strength to rise from his bed. On that very morning a telegram came. He looked at it as though hardly understanding what he should do, as Santi held it before him. Then he opened it. His fingers did not

tremble even now. The iron nerve of the great swordsman survived still.

"Ventnor — Rome. Count Spicca. The princess is dead. I know the truth at last. God forgive me, and bless you. I come to you at once."

MARIA CONSUELO."

Spicca read the few words printed on the white strip that was pasted to the yellow paper. Then his hands sank to his sides and he closed his eyes. Santi thought it was the end, and burst into tears as he fell to his knees by the bed.

Half an hour passed. Then Spicca raised his head, and made a gesture with his hand.

"Do not be a fool, Santi; I am not dead yet," he said, with kindly impatience. "Get up, and send for Don Orsino Saracinesca, if he is still in Rome."

Santi left the room, drying his eyes and uttering incoherent exclamations of astonishment, mingled with a singular cross-fire of praise and prayer directed to the saints, and of imprecations upon himself for his own stupidity.

Before noon Orsino appeared. He was gaunt and pale, and more like San Giacinto than ever. There was a settled hardness in his face which was never again to disappear permanently. But he was horror-struck by Spicca's appearance. He had no idea that a man already so cadaverous could still change as the old man had changed. Spicca seemed little more than a gray shadow barely resting upon the white bed. He put the telegram into Orsino's hands. The young man read it twice, and his face expressed his astonishment. Spicca smiled faintly, as he watched him.

"What does it mean?" asked Orsino. "Of what truth does she speak? She hated you, and now, all at once, she loves you. I do not understand."

"How should you?" The old man spoke in a clear, thin voice, very unlike his own. "You could not understand. But before I die I will tell you."

"Do not talk of dying" —

"No, it is not necessary. I realize it enough, and you need not realize it at all. I have not much to tell you, but a little truth will sometimes destroy many falsehoods. You remember the story about Lucrezia Ferris? Maria Consuelo wrote it to you."

"Remember it! Could I forget it?"

"You may as well. There is not a word of truth in it. Lucrezia Ferris is not her mother."

"Not her mother!"

"No. I only wonder how you could ever have believed that a Piedmontese nurse could be the mother of Maria Consuelo. Nor am I Maria Consuelo's father. Perhaps that will not surprise you so much. She does not resemble me, thank Heaven!"

"What is she, then? Who is she?" asked Orsino impatiently.

"To tell you that, I must tell you the story. When I was young — very long before you were born — I traveled much, and I was well received. I was rich and of good family. At a certain court in Europe, — I was at one time in the diplomacy, — I loved a lady whom I could not have married even had she been free. Her station was far above mine. She was also considerably older than I, and she paid very little attention to me, I confess. But I loved her. She is just dead. She was that princess mentioned in this telegram. Do you understand? Do you hear me? My voice is weak."

"Perfectly. Pray go on."

"Maria Consuelo is her grandchild, — the granddaughter of the only woman I ever loved. Understand that, too. It happened in this way. My princess had but one daughter, the Princess Marie, a mere child when I first saw her, — not more than fourteen years old. We were all in Nice, one winter, some four years after I had first met the princess. I traveled in order to see her, and she was always kind to me, though she did not love me. Perhaps I was useful,

too, before that. People were always afraid of me, because I could handle the foils. It was twenty-six years ago, and the Princess Marie was eighteen. Poor child!"

Spicca paused a moment, and passed his transparent hand over his eyes.

"I think I understand," said Orsino.

"No, you do not," answered Spicca, with unexpected sharpness. "You will not understand until I have told you everything. The Princess Marie fell ill, or pretended to fall ill, while we were at Nice. But she could not conceal the truth long, — at least not from her mother. She had already taken into her confidence a little Piedmontese maid, scarcely older than herself, — a certain Lucrezia Ferris, — and she allowed no other woman to come near her. Then she told her mother the truth. She loved a man of her own rank and not much older, — not yet of age, in fact. Unfortunately, as happens with such people, a marriage was diplomatically impossible. He was not of her nationality, and the relations were strained. But she had married him, nevertheless, secretly, and, as it turned out, without any legal formalities. It is questionable whether the marriage, even then, could have been proved to be valid, for she was a Catholic and he was not, and a Catholic priest had married them without proper authorization or dispensation. But they were both in earnest, both young and both foolish. The husband — his name is of no importance — was very far away at the time we were in Nice, and was quite unable to come to her. She was about to be a mother, and she turned to her own mother in her extremity, with a full confession of the truth."

"I see. And you adopted" —

"You do not see yet. The princess came to me for advice. The situation was an extremely delicate one from all points of view. To declare the marriage at that moment might have produced extraordinary complications, for the coun-

tries to which the two young people belonged were on the verge of a war, which was retarded only by the extraordinary genius of one man. To conceal it seemed equally dangerous, if not more so. The Princess Marie's reputation was at stake, — the reputation of a young girl, as people supposed her to be, remember that. Various schemes suggested themselves. I cannot tell what would have been done, for fate decided the matter, — tragically, as fate does. The young husband was killed while on a shooting expedition, — at least so it was stated. I always believed that he shot himself. It was all very mysterious. We could not keep the news from the Princess Marie. That night Maria Consuelo was born. On the next day her mother died. The shock had killed her. The secret was now known to the princess, to me, to Lucrezia Ferris, and to the French doctor, a man of great skill and discretion. Maria Consuelo was the nameless orphan child of an unacknowledged marriage, — of a marriage which was certainly not legal, and which the Church must hesitate to ratify. Again, we saw that the complications, diplomatic and of other kinds, which would arise, if the truth were published, would be enormous. The prince himself was not yet in Nice, and was quite ignorant of the true cause of his daughter's sudden death. But he would arrive in forty-eight hours, and it was necessary to decide upon some course. We could rely upon the doctor and upon our two selves, the princess and I. Lucrezia Ferris seemed to be a sensible, quiet girl, and she certainly proved to be discreet for a long time. The princess was distracted with grief, and beside herself with anxiety. Remember that I loved her, — that explains what I did. I proposed the plan which was carried out, and with which you are acquainted. I took the child, declared it to be mine, and married Lucrezia. The only legal documents in existence concerning Maria

Consuelo prove her to be my daughter. The priest who had married the poor Princess Marie could never be found. Terrified, perhaps, at what he had done, he disappeared, — probably as a monk in an Austrian monastery. I hunted him for years. Lucrezia Ferris was discreet for two reasons. She received a large sum of money, and a large allowance afterwards; and later on, it appears that she further enriched herself at Maria Consuelo's expense. Avarice was her chief fault, and by it we held her. Secondly, however, she was well aware, and knows to-day, that no one would believe her story, if she told the truth. The proofs are all positive and legal for Maria Consuelo's supposed parentage, and there is not a trace of evidence in favor of the truth. You know the story now. I am glad I have been able to tell it to you. I will rest now, for I am very tired. If I am alive to-morrow, come and see me. Good-by, in case you should not find me."

Orsino pressed the wasted hand and went out silently, more affected than he owned by the dying man's words and looks. It was a painful story of well-meant mistakes, he thought, and it explained many things which he had not understood. Linking it with all he knew besides, he had the whole history of Spicca's mysterious, broken life, together with the explanation of some points in his own which had never been clear to him. The old cynic of a duelist had been a man of heart, after all, and had sacrificed his whole existence to keep a secret for a woman whom he loved, but who did not care for him. That was all. She was dead, and he was dying. The secret was already half buried in the past. If it were told now, no one would believe it.

Orsino returned on the following day. He had sent for news several times, and had been told that Spicca still lingered. He saw him again, but the old man seemed very weak, and spoke only a few

words during the hour Orsino spent with him. The doctor had said that he might possibly live, but that there was not much hope.

And again on the next day Orsino came back. He started, as he entered the room. An old Franciscan, a Minorite, was by the bedside, speaking in low tones. Orsino made as though he would withdraw, but Spicca feebly beckoned to him to stay, and the monk rose.

"Good-by," whispered Spicca, following him with his sunken eyes.

Orsino led the Franciscan out. At the outer door the latter turned to Orsino with a strange look, and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Who are you, my son?" he asked.

"Orsino Saracinesca."

"A friend of his?"

"Yes."

"He has done terrible things in his long life. But he has done noble things, too, and has suffered much and in silence. He has earned his rest, and God will forgive him."

The monk bowed his head and went out. Orsino reëntered the room, and took the vacant chair beside the bed. He touched Spicca's hand almost affectionately, but the latter withdrew it with an effort. He had never liked sympathy, and liked it least when another would have needed it most. For a considerable time neither spoke. The pale hand lay peacefully upon the pillows, the long, shadowy frame was wrapped in a gown of dark woolen material.

"Do you think she will come to-day?" asked the old man at last.

"She may come to-day. I hope so."

A long pause followed.

"I hope so, too," Spicca whispered. "I have not much strength left. I cannot wait much longer."

Again there was silence. Orsino knew that there was nothing to be said, nothing at least which he could say, to cheer the last hours of the lonely life. But Spicca seemed contented that he should sit there.

"Give me that photograph," he said suddenly, a quarter of an hour later.

Orsino looked about him, but could not see what Spicca wanted.

"Hers," said the feeble voice, — "in the next room."

It was the photograph in the little chiseled frame, — the same frame which had once excited Donna Tullia's scorn. Orsino brought it quickly from its place over the chimney-piece, and held it before his friend's eyes. Spicca gazed at it a long time in silence.

"Take it away," he said at last. "It is not like her."

Orsino put it aside, and sat down again. Presently Spicca turned a little on the pillow and looked at him.

"Do you remember that I once said I wished you might marry her?" he asked.

"Yes."

"It was quite true. You understand now? I could not tell you then."

"Yes, I understand everything now."

"But I am sorry I said it."

"Why?"

"Perhaps it influenced you and has hurt your life. I am sorry. You must forgive me."

"For Heaven's sake, do not distress yourself about such trifles," said Orsino earnestly. "There is nothing to forgive."

"Thank you."

Orsino looked at him, pondering on the peaceful ending of the strange life, and wondering what manner of heart and soul the man had really lived with. With the intuition which sometimes comes to dying persons, Spicca understood, though it was long before he spoke again. There was a faint touch of his old manner in his words.

"I am an awful example, Orsino," he said, with the ghost of a smile. "Do not imitate me. Do not sacrifice your life for the love of any woman. Try and appreciate sacrifices in others."

The smile died away again.

"And yet I am glad I did it," he added, a moment later. "Perhaps it was all a mistake, but I did my best."

"You did indeed," Orsino answered gravely.

He meant what he said, though he felt that it had indeed been all a mistake, as Spicca suggested. The young face was very thoughtful. Spicca little knew how hard his last cynicism hit the man beside him, for whose freedom and safety the woman of whom Spicca was thinking had sacrificed so very much. He would die without knowing that.

The door opened softly, and a woman's light footstep was on the threshold. Maria Consuelo came silently and swiftly forward with outstretched hands that had clasped the dying man's almost before Orsino realized that it was she herself. She fell on her knees beside the bed, and pressed the powerless cold fingers to her forehead.

Spicca started, and for one moment raised his head from the pillow. It fell back almost instantly. A look of supreme happiness flashed over the deathly features, followed by an expression of pain.

"Why did you marry him?" Spicca asked in tones so loud that Orsino started, and Maria Consuelo looked up with streaming eyes.

She did not answer, but tried to soothe him, rising, and caressing his hand, and smoothing his pillows.

"Tell me why you married him!" he cried again. "I am dying — I must know!"

She bent down very low and whispered into his ear. He shook his head impatiently.

"Louder! I cannot hear! Louder!"

Again she whispered, more distinctly this time, and casting an imploring glance at Orsino, who was too much disturbed to understand.

"Louder!" gasped the dying man, struggling to sit up. "Louder! Oh, my God! I shall die without hearing you — without knowing" —

It would have been inhuman to torture the departing soul any longer. Then Maria Consuelo made her last sacrifice. She spoke in calm, clear tones.

"I married to save the man I loved."

Spicca's expression changed. For fully twenty seconds his sunken eyes remained fixed, gazing into hers. Then the light began to flash in them for the last time, keen as the lightning.

"God have mercy on you! God reward you!" he cried.

The shadowy figure quivered throughout its length, was still, quivered again, then sprang up suddenly with a leap, and Spicca was standing on the floor clasping Maria Consuelo in his arms. All at once there was color in his face and the fire grew bright in his glance.

"Oh, my darling, I have loved you so!" he cried.

He almost lifted her from the ground, as he pressed his lips passionately upon her forehead. His long, thin hands relaxed suddenly, and the light broke in his eyes as when a mirror is shattered by a blow. For an instant that seemed an age he stood upright, dead already, and then fell back all his length across the bed, with wide-extended arms.

There was a short, sharp sob, and then a sound of passionate weeping filled the silent room. Strongly and tenderly Orsino laid his dead friend upon the couch, as he had lain alive but two minutes earlier. He crossed the hands upon the breast and gently closed the staring eyes. He could not have had Maria Consuelo see him as he had fallen, when she next looked up.

A little later they stood side by side, gazing at the calm dead face, in a long silence. How long they stood they never knew, for their hearts were very full. The sun was going down, and the evening light filled the room.

"Did he tell you, before he died — about me?" asked Maria Consuelo in a low voice.

"Yes. He told me everything."

Maria Consuelo went forward, bent over the face, kissed the white forehead and made the sign of the cross upon it. Then she turned and took Orsino's hand in hers.

"I could not help your hearing what I said, Orsino. He was dying, you see. You know all now."

Orsino's fingers pressed hers desperately. For a moment he could not speak. Then the agonized words came with a great effort, harshly, but ringing from the heart.

"And I can give you nothing!"

He covered his face and turned away.

"Give me your friendship, dear. I never had your love," she said.

It was long before they talked together again.

This is what I know of young Orsino Saracinesca's life up to the present time. Maria Consuelo, Countess Del Ferice, was right. She never had his love as he had hers. Perhaps the power of loving so is not in him. He is, after all, more like San Giacinto than any other member of the family, — cold, perhaps, and hard by nature. But these things which I have described have made a man of him at an age when many men are but boys, and he has learnt what many never learn at all, — that there is more true devotion to be found in the

world than most people will acknowledge. He may some day be heard of. He may some day fall under the great passion. Or he may never love at all, and may never distinguish himself any more than his father has done. One or the other may happen, but not both, in all probability. The very greatest passion is rarely compatible with the very greatest success except in extraordinary good or bad natures. And Orsino Saracinesca is not extraordinary in any way. His character has been formed by the unusual circumstances in which he was placed when very young, rather than by anything like the self-development which we hear of in the lives of great men. From a somewhat foolish and affectedly cynical youth he has grown into a decidedly hard and cool-headed man. He is very much seen in society, but talks little on the whole. If, hereafter, there should be anything in his life worth recording, another hand than mine may write it down for future readers.

If any one cares to ask why I have thought it worth the trouble to describe his early years so minutely, I answer that the young man of the Transition Period interests me. Perhaps I am singular in that. Orsino Saracinesca is a fair type, I think, of his class at his age. I have done my best to be just to him.

F. Marion Crawford.

A FEW OF LOWELL'S LETTERS.

It has been repeatedly said in my hearing, by men who had come to know Lowell personally, after having known his works, that he was better than anything he had done. No one knew this so well as those who knew him best. I made my acquaintance with his works in the days of young artistic enthusiasms, when I used to visit the studio of William

Page, the poet's intimate friend and ardent admirer, to whose almost inspired (oracular, certainly) improvisations on art and poetry I used to listen till my own blood ran quick, and my own enthusiasms made me see what was never to be seen again, even in dreams. Page used to repeat Lowell's poems with his own commentary, so subtly fantastic at

times that it made one think he had taken part in the composition of the poet's text, or thought he had, at least. I only remember as then in print the volume of early poems, and the *Sir Launfal* in a small separate volume. There was much in the poems which appealed powerfully to the green and sentimental stage of mental growth in which I then was, and I learned most of them by heart, together with the *Sir Launfal*. I spent the following autumn at a lighthouse on the coast of New England, sketching the sea in its multiform changes, and the two volumes were all the literature I carried with me. But I remember saying, about that time, to a common friend of Page and myself, that the author wanted only the ripening of a great sorrow to bring out his greater powers. The poems seemed to me, even then, only the overflow of a mind so full of poetic thought that verse flowed from it as water from a deep spring, giving out what would run to waste if not turned to some direct use.

It was not long after this that my criticism was to be tested by life. Lowell's wife died, leaving him in that gloom from which came the series of short poems, to my mind the best expression of the finest side of the man's nature, — *The Wind-Harp*, *Auf Wiedersehen*, *Palinode*, *After the Burial*, and *The Dead House*, — expressions of the strong passion of grief at work in a strong and healthy nature, not crushed, but bowed down; for he was under the influence of a sane and elastic sorrow which did not paralyze, but turned his mental activity to the presentation of the overpowering passion, genuine, pure, and without a trace of the artifice or inflation of the aftermath of grief. The only thing that I know in English poetry to set beside them for genuine pathos is the "Break, break, break" of Tennyson, and there the freshness of passion has given place to the consciousness of art and the need of study of form. It was in this phase

of his life that I made Lowell's acquaintance.

I was about commencing the publication, in company with John Durand, son of a former president of the Academy of Design, of an art journal, *The Crayon*, and went to Cambridge to solicit the assistance of those writers whose work in any way sympathized with the object of our journal. If I remember rightly, I had no letter of introduction, but presented myself on the strength of my mission, and was received by Lowell with the princely courtesy which was his manner. I was full of my project, which seemed to me, in my enthusiasm, evangelical, for I was set to preach and labor for the revival of art; and he accepted me on my own ground, with entire sympathy. One of his letters, written a little later, when our acquaintance had ripened into friendship, has such a significance as a revelation of the state of his mind at that time that I do not believe I need apologize for introducing it, though it is very personal to me; it would not tell its story if I left out the personal part. I wanted something of his for the opening number of the paper, and he had sent me a passage from his *Pictures from Appledore*, which he entitled *August Afternoon*. I wanted him to be on board at "the launch," and I had also a poem of Bryant's, that called *A Rain Dream* in his published volume; but the scheme of the journal did not admit more than one such notable contribution in each number, so I had to choose between Bryant and Lowell as the poet of the occasion. It is to this that he alludes in the letter.

GRUB STREET, 7th Dec'r, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am sorry to have kept your proofs so long, but I was absent from home the day they came.

I don't know now whether I sent you the right part of the poem. But I wished to give you the most *paletty* part first, and I am now so overwhelmed with lec-

tures and Grub Street that I have literally not time to copy the introductory verses describing the island. But, my dear sir, if Bryant has given you a poem, you should put that in your first number, by all means. It will do you more good than many of mine, and your first duty is to your Crayon-child, wherever you are not obliged to sacrifice any principle to it. Don't mind me in the least. I wish your journal to succeed. Remember that success is the only atmosphere through which your ideas will look lovely to the public you wish to influence. Bryant's name will help you more than mine; therefore, take him first. Not that I like to give up my place on board at the launch, either, for I am sure it will be a graceful one.

You must n't talk of Christmas gifts and things. I shall think you mean to keep me in Grub Street in spite of myself. [I had intended to send his daughter something for Christmas, and suppose I must have asked some question about her tastes.] I positively will not be paid in any way, if I may say so after being more than paid by your beautiful drawings, which M. likes as well as I do, and declares a preference for the larger one, "On the" — I can't make out the name, but I shall call it the *Lethe*, that drowsy water with tree-dreams in it, so smooth and sleek and soaked with sun, it seems a drink of it would quench the thirst of all sad memories. Only no *Lethe can*, for we are our own saddest memories, — a hundred a day. I thank you for them most heartily, and for your letter as well.

I am glad you had a pleasant time here. I had, and you made me fifteen years younger while you stayed. When a man gets to my age, enthusiasms don't often knock at the door of his garret. I am all the more charmed with them when they come. A youth full of such pure intensity of hope and faith and purpose, — what is he but the breath of a resurrection-trumpet to us stiffened old fellows, bidding us up out of our

clay and earth if we would not be too late?

Your inspiration is still to you a living mistress; make her immortal in her promptings and her consolations by imaging her truly in art. Mine looks at me with eyes of paler flame and beckons across a gulf. You came into my loneliness like an incarnate aspiration. And it is dreary enough sometimes, for a mountain peak on whose snow your foot makes the first mortal print is not so lonely as a room full of happy faces from which *one* is missing forever. This was originally the fifth stanza of *The Wind-Harp*:

O tress that so oft on my heart hath lain,
Rocked to rest within rest by its thankful
 beating,
Say, which is harder, — to bear the pain
Of laughter and light, or to wait in vain,
'Neath the unleaved tree, the impossible meet-
 ing?
If Death's lips be icy, Life gives, iwis,
Some kisses more clay-cold and darkening than
 his!

Forgive me, but you spoke of it first. [I had in a letter spoken of *The Wind-Harp*, which he had read to me on a visit, just before.]

I have done better than send you a poem; I have got you — a subscriber. On this momentous topic I shall enlarge no further than to say that I wish to be put on your list also in my capacity as gentleman, and not author. I will not be deadheaded. I respect my profession too much. . . .

Heartily and hopefully yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

It is nearly forty years since that letter was written, but I can never read it again without the reflection, pale though it be, of the pathos which rests on that visit to his study when he read me *The Wind-Harp*, and we sat silent long into the twilight of the autumn day, the bare boughs of the elm-trees outside his windows cutting against the sky, and his little daughter came in after her lessons. When she left the room I spoke of her

delicately chiseled features, and he replied by pointing to her mother's portrait on the study wall.

Perhaps I overrate my own way of looking at Lowell, but in that letter there seems the expression of his character, writ large. Out of the depth of the shadow over his life, in the solitude of his study, with nothing but associations of his wrecked happiness permitted around him, the kindly sympathy with a new aspiration wakened him to a momentary gayety, his humor flashed out irrepressible, and his large heart turned its warmest side to the new friend, who came only to make new calls on his benevolence; that is, to give him another opportunity to bestow himself on others. There is in it the generosity, the pathos, the subtle humor, the worldly wisdom, and the self-forgetfulness which we who knew him recognize, drawn against the dark background of his bereaved life.

The letter, at this long distance, confounds itself with the visit which preceded it. I had stayed with him at Elmwood, and we had talked of many things which provoke confidence, had visited his favorite bits of landscape in the classic fields, Beaver Brook, the Waverley Oaks, etc., and, in the dusk of the day, chance, or some spiritual induction, had led him into speaking of his griefs, charily, half apologetically; and when a man can speak of his griefs to another, there are two ties established, one of a sympathy in them, and the other of that lightening of the soul from the putting them into words, which seems to incur an obligation where really one is conferred. It was in this confidence that he read me the Ode to Happiness, the first full expression of his sorrow he had made to me; and I quite broke down, and stole to the window to hide my tears. Perhaps certain trivial troubles of my own, but which at the time seemed to me as grave as death, put me in tune with his mood, and so our friendship found its first minor chord.

Nothing would have induced me to take his advice and give any other the place I intended for him at "the launch," so the first number of *The Crayon* contained the bit of his Appledore study, of which he sent me two more fragments later on. He took the liveliest interest in the paper as long as I remained at the head of it, and amongst other things wrote for it the *Invita Minerva*, in the proof-correcting of which he allowed himself one of the quaint, and to my mind delightful, bits of eccentric diction he was so fond of, but rarely indulged in. The second line, which in the collected poems stands,

"The pennon'd reeds, that, as the west wind
blew,"

was so written originally, but in the correction of proof was changed to "in the west wind blue," and was so printed in *The Crayon*.

The next letter I have from him — for the minor letters and the manuscripts seem all to have gone to the autograph-hunters — is dated the week after *The Crayon* had been launched. I have no recollection of what I had written, but I do remember that on reading the *Auf Wiedersehen*, printed in one of the magazines of the day, — I think Putnam's, — I sent him some verses which that poem called out, and in which, possibly, I had tried, not to console, for the folly of that I even then knew, but to mingle a sympathetic pain with his.

ELMWOOD, 11th Jan., 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I fear you have thought me very cold and ungrateful not to have answered sooner (if it were only with God bless you) your very kind and tender letter. I cannot say more of it than that it came to my heart like the words of a woman. I need not write how entirely grateful I am for it.

I have delayed writing till I found a chance to copy some more Appledore for you. I have sent a tolerably long bit this time, for I suppose you will like

something to fill up as much as may be. So look upon it as a large canvas that will at least cover bare wall. I have had your two drawings framed, and they hang up now on the inside of my door, and please everybody that sees them, me above all.

I have been fearfully busy with my lectures! And so nervous about them, too! I had never spoken in public. There was a great rush for tickets (the lectures are *gratis*), only one in five of the applicants being supplied, and altogether I was quite taken aback. I had no idea that there would be such a desire to hear me.

I delivered my first lecture to a crowded hall on Tuesday night, and I believe I have succeeded. The lecture was somewhat abstract, but I kept the audience perfectly still for an hour and a quarter. (They are in the habit of going out at the end of the hour.) I delivered it again yesterday to another crowd, and was equally successful; so I think I am safe now. But I have six yet to write, and am consequently very busy and pressed for time.

I felt anxious, of course, for I had a double responsibility. The lectures [before the Lowell Institute] were founded by a cousin of mine, and the Trustee is another cousin; so I wished not only to do credit to myself and my name, but to justify my relative in appointing me to lecture.

It is all over now, and as far as the public is concerned I have succeeded; but the lectures keep me awake and make me lean.

I am quite sensible now that I did not do Mr. Bryant justice in the Fable. But there was no personal feeling in what I said, though I have regretted what I did say because it might seem personal. I am now asked to write a review of his poems for the *North American*. If I do, I shall try to do him justice.

I think he has been more fortunate in Flemish pictures than I, if he does not

find in Appledore a sentiment that is wanting in them. One of the best fragments is yet to come. . . .

Yours, J. R. LOWELL.

His allusion to Bryant was due to my having told him that the latter was always a little sore at Lowell's treatment of him in the *Fable for Critics*, and especially at the lines which became a commonplace of criticism:—

"If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North
Pole;"

and as just before taking charge of the *Crayon* I had been on the staff of Bryant's *Evening Post*, and on friendly terms with the poet, I had become aware of the impression, and desired to efface it. The opportunity occurred a little later, on the occasion of Lowell's departure for Europe, when I gave him a dinner in New York, to which I invited Bryant; and seating them together, with no regard to precedence (they had never seen each other before), I left them to themselves. Though there were of the company Charles Sumner, C. F. Briggs (Harry Franco), Whipple, Bayard Taylor, and other of Lowell's old friends, he devoted himself to Bryant the entire evening, and completely fascinated him. Anxious to gather the elder poet's impression, I left Lowell and Taylor at Oscanyan's café smoking their nargilehs, and walked home with Bryant, soon satisfying myself. The allusion to Flemish art was in reply to a criticism of Bryant on the Appledore, which he spoke of as like a Flemish picture in its fidelity; his reflection was not one of disparagement, though Lowell so regarded it.

Those who have no acquaintance with the literary life of the day I am dealing with can hardly understand how limited then was the range of Lowell's possession of the public. It was usual, amongst his friends, to speak of him as the "most Shakespearean man since Shakespeare;" but by the American public, even, he

was hardly held as more than a brilliant dilettante. His carelessness of the form of his work, his evident slight estimation of it, and the extraordinary ease with which it was thrown off, all contributed to this impression. The Biglow Papers were political squibs, of the true position of which as literature no one then had a just conception, blown about as they were in the winds which grew to the great tempest of our civil war, and read with partisan eyes; the *Fable for Critics* was limited in its range of audience, and, treated as a controversial and personal *jeu d'esprit*, attacked and defended without serious study; while the serious poems were so unequal, and, as he afterwards recognized, in some cases so unworthy his powers, that they diminished the impression of the mass of his work. He set so little value on what cost him no labor — for he wrote verse more easily than prose — that he never gave himself the trouble of polishing or pruning, and the early volume contains much that is juvenile and open to sharp criticism, rendered all the more certain by his own pungency as critic. He knew his own value, as we know it now, but it was the value in *posse* which he felt; for his work of the moment he had little concern. Had he held more conceit of his verse and more anxiety about public opinion, he certainly would have suppressed much of his early work, to his better reputation in later years. The lectures referred to in the letter last quoted showed him in another light, and justified the faith of his friends in his large intellectual possessions. They drove him into deep water, and he was obliged to swim *in mare magno*; their preparation involved work, which in his melancholy and loneliness was necessary to bring him out of the morbid condition into which he had fallen when I first knew him. He had become hypochondriacal, and at the time of my first visit had begun to nurse imaginary ills and brooded much by himself, with a hope-

less feeling as to his future condition, which he made no effort to throw off. The lectures brought him up out of the depths, and he resumed his normal life. With all his strength of feeling and impulsive activity, his was too healthy a nature to remain long in morbid conditions, and once he had set about resisting them he rapidly returned to healthy work. On the 25th of January, a fortnight later than the last letter, he wrote me: —

. . . "I came very near forgetting my proof sheets altogether, but I have delivered five of my lectures now, and on Friday shall have half finished my course. Meanwhile I have only a week's start, so that I have to work hard, what with inevitable interruptions. . . .

"Do not think that I feel the less interest in you and yours because I write such scrawls. I am not used to being tied to hours or driven. I have always waited on the good genius, and he will not come for being sent after by express; so I am in a *feeze* half the time."

And a few days later, but without date except "Elmwood," he says: —

"I shall have done grinding for the Philistines next Saturday, and it will give me, I need not say, the greatest pleasure to see you. . . . I have been meaning for some time to write you a word, merely to say that Longfellow told me the other day that he would send you the first poem he had that was suitable for your purpose. Perhaps he has written; if not, I shall be glad to be the herald.

"You will like to hear (but it is at present a semi-secret) that I am to be nominated next Thursday to fill Longfellow's place in the college. It was all very pleasant, for the place sought me, and not I it.

"I have only to deliver two courses of lectures in the year; have all the rest of the time to myself, and the salary will make me independent. If the Overseers of the College confirm the appointment of the Corporation (of which there is lit-

tle doubt), I shall go abroad for a year to Germany and Spain to acquire the languages.

"So by the time you come I shall probably be Professor Lowell, at your service, and shall expect immense respect in consequence. Take care after that how you squire or mister me. I have not discovered the dulness of The Crayon, and only hope its point will be sharp enough to draw the public. If I go to Berlin, I will send you some sketches of the gallery there. Spain, too, is rich."

He was so scornful of money, when his friends were concerned, that he seemed to be independent of his labor; but we see the satisfaction with which he welcomes the independence of the salaried professor, and I am sure that the greater feeling in his own mind was that he could afford to be more generous. I never heard him speak of money except to refuse to be paid it, and in the above communication. At that moment of my life, I was perhaps better prepared to be liberal with him than he with me, but any compensation beyond a drawing or study from nature was always absolutely refused to the last of our journalistic relations; and when, later in life, fortune left me on the shoals, he insisted on putting me, on occasion, on my feet again, with all the love of a brother and the delicacy of a poet, and always with some excuse of an unexpected good fortune which he wished to partake with some one.

"Greater than anything he ever did," they used to say; but how much greater, and how much nobler than any work can be, no one knows so well as I. His heart ran even with his brain, and, when there was a chance, outran it. He had twin faults: he underestimated his own work, and tinted that of his friends with the colors of his esteem. In one of the exhibitions of our National Academy I had a large study of a bit of Adirondack forest and lake, of which one of the

critics had spoken in strongly damnatory terms, and Lowell wrote me of it:—

ELMWOOD, 21st May, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—“It being granted that the earth is a hollow cube”—“But I beg your pardon, my dear sir, I granted no such thing.” “Well, then, it being necessary to the purposes of this argument that the earth *should* be a hollow cube, which is precisely the same thing, I go on to demonstrate,” etc.

Now what does he mean by saying that your picture is “an *unpleasingly* grouped assemblage of *unpleasing* natural objects”? Is a hemlock-trunk unpleasing? Is the silvery-gray bole of a sloping birch unpleasing? Is the beech-stem plashed with wavering pools of watery sunshine unpleasing? And pray tell me how, in a picture, a thing *can* be “literally rendered.” There is no such matter possible. The closer the imitation, in giving rounded or irregular shapes, perspective, etc., on a flat surface, the greater have been the difficulties overcome, and the greater the imagination in being able to see things as they truly are, and not as they seem. To make a model of a beech-stem is quite another affair. We would rather have a section of the real thing. Is there not a difference even in daguerreotypes in favor of the man who is enough of an artist to choose the right moment and point of view? And even were the tree-trunk a deformed one, were it ever so ugly, misshapen, warty, scrofulous, carious, what you will, it is one of the curious psychological facts that it is yet not unpleasing. For while any *lusus nature* in anything that breathes is hateful, a fanciful resemblance to the diseases and deformities of animal life in anything that merely grows appeals at once to our sense of the odd, the humorous, the grotesque; or else is not disagreeable because it is a likeness upward, and not downward. But this glances toward a deeper deep, and I forbear. Anyhow,

I like your picture and the idea of it, only you must make interest with Aquarius to water your lake a little. But

"When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Or let me translate a proverb from the Feejee dialect:—

That which we like, likes us:

No need of any fuss.

Nay, take this other which I this moment copy from the walls of a house just unburied at Pompeii:—

Perchance the thing I banish, me expels;

Be chary, ostracizer, of your shells!

Madman, thou deem'st thyself sublimely free,
And ly'st on straw in that cramped cell of Thee.

Or perhaps this is a better translation of the last couplet:—

Thou deem'st thyself a King, poor crazy elf,
Chained to the wall of that cramped cell, Thyself.

The Feejee Islanders (who love curried Calvinists and minced missionary) and the Pompeians (who got up such suicidal fireworks for the entertainment of Admiral Pliny) knew a thing or two, nevertheless!

It is a glorious, blue, northwesterly sky; the oak woods are pink with buds; the linnets, catbirds, fire hangbirds, and robins are all singing hymeneals to the Spring, and she trembles through all her wreaths of new-born leaves and seems equally pleased with each of them. She does not say, "Oh, Linnet, put yourself to school with Maestro Catbird," nor "Be silent, Robin, my boy, till you can sing like Signor Robert of Lincoln." *Per Bacco!* did not brave Masaccio paint St. Peter right in the streets of Florence, working a miracle with vulgar Florentines all about him, and did not Raphael and Michael say that the Brancacci chapel was their school? . . .

In a letter of a little earlier date (10th of May, 1855) he gives another instance of his constant thoughtfulness for others:

. . . "I saw Longfellow yesterday,

and reminded him of his promise to send you a poem; and he renewed it, but said that he had not anything he liked well enow to send. I told him that it did not much matter for a long poem, and that his name would be of service to The Crayon now that it was seeking an introduction to the world. I know that he means rightly, and only hope that he will send you something while it can be of commercial advantage to you. Don't be shocked at my marketplace view of the thing; I feel as wise as a woman when I find anybody with a beard who seems a worse manager than I, and one has a right to be shrewd for his friend. . . . Meanwhile I send you some verses of my own, which you may like or not, as you please. They are very much at your service if you want them, and perhaps Professor Lowell's name may be of use. . . . As soon as we have a leaf or two I shall expect a visit from you. I will write and let you know when our winter is over. Our spring is like that delicacy a frozen plum pudding, which cheats every uninitiated person into an impromptu toothache. It looks as if it ought to be hot, and it is Nova Zembla focussed."

Following these letters there is a wide gap in my file. I have no memorandum of the time of his sailing for Germany, but in the letter of May 10th he says, "Think of anything I can do for you on the other side. I go to Germany first;" and the next letter I have is dated from Dresden. I was overworked on The Crayon, and he on his German studies; for he was not a man to do less than his utmost when he had accepted his duty. But this is dated October 14, 1855, and shows already the renewed intellectual activity at full swing. The wit and humor which in our first acquaintance only flashed out in intervals of gloom begin to take the upper hand again.

. . . You may lay it to anything you

like except my having forgotten you that I have not written sooner. I have thought of you only too much, for I wished, when I wrote, to send you something for The Crayon, and not finding aught to write about, you began to haunt me and shake your printersinky locks at me, — only, unhappily, the case was the reverse of Banquo's, since thou couldst say I'd not done it. Now this would not do. I would not have a friendship which I value so much, more than any contracted in these later years, associated with any uneasy thought. So I resolved to lay the ghost at once, as we can all *blue* ghosts that haunt us, in a sea of ink. What have I to say that I had not a month ago? Nothing; but then I will write and manfully say so. I can at least tell you how warm a feeling I have towards you, and that is something. But for The Crayon? That we will see presently. First I must thank you for the likeness of yourself, which you may be sure I am glad to have with me, and for your letters. Only why so short? One would think you were writing across Broadway instead of the Atlantic. But I will give it a good turn by thinking that you do not feel me far away from you, as truly I am not. About Griswold and the rest of it I understand nothing, and care as little, unless for its troubling you. When I get over here, it is the Styx that is between me and America. I have drunk Lethe water to wash down Nepenthe with, and have forgotten everything but my friends, like a happy shade. What care we careless spirits for what troubled us in the flesh? "My little man," says Wordsworth to Pope, when they meet in the Fortunate Islands, "I am sorry to say" — the wretch! he is not sorry a bit — "that your poems are not so much read as once." "My what? Ah! poems, — yes, I think I *did* write some things once. And so they don't read 'em, eh? 'T is all one for that, — I would n't read 'em myself. Come in,

Mr. — a — a — I beg your pardon — ah, Woodwarth? Yes, come in, Mr. Woodwarth, and try the Lethe; 't is the best spring in the place; and you will meet some eminent characters in the pump-room." So it goes. Give yourself no more trouble about the picture. As it is one, I suppose I may say *hang* the picture! But I dare be sworn you have forgotten all about it by this time.

But for The Crayon — what have I seen? Why, I have seen the Van Eyck at Ghent, and liked it so well that I have never a word to say about it. And I saw the Memlings at Bruges, — what a place it is! a bit of Italy drifted away northward and stranded like an erratic boulder in Flanders, — and I liked those so well that I am equally dumb thereanent. And I saw the Rubenses in Antwerp, which have all been skinned alive by the restorers, and which they have put into a little room fenced off from the Cathedral, so that they may get a *franc* out of every stranger who comes there, — the Jews! "Is not my Father's house a house of prayer? But ye have made it a den of thieves." There has been great power and passion in those pictures, — Rubens is a poem translated out of Low Dutch into Italian; but in the little doghole where they are, one cannot see them. What was meant to be seen at forty feet shall one see at fifteen? Offer a man a magnifying-glass to look at an elephant with! Somehow I feel inclined to say "he was a great *gentleman*, that Rubens," but great *man* seems a little too much. But great he surely was in some sense or other, — you feel that. Then I saw all the Dutch pictures at the Hague, but I think that Rembrandt, the greatest imagination these low countries ever produced, is better seen here in Dresden than at the Hague. As for Paul Potter's famous Bull, it is no more to be compared with Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair than a stuffed and varnished dolphin with a living one. Here there are some wonderful pictures.

Titian's Tribute-Money is marvellously great; the head of Christ the noblest and most pathetic I have ever seen, full of a magnificent sadness. There is also a truly delicious Claude, a deep rock-imbedded bay so liquidly dark and cool! There is a Holy Family by Holbein, too, pathetically prosaic. I forgot to speak of an Albert Dürer at the Hague, a portrait of the future Emperor (Maximilian, I think) as a child of three years, with an apple in his hand instead of the globe of empire which was afterward, if I remember, so heavy for him. Is it not a pretty fancy? But I have really got something for *The Crayon*,—this is not, but must wait till next week's mail,—an account of a visit I made to Retsch. It is late now, and I am not in a good mood, either. I have heard bad news,—not of M., thank God!

You might make an item out of this,—that the King of Saxony allows no copies to be made in the gallery, in order that the artists here may choose original subjects and paint them out of their own experience. Also Bendemann (their best painter here) is making a good picture, very pure and classic, out of the meeting of Ulysses with Nausicaa, in the *Odyssey*. But I must say good-night and God bless you! I have so much writing of German to do that my eyes can't bear much night work, and it is near twelve. Sunday is my only holiday. Next week, then. . . .

The Visit to Retsch never came. Lowell always planned more than any mortal man could do; he laid schemes of work like bridges with one abutment in time and the other in eternity. He had too much to do, and I, on the other side, became so overborne by my editorial duties—*The Crayon* going to leeward all the time then—that our correspondence flagged. The next word I have from him shows the man overworked and dejected, but doing his duty to his position.

DRESDEN, 18th Feb'y, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I reproach myself bitterly for not having sooner answered your letter, but what is the use of spurring an already beaten-out horse? What energy can self-reproach communicate to a man who has barely resolution enough to do what is necessary for the day, and who shoves everything else over into the never-coming to-morrow? To say all in one word, I have been passing a very wretched winter. I have been out of health and out of spirits, gnawed a great part of the time by an insatiable homesickness, and deprived of my usual means of ridding myself of bad thoughts by putting them into verse; for I have always felt that I was here for the specific end of learning German, and not of pleasing myself.

Just now I am better in body and mind. My cure has been wrought by my resolving to run away for a month into Italy. Think of it,—Italy! I shall see Page and Norton and the grave of our little Walter. I can hardly believe that I am going, and in ten days.

What you tell me about *The Crayon* you may be sure fills me with a very sincere regret. It does not need to tell you how much interest I took in it and you; and what is better, my interest in it was not that merely of a friend of yours, but sprang from a conviction that it would do much for the æsthetic culture of our people. I am very sorry on every account that it is to be given up. I had hoped so much from it. It is a consolation to me that you will be restored to the practice instead of the criticism and exposition of art, and that we shall get some more pictures like the one which took so strong a hold of me in the New York exhibition. I shall hope to become the possessor of one myself, after I get quietly settled again at Elmwood with the Old Man of the Sea of my first course of lectures off my shoulders. You must come and make me a visit, and I will show you some

nice studies of landscape in our neighborhood, and especially, one bit of primitive forest that I know within a mile and a half of our house.

I have been studying like a dog — no, dogs don't study — I mean a learned pig — this winter, and I think my horizon has grown wider, and that when I come back I shall be worth more to my friends. I have learned the boundaries of my knowledge, and *Terra Incognita* does not take so much space on my maps. In German I have every reason to be satisfied with my progress, though I should have learned more of the colloquial language if I had had spirits enough to go into any society. But already the foreboding of Italy fills me with a new life and soul. I feel as if I had been living with no outlook on my south side, and as if a wall had been toppled over which had darkened all my windows in that direction. Bodily and spiritually I have suffered here with cold, but God be thanked, it will soon be over.

My great solace (or distraction) has been the theatre, which is here excellent. I not only get a lesson in German, but I have learned much of the technology of the stage. For historical accuracy in costume and scenery, I have never seen anything comparable. An artistic nicety and scrupulousness extends itself to the most inconsidered trifles in which so much of illusion consists, and which commonly are so bungled as to draw attention instead of evading it by an absorption in the universal.

If I had known that I was going to London, I should have been extremely pleased to have made the acquaintance of Ruskin. But my journey thither was sudden and flighty, and I saw nobody except Hogarth, Turner, and Rembrandt. Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* and Rembrandt's *Jacob's Dream* at Dulwich College gave me invaluable suggestions.

It will not be long now, I hope, before I see you at Elmwood; for you must make me a visit as soon as I get warm

in my study again. It is all *Berg ab* now, and I shall ere long feel the swing of our Atlantic once more. The very thought revives me. We seaboard fellows cannot live long without snuffing salt water. Let me hear from you in Italy; tell me what you are painting and all about yourself. As soon as I am myself again, I shall try to make my friendship of some worth to you. But always I am your affectionate friend,

J. R. L.

The next gap in the correspondence is one of over a year. I do not remember, and have no record of the time, when he married his second wife, Frances Dunlap; but the revolution she brought about in his life had begun before his friends knew the causes of it. She was one of the rarest and most sympathetic creatures I have ever known. She was the governess of Lowell's daughter, when I first went to stay at Elmwood, and I then felt the charm of her character. She was a sincere Swedenborgian, with the serene faith and spiritual outlook I have generally found to be characteristic of that sect; with a warmth of spiritual sympathy of which I have never known another instance; a fine and subtle faculty of appreciation, serious and tender, which was to Lowell like an enfolding of the Divine Spirit. The only particular in which the sympathy failed was in the feeling that she had in regard to his humorous poems. She disliked the vein. It was not that she lacked humor or the appreciation of his, but she thought that kind of literature unworthy of him. This she said to me more than once. But aside from this she fitted him like the air around him. He had felt the charm of her character before he went to Europe, and had begun to bend to it, but, as he said to me after his marriage, he would make no sign till he had tested by a prolonged absence the solidity of the feeling he had felt growing up. He waited, therefore,

till his visit to Germany had satisfied him that it was sympathy, and not propinquity, that lay at the root of his inclination for her, before declaring himself. No married life could be more fortunate in all respects except one, — they had no children. But for all that his life required she was to him healing from sorrow and a defense against all trouble, a very spring of life and hope. A letter from Cambridge (May 14, 1857) must have been written in the interval between his return from Germany and this change in his life, for he had begun his work at the university.

. . . I am glad you do not forget me, though I seem so memoryless and ungrateful. I shall be better, one of these days, I hope. While my lectures are on my mind I am not myself, and I seem to see all the poetry drying out of me. I droop on my rocks and hear the surge of the living waters, but they will not reach me till some extraordinary spring-tide, and maybe not then. . . .

When you come, I wish you to come straight here. We can house you for a while [he was then living with his friend Dr. Estes Howe, in Cambridge, Elmwood having been let for a term], at any rate, and the word "board" is hateful to me. Just now there is a sister of Mrs. — here, with the biggest baby that ever was seen. If the nurse were in proportion, the house would have to be greatedened. And there is also the biggest (and nicest) young lady from Ohio. So where could I put you at night, unless I hung you up or leaned you up in a corner, like a beau as you are? But the drift of things will go on, and they will float away on it before long, and then there will be a bed, and that will be better. I will let you know when. I shall be jolly and companionable by that time, which I was not when you were here before, for I could think of nothing but the lectures which were before me. Perhaps you were right about it and I have

no business here. However, we die at last and go where there are no lectures.

The apple-trees are in blossom, but I have hardly had time to see them. Horse chestnuts are in leaf, and linnets and robins sing. But there are not so many birds here as at Elmwood, — not so many anywhere as there used to be, and I think the cares of life weigh on them so that they can't sing. We have had only a day or two of warm weather yet. Spring seems like an ill-arranged scene at the theatre that hitches and won't slide forward, and we see winter through the gaps. Bring May with you when you come, — remember that. Tell me what your plans are, and when you had arranged to come hitherward and when you would rather. . . .

Your affectionate

J. R. L.

In the next letter there are landmarks of our separate journeys in life. Lowell had married Miss Dunlap; we had made our first excursion to the Adirondacks; the Atlantic Monthly had been founded, with Lowell as its editor. I had become his contributor, as he had been mine. In one of my letters after his marriage, I had written to congratulate him, saying that I had already written one letter (probably on hearing of the engagement) and had suppressed it, as too enthusiastic and perhaps boyish.

CAMBRIDGE, 28th Oct'r, 1857.

MY DEAR STILLMAN, — Thank you for your letters, especially that from the dear old Adirondacks. Though written in pencil, it did my heart more good than my eyes harm, only it made me homesick to be back again

"A chasing the wild-deer and following the row."

Your last I ought to have answered a week ago, but when I stop payment of letters I do it altogether, and like a man of honor allow no favored creditors.

I should like the article very much.

Make it about six or seven pages (print), and at the same time be as lively and as solid as you can. You may have full swing. This is like ordering so many pints of inspiration, eh? — as if Castaly were bottled up like Congress water and sent all over the country for sale. Well, never mind, make it as good as you can. Instructive articles should be sweetened as much as possible, for people don't naturally like to learn anything, and prefer taking their information as much as they can in disguise.

Why did you not send me the enthusiastic letter you say you suppressed? I should have been delighted with it. For God's sake, don't let your enthusiasm go! it is your good genius. When we have once lost it, we would give all the barren rest of our lives to get back but a day of it. Your letter would have hit in the white, too, for I am as happy as I can be, and thank God continually. I have known and honored my wife for years, but I find some new good in her daily. So you may be as warm as you like in your congratulations. . . .

Affectionately yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

I think it was in the summer of the next year that I went to Cambridge to live, and was thenceforward mainly divided in my occupations between the Adirondacks and the vicinity of "the Oaks" at Waverley, until I went to Europe, in the autumn of 1859. Each summer we made an excursion into the Adirondacks, and formed the club which took its name from that region. Under the circumstances, few letters passed between us, for we were not long without seeing each other until I went abroad. Lowell was indeed very happy in his married life, and amongst the pictures Memory will keep on her tablet for me, till Death passes his sponge over it once for all, is one of his wife lying in a long chair under the trees at Dr. Howe's, when the sun was getting cool, and

laughing with her low, musical laugh at a contest in punning between Lowell and myself, *haud passibus æquis*, but in which he found enough to provoke his wit to activity; her almost Oriental eyes twinkling with fun, half closed and flashing from one to the other of us; her low, sweet forehead, wide between the temples; mouth wreathing with humor; and the whole frame, lithe and fragile, laughing with her eyes at his extravagant and rollicking word-play. One would hardly have said that she was a beautiful woman, but fascinating she was in the happiest sense of the word, with all the fascination of pure and perfect womanhood and perfect happiness.

In those days the boy was still riotous in Lowell, and until the war came, with its heart-breaking for him and his, and he entered into the larger sphere of public affairs, the escapades of his overflowing and juvenile vitality were irrepressible. In the Adirondacks he cast off all dignity, was one of the best and most devoted shots with the rifle, but proposed to introduce, by regulation, archery for our deer-hunting. He was the life of the company, always running over with fun and contrivance of merriment. I remember once, coming home from Boston with those members of the Saturday Club who lived in Cambridge, Agassiz, Howe, Holmes, Lowell, and others, that in the midst of a grave discussion between Agassiz and himself upon the authority of the Scriptures, Lowell, passing through the exit from the college grounds, vaulted suddenly on one of the great stone columns, clapped his hands to his sides, gave a lusty cockerow, and hopped down again to pursue the argument, insisting on the admission of the Psalms amongst the inspired books. Nothing human was foreign to his sympathies. I loved him as David loved Jonathan; and though I continually offended his sense of fitness and decorum, doing things wanting in tact and refinement, in sheer green boyishness and

want of judgment, he never took offense, but treated me as a younger brother; for I think he understood my feeling for him, uncouth as were its forms at times; and his benevolence towards me never faltered, though the diverging circumstances of our lives carried us further and further apart. His bitter griefs and bereavements following our war, his troubles, personal and patriotic, his absorption later in official duties, the accumulating burdens which would have crushed the energies of a smaller man, left his serenity undisturbed; even the disgusting attacks of the Irishry and the politicians, on account of his action in England, only raised a philosophic sarcasm. He was so much "greater than anything he ever did" that I would rather every line he ever wrote were blotted from my memory than that I should forget the days I spent at Elmwood, or those we spent in the greenwood of the Adirondacks; but one and the other locality, like all those in which I knew him, are forever lonely and desolate to me.

The latest word I have from him was written from the Legation in London, in answer to one inquiring if he had received a bit of Albanian work I had sent him from Montenegro, a new tip to the sheath of a yataghan of some rare and early Albanian silver work, which I had sent him before, but which then lacked its original tip. It is dated 7th of March, 1882.

. . . Yes, my dear Stillman, the tip of the sheath arrived safely, and is thought very pretty, although it does not come up to the old work, and could not fairly be called on for such a feat in practical æsthetics. We like it.

You have learned to be satirical in the neighborhood of the Aristophanic Theatre, but I shake off your sarcasms,

not as the lion, but as the duck the dew-drop from his back. I may fairly answer in the Gospel words, "silver and gold have I none," for I am so near my wit's end that I have neither speech nor silence, or feel so, at least. [I had written to ask him to exchange some of his golden silence for a little silver speech.]

But I had enough sentiment left to be a good deal upset by the story of your murder [a telegram from Cetinje had announced that I had been decapitated in Albania], though I did not believe it. I hate the electric telegraph worse than ever.

If you come across an ancient statue, send it me by post, and I will pay you in the metal with so much of which you credit me. Mrs. Lowell sends her kindest regards, and I remain

Affectionately always yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

The handwriting begins to show age, — it is tremulous, and the letters are writ large. Death only could extinguish the kindly thought, the fine sense of humor, the affectionate fidelity to the past and its ties; nothing had changed in him to the last. When last I saw him, shortly before his recall from London, he certainly showed the signs of age, but I think less than I; the kindly caress in his voice, the flash of humor in his eye, the masterhood in his port, were there as I had known them thirty years before. Wrinkles and gray hair were there, and the tremulousness of the hand in writing; but the mind, though sobered by such sorrows as few men bear, was as serene and spiritual as ever. I could imagine that he labored under his dispensations as a good ship in a storm, burying his head at times under the wave, but rising to it, shaking off the weight, and keeping on.

W. J. Stillman.

ALONE ON CHOCORUA AT NIGHT.

THE 10th of August ranked, by the family thermometer, as next to the hottest day of the summer. It was a marked day in my calendar, — marked long in advance for a night alone on the narrow rock which forms the tip of Chocorua's peak. It was chosen on account of the display of meteors which, in case of a clear sky, always makes that night attractive for a vigil. On August 10, 1891, I counted two hundred and fifty meteors between sunset and eleven o'clock P. M. As I watched the sky, and saw the great rock of the peak rising sharply into it, I determined that another year I would count my meteors from its summit, and not from the common level of a field.

By four o'clock in the afternoon a breeze had drifted down to us from the mountains, and behind them cloud-heads were rising in the northwest. Fanned by the breeze and undaunted by clouds, I began the ascent of Chocorua by the Hammond path. In the woods the breeze was stifled by the trees, and I was stifled by the still heat which oppressed all nature. For three miles the only bird I heard was a red-eyed vireo, and the only one I saw was a grouse which flew from the path. In the road below and along the trail up the mountain there were dozens of young toads. They were about the size of the Indian's head on a cent. I wondered how far up the trail I should find them, so I watched closely as the path grew steeper and steeper. The last one seen was about sixteen hundred feet above the sea, and one thousand feet above the Hammond clearing where I first noticed them. There is no still water within a mile of the point where I found the last one. In view of such facts, it is not difficult to account for the popular belief that young toads fall from the clouds with rain.

Clearing the forest, and reaching the open ledges on the crest of the great southeastern ridge of Chocorua, along which the Hammond path runs towards the peak, I saw that a storm was gathering in the west. Piles of thunder-heads were rolling up beyond Whiteface and the Sandwich Dome, and tending northward. Chocorua might be too far east to be included in the drenching which was in store. It was not too far away to lose the cool wind which suddenly changed my gasping heat into a shiver. With a quicker pace I pushed towards the foot of the peak.

All but one of the well-marked paths up Chocorua spend too much time in the ravines and woods. It is discouraging to toil mile after mile through uninteresting small growth, without a breath of cool air or a glimpse of distance. The Hammond path cancels nearly half the height of the mountain in the first mile of woodland, and then rewards the climber by successive views which grow more charming as ledge after ledge is passed. While following the top of the slowly rising and scantily wooded ridge the peak is seen coming nearer and nearer, and growing more and more impressive. Range after range of northern mountains rise above the foreground, and the far horizon widens slowly. When the foot of the peak is finally reached, shutting out for a time all that is grandest in the view, the climber feels that he must scale those forbidding cliffs, whatever becomes of him after the final struggle is over. So I felt as, at about half past six, I gained the top of the mountain's shoulder and looked up at the huge rock which forms its awful head. The eastern side of the peak is so precipitous that few have the temerity even to try to scale it. The southern side is broken into smaller

cliffs, between which tufts of spruces grow. In winter this face is quite readily climbed upon the packed snow, but in summer wide sloping ledges polished by ice make the way difficult and dangerous to the novice. Quite a distance to the west, yet still on the southern face of the peak, there is a rift in the cliffs filled with small trees and fragments of rock. This cleft leads straight upwards to a small sandy plateau on the west side of the peak, two thirds of the way to its summit. As I struggled up this almost perpendicular ravine, I heard the steady roar of thunder, and saw above me black clouds surging across the sky. It would have been dark had not the south been filled with silvery light and hazy sunset glory. A black-mouthed cave upon my right offered a refuge. Hedgehogs lived in it, but its outer chamber would be storm-proof. Should I wait? No, storm or no storm, I would gain the peak, and do my part to keep my tryst with the stars.

Stumbling out of the ravine upon the plateau, I faced the north. A picture was there which made the memory of Doré's strongest delineations of Dante's visions seem weak. On my right was an upright wall of black rock, on my left an abyss. Northward, before me lay that wilderness of forests and peaks which forms the White Mountains, thirty miles square of spruce forests, and all of it on edge, — a sierra forbidding at its best, but now made terrible by a tempest. The higher heavens were filled with loose, rounded black clouds with white spaces between them. Below them, impending over a belt of country about ten miles north of me, was a very long but narrow cloud, black as ink, with a clean-cut lower edge as straight as a level. From it forked lightning was playing downward. The outlines of the mountains were singularly clear. I could see, beginning at the right, the Presidential Range, the Crawford Notch, Anderson, Nancy,

Lowell, the Carrigain Notch, Carrigain; and then, partly obscured by rain, the Franconia Mountains and the nearer heights of Tripyramid and its neighbors. Just over Tripyramid, reaching nearly to the zenith, was an opening in the clouds, a narrow space between two storms. It was clear gold within, but hideous black profiles were outlined against it, as though the fiends of one storm were looking across it at their allied hosts in the second bank of clouds now hurrying upward from the southwest.

Turning sharply to the right, I found and climbed the rough path leading up the rocks to the highest point on the peak. Three thousand feet below me, in that peaceful valley by the lake, was my home. I could just see its red roof among the trees. Wind ripples were chasing each other across the lake, marring its white surface. The lake is heart-shaped, and my cottage rests at the tip. No storm impended over those whom I had left behind, but the voice of the thunder reminded me of what was passing to the northward.

Under the long level black cloud, from which zigzag lightning darted downward like a snake's tongue, were three zones of color. The first, nearest the east, and at the head of the storm as it moved forward, was gray. It was formed of scud. The second was black, and from it shot most of the lightning. The third was snowy white shaded by perpendicular lines. This was the rain. Each belt seemed to be two miles or more in width, and the whole was moving about twenty miles an hour. When I reached the peak, Carrigain Notch was just passing under the scud, and as I watched, Lowell, Anderson, and Nancy were in turn obscured. By the time Mount Nancy was covered Carrigain and its notch were reappearing. Meanwhile, the golden gap in the clouds had closed, and the second storm was approaching. Its course was such as to

take in Chocorua, Paugus, and the Swift River intervale which lay just below me on the north. Wild as the first storm made the northern sky, the second one seemed bent upon making the picture even more gloomy. It was the moment of sunset, but the sun was lost in a wilderness of thunderclouds. Suddenly a sound clear and sweet came to me. It was the first sound, save thunder and wind, that I had heard since reaching the peak. A long, pure note, followed by one much higher, repeated several times, formed the song of my companion on the heights. It was the farewell to the day of a white-throated sparrow, that sweetest singer of the mountain peaks. A feeling of forlornness which had been creeping over me was dispelled. Let the storm come; I was ready for it.

Not many rods below the peak, on the very verge of the eastern crag, stands an enormous detached rock, roughly cubical in shape, and at least twenty feet in each dimension. This rock, which is known as "the Cow," rests upon a narrow shelf having a saucer-shaped depression about fifteen feet in diameter in its upper surface. The Cow projects slightly beyond the outer edge of the ledge, but at the point where it projects the concavity of the under granite leaves a space exactly eighteen inches in height and several feet long, which admits light into the hollow beneath the Cow. Years before, I had discovered this strange cave, and had found that a projecting corner of rock gave standing-room near enough to the narrow mouth to allow a man to creep into it. To this shelter I determined to take my luggage for safe-keeping during the rain. As I wound my way down the zigzag path to the cave, a junco flew past me in the gloom and chirped inquiringly. A drop or two of rain fell. Thunder roared in the southwest as well as in the north. The mountains had lost the wonderful dark violet shade which they possessed before the light faded, and were now al-

most black, those nearest being darkest. As I reached the mouth of the cave, an uncomfortable thought intruded itself upon my mind, — was it possible that bears used the cave? I peered in. The place was empty now, at all events. Pushing in my oilskin coat, jersey, knapsack with lunch, lantern, and star-atlas, I slid in after them. At the deepest part of the depression in the ledge, the space between the rock below and the rock above is thirty inches. I could not sit up straight, but I could recline comfortably at various angles. Lighting my lantern, I unpacked my bag and furnished my lodgings. A watch, match-box, foot rule, thermometer, pencil, a mirror for signaling, compass, hunting-knife, bird whistles, supper, breakfast, and dry underclothing made the cave seem quite homelike. The dry clothing attracted me, for I was wet with perspiration, and my thermometer reminded me that I felt chilly. I listened. Was it raining? No. Taking my lantern, supper, and dry clothes, I wriggled to the entrance and regained the air. Happy thought: if any bear could get into that cave, it would be a very thin one. Unhappy thought: his thinness would betoken all the greater hunger.

There was a lull in the storm, for although everything above was black, the wind seemed to have died away and the thunder to be very distant. On the narrow ledge between the towering pinnacle and the black abyss below the Cow, I discarded my damp clothes and put on the dry ones. The change was comforting. I was glad when it was accomplished, for I had no inclination to fight a bear in the costume of Mulvaney at the taking of Lungtungpen.

Step by step I crept back up the cliff to the summit. There was wind enough on top, and my lantern had to be thrust into a crack in the rock on the lee side to keep it not only from blowing out, but from blowing away. The top of Chocorua is about the shape and size of a large,

wide dining-table. On the south other levels lead up to it gradually ; but west, north, and east this highest rock is bounded by abrupt sides, from which a fall in the night would be a serious matter. Lying down on this dizzy platform, I ate my supper with savage relish, and took new account of the night and its pictures. Except when lightning illumined some part of the horizon, the only things visible to me were the long black ridge of Paugus, the hump of Passaconaway over Paugus, fragments of white ledges on the northern spurs of Chocorua, and lakes in the valley. Even Ossipee Lake, fifteen miles or more away, was plainly distinguishable as a white spot in the surrounding gloom. Lights shone from many of the cottages near Chocorua Lake, and from Birch intervalle, Albany-intervale, and Conway. They were the connecting link between me and the rest of mankind. In the sky there was absolute blackness, curiously broken once by the sudden appearance of the red planet for the space of a single minute. Sometimes a few drops of rain fell, but the second storm seemed to be reserving most of its strength for a region further east. It was now nine o'clock, and the first storm had passed far over into Maine, its lightning playing with rapid flashes behind Mount Pequawket. At every flash the sky just behind the pyramidal peak assumed the color of dead gold, while the mountain was embossed upon it like an emblem on a shield. Occasionally the second storm produced lightning, and when it did so the effects were startling, so near was the heavenly fire. One flash was from side to side across a low cloud which hung near Chocorua on the east. It was very vivid, and so complex with its many delicate lines and loops of light that a fiery sentence appeared to have been written on the sky. Another bolt was broad and straight, and went down into the forest like an arrow. It was so near and so brilliant that for

almost a minute I could see nothing. The thunder which followed it began in the zenith, and rolled away, booming and crashing, in three directions, lasting so long that I wished I had timed it to see for how many seconds its terrific echoes refused to subside. As many of its rumblings and mutterings resounded from the ravines and hillsides below me, the effect of this great peal was unlike any I had ever before heard.

While I was listening to the sighing of the wind-tossed forest in the hollows eastward of the mountain, another sound reached my ears, and made me concentrate my senses in an effort to determine its nature. At the moment I heard it I was somewhat below the peak, leaning against a wall of rock facing the south. The sound seemed to come from above. It resembled that made by a thin stick or shingle when whirled rapidly in the air. At the same time there was a creaking, and sounds almost like wailing and groaning. A moment later, a slender column of white cloud, a hundred feet or more in height, but proportioned like a human figure, glided past the mountain over the black abyss below the eastern cliffs. That I was interested in these phenomena goes without saying. I was much more than interested ; and the fact that I was absolutely alone, in the dark, miles away from home, with a storm howling around me, was brought clearly to my mind. The legends of Chocorua, the Indian for whom this mountain was named, of his curse upon the whites, and of his melancholy death near these eastern cliffs, rose, for some illogical reason, into my memory.

The sounds in the air continued, and at one time made me wonder whether electric waves passing through the low-hanging clouds above me could produce them. There being no light accompanying the sounds, I dismissed this hypothesis as unsatisfactory. Once I thought that something was scratching and grind-

ing down the side of a sloping ledge. As rain began falling thick and fast at the same moment, I seized my lantern and beat a retreat to the cave. As I gained the dizzy rock at the mouth of the cave, the heavens again spoke, and mist-forms swept past in front of me. The next moment I was at the bottom of the cave, wondering whether a temperature of 60°, which my thermometer recorded, justified wholly the goose-flesh that crept over me.

My lantern cast a clear, steady light into all parts of the cave. Now and then a flash of lightning showed where the entrance faced the east, and where one or two other cracks were open between the Cow and its rocky foundation. I lay perfectly motionless, pondering upon the strange sounds I had heard. My eyes rested upon several stones lying in the narrow space beyond my feet where the two rocks neared each other. Something moved there. A body had passed from the shelter of one stone to that of another. I held my breath, and watched. Again a brownish thing flashed past an opening, came nearer, darted forward into the light, vanished, reappeared, came clearly into view, shot back, and finally sped across a broad, well-lighted face of rock, and revealed itself as a large short-tailed mouse, — perhaps an Eastern *Phenacomys* as yet unknown to collectors. Although I did not move for a long time, he failed to reappear, and my only companion was a gauzy-winged fly which sat upon my knee and contemplated the flame of the lantern.

The rain continuing, I sang and whistled until after ten o'clock, when I crawled to the mouth of my cave and looked down into the depths beneath. A stone thrown far out, so as to clear the first few ledges, might fall eight hundred feet before it struck the rocks below. As I stared into the darkness, I found that much which had been invisible an hour earlier was now dimly out-

lined in black and white. The sky, too, showed gaps in its curtain, and the white lakes in the distant valleys were more silvery than before. The storm was over, the moon was at work eating the clouds, and soon, I hoped, the stars would keep their tryst. Lantern in hand, I crept up the rocks, and settled myself once more on the peak. All my friendly lights in the valley had gone out, and I was now alone in the sky.

Paugus, Passaconaway, and Whiteface were quite clearly outlined against each other and the sky. They seemed very near, however, so that it was easier for me to imagine myself on a lonely rock in the ocean, with huge waves about to overwhelm me, than to make those combing waves stand back three, eight, twelve miles and become spruce-covered mountains. Gradually other mountain outlines became discernible, and the cloud-curtain above showed folds and wrinkles, which in time wore out under the moon's chafing, and let through a glimpse of Mars or Vega marvelously far away in that serene ether. Half an hour before midnight the pale disk of the moon appeared through the thin clouds, and at the witching hour she sailed out proudly into a little space of clear blue-black heaven. The wind came in fresher puffs, a snowy cloud-cap rested on the head of Paugus, and the air was so much colder that I was glad to put on both jersey and oilskin jacket. A dozen lakes and twenty-five mountain peaks were visible at half past twelve, and Mars had worked a place for his red eye so that it could look down through the breaking clouds without interruption. Drowsiness now overtook me, and in order to keep awake I was forced to walk rapidly up and down the small area of the top, or to jump about over the ledges farther south. About one o'clock a light flashed brightly from a point near the Maine line; perhaps in Fryeburg. At first I thought it might be a fire which would gather strength and size; then, as it appeared to move

and come nearer, it looked more like the headlight of a locomotive. My glass made it seem smaller, and the motion was so slow and irregular that I thought the gleam might be from a doctor's buggy, as the man of sickness took his way through the night.

My own light was now growing dim, so I extinguished it in order to save the remaining oil for emergencies. Immediately afterwards a bat flew against the lantern, and then perched upon a lichen-hung rock near by, to recover his composure. The moon slowly made way with the clouds, and by two o'clock a quarter part of the sky was clear. The mercury had dropped to 52° , and the moisture hurled against the mountain by the wind was condensed and sent boiling and seething up the sides of the peak. Tongues of fog lapped around me with the same spasmodic motion which flames display in rising from a plate of burning alcohol. At first they scarcely reached the peak; then they came to my feet, and swept past me around both sides of my platform; finally they flung themselves higher and higher, hiding not only the black valley from which they came, but Paugus and more distant peaks, the sky, the moon, and the glimmering stars. Suddenly from the fog-filled air came once more the gruesome sound which I had heard earlier in the night. Its cause was nearer to me now, and I felt sure that it was some creature of the air, and consequently nothing which could cause me inconvenience. I strained my eyes to see the creature as it passed, but in vain, until in its flight it chanced to cross the face of the moon. Then the mystery was solved. I saw that it was either a night-hawk or a bird of similar size. The speed at which it was flying was wonderful. When it tacked or veered, it produced the extraordinary sounds which, with their echoes from the rocks, had so puzzled me at first. Once or twice during the night I had heard

night-hawks squawking, and from this time on their harsh voices were heard at intervals mingled with the booming which, for some unexplained reason, they make by night as well as by day; after as well as during the breeding season.

A few minutes after two o'clock, a large meteor shot across a small patch of clear sky near the constellation Andromeda, and was quenched in the fog. From time to time other smaller ones flashed in brief glory in the same quarter of the heavens, and one brilliant fragment burned its way past Jupiter, as though measuring its passing glory with the light of the planet. The wind was falling, the temperature rising, and, following these two influences, the fog decreased, until its only remnants clung to the ponds and rivers far below. Two thirds of the sky were clear by three o'clock. In the east the Pleiades sparkled in mysterious consultation; farther north Capella flashed her colored lights, and Venus, radiant with a lustre second only to Selene's own, threw off the clouds which for an hour had concealed her loveliness, and claimed from Mars the foremost place in the triumph of the night. Her reign was short. At a quarter after three I noticed that the cloud-bank which lay along the eastern and northern horizon was becoming more sharply defined by the gradual growth of a white band above it. A greater orb than Venus was undermining her power in the east. The white line imperceptibly turned to a delicate green, and extended its area to left and right and upward. The clouds in the high sky took on harder outlines and rounder shapes. Shadows were being cast among them, and a light was stealing through them from something brighter even than the yellow moon. The pale green band had changed to blue, the blue was deepening to violet, and through this violet sky the brightest meteor of the night passed slowly down until it met the

hills. High in the sky the stars were growing dim, and the spaces between the clouds, which looked for all the world like a badly painted picture, were growing blue, deep real blue. The line of brightest light above the eastern clouds showed a margin of orange. Venus in the violet sky was still dazzling, but her glory was no longer of the night, but of the twilight. She was wonderful, in spite of the stronger light which was slowly overpowering her. Mars burned like a red coal low down in the west, unaffected thus far by the sun's rays, while Jupiter, supreme among the high stars, was paling fast as the light of day rolled towards him.

The eastern sky looked strangely flat. Its colors were like a pastel drawing. Small very black clouds with hard outlines lay unrelieved against the violet, silver, and orange. A full hour had sped by since I first noted the coming of the day, and still the earth below slept on. Hark! up from the deep valley below the Cow comes a single bird-voice, but scarcely are its notes sprinkled upon the cool, clear air when a dozen, yes, fifty singers join their voices in a medley of morning music. The first songster was a white-throat, and the bulk of the chorus was made up of juncos and white-throats, the stronger song of Swainson's and hermit thrushes coming in clearly now and then from points more distant from the peak. There was ecstasy in those matins. No sleepy choir of mortal men or women ever raised such honest, buoyant music in honor of the day's coming. The birds love the day, and they love life for all that each day brings. They labor singing, and they sing their vespers, as they sing their mat-

ins, with hearts overflowing with joy and thanksgiving.

There is something inexpressibly touching and inspiring in the combination of fading night, with its planets still glowing, and the bird's song of welcome to the day. Night is more eloquent than day in telling of the wonders of the vast creation. Day tells less of distance, more of detail; less of peace, more of contest; less of immortality, more of the perishable. The sun, with its dazzling light and burning heat, hides from us the stars, and those still depths as yet without stars. It narrows our limit of vision, and at the same time hurries us and worries us with our own tasks which we will not take cheerfully, and the tasks of others which are done so ill. Night tells not only of repose on earth, but of life in that far heaven where every star is a thing of motion and a creation full of mystery. Men who live only in great cities may be pitied for being atheists, for they see little beyond the impurity of man; but it seems incredible that a being with thoughts above appetite and imagination above lust should live through a night in the wilderness, with the stars to tell him of space, the dark depths of the sky to tell him of infinity, and his own mind to tell him of individuality, and yet doubt that some Being more powerful and less fickle than himself is in this universe. The bird-music coming before the night is ended combines the purest and most joyous element of the day with the deep meaning of the night. The birds bear witness to the ability of life to love its surroundings and to be happy. The night bears witness to the eternity of life and to the harmony of its laws.

Frank Bolles.

AT NIGHT.

ALONE, beneath the solemn stars I stood,
 And felt night's spacious loneliness, but yet
 Life's sorrow and defeat could not forget;
 To-morrow's terrors trembled in my blood!

One came and said: "Receive into thine heart
 Vast starry courage from the heavens above.
 In this great universe, whose law is love,
 Whose end is victory, thou hast thy part!"

Lilla Cabot Perry.

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

VI.

THE WORLD NEAR BOSTON.

THE Broad Street Riot, so called, on the afternoon of June 11, 1837, was an event which of course had great interest for the boys of the period. It was the fortune of very few of them, however, who were decently brought up, to have any hand in that conflict; for, as I have said in another chapter of these recollections, people in those days went to "meeting" as regularly in the afternoon as they did in the morning.

If there should be need to-day for the sudden appearance of the military forces of Boston on a Sunday afternoon, I think that the officers of those forces would be looked for quite as readily at the Browning Club or a chess club, or possibly even exercising their horses somewhere within ten miles of Boston, as at any place of public worship. But my whole personal recollection of the Broad Street Riot is that, of a sudden, the bell of Brattle Street Church struck "backward," and the gentlemen who were of the first regiment rose and left their seats, and went down to the armory

at Faneuil Hall to join their companies, not to say lead them. It was said, and I believe truly, that a sergeant formed the first men who arrived, in skeletons of companies, and in a skeleton of a regiment. George Tyler Bigelow, afterwards chief justice of the Supreme Court, was the first commissioned officer who arrived. He was a lieutenant in the New England Guards or the Light Infantry. He ordered the regiment out of the armory, and commanded it till he met a superior officer. The story was that the command changed half a dozen times before the regiment reached Broad Street, where firemen and Irishmen were fighting. Of which I saw and remember nothing. But the departure of those gentlemen from church, whom we would have joined so gladly, fixed the whole affair in our memories. In a boy journal of the time, I find the comment, after I had read the newspaper account, "The Irish got well beaten, but the firemen appear to have been as much in the wrong as they."

In all these reminiscences, I am well aware that our lives were much less affected by the daily news from abroad than are the lives of people now. Cer-

tainly Boston regarded itself more as a metropolis than it does now. And for this there was good reason; for Boston had much less connection with the rest of the world than it has now. It had a foreign commerce, and the average boy expected to go to sea some time or other. But I recollect times when a vessel from England brought thirty-five days' news; all through the time of which I am writing, it took three days for a letter to go to Washington; and although people no longer offered prayers for their friends when they were going to New York, still a journey to New York was comparatively a rare business. In my third year in college, I wanted to send a parcel of dried plants to a botanist in New York. There was no proper "express," and I asked it as a personal favor of a young man named Harnden, whom I knew as a conductor on the Boston and Worcester railroad, that he would give the parcel to some one who would give it to some one else who would give it to my correspondent. It was because Mr. Harnden had so many such personal favors in hand that he established Harnden's Express, which was, I think, the first of the organized expresses which existed in this country.

I find it difficult to make the Boston boy or girl of to-day understand how different was Boston life, thus shut in from the rest of the world, from our life, when, as I suppose, at least one hundred thousand people enter Boston every day, and as many leave it for some place outside.

As late as May, 1845, when I was twenty-three years old, I had an engagement to go from Boston to Worcester Saturday afternoon. I was to preach there the next day. When, at three

o'clock, I came to the station of the Worcester road, there was an announcement that, from some accident on the line above, no train would leave until Monday. The three o'clock train, observe, was the latest train of Saturday. I crossed Boston to the Fitchburg station, and took the train for Groton or Littleton. There I took a stage for Lancaster, where I slept.¹ In the morning, with a Worcester man who had been caught in Boston as I was, I took a wagon early, and we two drove across to Worcester. That is to say, as late as 1845 there were but two men in Boston to whom it was necessary that they should go to Worcester that afternoon. And this was ten years after railroad communication had been established.

Before railroad communication was open, intercourse with other States, or with what now seem neighboring cities, was very infrequent. In 1832, my father went to Schenectady to see the Albany and Schenectady railroad, and, I believe, to order some cars for the Boston and Worcester road. He also went to New York city on the business of that road. I think he had been to that city but once since 1805, when he went there on his way from Northampton to Troy. It is a tradition in the family that he was then a fortnight on the sloop which carried him up the Hudson River from New York, and that he read the whole of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* on that voyage. Yet, if anybody was to travel, he would have been apt to. He was a journalist, intensely interested in internal improvement. He had a large business correspondence in New York, and was well known there. I was myself nineteen years old when I first visited New York.

his name to any one, and it was many years before I knew that he was one of those whose pleasant conversation enlivened the dark ride. I can hardly say that I saw him; but he was kind enough afterwards always to remember that I made his acquaintance on that occasion.

¹ As I write these memoranda, in September, 1892, just as we have heard of Mr. Whittier's death, there is a certain interest in saying that it was on this occasion that I first met him. As the handful of passengers entered the stage which was to take us to Lancaster, Mr. Whittier was one of the number. He did not tell

In 1841, I had a chance to overhaul the old register at the hotel at Stafford Springs, in Connecticut. Stafford Springs was, and is, a watering-place of a modest sort, where is a good strong iron spring, — good for boys with warts, and indeed for any one who needs iron in his blood. It was quite the fashion to go to Stafford Springs from different parts of New England, in the earlier part of the century. In this old register, it was interesting to see how universal was the custom by which people came there in their own carriages. What followed was, that people who had no carriages of their own hardly traveled for pleasure at all.

So was it that, in the years of my boyhood, Boston people, with very few exceptions, lived in Boston the year round. People did not care to go to the theatre in midsummer, and I think the theatres were generally closed for six or eight weeks when the days were longest. Perhaps Boston used the matchless advantages of her bay more when she had little communication with points beyond it. Perhaps the entertainments of the bay seemed more important because there were few, if any, excursions for pleasure excepting those which the water offered.

Nahant was seized upon as a seashore resort as early as 1819. The sea serpent had appeared in 1817. The hotel on the southeastern point, long since burned down, was a pretty piazza-guarded building; and, as the steamboat Housatonic went down to Nahant every morning, and came back every night, a day at Nahant made a charming summer expedition, which we young folks relied upon at least once a year. At Nahant, at Chelsea Beach, at Nantasket, at Sandwich, and at Gloucester I made my acquaintance with the real ocean. At Nahant I made my first acquaintance with the joy of the bowling alley, and first saw the game of billiards. By the way, I remember that, in lecturing to

my class in college, as late as 1837, Professor Lovering had to tell the class, as a fact which half of them did not know, that when one billiard-ball strikes another it may stop itself, while it communicates its motion to the other. I doubt if half the young men who heard him had ever seen a billiard-table at that time.

There were but one or two steamboats in the harbor, so that the "excursion" of to-day was very infrequent. But all the more would people go down the bay for fishing-parties, on sailing-vessels, — more, I should think, than they do now. Perhaps there was something in foreign commerce which gave to those engaged in it a sort of absolute freedom sometimes, sandwiched in with hard work at others, in an alternate remission of work and play, which the modern merchant seldom enjoys. Your ship came in from Liverpool or from Calcutta, and you and all your staff, down to the boy who swept out the office and trimmed the lamps, were busy, morning, noon, and night, till her cargo was disposed of, and perhaps till she was fitted for another voyage. But then, if no other of your ships arrived, there would be a lull; and if Tom, Dick, or Harry came in to propose a fishing-party, you were ready.

However this may be, the history and experiences of such parties made a considerable element of summer life. The anecdote of General Moreau belongs to them, and I will print it, though it is told of a generation before my time. When General Moreau was in exile from France, he came on his travels to Boston. Among other entertainments he was taken down the bay on a fishing-party. As they dined, or after dinner, excellent Colonel Messenger, whose singing is still remembered with pleasure, was asked to favor the company with a song, and he sang the fine old English song of *To-morrow*. The refrain is in the words, —

"To-morrow, to-morrow,

Will be everlasting to-morrow."

The French exile did not understand English as well as he did the art of war, and when Colonel Messenger came to these words, at the end of each verse, he supposed, naturally enough, that he was hearing a song made in his own honor.

"To Moreau, to Moreau

Je n'entends pas bien mais to Moreau."

And so he rose, as each verse closed, put his hand to his heart, blushed, and bowed gratefully, as to a personal compliment. And his hosts were too courteous to undeceive him.

The Harvard Navy Club, an institution long since dead, used to "go down," as the abbreviated phrase was, every year. "Go down" was short for "go down the bay and fish." The Navy Club was a club of those men who received no college honors. The laziest man in a class was the "Lord High Admiral;" the next to the laziest was the "Admiral of the Blue," and so on.

Perhaps there are not so many fish in the bay as there were then. Perhaps I am not so much interested in the boys who take them. But I do not see, when I cross the bridge to East Cambridge, any boy patiently sitting on the rail waiting to catch flounders, as I have done many a happy afternoon. Perhaps, as civilization has come in, the flounders have stayed lower down the bay.

Traveling, in short, was done by retail in those days, and such combinations as those of to-day, by which a hundred thousand people are thrown upon Boston daily, and as many taken away, were wholly unknown, not to say not dreamed of. Retail traveling, if we are to use that expression, had some points of interest which do not enliven the career of a traveler who is boxed up in a train with three hundred and ninety-nine others, all of them to be delivered, "right side up with care," at the place they wish to go to, while none of them have what Mr. Locke would call an "adequate idea" of the places on the way, if indeed any of them have any idea.

The first of such expeditions which I remember, excepting one on the Middlesex Canal, which has been referred to, was in August and September of 1826, when my father took all of us—that is, my mother and four children—to Sandwich, where he was going to enjoy a week's shooting. The other gentlemen of the party were Daniel Webster, Judge Story, and Judge Fay. Mr. Webster took his family with him; I think the other gentlemen did not take theirs. All of us stayed at Fessenden's tavern; charmingly comfortable then, I fancy, as I know it was afterwards. My early memories of the expedition are quite distinct. It was here and then that I first fired the gun which is the oldest sporting gun here at Matunuck; and a good gun it is, if people are not above an old-fashioned percussion cap. But in those days it had a flintlock. The general use of what are now unknown to young sportsmen, percussion caps, belongs some years later. The bigger boys, Fletcher Webster and my brother Nathan, would be taken out with the gentlemen to hold the horses (in *chaises*, observe) on the beach, while their fathers walked about and shot what they might. But we little fellows stayed at home, to be lifted to the seventh heaven if a loaded gun were brought home at night which we might aim and fire at a shingle. For us and the girls, the principal occupation I remember was playing dinner and tea with the pretty glassware which the Sandwich works were just beginning to make. I believe I have somewhere at this day some specimens of their work for children.

On this expedition, we went and returned, some in the "stage" and some in my father's chaise,—making the journey, I think, in a day. But generally, with so large a host as ours,—which included Fullum,—we went on the summer journey, whatever it was, in what was then, as it is indeed now, called a "barouche." The names "lan-

dau," "victoria," and the like were, I think, unknown. As this business was by no means peculiar to our family, and as it belongs to a civilization quite unlike ours, I will describe it in detail.

We were to go to Cape Ann, and for perhaps a week to take such comfort as the great "tavern" at Gloucester would give. Observe that the word "tavern" was still used, as I think it now is where a tavern exists in the heart of New England, for what the Englishman calls an "inn." We talk now of the Wayside Inn, the Wayland Inn, and so on, but this is all in a labored, artificial, and indeed foreign speech introduced from England within a generation past. To prepare for such an expedition, Fullum would be sent from stable to stable to hire the best barouche he could find, and a span of horses. Happy the boy who selected himself, or was selected by destiny, to accompany him on this tour of inspection! When the happy morning arrived, Fullum brought round his carriage and horses early, fastened on the trunk behind, — for I think there never was but one, — and the two elders, and in this case of Cape Ann the five children, with books and hand baggage, always with maps of the country, were packed away in and on the carriage. Both of us boys, of course, sat on the box with Fullum, who drove. If, on any such occasion, there were a very little boy, Fullum would arrange a duplicate set of reins for the special use of the youngster, which were attached, not to the horses' bits, but to the rings on the saddles. In this particular expedition to Cape Ann, we stopped at the Lynn Mineral Spring Hotel, long since abandoned, I think, and reached Gloucester only perhaps on the second day.

What happened to the old people there, I am sure I do not know. To us children, there were those ineffable delights of playing with the ocean, the kindest, safest, and best playmate which any child can have. Sandwich had given

us only the first taste of it. Here we had our first real knowledge of what sea-urchins are, and what people call "sand dollars," horseshoe crabs, cockles, ray's eggs, and the various seaweeds, from devil's aprons up or down. The cape had not assumed the grandeur of a summer watering-place. The modern names were unknown. There was no Rockport or Pigeon Cove to go to. It was Sandy Bay or Squam to which one drove. I remember the ejaculation of some fishermen's children, as they saw the barouche for the first time: "What is it? It ain't the mail, and it ain't a shay."

At that time, and certainly as late as 1842, a group of children in the country, if they saw a carriage approaching, would arrange themselves hastily in a line on one side of the road and "make their manners." That is, they would all bow as the carriage passed. The last time that I remember seeing this was in 1842, in Hampshire County, as the stage passed by. It was done good-naturedly, with no sign of deference, but rather, I should say, as a pleasant recognition of human brotherhood in a lonely region; as two men, if they were not Englishmen, might bow to each other, wherever they were far from other men.

In our particular family, the annual journey was made to my grandfather's house in Westhampton, a pleasant town among the hills in Hampshire County, where my father was born. He took his wife there in his chaise when they were married, in 1816, and hardly a summer passed, until 1837, when he did not make the same journey with his whole family. This then numbered seven children, beside himself and my mother, and of course Fullum. To my father, it was a matter of pride that on the last of these journeys we went on his own railroad to Worcester. In 1835, the carriage was taken on a truck on the passenger train, in which we rode; but I need not say that Fullum preferred to sit in the carriage all the way, and did so.

There was a charm in such half-vagrant journeying, about which the Raymond tourist knows nothing. There was no sending in advance for rooms, and you took your chances at the tavern, where you arrived, perhaps, at nine o'clock at night. It may be imagined that the sudden appearance at the country tavern of a party of ten, of all ages, from three months upward, was an event of interest. In those times, the selectmen knew what they meant when they said that no person should dispense liquor who did not provide for travelers. Practically, it was a convenience to any village to have a place where travelers could stay; and practically, the people of that village said to the man whom they licensed to sell liquor, "If you have this privilege, you must provide a decent place of entertainment for strangers." One man kept the tavern, perhaps, for his life long. It had its reputation as good or poor; and you avoided certain towns because So-and-So did not keep a good house. The practical difficulty of such traveling in New England now is, that you are by no means sure of finding a comfortable place to sleep, when your day's journey is over. The New England tavern of the old fashion held its own to the most advantage, in later times, in the State of Maine, on the roads back into the lumber region; and I dare say such comfortable houses for travelers may be found there now.

These country taverns always had signs, generally swinging from a post with a cross-bar, in front of the house. The sign might be merely the name of the keeper; this was a sad disappointment to young travelers. More probably it was the picture of the American eagle or of a rising sun. Neptune rising from the sea was a favorite device. I remember at Worcester the Elephant, and I have seen the portrait of General Wolfe on the Newburyport tavern, and more than one General Washington.

After I was a man, I had occasion to travel a good deal, one summer, in northern Vermont, where the tavern signs still existed. Almost without exception, their devices were of the American eagle with his wings spread, or of the American eagle holding the English lion in chains, or of the lion chained without any American eagle. These were in memory of Macomb's and Chauncey's victories at Plattsburg and on the lake. They also, perhaps, referred to the fact that most of these taverns were supported by the wagons of smugglers, who, in their good large peddlers' carts, provided themselves with English goods in Canada, which they sold on our side of the line. In our generation, one is more apt to see a tavern sign in a museum than hanging on a gallows-tree.

Meandering along through Leicester, Spencer, Belchertown, Ware, Amherst, Northampton, or some of these places, we arrived at my grandfather's pretty home in Westhampton on the morning of the third day. Then, for three or four days came absolute and infinite joy. We had cousins there, just our own ages, of whom we were very fond. For the time of our visit they gave themselves, without stint or hindrance, to the entertainment of their friends from Boston. First of all, horses were to be provided, and saddles, that we boys might ride. Little did the country boys understand what joy it was to us to find ourselves scampering over the hills. Then there was the making of traps for woodchucks. If it chose to rain, we were in the great workshop of the farm, using such tools as we had never seen at home. In the evening there were "hunt the slipper" and "blindman's buff," the latter an entertainment which we could follow even on Sunday evening, as I believe I have said, and follow then with more enthusiasm than on other evenings, because other cousins and the children of neighbors came in to join with us. In that New England parsonage, — never so

called, by the way, — the old Connecticut customs prevailed, and “the Sabbath” began promptly as the sun went down on Saturday night, and was well ended when the sun set on Sunday. The hills of Westhampton are high, and sunset on Sunday evening came early.

So it was that the great joy of life was the visit at grandfather’s every summer. My grandfather was the minister of this town for fifty-seven years. I think I saw the dear old gentleman last in 1834; it must have been in 1837, after his death, that we made the last visit there, when my grandmother was still living. I did not myself return to Westhampton for fifty years, when it was to preach in his pulpit. It was pleasant to find that, after two generations, the people of the town remembered him fondly. I found the pulpit of the meeting-house and the chancel behind it decorated with flowers, and the word “Welcome,” wrought in flowers, hung above me. So I went back to the happy days of my New England boyhood.

I have already alluded to the infrequency of communication between this country home — for it was such to all of us children — and the home in Boston. The cousins in the country, when autumn came, would not forget us in Boston, and would crack butternuts and walnuts for us, of kinds they thought we should not have, pick out the great meats, and pack them carefully to be sent down. Such a box would be sent to Northampton, and put on board a boat which went to Hartford. There it would be put on board a sloop, in which it was to sail out of the Connecticut River and around Cape Cod to Boston. In the same sloop was perhaps a keg of my grandmother’s apple-sauce, or some other treasure from the farm. Great joy for us, if all these pleasant memorials arrived in time; great sorrow, if a letter came, stating that the sloop was frozen up opposite Lyme, or somewhere else in the Connecticut River, and would not appear with its precious

cargo until the next spring. Such were the difficulties of sending a box a hundred and ten miles across Massachusetts in the year 1830.

To putting an end to such difficulties by the railroad system my father gave much of the active part of his life, as I have before said. When it was thought crazy to talk about such things, he talked about the possibilities of a railroad westward. When it was necessary to induce men of capital to subscribe, with infinite difficulty he obtained a subscription of a million dollars capital for the Boston and Worcester railroad. He was the first president and first superintendent of that railroad, and had the great joy of importing its first engine from Liverpool. This, as I have said, was the *Meteor*; she was ordered from George Stephenson himself, immediately after the success of the *Rocket* in the famous railway trial between Liverpool and Manchester in 1830. The arrival of the *Meteor* in Boston, with the engine-driver who was to set her up and to run her first trips, was a matter of great joy to us boys. At the same time, the Yankee was built by a company in Boston, at their works at the cross-dam of the Milldam; and an engine always called the “Colonel Long” was built for the Boston and Worcester railroad at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the same Colonel Long who gave the name to Long’s Peak at the West. He was in the engineer service of the United States, and this engine was built to burn anthracite coal.

The *Meteor* was at once set up in Boston, and started on her experimental trips. It is easy to see how much this would interest the men who had looked forward to her success, and, equally, how much it would interest their sons. The engine-driver was good to my brother and me, and we had the great pleasure of making some of the earliest of her trips with him. I have spoken of the opening of the road to West Newton. I think they must still have there the sign which

was put up on Davis's hotel, representing the engine and car of the period. It ought to be preserved in some historical collection there. Boston roused itself to the new interest, and every afternoon eight cars went out to Newton and back, that people might say they had ridden on the new railroad. Many a straw hat was burned through by the cinders which lighted upon it, and many notions were gained for the future.

What is now called the American system was first tried in the cars built for the Worcester railroad at Worcester, by the founder of the present firm of Bradley. The suggestion was made, I believe, by my father; he saw very early the difficulty of the old system, in which the conductor ran around on a platform on the outside. I remember, as among the close approaches to death which in any man's life stand out distinctly, that, when I was in college, I ran after a train on which I was to go to Natick, sprang upon it when in motion, and felt myself falling. I supposed that the last instant of my life had come, while I fell for the first few inches. Then I found myself astride of the long, narrow platform on which I had intended to stand. Risks like this were what all the conductors of the early railroads ran; and I suppose, indeed, the English guards may have to run them, to a certain extent, to the present day.

The Boston and Worcester station in 1833, and for some time after, was on the ground now occupied by Indiana Street and by Brigham's milk depot, between Washington Street and Tremont Street. Tremont Street had just been laid out on the level of the salt marshes. It was at the instance of the Worcester railroad that its grade was raised, many years after, and that company was obliged to take the cost of lifting the houses which had been built on the lower level. It is to that change of level that we owe it that the whole South End of Boston is now built on the level above

the marsh, instead of being built, as the few houses originally on it were, scarcely above the level of high tide.

VII.

THE WORLD BEYOND BOSTON.

All boys, from the nature of their make-up, are great politicians. The boys of sixty years ago were not unlike boys of to-day in this matter, and, when an election day came around, we were glad to spend as much time as we could at the places where people were voting. Happy the boy to whom some vote-distributor would give a handful of votes, and happier he who could persuade some one to take a ballot from those which he had given to him. This, by the way, was not very long after the time when a certain superstition held in Massachusetts by which every ballot was written. Early in the century, gentlemen interested in an election would call on the women of the family, if they could write well, to write out ballots which could be used at the polls. But I never saw such written ballots.

The separation between Boston and the rest of the world affected a good deal the political combinations. I do not suppose that our present compact system of national political parties could possibly exist without the convenience of the telegraph and the railroad. I should say, historically, that it began in the great convention of young men which was held in the city of Baltimore, in the year 1840, by way of advancing the election of President Harrison. Independent and sovereign as Massachusetts was, in the election of 1836, her National Republicans, as they called themselves, nominated Mr. Webster as candidate for President, though nobody else nominated him, and the electoral votes of Massachusetts were given for him and for Mr. Granger. The leaders of any American party would

hesitate before they should make such a separate demonstration now. And this habit of separation shows itself more distinctly in the newspapers of the time.

I have already said that I was a great deal in the printing-office of the *Daily Advertiser*, which my father edited, as well as in his book-office. He maintained with care and interest the old system of apprenticeship, and always had one or more bright boys, whom he had taken into his office that they might learn the whole art and mystery of printing and what concerned the publication of a newspaper. One of these young men, to whose counsels and help we boys were largely indebted, still lives, honored in the community where he has been known for many years, as the director of the *Barnstable Patriot*, — Mr. Sylvanus Phinney. To have a boy a little older than yourself as your comrade in the office, to have him show you what you could handle and what you could not handle, was in itself a piece of education.

Mr. Phinney could perhaps tell better than I can a newspaper story, not of my boyhood, but of girlhood in Boston. In the year 1820, the convention met which revised the constitution of Massachusetts. The *Advertiser* published the full report of the proceedings, and this report was made up in my father's workroom, in the lower story of the house in Tremont Street. He was suffering at that time from an accident by which he nearly lost the sight of one of his eyes, and all his writing was done at home by my mother. So it would happen of an evening that the gentlemen most interested in the convention would look in at the house to revise the reports of their own speeches, and perhaps to consult about the work of the next day. Mr. Webster and Judge Story were two of the prominent leaders of that convention. They were on terms of the closest intimacy at our house, and would come in almost every even-

ing for this purpose. Mother would be sitting in the room to do any writing which might be required, and, lest she should be called away to the baby of the time, the baby lay asleep in the cradle while the work of dictation went on. Speeches were made, proofs corrected, baby rocked, and undoubtedly a great deal of the fun of such bright young people passed to and fro with every evening.

Afterwards, in friendly recognition of the hard night-work of the winter, when the convention was well over, and its proceedings were published in a volume which is now one of the cherished nuggets of the collectors, mother had a great cake made for the workmen at the office. She frosted it herself, and dressed it with what in those days they used to call "cockles" of sugar. These cockles generally had little scraps of poor verses, which were supposed to be entertaining. But in this case she had cut out from the proofs the epigrams of the convention debates, and as the apprentices and journeymen ate their cake they found, to their amusement, that the work of their own hands had furnished what were called the mottoes.

The journalist of to-day thinks he is much ahead of the journalist of that time, and in many regards he is; but there were certain excitements which belonged to newspaper life then which do not belong to it now. The day when the *Sirius* arrived in Boston, the first in the line of Cunard vessels which have arrived regularly from that day to this, was one of these exciting days. My father went over in person upon the *Sirius*, talked with the officers, and came back with English newspapers almost as late as he had ever seen. I say "almost as late," because the passage of the *Sirius* was, I think, twenty days, and we had traditions in the office of rapid runs of Baltimore clippers or other fast vessels which had come over in less time. It was after this that, in a winter passage,

the Great Western at New York brought news which was thirty-five days later than the latest news which we had from Europe. In earlier times there would be many instances of longer periods when neither continent knew anything of the other.

Under such circumstances, the newspaper editor depended much more upon his foreign correspondent than he does now. The foreign correspondent of to-day digests news of which he knows the details have already gone by telegraph. He is in some sort a foreign editor, but he does not expect to send the detail of news. And there was an element of chance about the arrival of sailing-vessels which added to the curiosity of your morning paper. In our office, Mr. Ballard, who had the charge of the ship news, might board a vessel below in the harbor, whose captain had no idea that he had brought the latest news. Then this poor captain would be beset to hunt up every newspaper that he had on board. Perhaps he had been so foolish that he had not bought the last paper of the day on which he started. Whether he had or had not, it was the business of the boat which boarded him first to get every paper he had, so that no other paper in town might have a word of his intelligence. Perhaps all these papers arrived at the office but a little while before you went to press; then it was your business to make the best show you could of the news, and possibly it was your good fortune to be able to say that no other paper had it.

I remember that we had the news of the French Revolution of 1830, which threw Charles X. from the throne, on a Sunday morning. When such things happened, the foreman in the office made up what was really an "Extra" by throwing together, as quickly as he had them in type, a few galleys of the news; in that case, probably rapidly translated from the French papers. Then these galleys would be struck off on a separate hand-

bill, and such handbills were circulated as "Extras." And it is to this habit that the present absurd nomenclature is due by which one buys every day an "Extra" which is published at a certain definite time. All this is fixed upon my mind, because, when I came home from "meeting" on that particular Sunday, I was told the news that there was another revolution in France, and had the "Extra" given me to carry down to Summer Street, where one of my uncles lived. There is a certain picturesqueness about the receipt and delivery of news, when it comes in such out-of-the-way fashions, which the boy or girl of to-day finds it hard to understand.

Of course, with type as much as we wanted, and all the other facilities for home printing, we printed our own newspapers. I do not think that at our house we did it so much as boys would to whom the making-up of a newspaper was not a matter of daily observation, involving a good deal of errand-running and other work which was anything but play. But we older boys had the Fly, which was our newspaper, and my brother Charles, not long after, started the Coon in the midst of the Harrison campaign, which survived for a good many years.

I believe that the last issue of the Fly is that which records the death of Lafayette, in 1836. We had not type enough then to print more than one page at a time. Three pages of the Fly had been printed, and the fourth was still to be set up, when the news of Lafayette's death arrived. This was too good a paragraph to be lost, and we knew we could anticipate every other paper in Boston by inserting it. But, unfortunately, the *n*'s had given out. We had turned upside down all the *u*'s we had, and they also had given out. Also, still more unfortunately for printers in this difficulty, Lafayette had chosen to die of an "influenza," which disease was at that moment asserting

itself under that name in France. It had not yet been called "la grippe," which would have saved us. We succeeded in announcing the death of "the good, generous, noble Lafayette," although "generous" needed one *n* and one *u*, and "noble" took one of the last *n*'s. The paragraph went on to say that the death was "caused by," and the last *u* was devoured by "caused." Then came the word "influenza." "The boldest held his breath for a time." But we were obliged ignominiously to go to press with the statement that his death was "caused by a cold." This was safe, and required no *n* and no *u*. Alas! in the making-up of the form the precious *n* of the word "noble" fell out; and any library which contains a file of the *Fly* will show that its last statement to the world is that "the good, generous, noble Lafayette has died; his death being caused by a cold." Such are the exigencies of boy printers in all times.

I have gone into detail as to the communications between the people in the country and the people who lived in Boston, in the hope of making the reader feel distinctly the isolation which separated Boston from the rest of the world. That isolation has left its marks on the character of Boston till this day. It explains the amusing cockneyisms of Boston which make other people laugh at us, and a certain arrogance of provincialism which crops out very oddly among people who have sons and daughters in every part of the world, and whose communication is now so free in every direction. "In the beginning it was not so." The people of Boston had a very large foreign trade from its origin till comparatively recent times. Now they have a little, and half their population is of a stock which came very recently from Europe. But in the beginning of this century there was very little immigration from Europe. Indeed, what there was was looked upon with a cer-

tain distrust. About the time I went to college, or a little later, a society of the most intelligent people in Boston was organized for the express purpose of keeping out foreign "immigration." We purists made a battle against that word. Professor Edward Channing would have resented the use of it in a college theme with the same bitterness with which Mr. Webster resented "in our midst," — a phrase which, I believe, you may now find in the *Atlantic Monthly*.¹ One of the most intelligent gentlemen in Boston was appointed to the business of keeping out immigrants, — a business which can only be compared to Mrs. Partington's determination to sweep out the tide when it was rising in the English Channel! He had his office on Long Wharf, and wrote and forwarded circulars to Ireland to explain to the people of Ireland that they had better not come to this country. At the same moment, the very people who paid his salary were building up a system of manufacturing and internal improvements which was actually impossible without the immigration which they had appointed him to check.

There was at that time, however, a distinct determination on the part of the best people in Boston that it should be absolutely a model city. They had Dr. Channing preaching the perfectibility of human nature; they had Dr. Joseph Tuckerman determined that the gospel of Jesus Christ should work its miracles among all sorts and conditions of men; they had a system of public education which they meant to press to its very best; and they had all the money which was needed for anything good. These men subscribed their money with the greatest promptness for any enterprise which promised the elevation of human society.

In speaking of the lecture system, I have already stated their notion that if

¹ For the first and the last time. — *ED. ATLANTIC MONTHLY*.

people only knew what was right they would do what was right. So they founded first the Massachusetts Hospital, then its annex for the insane; then they made the State contribute to the deaf-and-dumb asylum in Hartford; they established their asylum for the blind at South Boston. Indeed, they expected to trample out every human ill, exactly as the most optimistic young medical expert in New York, at the moment when I write these lines, expects to trample out every cholera bacillus who shall present his little head in sight of the lens of the most powerful microscope. What these excellent people might have done, had Boston remained the funny little town it was in the year 1820, I do not know. But it did not remain any such place. The population was then 43,298; in 1830 it was 61,392. The increase in ten years is forty-one per cent of the population at the first enumeration, — an increase which would be thought very remarkable in the growth of any old city now. It indicates great prosperity. In the same ten years the population of the city of New York increased from 123,706 to 202,589, an increase of sixty-

four per cent. Such figures should be remembered, by the way, by people who tell us that the present rate of the increase of cities is without precedent.

The growth, though rapid, and on the whole encouraging for the manufacturing system of New England, tended to divert capital to a certain extent from that foreign commerce which had been created and nourished by European wars. So soon as capital placed itself in one or another site of the interior, as Lowell, Manchester, Fall River, Holyoke, and the rest came into existence, so soon, of course, the Boston boy found out that there was a world outside of State Street and Milk Street. And now that Boston capital loves to place itself at any point where capital is needed, between Lockwood's Cape in 82° north latitude and Terra del Fuego on the outside of the Strait of Magellan, there is no longer an opportunity for a Boston boyhood to be spent in the conditions which surrounded me. These were physically almost the same as those which surrounded the boyhood of Samuel Sewall in the seventeenth century, or Henry Knox in the eighteenth.

Edward Everett Hale.

A MORNING AT SERMIONE.

"SIRMIO, brightest jewel of all forelands or islands that have been begotten in pellucid mere or in the illimitable ocean," wrote Catullus two thousand years ago, "how willing and how pleased am I to come home to you! . . . Can there be a greater blessing than when the cords of care are snapped and the mind lets slip its burden, — when, spent with toil in far-off places, we come to our home sanctuary, and find rest on the long-dreamed-of couch? . . . Welcome, lovely Sirmio! Make merry before your master! Make merry, too, ye waves of

the water of Lydia! and let every jocund echo with which home is haunted break into laughing!"

The character of Catullus would not have stood out clearly without this note of feeling. In his precocious youth, and in his passionate relish for life and his ability to find in art a spontaneous expression for every heart-beat, he reminds us of Keats, Byron, and Musset, all spendthrifts of emotion, who summed up the meaning of half a dozen existences to fling it away before their early deaths. "Catulle," wrote Pezay, his

French translator, "mourut jeune et avait vécu." Yet as the lover of Lesbia and the enamored victim of her coquetties and perfidies, or as the man of letters and of high fashion, he could hardly have kindled in us moderns the reciprocal feeling which is roused by this touch of homesick feeling for his summer retreat on Lake Benacus (our Lago di Garda), by his susceptibility to the inspiration of out-of-door life, and by his loving interpretative sympathy for all the familiar aspects of the spot, as recognizable now as then, — the lapping of the waters on the shore, the echoes which endlessly repeat the music, the charm of the freshening gale, the splendor of the crimsoning day.

Without these associations, Garda, bluest of lakes, would still be one of the loveliest; but there is a distinct charm in recognizing the very spirit and essence of the local color which delighted Catullus twenty centuries ago. We had come from Venice to Verona, and from Verona to the Lago di Garda, to spend a day at Sermione. We had reached the Hotel Royal at Desenzano just in time for a seven o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner, of which we were the sole partakers. A thunderstorm had overtaken us at Verona, and shower after shower had chased each other across the landscape, as we left that city behind us and pursued our journey. But when, after dinner, we walked forth from the dining-room to the stone terrace which bordered the lake, the sky had cleared, except towards the north, where, above Mounts Tragna, Baldo, and Tremalgo, heavy clouds were piled, — some dark purple, others snowy white, but all at this moment flushed with crimson and amber. It was hard to define which was mountain and which cloud, but massed together they made a magnificent background for the lake, where the storm-wind still worked, lashing high billows into breakers, twisting and tearing their crests into strange shapes, and hurling them against the

piers with a force which broke them into showers of spray. Half a dozen fishermen and lads were bailing out the boats and drawing them up on the beach, talking and gesticulating, while they watched with curiosity, and perhaps anxiety, the movements of three or four sloops, their red and yellow sails reefed, which veered and tacked, and tacked and veered, seeming powerless to make headway against the boisterous sea. That no lake is so gusty or so dangerous for navigation as Garda has been known since Vergil's time, when he described

"Benacus where the insurgent billow makes
A noise like ocean's own."

Stretching as it does for thirty-five miles from southwest to northeast, the narrow upper half of the deep basin being inclosed by precipitous mountains, while the lower part spreads wide with comparatively flat and open shores, it is a favorite track of storms, which, once gathered in, are pent up as in a funnel, and rage and fume long after the force of the tempest is spent elsewhere.

Sometimes a passing effect of light invests a scene with wild, weird possibilities which remain a part of our imaginative memory. The stormy grandeur of this first impression of Garda was merged in one of perfect beauty when we awoke next morning and saw the sun flooding the lake with gold and the terraces with every joyous color. Yet no disenchantment destroyed my illusion of the Alpine magnificence of the scenery; for although everywhere else the skies were blue and the water and shores inwoven with golden light, above the mountains at the north still hung the purple clouds crested with white domes and spires, tempting one to believe that snow-peaks and dazzling glaciers lend sublimity to Garda.

It is not only pleasantest, but safest, where the Italian lakes are concerned, to love much and many; or, if one confesses to any preference, to declare that the one last seen and best recalled is the most exquisite; for, by comparing and

criticising and confessing ourselves partisans, we run the risk of missing the special charm of one which serves to complete the chromatic scale of beauty which makes the Italian lakes peerless. If I were myself to be a lake, I fancy I should choose to be Varese: nothing wonderful in myself, but for the blessedness of mirroring the lovely pastoral foregrounds which rise above its shores into the undulating hills with the bloom of a fruit decking their distances, — that nameless liquid color between lapis lazuli and amethyst; dotted here and there by farmhouses, by the white walls of convents and red-roofed campanile towers where soft silvery bells are forever sounding; then, higher still, like a magical vision in mid-air, the great peaks and domes of the huge Alpine rampart showing from Monte Viso to Monte Leone, with Monte Rosa's four sharp peaks dominating the chain; then, above all, the vast crystal sky.

For sheer ideal loveliness and perfection, there is, of course, nothing like the Lake of Como at Bellagio, where, look in what direction one may, the view fills, enchants, and tranquilizes eye, mind, and soul. Then Maggiore, with its splendid amplitude, its dazzling vistas of great snow-peaks, its islands, each a fairy-tale, its purple shores with their bewildering lights and solemn shadows, — for grandeur there is nothing like Maggiore.

But on that July day Garda was sufficiently lovely to make one's heart swell with a sense of the consummation of the ideal.

"Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear."

It was not enough for the waters to be blue; they ran through the entire scale of blue tones, from palest azure to lapis lazuli and indigo. A soft, almost imperceptible swell, only just enough to give an endless effect of shimmer and glancing light, stirred the surface of the lake. We took an early breakfast in the *loggia* outside our rooms, part of it beneath a

trellis where great bunches of grapes just beginning to swell burned like globules of green light, as the sun shone through them. At our right rose tall oleanders from the court beneath, their sprays of rosy blossoms thrown into relief against the blue of the sky and the blue of the lake. At our left was a thicket of pomegranates with their gemlike flowers, and orange and lemon trees, their deep verdure lighted up by globes of pale yellow and starry blooms, all alike threaded with the intensely brilliant sunlight. To cavil over bitter coffee and poor butter in such a spot would have been to forget a divine birthright for a mess of pottage. One has often enough drunk excellent coffee in a stuffy room where not a prospect pleased.

We might have crossed the lake in a boat to the promontory of Sermione, but at intervals a mutter of thunder came from the mountains at the north, and, remembering the stormy Benacus of the preceding day, we decided to go by carriage instead. A leisurely drive round the lake had its own attractions, since, besides glimpses of Garda, it would give a closer view of the fields. Italian agriculture had, I will confess, aroused an inextinguishable curiosity in me. No sooner had I crossed the Alps than the difference of method, besides the difference of climate, startled my attention, piqued my curiosity, and charmed me with its picturesqueness. No longer did the landscape, as in France, bring up at every turn pictures by Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and Daubigny. Yet never, it seemed to me, was any landscape so distinctly human as that of northern Italy. Vergil tells of the necessity laid upon mortals that man, by pondering, might divine the mysteries of creation, and in due time conceive the varying arts whereby we have leave to live. Without having read the Georgics, any observer sees that Nature here has been incessantly watched, coaxed; her every mood divined and pressed into service; her ut-

most ruggedness humored until it becomes generous concession. The beguiling of the streamlets, in their flowing, into garden-beds; the pollarding and the grafting of all trees; the clipping of the poplars for the twigs which furnish the peasant's fuel; the cherishing the life of the willows, so useful for making baskets, and for tying vines to boughs and fruit-trees to espaliers; the forcing of mulberry-trees to pay a double debt, furnishing the support of the vines and giving their leaves to the ravenous silkworms,—all these are evidences of the deft economies of a people habituated by long instinct and tradition to the most careful prevision.

Italian agriculture may be very unscientific, but all the same it is agriculture refined and idealized upon, and an American can only feel that it is charming, and that by comparison our own methods are wasteful, ugly, and unsympathetic. European peasants, with their old-fashioned ways and crude inventions, keep much closer to the great mother than can we, with our costly labor-saving appliances. We are magnificently large in our ideas, disdainful of persevering efforts for small returns, and, measuring Italian corn by our own bushel, their results may seem meagre; but there is an attractiveness about some of these peasants which belongs to careful workers, and to careful workers alone; and their patient methods give their labor a value in itself, and help to elevate them and their speech and their dress into that mysterious grace and attractiveness of human expression which we call picturesque and artistic quality almost without knowing why.

The Italian peasant's golden age is behind, and not before; he would be well content to go on doing as his father and grandfather did before him. He may be a hired laborer working by the season; he may share with the proprietor the produce of the land, or he may himself be the proprietor. But whether pro-

prietor or coöperator, the peasant is certain to give his whole time and thought to the land he works on; not only his own strength, but that of his wife, of his old father and mother, of his children of every age, from the eldest down to the least toddler. There are such diverse and incessant calls for patient activities: stones must be picked up and piled in heaps; twigs and reeds gathered, packed, and bound; fruit trees tied to espaliers; vines watched and trained, the exuberant foliage delicately thinned by tender hands until at last "the dresser sings in the perfect rows." The vineyards and orchards on the terraces of some "sheer cliff side thronged by the dwellings of men" are often a study. Wherever a shelving rock can hold a handful of earth, no precipice is too steep to lose its chance of giving root to the vine or the fig or the olive; or if the soil prove too scanty to sustain such vigorous growth, there is still opportunity to plant the wheat that provides the straw which, during the winter, is woven by women and children into hats, baskets, and fans.

But what perhaps most quickly seizes the imagination is the silk culture.

"Sing, *magnarello*, merrily,
As the green leaves you gather!
In their third sleep the silkworms lie,
And lovely is the weather.
Like brown bees that in open glades
From rosemary gather honey,
The mulberry-trees swarm full of maids,
Glad as the air is sunny."

For we remember Miss Preston's charming translation of Mistral's story of *Mirèio's* leaf-picking along with Vincen, as we see the women, girls, and boys in the mulberry-trees filling great brown canvas bags. These "*magnarello*" must lead a lively life for the thirty-five days before the silkworms prepare for their final sleep.

"An artist each in a tiny loom,
Weaving a web all golden,—
Fine, frail cells out of sunlight spun,
Where they creep and sleep by the million."

Towards the middle of July, the steam-

ers which ply on the lakes take on at each landing tall cylindrical baskets, tapering slightly from top to bottom, filled with the soft grayish, yellowish cocoons. These are carried to the centres of the silk industries, then returned empty for fresh supplies.

Yes, the peasant of northern Italy knows little of that *dolce far niente* which we associate with the land of the olive and the vine. He is a hard worker, and incessant toil in the open air ages the women prematurely; that is, wrinkles, withers, and fades them outwardly. I fancy the spirit is not so soon quenched. At Locarno I had an instance of this. I happened to be loitering outside a shop while my companions were making some purchases inside, and, to pass the time, I turned over a pile of sandals and clogs exposed for sale in a basket on the step. I had seen women and girls wearing these *zoccoli* with wooden soles and heels, with a scanty upper consisting generally of a gayly flowered chintz merely covering the toes, thus holding on the shoe most uncomfortably to my eyes. While I held a pair in my hand, a woman at least seventy, to judge by her looks, her dark skin withered like a dead leaf, issued from the place, and stopped with frank and friendly curiosity to look at me. Pleased as I naturally was by such a mark of attention, I endeavored to explain to her by gestures (for my scanty knowledge of the language did not meet the requirements of the case) my sense of the unsuitability and discomfort of such foot-gear. I intimated that the clogs were heavy, and, being fastened to the foot only at the toes, the heel flopped loosely at every step. She caught my meaning as by divination. She extended her own foot, set off by a gay sandal, and put it down with a smart clatter of the heel on the stone step, evidently a respectable, affluent, perhaps musical sound to her ears; she danced about to show the ease and lightness of movement induced by the shoes; she caught one off her foot

to suggest with what deftness it might punish an offender; she cracked invisible nuts with it, hammered imaginary nails; she replaced it on her foot and waded through possible puddles of water; in fact came victoriously out of the wordless controversy, and, pointing to my own high, tightly-buttoned-up and immovable boots, gave a decisive shake of the head, having proved conclusively that they were a feeble, useless, and clumsy contrivance in comparison with her clogs. Indeed, I am inclined to doubt whether European peasants are often consumed by envy of any of the appurtenances or distinctive personal traits of the travelers and tourists whose invasion they accept with some quizzical curiosity and much ironical observation. A generous Providence has decreed that the *forestieri* should be bitten by the gadfly of unrest, and, tormented by a desire for escape, run up and down the gracious earth; staring at what is time-worn and immemorial as if it were a brand-new novelty; discussing the obvious; putting questions about simple every-day things which even a *bambino* is born with a clear knowledge of; making the drollest mistakes in the language, which, were it not for manners, would double any sensible man or woman up with laughter; and all the time flinging about *lire* and *soldi* as if they burned in our pockets, for which saving grace of circumstance the saints be thanked, since it makes bearable the stupidities we commit.

This gossiping digression belongs to the road to Sermione, where everything, from a peasant to a *pergola* of vines, takes the eye. Yesterday's showers have brought forth thousands of fresh blossoms out of the very dust of the wayside, from each crevice and cranny of wall and pavement, new to unfamiliar eyes and of an exotic prettiness. At our right the cornfields and vineyards glitter with fresh brilliancy of color; the vines have grown riotous, and not only fall in festoons, but take possession

of the whole tree which offers its support; the gray-green olives ripple into silver as the wind stirs them, and the acacias and poplars shimmer and shiver, while here and there a cypress, black as night, tapers up into the air, immovable except for a sort of rhythmical vibration. On our left is the heavenly blue lake, with its villages, its fertile shores, its rocky promontories, hills, precipices, and high mountains, over which fleecy clouds keep guard. Our driver tells us that the lake is fed by springs, some hot and others cold. He points to a place where the water eddies and ripples, showing an incessant disturbance below the surface. He explains that the depth of the lake varies very much according to the season, and that the melting of the snows in spring causes great freshets. He goes on to say that Garda has always been famous for its excellent fish: pilchards, *carpione*, trout, eels, pike, barbel, tench, and carp. Some of the *carpione* (salmon trout) are of enormous size and excellent flavor, and have from time immemorial been the delight of epicures. There are traditional recipes for cooking all these fish of the lake, and who knows but that they were handed down from the feasts given by Catullus at Sermione or on board of his yacht? The huge eels of Garda, for example, should be roasted before a bed of live coals, and at every turn sprinkled with a dressing of crumbs and spices, basted with their own fat, and finally deliciously encrusted with this rich dressing. As for pilchards, they are to be thrown on the fire while yet alive, to be skinned and dressed after a leisurely roasting, then eaten simply with the unsurpassed olive oil of Sermione, salt, and pepper.

Americans, accustomed to our own easily exhausted lakes and rivers, find occasion for surprise and admiration when they see the waters of Europe everywhere teeming with choice fish. We have to confess that these effete peoples

seem in some occult way not only themselves to have understood for many generations the art of living, but of making possible the lives of those who come after them. They possess the knack both of eating their cake and having it.

The isthmus which connects Sermione with the mainland is so low and so narrow that one readily accepts the statement that the promontory often becomes an island when the waters of the lake rise. This slight neck of land offers a good opportunity for fortifications, and the Scaligers, who for the better part of two centuries were powerful princes of Verona, built the castle under whose portcullis we now pass. The coat-of-arms of the Scaligers, which we have so lately seen on the tombs of the family at Verona, adorns the walls. It was in this castle that Julius Cæsar Scaliger, one of the greatest humanists and authors of the sixteenth century, was born. It is interesting to note the fact that Catullus, a Veronese, had a villa at Sermione, and that twelve centuries later the princes of Verona and their descendants found the same promontory a favorite retreat. But we clatter into the village, indifferent to the towers and battlements of mediæval times, which seem too modern for such a classical neighborhood. It is roughly paved, like all Italian villages, and we are glad to leave the carriage and pursue our way on foot.

For this is Sermione, the Sirmio of Catullus, that eye of heaven, that brightest jewel of all promontories or islands, as he loved to call it. Too often, in exploring antiquities, we have been jostled by the modern, but the unique charm of Sermione lies in the absolute solitariness of the place. Along with the little fishing-village which we leave behind us drops away almost every reminder of the busy, pushing world. Gardens and orchards cover the promontory, but the sight of growing maize and wheat and fruit and vine does not separate us from Nature, only familiarizes her aspect.

There is no sound but that of birds, and of the thousands of cicadas that take voice together in the olive groves we are traversing, — a sound so multitudinous and so continuous that it soon gains rhythm, and half pleases and contents the ear. Still, through the din of it we are conscious of the wash of the waves on the rocks below. We have a guide who points out to us a building which he calls the Baths of Catullus, and a troop of boys follow and waylay us, anxious to light up the subterranean grottoes for our edification. But after a time these well-meant efforts are spent; we are left to take our sight-seeing in our own way, and we emerge from the orchard upon what seems a bold bluff rising high above the water, to find the silence and solitude unspoiled. The blue lake is spread out before us, with the bulwark of cloud-crested mountains for a background. Planted under and against sheer cliffs, here and there along the bold shores nestle villages. Between the rocky headlands are stretches of rich country rising in gentle undulations to the purple hills. The color of the lake, the graceful sweep of the coast with its far reaches basking in the hazy shimmering light, the mountains and the gorgeous cloud-pageant which transfigures them, are at first quite enough to satisfy us, and we hardly think of the ruins we have come to see. The sound of the lapping waves as they “break into laughing” comes up with sweet persistence, as they wash incessantly the shelving rocks whose whiteness is visible for a long distance into the lake under the transparent waters.

The view is so magically lovely, and so varied by its coloring of incomparable breadth and depth, that it is only after a time that we discover that the headland we have gained is in fact the roof of the ruins; that it is formed by a gradual accretion of *débris* above the walls, arches, columns, and towers of once stately edifices. The audacity of nature fairly

startles us, when we see that by the slow processes of these twenty centuries, storms, floods, perhaps earthquakes, the growth and decay of vegetation, these monuments of antiquity have almost been absorbed into the bosom of Mother Earth herself. The lofty walls, six hundred feet long, which support this end of the promontory supplement the original rocks and cliffs which belong to it, and now it is no easy task to tell where nature ends and art begins.

Between the toppling elevation where we are sitting and the shore are beautiful detached columns and arches, overrun by rich ivy, and crested with nodding grasses, scarlet poppies, and bright pinks which teasing, plundering black bees are searching flower by flower. Lizards dart and rustle. We descend to the water's edge by a precipitous path, and survey the ruins from the level of their foundations. Looked at from this point, the scene not only delights by its loveliness, but touches by its desolation; and it troubles the intellect as well, for it rouses more questions than any earthly being can answer.

It seems incredible that so little should be definitely known of architectural remains so striking. Yet it may be argued that the exact site of Pliny's country house on the Lago di Como can hardly be said to be determined; and if his letters, which, with graceful pedantry, keep alive so many details of his private life, have not preserved such a landmark, how little could we reasonably expect to find any authentic revelation concerning the summer retreat of Catullus! For the poems of Catullus were wholly lost sight of for a whole era, and were only rediscovered in the fourteenth century by a notary of Verona, — rediscovered, indeed, only to be once more lost for a period. Local traditions, handed down from father to son, that Catullus owned a house on the Lago di Garda we could scarcely count on. The poems alone give the clue to the fact that he

built a villa on the promontory of Sirmio on the Lake of Benacus, that here he loved to come, and that here some of the friends who followed him from Verona and from Rome also built villas. Here he brought, by way of the Po and Mincio, his yacht or pinnace, old and shattered, but still dear from its tried usefulness and fleetness in the Adriatic, Propontis, and Euxine, and dedicated to Castor and Pollux, who had led the Argonauts and carried them through the raging tempest, hence were made the deities propitious to navigators.

“Sed hæc prius fuere : nunc recondita
Senet quiete seque dedicat tibi
Gemelle Castor et gemelle Castoris.”

This Catullus himself has told us, and this is all we know. Of course not a few historians and archæologists have investigated the subject. Scipio Maffei, of Verona, who in 1731 published his *Verona Illustrata*, believes the whole peninsula of Sermione to have belonged to Catullus, and that his residence was situated at the extremity nearest the lake. This is naturally a conclusion dear to the tourist, who, if obliged to admit that history is nothing but a fable agreed on, prefers that authorities should in no wise conflict, but decide with absolute finality that these ivy-clad arches supported the open loggia of the house of the poet of the republic.

After the siege of Peschiera in 1796, Lacombe Saint-Michel, a general of the French Directory, and himself clearly an ardent admirer of Catullus, surveyed the site of these ruins, and traced to his own satisfaction and that of others the entire ground plan, settling every knotty question. Under the stimulus of these associations General Saint-Michel gave a brilliant *fête* here, and, inviting Anelli, a local poet, host and guest in turn recited their own poems written in praise of the ancient owner of the site. Toasts were interspersed, wine flowed freely, — good Falernian, we trust, — and the enthusiasm rose to such a generous tide of emo-

tion that, when the inhabitants of Sermione happened to arrive with a petition that the French troops quartered upon them should be removed, the general instantly granted the request. Napoleon Bonaparte himself, when on his way to negotiate the treaty of Campo Formio in 1797, turned from his road between Peschiera and Brescia to visit the ruins. These facts are related by Noël, a French writer of the beginning of this century, who gives the plan of the villa of Catullus as sketched by Lacombe Saint-Michel, proving the building to have been large and magnificent, of which statement, indeed, the arches and pilasters leave no reasonable doubt. He argues from these signs of opulence that Catullus must have been possessed of ample means. That he lived as rich men live is clear. A native of Verona, he seems always to have had a house at his disposal there. He was handsomely established in Rome, and owned besides a farm on the confines of the Sabine and Tiburtine territory, to which he frequently retired to recruit after the over-profuse dinners of the capital. It is evident, also, that his means, whatever they may have been, were strained to their utmost. He records his fruitless expedition to Bithynia, in the train of the prætor Memmius, where he hoped and expected to have filled his purse with something better than “cobwebs.” There is more than once an allusion in his verses to the scanty rations which, in the present state of his finances, were all he could give his friends. And he frankly recounts how once, when he boasted to the consul Varus and his mistress of the magnificence he maintained in the provinces, the lady slyly begged the good services of some of the half dozen straight-backed fellows he had described, and he was obliged to confess that not a retainer had he at home or abroad.

No doubt he squandered a handsome patrimony recklessly, and was often, like the men he knew familiarly, — gay spend-

thrifths and prodigal poets like himself, — out of pocket; yet all his poems bear witness to his freedom from sordid ambitions and unsatisfied cravings for advancement, and he has always a laugh for his most pressing anxieties. He was no politician, but had a disinterested love for the republic, then beginning to feel the storm and stress of its final days. He was jealous of Cæsar's encroachments, and had a hearty hatred of Cæsar's minions who fattened on the plunder of every land they conquered.

Everywhere Catullus shows the clear-sightedness, the ease of procedure, the independence of a man of ample means who is shut out from no place he cares to enter. But whether he could ever have been possessed of the wealth requisite for building so splendid a villa as the stupendous ruins at Sermione suggest is a question that moderns cannot decide. The Rev. John Chetwode Eustace, who visited the Lago di Garda in 1801, and in 1813 gave to the world his monumental *Classical Tour in Italy*, a book which has never in its way been surpassed either for learning or for charm, has a passage concerning Sermione which I will quote: "The extremity of this promontory is covered with arched ways, towers, and subterranean passages supposed by the inhabitants to be Roman, but bearing, in fact, a strong resemblance to Gothic ruins." Yet whatever the ruins may be, he proceeds to show, Catullus undoubtedly at one period occupied this very spot, and preferred it to any other region. "He could not," Eustace continues, "have chosen a more delightful retreat. In the centre of a magnificent lake, surrounded with scenery of the greatest variety and majesty, apparently secluded from the world, yet beholding from his garden the villas of his Veronese friends, he might have enjoyed alternately the pleasures of retirement and society, and daily, without the sacrifice of his connections, which Horace¹ seems

¹ Lib. i. Ep. 11.

inclined to make in a moment of despondency, beheld the grandeur and agitation of the ocean without its terrors and immensity. . . . In short, more convenience and more beauty were seldom united; and such a peninsula is, as Catullus enthusiastically observes, scarcely to be matched in all the wide range of the world of waters."

That Catullus once lived here, — that is the essence of the thing; and that, in spite of the blight upon his life, he could still come, unspoiled in heart and mind, to enjoy the sound of the swirling waves that lapped unceasingly on the shore, the whisper of the myrtle branches, blossom-laden, and sweet sleep on his "long-dreamed-of couch" at Sermione, is a triumph for human nature which one likes to believe is able to keep itself wholesome in spite of the corruptions of the worst age. He has immortalized himself by recording with an absolute simplicity of truth everything about his own life, and all he met, saw, and felt. That he told of his love for Sirmio in the same direct, spontaneous way with which he described his feeling for Lesbia makes the promontory and the lake his own down to the very heart of them. And the visitor to the spot to-day finds every point of view so pure, so untouched, so admirably lovely, that the place will forever be remembered as an absolutely fresh and unspoiled event in one's experience.

Perhaps after a time, when Rome has been excavated to the last fragment, the ruins of Sermione will be laid bare; the flowers and the grasses and the ivies which now nod over the arches will be torn away; the lizard will no longer be permitted to

"keep

The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;"

the grottoes now opening in front to the water and in the rear into galleries and labyrinths, and the arches which once supported the great friezes and pedi-

ments, will all be dug out, scraped, and left hideously bare for twentieth-century research. Perhaps then a coin will be found, a medal, or an urn which will throw light on a forgotten period.

But the *fin de siècle* pilgrim may be thankful that so far, at least, Sermione remains unspoiled, not only by the archaeologist, but by the swarm of tourists who create a demand for hotels, pen-

sions, tramways, *funiculaires*, excursion-boats, and steam-whistles. The spirit of its beauty and of its solitude must revisit with unspeakable refreshment the memory of those who have once seen the blue waters, the cloud-crested mountains, the far sweep of lovely coasts, and the crimson and yellow lateen sails of the boats that leave an azure, arrow-like track across the lake.

Ellen Olney Kirk.

THE WITHROW WATER RIGHT.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART SECOND.

ON Sunday morning the Withrow establishment wore that air of inactivity which seems in some households intended to express a mild form of piety. Mother Withrow, it is true, had not yielded to the general weakness, and stood at the kitchen table scraping the frying-pan in a resounding way that might have interfered with the matin hymn of a weaker-lunged man than Lysander. That stentorian musician seemed rather to enjoy it, as giving him something definite to overcome vocally, and roared forth his determination to "gather at the river" from the porch, where he sat with his splint-bottomed chair tipped back, and his eyes closed in a seeming ecstasy of religious fervor.

Old Withrow sat on the step, with his chin in his hands, smoking, and two dove-colored hounds stood, in mantel-ornament attitude, before him, looking up with that vaguely expectant air which even a long life of disappointment fails to erase from the canine countenance. Five or six half-clad chickens, huddling together in the first strangeness of maternal desertion, were drinking from an Indian mortar under the hydrant, and mother Withrow, coming to the door to empty her dish-pan, stood a moment looking at them.

"That there hydrant's quit drippin' again," she said gruffly, turning toward the old man. "Them young ones turn it on to get a drink, and then turn it clear off. 'Pears to me they drink most o' the time. I'd think they come by it honestly, if 'twasn't water. If you ain't too tired holdin' your head up with both hands, s'posin' you stir your stumps and turn it on a drop fer them chickens."

The old man got up with confused, vinous alacrity and started toward the hydrant.

"There's no need o' savin' water on this ranch," he blustered feebly, "I kin tell you that. You'd ought to go up to the spring and see what a good trade you made. I'm a-goin' myself by 'n' by. I knowed" —

He broke off abruptly, as the old woman threw the dish-water dangerously near him.

"If water's so plenty, some folks had ought to soak their heads," she retorted, disappearing through the door.

The old man regulated the hydrant somewhat unsteadily, and returned to a seat on the porch. Lysander's musical efforts had subsided to a not very exultant hum at the first mention of the water supply. Evidently his reflections

on that subject were not conducive to religious enthusiasm. Old Withrow assumed a confidential attitude and touched his son-in-law on the knee.

"She's always so full of her prejudices," he said, pointing toward the kitchen door with his thumb. "Now 'f she'd go along o' me up to the spring and see what a tremenjus flow o' water there is, she'd be pleased as Punch. Now would n't she?"

Lysander brought his chair to the floor with a bang that made the loose boards of the porch rattle.

"Come around the house, pap," he said anxiously.

The hounds followed, dejected, but hopeful, as became believers in special providence.

When the two men were out of hearing of the kitchen, Lysander took his father-in-law by the shoulders and shook him, as if by shaking down the loose contents of his brain he might make room for an idea.

"You want to shut up about the spring. It's give out, — dried up. The blastin' and diggin' in the cañon done it, I s'pose, an' Poindexter — that's the engineer — thinks Forrester 'll make it all right; but you don't want to be coaxin' the old woman up there, not if the court knows herself, and you want to keep your mouth purty generally shut. D' y' understand?"

The old man's face worked in a feeble effort at comprehension.

"Give out, — dried up? Oh, come now, Lysander," he faltered.

"Yes, dried up, and you want to do the same. Don't you think this 'ud be a purty good time fer you to take a trip off some'rs fer your health, pap?"

The old man stood a moment wrestling with the hopelessness of the situation. Besotted as he was, he could still realize the calamity that had overtaken them; could realize it without the slightest ability to suggest a remedy. As the direfulness of it all crept over him, some-

thing very like anger gleamed through the blear of his faded eyes.

"I'm a-goin' to see," he muttered sullenly, turning toward the cañon. "Damn their blastin'! Forrester said it was a good trade. He'd ought to know."

A little later, Melissa started on her much-dreamed-of visit to the camp. She had on her shoes now, and a comfortable sense of the propriety of her appearance induced by this fact, and an excess of starch in the skirt of her pink calico dress, brought a little flush of expectation to her cheek. She had even looked longingly at her best hat in its glory of green and purple millinery, and nothing but the absence of any excuse to offer her mother and sister for such lavish personal adornment had saved her from this final touch to the pathetic discord of her attire.

The silk handkerchief was in her pocket, properly "done up" and wrapped in a bit of newspaper, and she had rehearsed her part in the dialogue that a flattered imagination assured her must ensue upon its presentation until she felt it hardly possible that she could blunder.

"Somehow you don't feel so bashful when you're all dressed up," she reflected, contemplating the angular obtrusiveness of her drapery with the satisfaction that fills the soul of the average *débutante*. "You feel so kind o' sheepish when you're barefooted and your dress is all slimpsy."

Poor Melissa! how could she know that yesterday, in all the limp forlornness that had made her hang her head when Sterling spoke to her, she had been a part of the beauty of the cañon, while to-day, in all her pink and rigid glory, she was a garish spot of discordant color in the landscape? How, indeed, do any of us know that we are not at our worst in our most triumphant moments?

The camp was well-nigh deserted, that morning. Poindexter had gone to Santa Elena to consult his employer, and most

of the workmen had preferred the convivial joys of the Mexican saloon at San Gabriel to the stillness of the cañon. Sterling had written a few letters after breakfast, and then, taking his rifle from the rack, sauntered along the little path that led from the camp to the tunnel. The Chinese cook was dexterously slipping the feathers from a clammy fowl at the door of the kitchen tent.

"Hello, John," the young man called cheerfully. "What for you cook chicken? I go catchee venison for dinner."

The Chinaman smiled indulgently. Evidently the deer hunts of the past had not been brilliantly successful.

"I fly one lit' chicken," he said composedly. "He no velly big. By'm by you bling labbit, I fly him too."

"Rabbit!" laughed back the hunter contemptuously, breaking his rifle and peering into the breech to see that it was loaded. "I'll not waste a cartridge on a rabbit, John."

He lapsed from pigeon English with an ease that betokened a new-comer. The Chinaman looked after him pensively.

"Mist' Stellan' heap velly nice man," he said, with gentle condescension; "all same he *no sabe* shoot. By'm by he come home, he heap likee my little flied looster."

He held his "little rooster" rigidly erect by its elongated legs, and patiently picked the pin-feathers from its back. He had finished this process, and, suspending it by one wing in an attitude of patient suffering, was singeing it with a blazing paper, when Melissa appeared.

"What you want, gell?" he demanded autocritically, noticing that she carried no pail.

"Where is the young man, — the tall one?" asked Melissa.

"Young man? Mist' Stellan'? He take 'im gun an' go catchee labbit."

He waved his torch in the direction of the path, and then dropped it on the ground and stamped it out with his queerly shod foot.

Melissa hesitated a moment. She could not risk the precious handkerchief in the hands of the cook. No one else was visible. Two or three workmen were sleeping in the large tent under the wild grapevine. She could hear them breathing in loud nasal discord. It was better to go on up the cañon, she persuaded herself with transparent logic.

"It's purty hard walkin' when you've got your shoes on," she said, justifying her course by its difficulties, with the touch of Puritanism that makes the whole theological world kin, "but if I give it to him myself I'll know he's got it."

She glanced in at the door of the engineer's tent, as she passed. The banjo was there, a point of dazzling light to her eyes, but otherwise the disorder was far from elegant; resulting chiefly from that reckless prodigality in head and foot gear which seems to be a phase of masculine culture.

"I don't see what they want of so many hats and shoes," commented Melissa. "I sh'd think they could go barefooted sometimes, to rest their feet; an' I didn't know folks' heads ever got tired." The thought recalled her own disappointment in the matter of millinery. She put her hand up to the broken rim of her hat. "I've a notion to take it off when I ketch up to him," she soliloquized. "I would if my hair was n't so awful red."

Old Withrow had preceded his daughter, stumbling along the flume path, muttering sullenly. All his groundless elation had suddenly turned to equally groundless wrath. Having allied himself in a stupid, servile way with Forrester, he clung to the alliance and its feeble reflected glory with all the tenacity of ignorance. There were not many connected links of cause and effect in the old man's muddled brain, but the value of water, for irrigating purposes only, had a firm lodgment there, along with the advantages to be derived from

friendliness with the owner of a winery. There stirred in him a groveling desire to exonerate Forrester.

"They 're blazin', be they? Forrester never said nothin' 'bout blazin'. He 'll give it to 'em when he knows it. He 'll blast 'em!"

He staggered on past the cut-off that led to the camp, keeping well up on the bank along the path beside the ditch that Lysander had dug from Flutterwheel Spring. Once there, the sight of the ruin that had befallen his plans seemed to strike him dumb for a little. The slime still clung to the rocks, and a faint trickle of water oozed into the pool. He sat down a moment, mumbling sullen curses, and then staggered to his feet and wandered aimlessly up the cañon.

Sterling had idled along, crossing and recrossing the restless stream that appeared to be hurrying away from the quiet of the mountains. He was really not a very enthusiastic hunter, as the Chinaman had discovered. He liked the faint, sickening odor of the brakes and the honey-like scent of the wild immortelles that came in little warm gusts from the cliffs above far better than the smell of powder. He stopped where the men had been at work the day before, and looked about with that impartial criticism that always seems easier when nothing is being done.

Some idea must have suggested itself suddenly, for he hurried across to the opening of the tunnel and went in, leaving his rifle beside the entrance. When he turned to come out, he heard a sound of muttered curses, and in another instant he was confronted by the barrel of a gun in the hands of a man he had never seen, — a man with wandering, bloodshot eyes, which the change from the half-light of the tunnel's mouth magnified into those of an angry beast.

"You 've been a-blastin', have ye, an' a-dryin' up other folks's springs? Damn ye, I 'll blast ye!"

The old man was striving in vain to

hold the rifle steadily and fumbling with the lock. Sterling did not stop to note that the weapon was his own, and might easily be thrust aside. He did what most young men would have done, — drew his revolver from his pocket and fired.

The report echoed up and down the cañon. By the time it died away life had changed for the younger man. Old Withrow had fallen forward, still clutching the rifle, and was dead.

Melissa, standing among the sycamores below, had seen it all as a sudden, paralyzing vision. She stood still a brief, terrified instant, and then turned and ran down the cañon, keeping in the bed of the stream, and climbing over the boulders.

She was conscious of nothing but a wild dismay that she had seen it. She had a vague hope that she might run away from her own knowledge. The swift, unreasoning notion had lodged itself in her brain that it would be better if no one knew what had happened. Perhaps no one else need be told. She avoided the camp, scrambling through the chaparral on the opposite bank, and, reaching the flume path at last, hurried on breathlessly.

Suddenly Melissa stopped. It would not do to approach the house in that way. She must rest a little and cool her flushed face before any one should see her. She leaned against the timbers that supported the flume across the gully, and fanned herself with her hat. The tumult of her brain had not shaped itself into any plan. She only wished she had not seen. It was such a dreadful thing to know, to tell. Insensibly she was preparing herself to dissemble. She was cooling her cheeks, and getting ready to saunter lazily toward the house and speak indifferently. She did not realize that after that she could not tell. There would be an instant in which to decide, and then a dreary stretch of dissimulation.

At this moment she heard the quick hoofbeats of a galloping horse on the road that led down the mountain side. He was going away! Then certainly she must not speak. They would never find him, and she would keep the secret forever. She listened until the hoofbeats died away. The flush faded out of her poor little face, leaving it wan and hopeless. After all, it was a dreary thing for him to ride away, and leave her nothing but a dismal secret such as this. A shred of cloud drifted across the sun, and the cañon suddenly became a cold, cheerless place. She stepped into the path, and came face to face with Lysander.

"Have yuh seen anything of yer paw, M'lissy? Why, what ails yuh, child? Y'r as white as buttermilk. Has anything bit yuh?"

"No," faltered the girl, looking down at her wretched finery; "my shoe's been a-hurtin' my foot. I'm goin' back to the house to take 'em off. I'm tired."

"I wish y'd set right down here and take off y'r shoes, M'lissy," said her brother-in-law anxiously. "We'll have to kind o' watch yer paw. I had to tell 'im about the spring, an' he struck off right away an' said he was goin' up there. I reckoned he'd go a way an' furgit it, but he hain't come back yit. I'm afraid he'll git to talkin' when he comes back to the house, and tell yer maw. It won't do any good, an' there's no use in her workin' herself up red-headed about it, — 'tenny rate not till Poindexter comes back. We must git hold o' yer paw before he gits to see her, and brace 'im up agin. If you'll set here an' call to me if you see 'im below, I'll go on up an' look for 'im."

Melissa had stood quite still, looking down at the uncompromising lines of her drapery. It was rapidly becoming a pink blur to her gaze. The ghastliness of what she had undertaken to conceal came over her like a chill, insweeping fog. She shivered as she spoke, trying in vain to return Lysander's honest gaze.

"I'll come back an' set here when I've took off my shoes. You kin go on. I'll come in a minute."

Lysander looked into her face an instant as he started.

"The seam o' yer stockin's got over the j'int, M'lissy," he said kindly; "it's made you sick at yer stummick; y'r as white as taller."

Old Withrow entered his own house with dignity at last.

Strangely enough, when the spiritual and presumably the better part of us is gone, the world stands in awe of what remains. If the bleared eyes could have opened once more, and the dead man could have known that it was for fear of him the children were gathered in a whispering, awe-stricken group at the window, that respect for him caused the lowering of voices and baring of heads on the part of the household and curious neighbors, he would suddenly have found the world he had left a stranger place than any world to come.

There was no great pretense of grief. Mother Withrow looked at the dead face awhile, supporting her elbow with one knotted hand, and grasping her weather-beaten jaw with the other. Perhaps her silence would have been the strangest feature of it all to him, if he could have known. If the years hid any romance that had been theirs, and was now hers, the old woman's face told no more of it than the flinty outside of a boulder tells of the leaf traced within.

"He wuzn't no great shakes of a man," she said to Minerva, "but I don't 'low to have him stood up and shot at by any of Nate Forrester's crowd without puttin' the law on the man that done it."

Lysander's attempt at concealment had melted away in the heat of the excitement occasioned by the murder. The drying up of the spring had been no secret in camp. The men who had carried Withrow's body to the house had

talked of it unrebuked. Mother Withrow had heard them with a tightening of the muscles of her face and an increased angularity in her tall figure, but she had proudly refrained from the faintest manifestation of surprise. Nor had she asked any questions of Minerva or Lysander. This unexpected reserve had been a great relief to the latter, who found himself not only released from an unpleasant duty, but saved from any reproaches for concealment.

The coroner had come up from Los Angeles, and there had been an inquest. Sterling had not been present, having ridden to Los Angeles to give himself up; but the men to whom he had told the story when he came to the camp had testified, and there had been a verdict that deceased came to his death from a wound made by a revolver in the hands of Frederick Sterling.

Some of the jury still hung about the place with cumbrous attempts at helpfulness, and Minerva moved tearfully to and fro in the kitchen, wearing her husband's hat with a reckless assumption of masculine rights and feminine privileges, while she set out a "bite of something" for the coroner, who must ride back to Los Angeles in hot haste.

Ulysses had denied himself the unwonted pleasure of listening longer to the men's whispered talk to follow the stranger into the kitchen and watch him eat; his curiosity concerning the habits of that dignitary being considerably heightened by the official's haste, which pointed strongly to a rapid succession of murders requiring his personal attention, and marking him as a man of dark and bloody knowledge.

The hounds shared the boy's curiosity, and stood beside the table waving their scroll-like tails, and watching with expectant eagerness the unerring precision with which the stranger conveyed a knife-load of "frijoles" from his plate to his mouth. When he had finished his repast, gulping the last half-glass of

buttermilk, and wiping the white beads from his overhanging mustache with quick horizontal sweeps of his gayly bordered handkerchief, he leaned back and flipped a bean at Ulysses, whose expression of intent and curious awe changed instantly to the most sheepish self-consciousness. The familiarity loosened his tongue, however, and he asked, with a little explosive gasp, —

"Do yuh think they 'll ketch 'im?"

"Catch who?"

"The man that shot gran'pap."

"They 've got 'im now."

"Hev they? How'd they ketch 'im?"

"He gave himself up."

"Will they hang 'im?"

The coroner's eyes twinkled.

"Don't you think they 'd ought to?"

"You bet!" Ulysses wagged his head with bloodthirsty vehemence.

The great man got up, laughing, and went toward the door, rubbing the boy's hair the wrong way as he passed him. The hounds followed languidly, and Ulysses darted up the creaking staircase, and tumbled into the little attic room where Melissa sat gazing drearily out of the window.

"They 've got 'im!" he said breathlessly. "They 're a-go'n' to hang 'im!"

The girl got up and backed toward the wall, gasping and dizzy.

"Who said so?" she faltered.

"The man downstairs, — the one that came from Loss Anglus."

Melissa put the palms of her outstretched hands against the wall behind her to steady herself. In the half-light she seemed crowding away from some terror that confronted her.

"I don't believe it. They won't do anything to him right away; it would n't be fair. They don't know what paw done. I" —

Her voice broke. She looked about piteously, biting her lip and trying to remember what she had said.

Ulysses was not a critical listener. He had enjoyed his little sensation, and

was ready for another. From the talk downstairs he knew that Sterling had acknowledged the killing to the men at the camp. His excitement made him indifferent as to the source of Melissa's information.

"I'm goin' to the hangin'," he said, doggedly boastful.

Melissa looked at him vacantly.

"How 'd they find out who done it?" she asked, dropping her hands and turning toward the window.

"He told it hisself, — blabbed it right out to the men at the camp; then he went on down to Loss Anglus, big as life, an' blowed about it there. He's cheeky."

Melissa turned on him with a flash of contempt.

"You said they ketched him."

The boy felt his importance as the bearer of sensational tidings ebbing away.

"I don't care," he replied sullenly.

"They 'll hang 'im, anyway: the cor'ner said so."

He clutched his throat with his thumbs and forefingers, thrusting out his tongue and rolling his eyes in blood-curdling pantomime.

His companion turned away drearily. The boy's first words had called up a vaguely outlined picture of flight, pursuit, and capture, possibly violence. This faded away, leaving her brain numb under its burden of uncertainty and deceit. She had an aching consciousness of her own ignorance. Others knew what might happen to him, but she must not even ask. She shrank in terror from what her curiosity might betray. She must stand idly by and wait. Perhaps Lysander would know; if she could ask any one, she could ask Lysander. There had sprung up in her mind a shadowy half-formed doubt concerning the wisdom of her silence. He had told it himself, Ulysses had said; and this had chilled the little glow at her heart that came from a sense of their common secret. If she could only see him and ask what he would have her do; but that was im-

possible. Perhaps, if he knew she had seen it, he might say she must tell, even if — even if — She gave a little moan, and leaned her forehead against the sash. Below she could hear the subdued voices of the men, and the creaking of the kitchen floor as Minerva walked to and fro, putting away the remnants of the coroner's repast. Already the children were beginning to recover from their awe-stricken silence, and Melissa could see them darting in and out among the fig-trees, firing pantomimic revolvers at each other with loud vocal explosions.

The gap that the old man's death had made in the household was very slight indeed; not half the calamity that the drying up of the spring had been. Melissa acknowledged this to herself with the candor peculiar to the very wise and the very ignorant, who alone seem daring enough to look at things as they are.

"They had n't ought to do anything to 'im; it ain't fair," she said to herself stoutly; "an' he just stood up an' told on hisself because he knowed he had n't done anything bad. I sh'd think they'd be ashamed of themselves to do anything to him after that."

"M'lissy!" Mrs. Sproul called from the foot of the stairs, her voice dying away in a prolonged snuffle. "I wish 't you'd come down and help Lysander hook up the team. He's got to go down t' the Mission, and it 'll be 'way into the night before he gets back."

The girl stood still a moment, biting her lip, and then hurried across the floor and down the staircase as if pursued. Minerva had left the kitchen, and there was no one to notice her unusual haste. Out at the barn, Lysander, almost disabled by the accession of a stiff white shirt and collar, was perspiring heavily in his haste to harness the mules.

"Minervy's got 'er heart set on havin' the Odd Fellers conduct the funer'l," he said apologetically. "Strikes me kind o' onnecessary, but 't won't do no harm, I s'pose. She says yer paw was an Odd

Feller 'way back, but he ain't kep' it up. I dunno if they 'll bury 'im or not."

The girl listened to him absently, straightening the mule's long ear which was caught in the headstall, and fastening the buckles of the harness. Her face was hidden by her drooping sun-bonnet, and Lysander could not see its pinched quivering whiteness. They led the mules out of the stable and backed them toward the wagon standing under a live oak. Melissa bent over to fasten the tugs, and asked in a voice steadied to lifeless monotony, —

"Do you think they 'll do anything to him for it, Lysander?"

"I dunno, M'lissy," said the man. "He told the men at the camp it was self-defense, and mebbe he can prove it; but bein' no witnesses, they may lock 'im up fer a year or two, just to give him time to cool off. It 'll be good fer him. He ought n't to be so previous with his firearms."

"But paw was — they don' know — mebbe" — panted the girl brokenly.

"Yes, yes, M'lissy, I don't doubt yer paw was aggravatin'; but we don't know, and we'd better not take sides. The young feller ain't nothin' to us, an' yer paw was — well, he was yer *paw*, we've got to remember that."

Lysander put his foot on the hub and mounted to the high seat, gathering up the reins and putting on the brake. The mules started forward, and then held back in a protesting way, and the wagon went creaking and scraping through the sand down the mountain road.

In the days that passed wearisomely enough before the trial, Melissa heard much that did not tend to soothe her harassed little soul. Lysander, having taken refuge behind the assertion that it "was n't becomin' fer the fam'ly to take sides," bore his mother-in-law's stinging sarcasms in virtuous silence.

"Seems to me it depends on which side you take," sneered the old woman.

"I don't see anything so very impullite in gettin' mad when yer pap's shot down like a dog."

Lysander braced himself judiciously.

"We don't none of us know nothin' about it," he contended. "If I'd 'a' been there and 'a' seen the scrimmage, I'd 'a' knowed what to think. As 't is, I dunno what to think, and there's no law that kin make you think when you don't hev no fax to base your thinkun' on."

"Some folks lacks other things besides fax to base their thinkun' on," the old woman jerked out sententiously.

Lysander pressed the tobacco into his cob pipe, and scratched a match on the sole of his boot.

"I think they've been middlin' fair," he said, between puffs, "fixin' up that water business. It's my opinion the young feller's at the bottom of it, — they say his father's well off; 't enny rate, it's *fixed*, an' you're better off 'n you wuz, — exceptin', uv course, your affliction, an' that can't be helped." The man composed his voice very much as he would have straightened a corpse in which he had no personal interest. "I'm in for shuttin' up."

"They don't seem to want you to shut up," fretted his mother-in-law. "They've s'peenied *you*."

"They're welcome to all I know; 't ain't much, an' 't won't help nor hinder, as I can see, but such as it is, they kin have it an' welcome."

Lysander stood in the doorway, with his hat on the back of his head. He tilted it over his eyes, as he made this avowal, and sauntered toward the stable, with his head thrown back, peering from under the brim, as if its inconvenient position were a matter entirely beyond his control.

Melissa was washing dishes at a table in the corner of the kitchen. She hurried a little, trembling in her eagerness to speak to Lysander alone. She carried the dish-pan to the kitchen door to

empty it, and the chickens came scuttling with half-flying strides from the shade of the geraniums where they were dusting themselves, and then fled with a chorus of dismayed squawks as the dishwasher splashed among them. The girl hung the pan on a nail outside, and flung her apron over her head. She could see Lysander's tilted hat moving among the low blue gums beside the shed. She drew the folds of her apron forward to shade her face, and went down the path with a studied unconcern that sat as ill upon her as haste. Lysander was mending the cultivator; he looked up, but not as high as her face.

"'Llo, M'lissy," he said, as kindly as was compatible with a rusty bit of wire between his teeth.

The girl leaned against the shaded side of a stack of baled barley hay.

"Lysander," she began quaveringly, "Lysander, if you'd seen paw shot, an' knowed all about it, could they make you tell — would you think you'd ought to tell?" She hurried her questions as they had been crowding in her sore conscience. "I mean, of course, if you'd seen it, Lysander."

Her brother-in-law straightened himself, and set his hat on the back of his head without speaking. Melissa could feel him looking at her curiously.

"Of course, that's all I mean, Lysander, — just if you'd seen it; would you tell?" she faltered.

"M'lissy," said the man impressively, "if I'd seen my own paw killed, an' nobody asked me to tell, I'd keep my mouth most piously shut; that's what I'd do."

"But if he was mad, Sandy, an' tried to kill somebody else, and oh," — her voice broke into a piteous wail, — "if they wuz thinkun' of hangin' 'im!"

"They ain't a-goin' to hang nobody, M'lissy," said Lysander confidently, — "hangin' has gone out of fashion. And I don't think it's becomin' fer the fam'ly to interfere, especially the women folks;

besides, we don't none of us know nothin' about it, you see. Don't you fret about things you don't know nothin' about. The law'll have to take its course, M'lissy. That young feller's goin' to git off reasonable, very reasonable indeed, considerin'."

Melissa rubbed her feet in the loose straw, restless and uncomforted.

"When's the trial, Lysander?" she asked, after a little pause, during which her companion resumed his encounter with the rusty wire he was straightening.

"The trial, M'lissy, is set for tuh-morruh," Lysander replied, a trifle oracularly. "I'm a-goin' down because they've sent for me; if they had n't 'a' sent, I would n't 'a' gone. I don't know nothin' exceptin' that yer paw had one of his spells," — inebriety was always thus decorously cloaked in Lysander's domestic conversation, — "an' went off up the cañon that mornin' r'arin' mad about the spring. Of course they don't know that's all I know, — if they knowed it, perhaps they would n't want me; but if they had n't sent for me, you can bet I'd stick at home closer 'n a scale bug to an orange-tree, Melissy, perticular if I was a young girl, an' did n't know nothin' whatever about the hull fracas. An' young girls ain't expected to know about such things; it ain't proper fer 'em, especially when they're members of the fam'ly."

This piece of highly involved wisdom quieted Melissa very much as a handkerchief stuffed into a sufferer's mouth allays his pain. She went about the rest of the day silent and distressed.

At daybreak the next morning, Lysander harnessed the dun-colored mules and drove to Los Angeles.

The sun rose higher, and the warm dullness of a California summer day settled down upon the little mountain ranch. Heat seemed to rise in shimmering waves from the yellow barley stubble. The orange-trees cast dense shadows with no coolness in them, and

along the edge of the orchard the broad leaves of the squash vines hung in limp dejection upon their stalks. The heated air was full of pungent odors: tar and honey and spice from the sage and eucalyptus, with now and then a warmer puff of some new wild fragrance from far up the mountain side.

"We're a-goin' to have three hot days," said Mrs. Sproul, looking anxiously over the valley from the shelter of her husband's hat. "Sandy'll swelter, bein' dressed up so. I do hope they won't keep him long. He don't know nothin' about it, no way. Seems to me they might 'a' believed him, when he said so."

Mother Withrow had fallen into a silence full of the eloquence of offended dignity, when Lysander disappeared. Like all tyrannical souls, she was beginning to feel a bitterness worse than that of opposition, — the bitterness of deceit. She knew that Lysander had deceived her, and the knowledge was bearing its fruit of humiliation and chagrin. The evident liberality of Forrester's course in deeding her a share of the cañon greater, it was said, than the loss occasioned by the drying up of Flutterwheel Spring had struck at the root of hatreds and preconceptions that were far more vital to her than the mere proprietorship of the water right. She felt hampered and defrauded by the circumstances that forbade her to turn and fling the gift back in his face. To this grim, gray-haired tyrant dying of thirst seemed sweet compared with the daily bitterness of hearing her enemy praised for his generosity. She sat in the doorway fanning herself with her apron, and made no reply to her daughter's anxious observation.

"I calc'lated to rub out a few things this mornin'," continued Mrs. Sproul, "but somehow I don't feel like settlin' down to washin' or anythin'; an' the baby's cross, bein' all broke out with the heat. I wonder what's become of M'lissy."

"She's up in the oak-tree out at the barn," called William T. Sherman, who, with other fraternal generals, was holding a council of war over a gopher caught in a trap. "Letterlone; she's as cross as Sam Patch."

"M'lissy takes her paw's death harder 'n I calc'lated she'd do," commented Minerva, virtuously conventional; "she's a good deal upset."

The old woman sniffed audibly.

"I reckon you'll all live through it," she said frostily.

Melissa, swinging her bare feet from a branch of the dense live oak in the barnyard, had watched Lysander's departure with wistful eagerness, entirely unaware that he had divined her secret, and was mannishly averse to having the "women folks" of his family mixed up in a murder trial. Now that he was really gone, and she was left to the dreariness of her own reflections, she grew wan and white with misery.

"I had ought to 'a' told it," she moaned. "If they don't hang 'im, they may put 'im in jail, and that's awful." She thought of him, so straight and lithe and gay, grown pale and wretched; manacled, according to Ulysses' graphic description, with iron chains so heavy that he could not rise; kept feebly alive on bread and water, and presided over by a jailer whose ingenious cruelty knew no limit but the liveliness of the boy's fiendish imagination.

"A year or two," Lysander had said, as if it were a trifle. She looked back a year, and tried to measure the time, losing herself in the hazy monotony of her past, and conscious only of the remoteness of certain events that served as landmarks in her simple experience, events not yet two years distant.

"Orange-pickun' before last ain't nigh two years ago," she mused, "an' 't ain't a year yet sence Lysander hauled grapes from the Mission to the winery; an' the year before that he was over to Verdugo at the bee ranch, an' come home fer the

grape-haulin' at Santa Elena. That's when Hooker was born; he'll be two years old this fall; it's ever so long ago. He could n't stand bein' in jail that long; some folks could, but he could n't. He sings, and laughs out loud, and goes tearin' around so lively. It 'ud kill 'im."

She slipped down from the tree, and started toward the house. The path was hot to her bare feet, and the wind came in heated gusts from the mountains. The young turkeys panted, with uplifted wings, in the shade of the dusty geraniums, whose scarlet blossoms were glowing in fierce tropical enjoyment of the glaring sun. The hounds went languidly, with lolling tongues, from one shaded spot to another, blinking their comments on the weather at their human companions, and snapping in a half-hearted way at unwary flies.

Mrs. Sproul and her mother were still seated on the little porch when Melissa appeared.

"Why don't you come in out of the heat, child?" called her sister, as reproachfully as if Melissa were going in the opposite direction. "We hain't had such a desert wind for more 'n a year. I keep thinkin' about Lysander. I've heern of people bein' took down with the heat, and havin' trouble ever afterward with their brains."

"Lysander ain't a-goin' to have any trouble with his brains," said her mother significantly.

Mrs. Sproul turned a highly insulted gaze upon the old woman's impassive face, and tilted her husband's hat defiantly above her diminutive freckled countenance.

"Lysander kin have as much trouble with his brains as anybody," she said, with bantam-like dignity, straightening her limp calico back, and tightening her grasp on the baby in her arms.

The old woman elevated her shaggy brows, and made a half-mocking sound in imitation of the spitting of an angry kitten.

Mrs. Sproul's pale blue eyes filled with indignant tears, and she turned toward Melissa, who looked up from the step, a gleam of sisterly sympathy lighting up the wan dejection of her young face.

"I would n't fret, Minervy," she said kindly; "Lysander don't mind the heat. People never get sunstruck here; it's only back East. I don't think it's so very warm, nohow."

"Oh, it's hot enough," sniffled Mrs. Sproul, relaxing her spine under Melissa's sympathy, "but it ain't altogether the heat. I don't like Lysander bein' mixed up with murderers and dangerous characters; not but what he's able to perfect himself, havin' been through the war, but it seems as if the harmlesstest person was n't safe when folks go around shootin' right an' left without no provocation whatever. I think we'll all be safer when that young feller's locked up in San Quentin, — which they'll do with him, Lysander thinks."

Mrs. Sproul drew a corner of her apron tight over her finger, and carefully wiped a speck from the corner of the baby's eye, gazing intently into the serene vacancy of its sleeping countenance as she spoke.

Melissa caught her breath, and turned and gazed fixedly through the shimmering haze of the valley toward Los Angeles. The girl herself did not know the resolution that was shaping itself from all the tangled facts and fancies of her brain. Perhaps, if she had been held to strict account, she would have said it was an impulse, "a sudden notion" in her parlance, that prompted her to arise the next morning, before the faintest thrill of dawn, and turn her steps toward the town in the valley. It was not a hopeful journey, and she could not analyze the motive that lashed her into making it; nevertheless she felt relieved when the grease wood shut the cabin, with its trailing pepper-trees and dusty figs and geraniums, from her sight,

and she was alone on the mountain road. It was not a pleasure to go, but it was an undeniable hardship to stay. There had been no fog in the night, and from the warm stillness of the early morning air the girl knew that the heat had not abated. She was quite unmindful of the landscape, gray and brown and black in the waning light of the misshapen and belated moon, and she was far from knowing that the man she was making this journey to save would have thought her a fitting central figure in the soft blur of the Millet-like etching of which she formed a part.

She threw back her sunbonnet and trudged along, carrying her shoes tied together by their leathern strings and hung across her arm, — an impediment to progress, but a concession to urban prejudices which she did not dream of disregarding. She meant to put them on in the seclusion of the Arroyo Seco, where she could bathe her dusty feet and rest awhile; but, remembering the heat of yesterday, she wished to make the most of the early morning, deadly still and far from refreshing though it was. The sea breeze would come up later, she hoped, not without misgivings; and the grapes were beginning to turn in the vineyards along the road; she would have something to eat with the bit of corn bread in her pocket. Altogether she was not greatly concerned about herself or the difficulties of her journey, so absorbed was she in the vague uncertainty that lay at its end.

The sun rose hot and pitiless, and the dust and stones of the road grew more and more scorching to her feet. The leaves of the wild gourd, lying in great star-shaped patches on the ground, drooped on their stems, and the spikes of dusty white sage by the road hung limp at the ends, and filled the air with their wilted fragrance. The sea breeze did not come up, and in its stead gusts of hot wind from the north swept through the valley as if from the door of a fur-

nace. People talked of it afterward as "the hot spell of 18—," but in Melissa's calendar it was "the day I walked to Loss Anjelus," — a day so fraught with hopes and fears, so full of dim uncertainties and dread and longing, that the heat seemed only a part of the generally abnormal conditions in which she found herself.

It was afternoon before she reached the end of her journey, entering the town between rows of low, soft-tinted adobes, on the steps of which white-shirted men and dusky low-browed women and children ate melons and laughed lazily at their neighbors, showing their gleaming teeth. She knew where the court-house stood, its unblushing ugliness protected by the rusty Frémont cannon, and made her way wearily toward it through the more modern and busier streets.

The men who sat in front of the stores in various degrees of undress, slapping each other resoundingly on their thinly clad backs, and discussing the weather with passers-by in loud, jocular tones, were, to Melissa's sober country sense, a light-minded, flippant crowd, to whom life could have no serious aspect. She looked at them indifferently, as they sat and joked, or ran in and out of open doors where there was a constant fizz as of something perpetually boiling over, and made her way among them, quite unmindful of her dusty shoes and wilted sunbonnet, and yet vaguely conscious that at another time she might have cared.

At the door of the court-house, two of this same loosely clad, noisy, perspiring species were slapping their thighs and choking in hilarious appreciation of something which a third was reading from an open paper. The reader made way for Melissa, backing and reading at the same time, and the sound of their strangely incongruous mirth followed her up the narrow, unswept, paper-strewn staircase into the stifling heat of the second floor. She stopped there an instant,

leaning against the railing, uncertain what to do.

One of a pair of double doors opened, and a young man, swinging an official-looking document, crossed the hall as if he might be walking in his sleep, and went into a room beyond; kicking the door open, catching it with his foot, and kicking it to behind him with a familiarity that betokened long acquaintance, and inspired Melissa with confidence in his probable knowledge of the intricate workings of justice. She stood still a moment, clutching the limp folds of her skirt, until the young man returned; then she took a step forward.

"I've come to tell what I know about the shootin'. I saw it," she faltered.

The somnambulistic young man shut one eye, and inclined his ear toward her without turning his head.

"Shooting? What shooting?"

"Up in Sawpit Cañon — Mr. Sterling done it — but I saw it — nobody knows it, though" — The words came in short palpitating sentences that died away helplessly.

Her listener hesitated for an instant, scratching the blonde plush of his cropped scalp with his lead pencil. Then he stepped forward and kicked one of the double doors open, holding it with his automatic foot.

"Bawb! oh, *Bawb!*" he called, "'m yer."

A short fat man, with an unbuttoned vest and a general air of excessive perspiration, waddled past the bailiff and confronted Melissa. He smiled when he saw her, displaying an upper row of teeth heavily trimmed with gold, a style of personal adornment which impressed Melissa anew with the vagaries of masculine city taste.

"Witness in the Withrow murder case, pros'cuting 'torney," said the bailiff over his shoulder, by way of introduction, as he disappeared through the door.

Melissa looked at the new-comer, trembling and dumb.

"Come in here, my girl," he said, steaming ahead of her through a door in front of them; "come right in here. Is it pretty hot up your way?"

"Yes, sir," she quavered, not taking the chair he cleared for her. "I come down to tell about the shootin'; I'd ought to 'a' told before, but I was scared. Mr. Sterling done it, but paw was mad; he picked up Mr. Sterling's gun and tried to kill 'im, — I saw it all. I was hid in the sycamores. You had n't ought to hang 'im or do anything to 'im; he could n't help it."

The prosecuting attorney smiled his broad, gilt-edged, comfortable smile, and laid his pudgy hand reassuringly on Melissa's shoulder.

"It's all right, my little girl," he said. "We're not going to hang Mr. Sterling this time; he was discharged this afternoon; but he'll be obliged to you, all the same. He's over at the hotel taking a nap. You just run along home, and the next time don't be afraid to tell what you know."

The girl turned away silently, and went down the stairs and out into the street. She stood still a moment on the hot pavement, looking in the direction of the hotel in which the man for whom she had made her fruitless journey was sleeping. Then she set her face patiently toward home. The reflection from the pavement seemed to blind her; she felt suddenly faint and tired, and it was with a great throb of relief that she heard a familiar voice at her elbow, and turned with a little tearless sob to Lysander.

The Worthingtons' private parlor in the Rideau House was hot and close, although a fog had drifted in at nightfall and cooled the outside air. Two of its occupants, however, were totally unmindful of the heat, and the mingled odors of upholstery, gas, and varnish that prevailed within its highly decorated walls. The third, a compact, elderly, prosperous-looking gentleman, whose face wore

a slight cloud of *ennui*, stood by the open window gazing out, not so much from a desire to see what was going on outside as from a good-natured unwillingness to see what was taking place within.

Mr. Frederick Sterling, a shade paler and several shades graver than of old, was looking at the elderly gentleman's daughter in an unmistakable way; and the daughter herself, a fair creature, with the fairness of youth and health and plenty, was returning his gaze with one that was equally unmistakable.

"Do you mean to tell me, Frederick, that the poor thing *walked* all that distance in that intolerable heat?"

The young man nodded dismally.

"That's what they say, Annette. It makes one feel like a beast."

"I don't see why you need say that, Frederick. I'm sure they ought to have done something, after the awful danger you were in." The young woman swept toward him, with one arm outstretched, and then receded, and let her hand fall on the back of a chair, as her father yawned audibly.

"Of course there was danger, Annette; but that does n't remove the fact that I was a hot-headed idiot."

"You must n't talk so. It is not polite to me. I am not going to marry an idiot."

"But you've promised."

The young people laughed into each other's eyes.

"Frederick," said the young girl, after a little silence, during which they drifted into the rigid plush embrace of a sofa, "I'm going up to see that girl and thank her."

The young man leaned forward and caught her wrists.

"You — angel!"

"Yes, I'm going to-morrow. Of course you can't go."

"Oh, good Lord, no," groaned her lover.

"But papa can. There will be plenty of time; we don't leave until evening.

And in spite of what her father did, I feel kindly toward the girl. There must be some good in her; she seemed to want to do you justice. How does she look, Frederick?"

The soft-voiced inquisitor drew her wrists from the young fellow's grasp, and flattened his palms between hers by way of an anæsthetic.

"Did you ever see her?"

"Oh, yes, once or twice. A lank, forlorn little red-headed thing, — rather pretty. Oh, my God, Annette!"

The girl raised the tips of his imprisoned fingers to her lips.

"Could n't you send her something, Frederick, some little keepsake, something she would like, if she would like anything that was n't too dreadful?"

The young fellow's face brightened.

"Annette, you *are* an angel."

"No, I'm not; there are no brunette angels. I am a very practical young woman, and I'm going with you to buy something for that poor girl; men don't know how to buy things." She dropped her lover's hands, and went out of the room, returning with her hat and gloves, and going to her father's side, she said: "Papa, Frederick and I are going out for a while. He wants to get a little present for a poor young girl, the daughter of that awful wretch who — that — you know. It seems she saw it all, and came down to say that Frederick was not to blame. Of course it was unnecessary, for the judge and every one saw at once that he did perfectly right; but it *was* kind of her, and it was a *very* hot day. Do you mind staying here alone? — or you can go with us, if you like."

"No, thank you, I don't mind, and I don't like," said the elderly gentleman dryly.

"And you'll not be lonely?"

"No, I think not; I've been getting acquainted with myself this trip, and I find I'm a very interesting though somewhat unappreciated old party."

The young girl put down her laughing face, and her father swept a kiss from it with his gray mustache. Then the two young creatures went out into the lighted streets, laughing and clinging to each other in the sweet, selfish happiness that is the preface to so large a part of the world's misery.

They came back presently with their purchase, a somewhat obtrusively ornate piece of jewelry, which Annette pronounced semi-barbarous; being, she said, a compromise between her own severely classical taste and that of Sterling, which latter, she assured her father, was entirely savage.

She fastened the trinket at her throat, where it acquired a sudden and hitherto unsuspected elegance in the eyes of her lover, and then unclasped it, and held it at arm's length in front of her before she laid it in its pink cotton receptacle.

"I do hope she will be pleased, Frederick," she said, with a soft, contented little sigh.

And the young man set his teeth, and smiled at her from the depths of a self-abasement that made her content a marvel to him.

Annette went up to the mountains with her father the next day, stopping the carriage under the pepper-trees in front of the Withrow cabin, and stepping out a little bewildered by the mean-ness and poverty and squalor of it all.

The children came out and stood in a jagged, uneven row before her, and the hounds sniffed at her skirts and walked around her curiously. Mrs. Sproul appeared in the doorway with the baby, shielding its bald head from the sun with her husband's hat, and Lysander emerged from between two dark green rows of orange-trees across the way, his hoe on his shoulder.

"I want to see your daughter, the young girl, — the one that walked to Los Angeles the other day," she said, looking at the woman.

"M'lissy?" queried Mrs. Sproul

anxiously. "Lysander, do you know if M'lissy's about?"

Her husband nodded backward.

"She's over in the orchard, lookin' after the water. I'll" —

The stranger took two or three steps toward him, and put out her hand.

"May I go to her? Will you show me, please? I want to see her alone."

Lysander bent his tall figure and moved along the rows of orange-trees, until he caught a glimpse of Melissa's blue drapery.

"She's right down there," he said, pointing between the smooth trunks with his hoe. "It's rough walkin', — I've just been a-throwin' up a furrow fer the irrigatin'; but I guess you can make it."

She went down the shaded aisle between the orange-trees, Mrs. Sproul looking after her dubiously, as a person guilty of a serious breach of decorum in asking to see any one alone.

Melissa leaned on her hoe, and watched her approach with listless amazement. She took in every detail of her daintily clad loveliness, — the graceful sway of her drapery as she walked, the cluster of roses in her belt, and the wide hat with its little forest of curling plumes.

"You are Melissa?" The stranger put out her softly gloved hand, and Melissa took it in limp, rustic acquiescence. "Mr. Sterling wished me to come — and I wanted to come myself — to thank you for what you did; it was very kind, and you were very brave to undertake it, and for one you scarcely knew, — it was very, *very* good of you."

Melissa colored to the little ripples of vivid hair about her temples.

"Is he gone away?" she asked, rubbing her hands up and down on the worn handle of the hoe.

"No, but he is going this evening. Of course he could not stay. It would be very painful for him, for all of you. Is there anything he can do for you? He will be so glad if he can be of use to you in any way" — She hesitated,

watching the pained look grow in her listener's face.

"Ain't he never comin' back?" asked Melissa wistfully.

Annette opened her brown eyes wide, and fixed them on the girl's face.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"I'd like to keep his hankecher," Melissa broke out tremulously. "I hurt my arm oncet up where they was blastin', and he tied it up fer me with his hankecher. I was takin' it to 'im that Sunday. I had it all washed and done up. I'd like to keep it, though — if you think he would n't care." Her eyes filled, and her voice broke treacherously. "That's all. Tell 'im good-by."

Annette was gazing at her breathlessly. It came over her like a cloud, the poverty, the hopelessness, the dreariness of it all. She made a little impetuous rush forward.

"Oh, yes, yes," she said eagerly, through her tears; "and he is so sorry, and he sent you these," — she took the roses from her belt, her lover's roses,

and thrust them into Melissa's nerveless grasp, — "and I — oh, *I* shall love you always!"

Then she turned, and hurried through the sun and shadow of the orchard back to the carriage.

"I am ready to go now," she said, somewhat stiffly, to her father.

All the way down the dusty mountain road, over which Melissa had traveled so patiently, she kept murmuring to herself, "Oh, the poor thing, — the poor, poor thing!"

Some years afterward, when Mr. Frederick Sterling's girth and dignity had noticeably increased, he saw among his wife's ornaments a gaudy trinket that brought a curious twinge of half-forgotten pain into his consciousness. He was not able to understand, nor is it likely that he will ever know, how it came there, or why there came over him, at sight of it, a memory of sycamores and running water, and the smell of sage and blooming buckthorn and chaparral.

Margaret Collier Graham.

DECEMBER.

AND wherewithal shall Earth be clothed to-day?
 What music will she make, and speak what word,
 What beauty have, before unseen, unheard;
 How will she stand, and what thing will she say?
 She thinks not of one loveliness of May,
 Of any bloom of June, or singing bird,
 Of any autumn hue; white-robed, unstirred
 By faintest breath, she speeds the light away.
 White-robed and voiceless, yet in mead or bough
 Never before so beautiful; pure, still,
 A virgin, mindful of her vow,
 She chooses well; fitly will she fulfill
 The sacred rite. 'T is dusk; she sees it now
 Once more, — the star upon the Syrian hill.

John Vance Cheney.

WIT AND HUMOR.

It is dubious wisdom to walk in the footprints of a giant, and to stumble with little steps along the road where his great strides were taken. Yet many years have passed since Hazlitt trod this way; fresh flowers have grown by the route, and fresh weeds have fought with them for mastery. The face of the country has changed for better or for worse, and a brief survey reveals much that never met his eyes. The journey, too, was safer in his day than in ours; and while he gathers and analyzes every species of wit and humor, it plainly does not occur to him for a moment that either calls for any protection at his hands. Hazlitt is so sure that laughter is our inalienable right that he takes no pains to soften its cadences or to justify its mirth. "We laugh at that in others which is a serious matter to ourselves," he says, and sees no reason why this should not be. "Some one is generally sure to be the sufferer by a joke;" and, fortified with this assurance, he confesses to a frank delight in the comic parts of the Arabian Nights, although recognizing keenly the spirit of cruelty that underlies them, and aware that they "carry the principle of callous indifference in a jest as far as it can go." Don Quixote, too, he stoutly affirms to be as fitting a subject for merriment as Sancho Panza. Both are laughable, and both are meant to be laughed at; the extravagances of each being pitted dexterously against those of the other by a great artist in the ridiculous. But he is by no means insensible to the charm and goodness of the "ingenious gentleman;" for sympathy is the legitimate attribute of humor, and even where the humorist seems most pitiless, even brutal, in his apprehension of the absurd, he has a living tenderness for our poor humanity which is so rich in its absurdities.

Hazlitt's definition of wit and humor is perhaps as good as any definition is ever likely to be; that is, it expresses a half-truth with a great deal of reasonableness and accuracy. "Humor," he says, "is the describing the ludicrous as it is in itself; wit is the exposing it by comparing or contrasting it with something else. Humor is the growth of nature and accident; wit is the product of art and fancy. Humor, as it is shown in books, is an imitation of the natural or acquired absurdities of mankind, or of the ludicrous in accident, situation, and character; wit is the illustrating and heightening the sense of that absurdity by some sudden and unexpected likeness or opposition of one thing to another, which sets off the quality we laugh at or despise in a still more contemptible or striking point of view."

This is perhaps enough to show us at least one cause of the endless triumph of humor over wit, — a triumph due to its closer affinity with the simple and elementary conditions of human nature and life. Wit is artificial; humor is natural. Wit is accidental; humor is inevitable. Wit is born of conscious effort; humor, of the allotted ironies of fate. Wit can be expressed only in language; humor can be developed sufficiently in situation. Wit is the plaything of the intellectual, or the weapon of nimble minds; humor is the possession of all sorts and conditions of men. Wit is truly what Shelley falsely imagined virtue to be, "a refinement of civilized life;" humor is the property of all races in every stage of development. Wit possesses a species of immortality, and for many generations holds its own; humor is truly immortal, and as long as the eye sees, and the ear hears, and the heart beats, it will be our privilege to laugh at the pleasant absurdities which

require no other seed or nurture than man's endless intercourse with man.

Nevertheless, an understanding of the differences in nations and in epochs helps us to the enjoyment of many humorous situations. We should know something of England and of India to appreciate the peculiar horror with which Lord Minto, on reaching Calcutta, beheld the fourteen male attendants who stood in his chamber, respectfully prepared to help him into bed; or his still greater dismay at being presented by the rajah of Bali with seven slaves, — five little boys and two little girls, — all of whom cost the conscientious governor-general a deal of trouble and expense before they were properly disposed of, and in a fair way to learn their alphabet and catechism. Yet perhaps a deeper knowledge of time and character is needed to sound the depths of Sir Robert Walpole's cynical observation, "Gratitude is a lively sense of future favors;" although this is indeed a type of witticism which possesses inherent vitality, not depending upon any play of words or double meanings, but striking deep root into the fundamental failings of the human heart.

It is in its simplest forms, however, that humor enjoys a world-wide actuality, and is the connecting link of all times and places and people. "Let us start from laughter," says M. Edmond Scherer, "since laughter is a thing familiar to every one. It is excited by a sense of the ridiculous, and the ridiculous arises from the contradiction between the use of a thing and its intention." Even that commonest of all themes, a fellow-creature slipping or falling, M. Scherer holds to be provocative of mirth; and in selecting this elementary example he bravely drives the matter back to its earliest and rudest principles. For it is a weapon in the hands of the serious that such casualties, which should excite instant sympathy and alarm, awaken laughter only in

those who are too foolish or too brutal to experience any other sensation. It would seem, indeed, that the sight of a man falling on the ice or in the mud ought not to be very amusing; and I have witnessed a French farce, in which the frequent tumbles of a comic character excited unutterable weariness of spirit. But before we frown severely and forever upon such vulgar jests, let us turn for a moment to a well-known essay, and see what Charles Lamb has to plead in their extenuation: —

"I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip or splashed stocking of a gentleman. Yet I can endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough, — yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened, — when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth — but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pleman; — there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last forever, with such a maximum of glee and minimum of mischief in his mirth — for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it — that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman

might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight."

Ah, prince of kindly humorists, to whom shall we go but to you for tears and laughter, and pastime and sympathy, and jests and gentle tolerance, and all things needed to make light our trouble-burdened hearts!

It is not worth while to deny or even to soften the cruel side of humor, though it is a far more grievous error to overlook its generous forbearance. The humorist's view of life is essentially genial; but he has given stout blows in his day, and the sound of his vigorous warfare rings harshly in our unaccustomed ears. "The old giants of English fun" were neither soft-spoken nor soft-handed gentry, and it seems to us now and then as if they laid about them with joyous and indiscriminate activity. Even Dickens, the last and greatest of his race, and haunted often to his fall by the beckoning of mirthless modern phantoms, shows in his earlier work a good deal of this gleeful and unhesitating belligerency. The scenes between old Weller and Mr. Stiggins might be successfully acted in a spirited puppet-show, where conversation is of less importance than well-timed and well-bestowed pommeling. But we have now reached that point of humane seriousness when even puppet-shows cannot escape their educational responsibilities, and when Punch and Judy are gravely censured for teaching a lesson in brutality. The laughter of generations, which should protect and hallow the little manikins at play, counts for nothing by the side of their irresponsible naughtiness, and their cheerful disregard of all our moral standards. Yet here, too, Hazlitt has a seasonable word of defense, holding indeed that he who invented such diverting pastimes was a benefactor to his species, and gave us something which it was rational and healthy to enjoy. "We place the mirth and glee and triumph to our own account," he says, "and we know that the

bangs and blows the actors have received go for nothing as soon as the showman puts them up in his box and marches off quietly with them, as jugglers of a less amusing description sometimes march off with the wrongs and rights of mankind in their pockets." It has been well said that wit requires a good head; humor, a good heart; and fun, high spirits. Punch's spirits, let us hasten to admit, are considerably in advance of his head and heart; yet nevertheless he is wanting neither in acuteness nor in the spirit of good-fellowship. He has hearkened to the advice given by Seneca many years ago, "Jest without bitterness," and has practiced this delightful accomplishment for centuries, as befits the most conservative joker in the world.

Another reproach urged against humor rather than wit is its somewhat complicated system of lying; and much well-merited severity has been expended upon such questionable diversions as hoaxing, quizzing, "selling," and other variations of the game, the titles of which have long since passed away, leaving their substance behind them. It would be easy, but untrue, to say that real humor has nothing whatever to do with these unworthy offshoots, and never encourages their growth. The fact remains that they spring from a great humorous principle, and one which critics have been prompt to recognize, and to embody in language as clear and unmistakable as possible. "Lying," says Hazlitt, "is a species of wit and humor. To lay anything to a person's charge from which he is perfectly free shows spirit and invention; and the more incredible the effrontery, the greater is the joke." "The terrors of Sancho," observes M. Scherer, "the rascalities of Scapin, the brags of Falstaff, amuse us because of their disproportion with circumstances or their disagreement with facts." Just as Charles Lamb humanizes a brutal jest by turning it against himself, so Sir

Walter Scott gives amusing emphasis to a lie by directing it against his own personality. His description of himself in his journal as a "pebble-hearted cur," the occasion being his parting with the emotional Madame Mirbel, is truly humorous, because of its remoteness from the truth. There are plenty of men who could have risked using the phrase without exciting in us that sudden sense of incongruity which is a legitimate source of laughter. A delightful instance of effrontery, which shows both spirit and invention, is the story told by Sir Francis Doyle of the highwayman who, having attacked and robbed Lord Derby and his friend Mr. Grenville, said to them with reproachful candor, "What scoundrels you must be to fire at gentlemen who risk their lives upon the road!" As for the wit that lies in playful misstatements and exaggerations, we must search for it in the riotous humor of Lamb's letters, where the true and the false are often so inextricably commingled that it is a hopeless task to separate facts from fancies. "I shall certainly go to the naughty man for fibbing," writes Lamb, with soft laughter; and the devout apprehension may have been justly shared by Edward Fitzgerald, when he describes the parish church at Woodbridge as being so damp that the fungi grew in great numbers about the communion table.

A keen sense of the absurd is so little relished by those who have it not that it is too often considered solely as a weapon of offense, and not as a shield against the countless ills that come to man through lack of sanity and judgment. There is a well-defined impression in the world that the satirist, like the devil, roams abroad, seeking whom he may devour, and generally devouring the best; whereas his position is often that of the besieged, who defends himself with the sharpest weapons at his command against a host of invading evils. There are many things in life so

radically unwholesome that it is not safe to approach them save with laughter as a disinfectant; and when people cannot laugh, the moral atmosphere grows stagnant, and nothing is too morbid, too preposterous, or too mischievous to meet with sympathy and solemn assurances of good will. This is why a sense of the ridiculous has been justly called the guardian of our minor morals, rendering men in some measure dependent upon the judgments of their associates, and laying the basis of that decorum and propriety of conduct which is a necessary condition of human life, and upon which is founded the great charm of intercourse between equals. From what pitfalls of vanity and self-assurance have we been saved by this ever-watchful presence! Into what abysmal follies have we fallen when she withholds her restraining hand! Shelley's letters are perhaps the strongest argument in behalf of healthy humor that literature has yet offered to the world. Only a man burdened with an "invincible repugnance to the comic" could have gravely penned a sentence like this: "Certainly a saint may be amiable, — she *may* be so; but then she does not understand, — has neglected to investigate the religion which retiring, modest prejudice leads her to profess." Only a man afflicted with what Mr. Arnold mildly calls an "inhuman" lack of humor could have written thus to a female friend: "The French language you already know; and, if the great name of Rousseau did not redeem it, it would have been perhaps as well that you had remained ignorant of it." Our natural pleasure at this verdict may be agreeably heightened by placing alongside of it Madame de Staël's moderate statement, "Conversation, like talent, exists only in France." And such robust expressions of opinion give us our clearest insight into at least one of the dangers from which a sense of the ridiculous rescues its fortunate possessor.

When all has been said, however, we must admit that edged tools are dangerous things to handle, and not infrequently do much hurt. "The art of being humorous in an agreeable way" is as difficult in our day as in the days of Marcus Aurelius, and a disagreeable exercise of this noble gift is as unwelcome now as then. "Levity has as many tricks as the kitten," says Leigh Hunt, who was quite capable of illustrating and proving the truth of his assertion, and whose scratching at times more closely resembled the less playful manifestations of a full-grown cat. Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food, and few things in the world are more wearying than a sarcastic attitude towards life. "Je goûte ceux qui sont raisonnables, et me divertis des extravagants," says Uranie, in *La Critique de l'École des Femmes*; and even these words seem to tolerant ears to savor unduly of arrogance. The best use we can make of humor is, not to divert ourselves with, but to defend ourselves against, the folly of fools; for much of the world's misery is entailed upon her by her eminently well-meaning and foolish children. There is no finer proof of Miss Austen's matured genius than the gradual mellowing of her humor, from the deliberate pleasure affected by Elizabeth Bennet and her father in the foibles of their fellow-creatures to the amused sympathy betrayed in every page of *Emma* and *Persuasion*. Not even the charm and brilliance of *Pride and Prejudice* can altogether reconcile us to a heroine who, like Uranie, diverts herself with the failings of mankind. What a gap between Mr. Bennet's cynical praise of his son-in-law, Wickham,—which, under the circumstances, is a little revolting,—and Mr. Knightley's manly reproof to Emma, whose youthful gayety beguiles her into an unkind jest. While we talk much of Miss Austen's merciless laughter, let us remember always that the finest and bravest defense of harm-

less folly against insolent wit is embodied in this earnest remonstrance from the lips of a lover who is courageous enough to speak plain truths, with no suspicion of priggishness to mar their wholesome flavor.

It is difficult, at any time, to deprive wit of its social or political surroundings; it is impossible to drive it back to those deeper, simpler sources whence humor springs unveiled. Hudibras, for example, is witty; Don Quixote is humorous. Sheridan is witty; Goldsmith is humorous. To turn from the sparkling scenes where the Rivals play their mimic parts to the quiet fireside where the Vicar and Farmer Flamborough sit sipping their gooseberry wine is to re-enter life, and to feel human hearts beating against our own. How delicate the touch which puts everything before us with a certain gentle, loving malice, winning us to laughter without for a moment alienating our sympathies from the right! Hazlitt claims for the wicked and witty comedies of the Restoration that it is their privilege to allay our scruples and banish our just regrets; but when Goldsmith brings the profligate squire and his female associates into the Vicar's innocent household, the scene is one of pure and incomparable humor, which nevertheless leaves us more than ever in love with the simple goodness which is so readily deceived. Mr. Thornhill utters a questionable sentiment. The two fine ladies, who have been striving hard to play their parts, and only letting slip occasional oaths, affect great displeasure at his laxness, and at once begin a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue. "In this, my wife, the chaplain, and I soon joined; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and of the sunshine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased that my little ones were kept up beyond the

usual time, to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal; and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning." What a picture it is! What an admirably humorous situation! What easy tolerance in the treatment! We laugh, but even in our laughter we know that not for the space of a passing breath does Goldsmith yield his own sympathy, or divert ours away from the just cause of innocence and truth.

If men of real wit have been more numerous in the world than men of real humor, it is because discernment and lenity, mirth and conciliation, are qualities which do not blend easily with the natural asperity of our race. Humor has been somewhat daringly defined as "a sympathy for the seamy side of things." It does not hover on the borders of the light and trifling; it does not linger in that keen and courtly atmosphere which is the chosen playground of wit; but, diffusing itself subtly throughout all nature, reveals to us life, — life which we love to consider and to judge from some pet standpoint of our own, but which is so big and wonderful, and good and bad, and fine and terrible, that our little peaks of observation command only a glimpse of the mysteries we are so ready and willing to solve. Thus, the degree of wit embodied in an old story is a matter of much dispute and of scant importance; but when we read that Queen Elizabeth, in her last illness, turned wearily away from matters of state, "yet delighted to hear some of the Hundred Merry Tales, and to such was very attentive," we feel we have been lifted into the regions of humor, and by its sudden light we recognize, not the dubious merriment of the tales, but the sick and world-worn spirit seeking a transient relief from

fretful care and poisonous recollections. So, too, when Sheridan said of Mr. Dundas that he resorted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts, the great wit, after the fashion of wits, expressed a limited truth. It was a delightful statement so far as it went, but it went no further than Mr. Dundas, with just the possibility of a second application. When Voltaire sighed, "Nothing is so disagreeable as to be obscurely hanged," he gave utterance to a national sentiment, which is not in the least witty, but profoundly humorous, revealing with charming distinctness a Frenchman's innate aversion to all dull and commonplace surroundings. Dying is not with him, as with an Englishman, a strictly "private affair;" it is the last act of life's brilliant play, which is expected to throw no discredit upon the sparkling scenes it closes.

The breadth of atmosphere which humor requires for its development, the saneness and sympathy of its revelations, are admirably described by one of the most penetrating and least humorous of French critics, M. Edmond Scherer, whose words are all the more grateful and valuable to us when they refer, not to his own countrymen, but to those robust English humorists whom it is our present pleasure to ignore. M. Scherer, it is true, finds much fault, and reasonable fault ever, with these stout-hearted, strong-handed veterans. They are not always decorous. They are not always sincere. They are wont to play with their subjects. They are too eager to amuse themselves and other people. It is easy to make out a list of their derelictions. "Yet this does not prevent the temperament of the humorist from being, on the whole, the happiest that a man can bring with him into this world, nor his point of view from being the fairest from which the world can be judged. The satirist grows wroth; the cynic banters; the humorist laughs and sympathizes by turns. . . . He has nei-

ther the fault of the pessimist, who refers everything to a purely personal conception, and is angry with reality for not being such as he conceives it; nor that of the optimist, who shuts his eyes to everything missing on the real earth, that he may comply with the demands of his heart and of his reason. The humorist feels the imperfections of reality, and resigns himself to them with the good temper which knows that our own satisfaction is not the rule of things; that the formula of the universe is necessarily larger than the preferences of a single one of the accidental beings of whom the universe is composed. He is, beyond doubt, the true philosopher."

This is a broad statement; yet to endure life smilingly is no ignoble task; and if the humors of mankind are inseparably blended with all their impulses and actions, it is worth while to consider bravely the value of qualities so subtle and far-reaching in their influences. Steele, as we know, dressed the invading bailiffs in liveries, and amazed his guests by the number and elegance of his retainers. Sydney Smith fastened antlers on his sheep, for the gratification of a lady who thought he ought to have deer in his park. Such elaborate jests, born of invincible gayety and high spirits, seem childish to our present adult seriousness; and we are too impatient to understand that they represent an attitude, and a very healthy attitude, towards life. The iniquity of Steele's career lay in his repeatedly running into debt, not in the admirable temper with which he met the consequences of that debt when they were forced upon him; and if the censorious are disposed to believe that a less happy disposition would have avoided these consequences, let them consider the career of poor Richard Savage and of other misanthropic prodigals. As for Sydney Smith, he followed Burton's excellent counsel, "Go on then merrily to heaven;" and his

path was none the less straight because it was smoothed by laughter. That which must be borne had best be borne cheerfully, and sometimes a single telling stroke of wit, a single word rich in manly humor, reveals to us that true courage, that fine philosophy, which endures and even tolerates the vicissitudes of fortune, without for a moment relinquishing its honest hold upon the right. Mr. Lang has told us such a little story of the verger in a Saxon town who was wont to show visitors a silver mouse which had been offered by the women to the Blessed Virgin that she might rid the town of mice. A Prussian officer, with that prompt brutality which loves to offend religious sentiment it does not share, asked jeeringly, "And are you such fools as to believe that the creatures went away because a silver mouse was dedicated?" "Ah, no," replied the verger, "or long ago we should have offered a silver Prussian."

It is the often-expressed opinion of Leigh Hunt that although wit and humor may be found in perfection apart from each other, yet their best work is shared in common. Wit separated from humor is but an element to sport in; a "laughing jade," with petulant whims and fancies, which runs away with our discretion, confuses our wisdom, and mocks at holy charity, yet adds greatly, withal, to the buoyancy and popularity of life. It makes gentlefolk laugh, — a difficult task, says Molière; it scatters our faculties, and "bears them off deridingly into pastime." It is a fire-gleam in our dull world, a gift of the gods who love to provide weapons for the amusement and discomfiture of mankind. But humor stands on common soil, and breathes our common air. The kindly contagion of its mirth lifts our hearts from their personal apprehension of life's grievances, and links us together in a bond of mutual tears and laughter. If it be powerless to mould existence, or even explain

it to our satisfaction, it can give us at least some basis for philosophy, some scope for sympathy and sanity and endurance. "The perceptions of the contrasts of human destiny," says M. Sche-

rer, "by a man who does not sever himself from humanity, but who takes his own shortcomings and those of his dear fellow-creatures cheerfully, — this is the essence of humor."

Agnes Repplier.

AN AMERICAN AT HOME IN EUROPE.

IV.

HOUSES I HAVE HUNTED IN ITALY :
ROME, FLORENCE, PERUGIA, AND VENICE ; A PALAZZINA AT VERONA ; CONCLUSION IN THE RIVIERA.

I THINK I shall write an article, some time, on Travelers' Drivers. On comparing the accounts of famous journeys, these gentry would probably be found to occupy a remarkable place in the foreground, in nearly every instance. They would be found to agree in a general raciness of character, in a tendency to quaint sayings, in untrustworthy information and tricky bargaining. But has attention enough been given to the extent to which they redeem their faults and make good return for value received in helping the traveler fill up his pages ?

Within a fortnight after the return from the English journey, as heretofore chronicled, I set off for Italy on another house-hunting trip. In the first part of it I had a driver ; but I must postpone my account of him till the article mentioned. I shall only say here that he told me that, in the place to which we were going, houses not only were cheap, but were positively given away.

I had left behind Pisa, its monuments showing in the distance like the great structures of some traveling show suddenly turned to stone ; and I had left behind the clean little ex-ducal city of Lucca. At Lucca, the Sunday bells had been chiming in the early morning. You

look down from the green ramparts into the gardens of many pretty villas, with marble lions on their gateposts. In one, a whole troop of Bernini statues, the kind that are all on the move in every part, seemed rehearsing as for private theatricals among themselves. Yet I had not asked the price of any dwelling at Lucca, and I had not even looked at one at Pisa. The country was flat, and the impression of the sixty-three days of winter rain the statistics set down to it, as against only thirty-six at Nice, was perhaps unduly strong, at this opening stage. There was no resolution arrived at to leave the Villa des Aman diers ; in many respects we could hardly hope to find its equal. Still, it is scarcely in human nature to rest content with any situation, no matter how pleasant, if a chance remains of finding something better elsewhere. It seemed, in a certain sense, almost a matter of duty, too, to spend the next year in Italy ; and so I had set off to spy out the land. The drive was a rather hard pull of sixteen miles up to the Baths of Lucca, in the mountains. The Baths of Lucca is a little summer resort, rather fallen off from a once greater popularity, that we had thought might possibly do for the winter also. Its decline from popularity would not harm it in our eyes and for our especial purposes, but quite the contrary.

The place proved to be a mere secluded vale with a tumbling stream. Now it would recall the Catskills, and

now, with its smooth, very civilized walk between the two principal villages, something at Pau or Dinan. There was a lush deep greenness about it, an English look here and there, — the doing in part of English proprietors who had left behind their hedges, — and some bits of green lawn, that most refreshing of rarities in these latitudes. The landlady at the inn told us she had lately had her house quite full of only English and American women, — not a man among them.

A small principal street with shops; a few gray towers; a crowd of peasants, all men, at the bridge; the neat bath-establishment; a casino, with a cheerful frieze of musical instruments sculptured round it; small hotels, and the apartments to let. In spite of my driver's information, the prices did not seem high. You could have had a furnished house, a quiet, restful place, with a grass-plot before it, in the centre of things, for 800 francs for the season, and for not much more, I judged, for the rest of the year. That was the best there was. The neatest and most taking, on the whole, was an apartment at 400 francs, in the house of the Signora E—— O——. It had four good bedrooms, a salon, and quite a vast dining-room, all very nicely furnished. From the back, you looked out upon a strip of garden, and high up to the third village of the group, cresting the slope above. It was hot that day, a humid oppressive heat, though it was but the 11th of May. It would no doubt be cool enough in winter, by way of recompense; but I should think life at the end of so long a drive could not fail to be almost hermit-like.

I kept on southward to Rome by way of Civita Vecchia. The most surprising feature to note, after an absence of sixteen years, was the prosperous appearance of those once half-waste and fever-stricken districts, the Maremma and the Campagna. Excellent new buildings and

fences, haymakers at work, grainfields and vineyards, fine cattle and sheep, gave tangible sign of the rise of the new Italy, and the extent to which the old order changes. The fresh young kingdom, having made an Italy, had next to make Italians; and it is making them even in the plain about the gates of Rome which immemorial tradition has taught us to shrink from as poisonous. In crossing the Campagna by the branch roads to Frascati and Albano, or flying out to charming Tivoli by the steam tramway, continually laden with merry excursionists, you find it full of fragrant hay, and of flocks and herds and their able-bodied keepers. The people, both men and women, look as well and content, the children as chubby and thriving, as could be wished for even in districts of far better repute.

I did not fail to seek for suitable quarters in these suburban villages on the foothills of the Alban and Sabine mountains, within a radius of twenty-five miles of Rome: Frascati, more spruce and modern; Albano, older and dingier; Tivoli, apparently protected forever from the commonplace by its site on the grand cliffs, and its temple of the Sibyl looking down upon the foaming milk of the cataracts. Yet what think you is the latest from Tivoli? The cataracts have been trained to turn the strong motors that are to make all Rome a blaze of electric light worthy of the splendid new court on the Quirinal.

Villas and apartments were few and far between. As a rule they were furnished, so that it began to look as if the ownership of a sufficient outfit of furniture of one's own might not be such a great advantage, after all; and, without regard to relative conditions of climate and comfort, but considering only the standard left behind me, they were dear. The 350,000 inhabitants of Rome reserve these suburban villages to themselves for their summer outings, and com-

petition keeps up the prices. A rude unfurnished villa, near the bridge, at Ariccia, the property of some Roman prince, would have been 1500 francs.

What most nearly tempted me was a large old house at Castel Gandolfo, with a garden at the rear looking across the wide Campagna to misty Rome. It was pleasantly furnished, it is true, but in front all the population of the main street crowded up against its doorsteps; and when the local omnibus was off duty, it also seemed to be laid up there. Would it have been put down to a low-priced figure, on that account? Perhaps, but I doubt it. And even if it had been, who can say whether it would have been quite worth it at any figure? Some put their comfort in one thing, and some in another. For myself, an important part of it is some "elbow-room," the option to be decently let alone. It is not to disrelish one's fellow-creatures to feel in this way, Heaven forbid! On the contrary, it is to issue forth with sympathies all the fresher and readier to enter helpfully into their concerns, not to collide with them and to have their small miseries under one's eyes at every instant. The country all about was full of charm: smooth roads and pleasant footpaths shaded by ancient trees; the old papal palace at the top of the ridge; the Campagna on one side and Lake Albano on the other; and a little further on, beyond Ariccia, the smaller Lake Nemi, as virginal and lonesome as if it were in a forest of America. Yes, other things being propitious, I should have chosen above all Castel Gandolfo.

The new districts of Rome, the great modern upheaval of which we hear so much, are not immediately obvious to the new-comer upon his arrival; except that of course he sees the new quarter of the Quirinal, the latest grand hotel, the fine bustling new thoroughfare of the Via Nazionale, for all these are on his way in descending from the station. What a delicious glimpse of emerald-

green garden through an archway of the royal palace! What splendid colossal cuirassiers on guard! It is such a pity that anything unpleasant should have had to grow out of the coming of the court to Rome, whether intentionally or otherwise. The royalties are, as royalties go, so good a pair, Queen Margherita so really sweet and charming a woman; and Italian unity is a cause to be so worthily and genuinely enthusiastic about. By reason of this stimulus, there had been a tremendous overbuilding and over-speculation in land. Political movements, the war of tariffs with France, brought on the collapse. In the year 1889 alone, there was a falling-off of exports to the amount of \$30,000,000; and \$30,000,000 would pay for a good deal of building, either in Italy or elsewhere. Mr. Crawford is well using this dramatic latter-day episode in his novel, *Don Orsino*.

A certain great Prince Borghese, whose ancestor was enriched in an earlier building of Rome, found himself bankrupted by the same causes. There were said to be whole settlements of new buildings, out at the Porta Pia and the Porta Salaria, standing doorless, windowless, and roofless, falling to pieces before they were even finished. One would not wish to profit by the misfortunes of his neighbors; but, since this situation existed through no fault of ours, I had a shrewd idea that we might yet be driven to install ourselves, at a mere nominal rent, in a grand suite of brand-new apartments, making some slight sacrifice of taste for the occasion.

There was little change in the better portion of old Rome, — the portion that long tradition has assigned as the Strangers' Quarter. Ten chances to one, your friends who go abroad write their letters to you from the Corso, or the Via del Babuino, or the Piazza di Spagna, or a street or two up at the top of this vast staircase, on the Pincian. These last were much the best; but, in all,

the apartments were furnished chiefly for the use of temporary sojourners, and were well charged for, even by American standards. Quarters for a permanent householder were scarcely, or not at all, to be had. If you will look on the map, you will see, too, that in the precinct below you could not have a great amount of sun at any price, for the principal streets run in such a way that it could not possibly enter the windows. On the Pincian it was different. I should not have minded at all living at number blank Via Sistina or number blank San Trinità de' Monti. Sun; a wide view down the Spanish Steps; a sculptured house, with flowers on its *loggia* in front; and in five minutes' walk, or so, you could be by the fountain at the Villa Medici, looking off from under the oaks at the famous sunset view of St. Peter's, or watching the defile of carriages in the park. But one of these apartments was 400 francs a month, and the other 180; and this, you see, was not within the conditions. I allowed myself to be turned back here only with great reluctance, by default of the proper sort of bills "To Let."

The search in Rome was long, not only because, as elsewhere, the house-hunting would naturally lapse into sight-seeing, but still more from the surprising lack of lodgings offering. I began to traverse the city vigorously in all directions, leaving the question of salubrity to be settled after a choice in other respects attractive had been made. But I found that foreigners long resident in Rome, acquaintance to whom I brought letters, scouted the idea of any well-settled portion of Rome being unhealthy. There was one who told me he had even repeatedly driven across the Campagna, being out as late as eleven o'clock at night, while spending his summers at Albano, and had never come to any harm. If everybody could only settle the problem of living in Rome as he had! An American of intelligence, lit-

erary culture, and wealth, he had taken an ancient palace of Bramante, and become almost more Roman than the Romans themselves. I do not know that I envied him his severe entrance court, with a few dull shrubs on the staircase, — no glowing oranges, no rosy oleanders, prodigal of fragrance, here! — nor even his spacious chambers, bright with color and good taste; but when it came to his library, I distinctly did, and do, envy him that. What a room, *mes amis*, what a room! Many a public library of much pretense could have been contained within it. Books from the floor to the lofty ceiling; a music-gallery at one end, a platform at the other. It might once have been a state banqueting-hall; and yet, vast as it was, it was so skillfully arranged as to have an air of comfort and even cosiness. If one could not walk up and down there and compose immortal works of genius, it would not be for want of a fascinating promenade.

The palaces of lesser size were not to be had, or at least accommodations in them suited to a small family. I had prepared myself to put up with a certain amount of gloom in consideration of the historic grandeur, but even this sacrifice was not permitted. The apartments were all very large and expensive, and, furthermore, would be let only for a term of years. I was directed to the Palazzo Altemps, one of the gray old sort, with heavily barred windows below, ancient statuary, and its staircase disappearing under a cavernous arch, with a "Hark! from the tombs" effect. There was nothing. The *portiere*, the janitor, had nothing; nor did he even know of anything. (There was a discouraging suggestion in the way people — your friends and all — so rarely knew of anything.) But stay! yes, he did; and he began to pilot me into a respectable dark alley, where, he said, there was a flat of six rooms on an inner court. At Bernini's Palazzo Odescalchi, a colossal doorkeeper,

in blue livery, conducted me to a business office on the lower floor, and there a bustling young administrator told me he had nothing but an apartment on the second story for 5000 francs, or \$1000 a year. The only thing I recollect in the department of palaces was a dark appendage of the Palazzo Borghese in a back street near the river. At first sight of its entrance, with two big brass knockers and without a *concierge*, you would say, "Here is a quiet, small, studio sort of building which might be made to serve;" but it developed, as you went on and upward, into fourteen chambers and two terraces. It remained nearly as dark within as without, and it had not a single fireplace, which might be taken as an indication either that the winters were very mild, or that the inmates did not mind being very uncomfortable, as you pleased.

In the Forum of Trajan they were making over a modern building, and the eight rooms on the third floor were 900 francs. The shadows of the broken columns in the forum were falling west, toward the left hand, and that showed the house faced due north. The square, moreover, seemed too stirring, scrambling, and noisy; it did not pay the least attention to the ruins in its midst. How many streets I traversed looking longingly at the southern exposures! In vain: others had been there before me. You know well that in Italy, if the sun does not come into your house, the doctor will. But I suppose it is hardly reasonable to expect anywhere that the inhabitants should keep their best locations free for the convenience of the desultory traveler. Do we not all know, at home, persons who have watched, perhaps even years, for some choice spot, and thereafter have guarded it with jealous care?

In the wide piazza before St. Peter's, north again! If you had felt like clamoring up to the fifth story of a good large house, stuccoed and yellow-washed,

you could have had six rooms for the monthly rental of 90 francs. This was proportionately dearer than Paris. The staircase was marble, wide, bright, and easy, but not very clean, and a janitor worked at shoemaking in a varnished pine box at the foot of it. It is true that the rear windows must have got some southern sunshine, as the front was north, but these were in the minor chambers, and opened above a large court where washing hung out. They caught also a glimpse of the green of Mount Janiculus. Fancy having a view of Mount Janiculus from some of your windows, and of all the soft, beautiful greatness of St. Peter's from the others! I need not dwell upon it. I might make a similar exclamation everywhere, for each separate quarter had its monument of world-wide fame which irresistibly became a centre for the quest. Not to yield to any mere unworthy prejudice, I tried even the vicinity of the Colosseum. The Colosseum closed the end of the street, and the omnibus passed the door for St. John Lateran. Though the houses were good and new, the appointments were rude and harsh and the rooms few in number; such as might have been adapted to superior working people or very minor clerks.

Then at last I sought the fresh-built Rome in which people had ruined themselves. I went from the Dan of Porta Pia to the Beersheba of Prati di Castello, from the Land's End of St. John Lateran to the John O'Groat's of the Villa Ludovisi. I say nothing against the twelve-room apartment in the six-story house, pink and yellow, on the Via Principe Amadeo, except that it was twice too big for us, and that it was 3000 francs. The royal house of Savoy has honored each of its members with a wide, trim, vacant, characterless street, here on the resuscitated Esquiline. I ruled out entirely the abandoned roofless and doorless dwellings, which were few. However cheap they might be in

themselves, they surely were not practical for the case of just such a family as ours.

"Why do you not go to the Villa Ludovisi?" was a question that was often asked me, and to the Villa Ludovisi I did go, as I have said. It is in the north part of the town, back of Hawthorne's famous church of the Cappuccini. It was once the gardens of Sallust, and then a seventeenth-century villa, with a collection of pictures and statues. The region was a dusty chaos of preparation. The clink of the mason's hammer and the pitfalls of mortar-beds were your entertainment. It was all as ugly as possible, and was not even cheap! In the first place, there were scarce any hills out at all; and in the next place, if you found, say, a *mezzanino* — the French *entresol*, or half-story — in some huge, windy, granite tenement house, it was straightway 170 francs a month. The Prati di Castello was worse, for there they asked as much for the same number of rooms — eight — in the same kind of a house, and it was the top story instead. Surely demand had again overtaken the supply, or else the prices of life had been so forced up in Rome that people could not come down even when ruined.

You cross to that side of the Tiber by crude iron truss bridges that do grievous wrong to the rich old bridge of St. Angelo, covered with statues. The banks of the Tiber look as if they were undergoing a sack by Alaric or the Constable of Bourbon. Only the reconstruction is worse than the demolition. It would be childish to object to reforms which are much needed, to letting in light and air, to sanitation and convenience; but what is truly regrettable is that these should be presided over by some influence wholly at war with the great and beautiful traditions of the past. Whence comes this latter-day design, this poor, thin, cold, ephemeral architecture, with scarce a stringcourse, and without a

deep shadow or a sky-line? It produces rows of monotonous factory-like stuccoed buildings riddled with small windows, and these are formed into cold, bare streets and squares without a single touch of interest. Wherever the style comes from, it is at least curious to note the wide extension it is getting: it is the same sort of thing you see at present in Madrid and large modern provincial cities in France, such as Lyons and Marseilles. One is almost driven to the conclusion that the Latin temperament is in full reaction against its past: it has been old and artistic so long that it takes a perverse pleasure in being new and ugly. Rome might justly be compared to a pretty woman who should be ignorant of her own strong point of charm, and should try in every way to suppress it. Rome, being above all things ancient, has come to pride herself above everything else on being modern.

No, we did not see on Palatinus the white porch of our home, and we did not speak on terms that were to become those of every-day companionship to the noble river that rolls by the walls of Rome. We had been prepared to stand even a considerable advance on the prices as fixed by what has been heretofore described, — to allow ourselves, in short, the luxury of seeing Rome; not only its monuments, but something of its society. I think we should have taken the small apartment on the fine Via Nazionale that had been a senator's, if we could have fitted into it. I have been told, however, that even the society, the foreign colony, in Rome is no longer what it was in the great day of tradition. People do not find Rome "the city of the soul" to the same extent as formerly. They come, stay a short time as sight-seers, and move on elsewhere. The place I liked best of all, and which was also the nearest within our means, was in front of the glorious Campidoglio. It looked out on the two vast staircases, the one at the left

to the old brick church of Araceli; the central one to the great Dioscuri mastering their horses, to thoughtful Marcus Aurelius on his charger, and to Michael Angelo's capitol, a treasure-house of sculpture. I have had a large photograph of that scene hanging on my wall nearly all my life, and I should have been glad enough to realize it. On that oldest of the hills of Rome, besides all the rest, you could find painters' bits, where the officers of the Guardia Civile sat by the brick angles of Araceli; and, going on a step, you could look down from the other side upon the chief district of ruins, and across it to the distant blue of the Alban Mountains. That place seemed to combine everything. It made provision even for the infant son — the first that had offered — in the fact that a little street zigzagged up and became a pretty park near all that is left of the Tarpeian Rock. There had been no bill out. I had got in the way, by that time, of applying even where there were no bills. But what think you? The apartment could not be seen; I could judge of it only by hearsay; and it would not be vacant before October, and perhaps not even then.

I had not thought of going farther south than Rome, on this occasion. Inclement north winds would pursue you in the winter even at Capri and Palermo. If you took up your abode in the fascinating island of Capri, you might find yourself, furthermore, cut off from the mainland by raging gales for a week at a time. You have to go down as far as Catania, on the slopes of Etna, to be really comfortable in winter, and that is too far. By that time you are well on the way to Malta and Egypt, and, if climate be the object, you might as well continue.

Turning northward, then, I shall only say of Siena, where there is something of an English colony, that the people I chanced to have known who had tried

it had spoken in an aggrieved way of penetrating cold and dampness there. That this cannot logically be given as a sufficient objection will be seen later on, but for the moment it was an objection. Perugia I crossed off at once. If we were to pedestrianize to all the other Umbrian towns round about, — of which there is so grand a view from the chief piazza, — we could never endure, on each occasion, to have to descend and ascend again the glaring road up that interminable hill. Of the town, too, and the sitting statue of Pope Julius, it may be said that it is the beautiful genius of Hawthorne that has made them, and not they themselves. There was a quaint incident in progress at the time, making what was possibly an unaccustomed stir of life. The *carabinieri* had killed the dog of some innocent poor fellow, in the belief that the animal was mad. The owner, having no journal at his command, was distributing on all sides printed handbills, vindicating the memory of his pet, and calling down opprobrium upon the ruthless slayers.

Florence is another of those places which are supposed to have been ruined by the advent of the royal court. A period of over-inflation was caused by the coming of the court, which collapsed after its departure for Rome. Such is the story, and you are constantly hearing that you can have lodgings there for a song. You would think it was a sort of Tadmor of the wilderness. But observe that the court departed for Rome now some twenty years ago, and there has been plenty of time since for things to equalize themselves. Florence is certainly cheaper than Rome, but the cheapness is relative, after all. The population do not flock in mass to put their dwellings at your disposal, as the unsophisticated may have supposed, and beg you to take them at any price. If, in the space at my disposal, I should detail all my experience there, it would lapse into a mere catalogue. I saw none of the

real bargains such as I have had occasion to mention in several of the French towns. And yet how more than ever relative it is when you think of all the different tastes and requirements! I am aware that it is quite inexcusable to put my own so much in the foreground. It is one thing if you want to have the Uffizi, the Duomo, and the academy that contains Michael Angelo's David within constant reach, and quite another thing if you have seen the great galleries almost enough, and are almost satisfied with climate alone.

English influence is apparent in Florence. It is recalled to you by the three churches, and by the racing-shells you see dart out from under an arch of the Ponte Vecchio. There is a bright spruceness about the approaches to some of the apartments. More care seems given to "modern conveniences" than in Rome; fixed bath-tubs are not wholly unknown, and kitchens are often at the top of the house, to let off smoke and odors inoffensively. The *villino* at Florence supplies to a small extent the need of detached houses. On the Viale, the boulevard around the town, and various other broad avenues it crosses, are places so devoted to villinos in their shady dooryards that you might half fancy yourself in New Haven or Cleveland. The villinos are occasionally arranged for two families, and the proprietor desires to remain below and keep the garden. One of them did not wish to receive a child, not the most winning, tranquil, and exceptional one on earth. It was the very first hint of such limitations. Would it be credited when reported back to the Villa des Amandiers? Would there be Junonian wrath, maternal scorn and resentment there?

American influence, of course, is counted with the English, in Florence; though here too the permanent colony seems not to be what it has been in other days. To sum up, a fairish apartment would cost from 1200 to 1800 francs a

year, which I would put as the figure for which you could make yourself very comfortable indeed in or about Nice. At those prices, you would be located remote from the centre, in the Via Montebello, near the public gardens; or in the chief part of a villino by the Mugnone, a little tributary of the Arno; or in the centre, on a fourth story in the handsome Via Cavour. A first story in the same Via Cavour was 2800 francs. It is true that it had an escutcheon over the doorway, and sixteen rooms, of which two were kitchens. It is hard to see why there should be two kitchens, especially in these days when Mr. Edward Atkinson, with his new Aladdin oven, promises to spare us soon the need of even one.

Turning to the country, I did not find it so pleasing in vegetation, and what was stranger yet, I did not find it a whit more Italian than what I had left behind. How often have I been driven to think that it is the Riviera which is the true Italy! This warm and sunny zone, which was formerly all Italian territory, corresponds more nearly than any other to the enthusiastic descriptions of past travelers and poets, and has fixed our conceptions of what Italy should be. The view of Nice from the Col de Villefranche seemed to me finer than that of Florence from Fiesole. The climb to Fiesole is much like that from Nice to Cimiez, only longer, steeper, dustier, and far more shut in by baffling high walls. When Boccaccio and his friends were telling their tales at the Earl of Crawford's villa, on this road, they could hardly have wanted to go into Florence very often, even apart from the great plague, unless they had excellent horses. When the lofty village is reached, it is a steep climb again to the point of view at the Franciscan monastery.

Surely the stars in their courses, thus far, were fighting for the Villa des Amandiers. It has been replied to per-

sons who lament the difficulty of getting literary fame that if it were not difficult it would not be fame. So, too, I suppose, if it were not so difficult to unearth, in the storied lands of Europe, or anywhere else, an inexpensive home with sufficient charm almost to defy the usual traditions of wealth and luxury, it could not be half as much appreciated when found. It would be a defeat of the "Haves" by the "Have-nots," a reversal of the present laws of political economy which prevail on one side of the ocean as well as on the other. It has been abundantly seen by this time that the object was one to be attained only by a long and arduous quest and with the aid of good luck.

There was an instructive difference in the causes, though the result — the shortage of desirable dwellings — was everywhere pretty much the same. My next important attempt was at Venice. I venture to say, you would, on general principles, have wagered readily on there being better chances in Venice than anywhere else, — in red old Venice, mouldering on its labyrinthine miles of canals, the city that had once held 200,000 people, and then dwindled to but 96,000. But go house-hunting there, and you will find, with unwelcome surprise, that it has perhaps the fewest openings of all. Apart from the liberal provision of dear furnished lodgings for the strangers who come to pass a month or two in the spring and autumn, there is very little to choose from. Nor is this any mere fiction of interested house-agents. Venice has got back now to a population of about 140,000, and, making allowance for the buildings that may have disappeared in the mean time, is none too large for her inhabitants. Her day of prosperity has returned. Her position as a chief port of the new kingdom of Italy, the revival of a natural commercial advantage, and other favoring conditions have made her a great shipping mart, a manufacturing town, and a

most popular bathing-resort. It has a decidedly American ring when people cite to you the manufacturing concerns that have lately moved there, and the large number of hands each employs. So that there are very few houses to be had. The Grand Canal begins to take a commercial look; large signs are thrust out upon the palaces in a way that recalls the march of trade up Fifth Avenue in New York. A few Englishmen and Americans who purchased cheap on this thoroughfare, years ago, have unwittingly joined a shrewd business speculation to their unique choice of residence. Among such residents were the Brownings. The Rezzonico palace is forever identified with their name. No royalty whatever has nobler accommodations than has Browning's son, the artist, in this palace, which is possibly kept up now with even greater perfection than it was in its historic day. A vast ball-room and interminable suites of reception-rooms hung in figured silks strike with astonishment. Again, as before in the library I have mentioned in Rome, one wonders at the niggling taste of the American rich, who will not do this grand and simple sort of thing, but lavish millions on houses that are like a puzzle of Chinese boxes, covered with a chaos of chimney-stacks and dove-cotes. A smooth beauty within contrasts with the fortress-like massiveness without; for it is a cyclopean sort of Renaissance, and not the gay, rosy Byzantine-Gothic with which Ruskin and the painters have almost identified our ideal of Venice. Huge embossed heads stare from the rugged quoins, and the walls are so thick that comfortable beds can be made up on the window-sills.

I will describe two of the abodes I looked at in Venice, one large and one small, which may serve as typical of the rest. Everybody, at first, wishes to be upon the Grand Canal; after a sufficient time, there is greater willingness to try some of the more sheltered small *campi*

and quays of the interior. The first, then, was an apartment in a large sober palace on the Grand Canal. Need I say that it looked northward? It had belonged to an American consul-general, who, having given up his post, had proposed to settle down in Venice, as the place that pleased him best in all the world, but after a little had changed his mind; and it was recommended to me by a competent judge as the very best and most reasonable thing he knew of in the place. That the tendency of rents was upwards will be seen from the fact that the price for the ensuing year was 1600 francs, but it was specified that the lease would be renewed only at the rate of 1700, thereafter.



The apartment was the one immediately above the *piano nobile*, or principal story, and scarcely less large and lofty than that. The *piano nobile* itself is hardly ever to let. As there is also a high ground floor, devoted to the water-entrance, the storage of the surplus furniture of gondolas, and to sleeping-chambers for the gondoliers and others, you have already a length of bare stone staircase to climb equal to that of a third or fourth story in Paris. A large ante-chamber, with a carved and gilded wooden altar from some old church against one wall, opened into a great dining-room, and this in turn, on either side, into a salon and principal bedroom. I paced

off the distance, and none of the three could have varied much from thirty-six feet by twenty-one. The length of the bedroom was broken by an archway, making a pleasant alcove. I went at once to open the casement windows, which fitted the ogival arches without. They were so high above the floor that a platform was built to reach to them. A balcony all along the front was found to be too narrow to enter comfortably, and was intended chiefly for external ornament.

"La bella situazione!" exclaimed commendably the elderly factotum who had come with me to do the honors. It was perfectly easy to agree with him. "Cospetto!" he added, which is about like saying, "Good gracious! I should say so."

I have sometimes, since, fancied our being there, rather shut in for want of solid land to walk about on, and looking out at the rich red Byzantine palace and the charming little house, with a bit of garden before it, opposite, and at the tramway steamers darting swiftly to the station of San Toma; or again, in winter, looking out at the rain pelting incessantly into the leaden canal, or the snowflakes falling upon it, or the bitter winds harrying it. I turned back to see what was in the rooms. All the floors were of polished Roman cement, the usual flooring; the doors were of some rather elegant hard wood; while the walls and ceiling had lost whatever ancient distinction they had had, and were covered with cheap paper of ordinary design. Three monumental stoves (for wood) in tiles or plaster, tinted, partly took away the bareness of the rooms; and the dining-room was furthermore helped out by two great canvases, some twelve feet square, showing, all in tones of faded green, two ancient Palladian villas with their gardens. At the first blush, the problem of furnishing such a huge place seemed terrifying; but I am convinced, on reflection, that it need not

have been. Hangings would have done much for the vacant walls, and in our day charming hangings need no longer be dear. On the whole, our effects would have gone very well there. We should at least have been a standing protest, for the time, against the Anglo-Saxon vice of dreadful over-furnishing and stuffiness.

The problems of heating and lighting were much more formidable. Our lamps could have penetrated the ample obscurity with but a feeble gleam. You could hardly dine a friend under such circumstances; and the evenings promised to be dull at home, when we were not listening to the music and taking ices at Florian's, in the brilliant piazza of St. Mark's. But all that makes default just in the time of the year when you would need it the most. Going back to Venice in midwinter expressly to verify these conclusions, I found men shoveling the snow into mountainous heaps all over the piazza of St. Mark's, as they might after an American blizzard; the shopping thoroughfare of the Merceria was ankle-deep in slush; and one of our consuls of the time told me he had never known any other climate where the damp cold penetrated so thoroughly to the marrow.

The southern sun came into the kitchen and some of the minor rooms at the rear from a court. You see no kitchen on the plan I have made. The kitchen was down a half-story, with a whole series of other small rooms for which we should have had no use at all. It had only two charcoal holes for the cooking, and the water must be pumped up daily from below. These half-stories are frequently managed in the height of the others; for, naturally, there is no need of all the rooms being as lofty as those in which you might have received the queen of Cyprus or the ambassadors of the Ottoman Porte. Another half-story up led to a great attic, brick-floored, which would have made a magnificent

romping-ground for children. Still higher, on top of the roof, there is often a wooden lookout, from which you can command all the red tiles of the city and across to the snowy Venetian Alps. It is an excellent idea for the preservation of privacy, in Venice, that they manage to give each apartment its own separate entrance. The palace is entered on all sides, from all sorts of dark little streets. The drawback to the plan is that all but the principal tenant are cut off from arrival by the grand water-portal, which is something in which one would take a good deal of pride, if he had it.

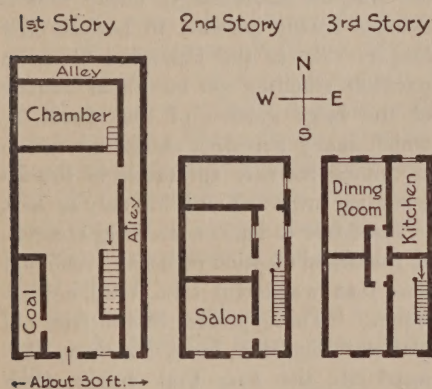
I have not room for the subject of landlords. One was a Parisian *grande dame* with an exceedingly shrewd air; another, a Venetian widow, who held that she did not know how to bargain, and I rather think it was so. Another was a stately ecclesiastic in silk stockings, who offered me his apartment of twenty vast rooms, in absolutely neat, perfect condition, and absolutely vacant of everything, for 2500 francs; but it must be taken for six years at least, and he would much prefer nine. There is a curious habit of estimating the rent of quarters by the day, long as the period is for which they mean you to take them. I repeatedly heard rents divided up into ten francs, two francs and a half, and the like, per day. The Jewish element, again, is very strong and prosperous; it is said that one third of the property in Venice is owned by Jews.

I am sure it would be much easier to imagine a palace in Venice than a small private house. I had not forgotten my wish for a small house apart, even in the queen city of the Adriatic, and I pursued it persistently,—the more so as the apartments had proved so large and cheerless. "*Parva domus magna quies.*" I found something at last on the Calle della Donna Onesta that I hoped might be made to do. North again? No, south this time. It was

curiously interlocked with another house at the back, in mediæval fashion, so that the rear windows of two of its three chief stories were blocked. You would hardly expect the luxury of a dooryard in Venice, and there was none, but there was an alley at the right, which gave side windows. The rent was very low, — but forty francs a month, — which would allow a margin for improvements to make us very comfortable. It was a good wide Dutch-looking house, of red brick, with stone stringcourses, a door in the middle, entered immediately from the level, and green shutters upon all the windows. A hundred yards or less

seven and nine A. M., and three and five P. M., that the servants could go there with their clinking copper buckets, and gossip around it, and form the traditional *genre* groups. We should have continued to send, of course, from time to time, for the picturesqueness of it; but one of my first steps was to go to the office of the company, at the Traghetto San Benedetto, and see what the *acqua-dotto* water, the good water from the river Brenta, could be put in for. I found the expense was not great. The same thing could be done also for the gas, as the conduits were near, if they did not pass the door. There is a pleasant incongruity in talking of putting in gas and water in Venice; but as the romantic things can become almost commonplace by too long familiarity with them, so the commonplace things of life abroad take on a certain romance.

It would have been my idea to dash the walls of the entrance story, which was all one large, bare, rather damp room, with warm pinkish color, and suspend bold hangings there. It was floored with broken red marble. After having once been something better, it had become a bake-shop, I think, for I discovered the oven at the back. I should have put something rather elaborate in the way of a brass knocker on the green entrance door, a specimen of the artistic brass work you find among the makers of gondola fittings over on the other side; and it would have been becomingly Venetian to have had some touch of yellow window curtains alongside the green shutters. A good platform staircase led to the several stories, and the corridor was of a pleasant, country-like width. As the kitchen was at the top of the house, we should have done well to make our dining-room next it. There were no traditions as to arrangement, and we could have divided up the rooms to suit ourselves. We should have had a boat of our own, and kept the oars and the awning in the ample spaces of the en-



A SMALL HOUSE IN VENICE.

separated it from the Grand Canal, and there was a rather pretty glimpse of it from the corner. You could have made a satisfactory water-color of it, to send home. Who of us are free from some small vanity of wishing to impress others with our actions?

This little house had absolutely no modern improvements, — not a trace of them. There was not a fireplace in it; but the cheap rental would have allowed us to make one, and also to pay for plenty of fuel. All the water was brought from the public well in the small Campo San Toma, but a few blocks away. The said well was kept under lock and key a good part of the day; it was only between the hours of

trance floor. We should have rowed to the Rialto, which was but a short distance away, and brought back our marketing ourselves. A huge provision of everything was spread out there; and I was told, by an informant of much experience, that one could live nowhere else in the world so cheaply as in Venice. The wondrous Archives, the Academy of Fine Arts, were but a few steps distant; we had only to go to the ferry, close by, to be set down in ten minutes by the tram-boats at the piazza of St. Mark's. All the rich opportunities of Venice, in pictures, in libraries, and in "subjects," and the cosmopolitan people who came there, were at hand. And in our own house, "away from the pulling and the hauling," not the roar of a single cab could break the smooth, restful silence, should we remain in the great water city.

We did not do it. Would the child D—— fall into the canal before our door? Were the bad smells, from the tide in the canals and all the things floating in them, really as harmless as their apologists maintained? Would the enervating lassitude of the long period of summer heat yield to habit, or, if not, what considerable part of our income should we spend in avoiding it? And *should* we escape the pulling and the hauling very much, after all? The last I saw of our fancied home, as I looked back upon it, the bare-headed mothers of the vicinity were taking counsel together before it, and a group of urchins, of the irrepressible variety that swarms out from the dense neighborhood of the school of San Rocco, — these rococo urchins were wrangling over a division of fish they had caught, in its very doorway.

All was duly noted for final reference, and the question was settled within half a day after leaving Venice. Verona was *en route*, and Verona was a charming provincial city where I had once passed some time. The visit was

more one of reminiscence and sentiment than anything else; yet there had been a house there that I used to fancy I should like to live in. I drove to see it. There is a brisk stir of modern life in the city of Romeo and Juliet, as elsewhere. The approach to the pleasant hill of San Lorenzo, under the white forts of the Austrian domination, had been cut across by the station of a new railway to Lake Garda; and besides, there was no sign now, any more than in former times, that the house had ever been vacant. But there was another one, a place so quaint and original, so charmingly situated, and, on top of all the rest, so fascinatingly cheap that it seemed hardly possible to hesitate any longer. It was the Palazzina Giusti, a pavilion standing on an upper terrace of the large garden of that name, to which many travelers obtain admission as among the rare spectacles of the interesting town. You have only to look in Baedeker to learn something about it. A rhetorical mention of it has even crept into that wonderful tale, Guy Livingstone. "The cypresses in the trim old garden," says the book, "soaring skyward till the eyes that follow grow dizzy, — the trees that were green and luxuriant years before the world was redeemed." This is slightly incorrect, though there is the stump of one dating back fourteen hundred years, and there are a great number that are four or five hundred years old. The palazzina dominated ancient parterres and statues, and the stairway, climbing to it through an alley of venerable cypresses, disappeared in the mouth of an enormous head cut in the solid rock. On the other side it had an exit, its practical gate for every day, on a street that had once been holy; while beyond this, close by, passed the old brick city wall, with its basis in the time of the Romans, and scars upon its battlements from the conflicts of the Middle Ages. It was to be our walled town *par excellence*,

and went far to still the craving of that peculiar taste. The ruddy notch-battlemented walls, with a still green promenade within them, ran up hill and down dale in the most taking way, and, antiquated though they now were, sentry-posts of *bersaglieri* still mounted guard at their towers.

The pavilion seemed even more attractive to me than the main palace of the ancient Counts Giusti, below. "Palazzina" would sound well at a distance. I asked the amiable gardener if it was inhabitable and had lately been inhabited.

"Yes," he replied, lifting his arm towards it with the same comprehensive gesture we were to see him employ later, as he directed some inquiring friends where to find us, — "yes, it was occupied by the widow of a German officer, with her daughters. They left it only because the peculiarly healthy situation gave them such good appetites, signore, and such a florid state of robustness that they were actually uneasy about it, and felt obliged to go away."

This unique credential was unnecessary. At least the house was inhabitable.

Returning to our home at Villefranche-sur-Mer, by way of Turin and a pass over the little-traveled Alpes Maritimes, I think it was a whiff of the breath of orange blossoms, coming up the valley, six or eight miles above Ventimiglia, that first subtly gave the new conclusions pause. It was the land of Mignon's song once more, and its potent charm promised to be but the stronger for having been a moment forgotten.

The Villa des Amandiers was at its best. The shadow of the cliff no longer fell upon the long walk, except in the measure agreeable for shade. The wild flowers that had sprung up there in the winter had given place to new series in their turn, — to iris, narcissus, poppy, primrose, and crocus. Each one lasts a very long time; there is no sudden for-

cing out with fierce heat, and as sudden drying up. The farmer was grafting orange buds upon wild stock. To come out in the fresh morning, and watch the opening blossoms on my own small trees along the terrace, sometimes seemed worth more than all the antiquities of Rome. Cherry-time, too, was at hand. We had bought a horse for jogging about the pleasant country, and meant to explore as far as the small Alpine resorts to which many of the well-to-do of Nice retire in summer, — San Dalmazzo and Saint-Martin-Lantosque and Berthemont. Winter hardships were over, and the long, pleasant season of dining out on the terrace was all before us. Why move at all? We summed up Rome and Venice and Florence and the rest, and decided that those were all places to go to only as travelers; we were within such easy striking distance of them. I even ran over to Corsica, and traversed all the island, finding nothing there to tempt us. One passes agreeable hours with the wild scenery; it might be a pretty diversion to stay for a little under the shade of the fresh vivid green chestnut forests at the Springs of Orezza, which is a very much ruder Baths of Lucca. But the voyage is a rough and trying one; the climate is much too open to the suspicion of fevers. Ajaccio is crude and ill-favored as compared to the leading towns of the Riviera, while anything else would be impossible. I trust you have remarked the acquittal, of late, of the hardened bandit Bellacoscia, and the excellent example it sets to the youth of a country where lawlessness is still held in great admiration.

We decided, then, to remain, saying only that, at the proper time, we must seek another location where in winter we could have all the sun there was to its latest ray, — which is by no means easy to find. But hardly was the decision to stay well matured when an opposite decision was precipitated by an untoward circumstance. The rift in our

armor, as it were, the drawback and latent threat in our situation, all along, was the little abode that stood vacant on our terrace, immediately opposite our door. I have spoken already of this peculiar French manner of arranging things. It was never meant to be occupied except by inmates of the large villa, or by some one very agreeable to them. I had ornamented it as part of our general *motif*. It had had such tenants as an artist known to fame, a picturesque old abbé, and a young officer of *chasseurs*. We were rather looking forward to the arrival of some such tenants again, for the pleasant novelty and plenty of practice in the language. Without warning or redress, the agent popped into it a numerous family, who found it to their liking as a place for passing the summer. It was not the fault of these worthy neighbors if they conducted all their domestic operations on the terrace: they could hardly do otherwise; there was no room for them inside. They invited the hostlers and care-takers left in his house below by the commandant, who had by this time gone away with his troops to manœuvre in the mountains; and the merriment in which they indulged would surely have been innocent enough could it only have been half a mile away. It was useless to offer to pay the additional rent of this cottage. We could not enter into a competition of trampling down the grass, for it was ours; nor of high clamor; nor of casting out vegetable parings and *débris*, which would very likely have been taken only for pleasant sociability. There was nothing for it but to beat a retreat.

I had first to get a certificate of change of residence from the respected mayor of our commune, setting forth also that I would take with me to Verona my household effects, as per a detailed list annexed. This that they might not have to pay duty, as entering into commerce. This was legalized by the name, seal, and fee of the Italian

consul-general at Nice. We got up at daybreak, that morning, the villa was dismantled, and everything was on board by eleven o'clock, and the car sealed up with a lead seal. It cost about twenty-five dollars for the things, on the "car-load" plan, and the transport took nine days, which we passed in a little journey. Thus ended the pleasant chapter at the Villa des Amandiers. Whether it were only my own individual experience or not, I found the French railway officials short and gruff, and the Italian polite.

Arrived at Verona, I presented myself, with a proper sponsor, at the stately city hall, opposite the great Roman amphitheatre, the grand guardhouse of the Venetian rule, and the battlemented gate of the Visconti. I furnished the assistant of the mayor with numerous particulars about myself and the members of my small family, which were duly recorded, and we were granted permission to select our domicile in Verona. I then proceeded with my papers to the custom-house, in a suppressed convent, next the nice old brick-and-marble church of San Fermo, translated into Italian in full the list of all my effects from the French, swore, signed, countersigned, and duplicated; hurried away to do a good deal more of the same thing at the branch custom-house at the railway; and was finally free to take my goods away from the latter, finishing just at the closing hour of three. They were all in good condition. Going back to Nice with them, another time, they were very much broken, probably on account of being tossed about by the French customs-people at the frontier.

One of the amusing minor features of the hegira was the transformation our name underwent in the various papers. I have kept them all. A common form of the family name was "Bisoph," to which I am well used. But a family name was not often deemed necessary,

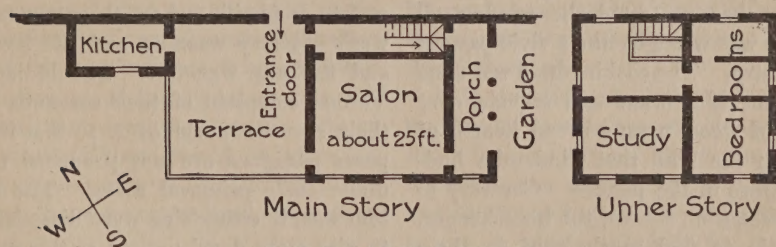
or rather was entirely mixed up with the others. Thus I was "Signor William Henry," or simply "William," or, again, "Villiam Enrico." One's ancestors enter into every public transaction here, and, having given my father's and mother's name, I find the former's curiously attached to mine in this way: I am set down, in the extreme form of the evolution, as Signor "Bishop d'Elias." Surely that is a very pretty distance already from the original. There is an idea in it for those anxious for high-sounding pedigrees which would afterwards have the sanction of grave official documents.

I suppose there was hardly ever a greater tugging, straining, and swearing, since the hauling of war material to the

warmer than what we had just left, how hot, how very hot it was, with a heat of a totally different quality, as we were deposited, with all our belongings, upon our large brick terrace, and left to the task of settling the house! Our welcomed privacy here was somewhat at the expense of refreshing draughts. We stretched an awning over the terrace, but it was a large space to cover, and the awning was always being thrown out of gear, or split and carried away by thunderstorms, while the very high rear wall was a veritable reverberator of heat.

But the delightful prospect should be and was a compensation for almost anything. All Verona, every ruddy tower and church spire, was under our eyes,

Via Scala Santa (Street)



THE PALAZZINA GIUSTI.

battlements for those tyrant princes the Scaligers or for Theodoric the Great, than in getting our two bulky dray-loads of effects up the steep incline and along the grass-grown secluded lane to our gateway. The ancient fortifications closed in on one side, and garden walls, almost as lofty, on the other. At one place, there had even to be a partial unloading; an old arch, sprung across the way at an awkward angle, seemed to bar it entirely, and the abutments were passed only by the merest hair's-breadth.

It was then the 24th of July, and though I had been inclined to think this new post of ours — upon a bold foothill, with the grand snow mountains in sight over towards Lake Garda and in all the views northward — could hardly be any

to be studied and grown familiar with at leisure; the windings of the Adige; the pretty villages; and, beyond, Mantua and the other cities of the plain that were to be the theatre of our wanderings. And under the parapet, as if the principal pasture for our eyes, the labyrinths, statues, and parterres of the green Giusti garden which had brought us, were not enough, a part of the immediate foreground was a convent garden, into which the nuns, in pretty costumes of blue and gray, used to come out for their recreation, and till the ground, and chatter and make merry like a flock of sparrows. Above is a diagram of the palazzina.

Below it was all one fine large room, of which we made both salon and din-

ing-room, when we did not dine upon the terrace, and I must concede that that was but seldom. The story above was divided into four rooms, of one of which we made a cosy sitting-room and study. It contained a curious goblin-like little iron stove; but in the winter, this proving insufficient, the proprietor replaced it with a prodigious affair of bricks and mortar which it took six men to bring up from the palace below. It was a good deal like moving a chimney. A mason spent half a day afterwards in plastering up the crevices. We had a similar one in the parlor, and both burned wood at two francs the hundred-weight.

The kitchen was across the terrace, a small building by itself. It had a very wide Dutch window that would have suited a painter. Into the squares of the grating that protected the window all Verona was wrought like a vivid pattern of tapestry. The cooking here was done by means of a crane and tripods, over fagots of wood, upon a broad hearth of precisely the kind that Cinderella huddles before in the picture. Contrary to all expectation, S——, the housekeeper, was able to find much good in these primitive appliances, and to say that the wood made a readier and hotter fire than coal.

The servant question was naturally one pressing for immediate solution. A stately sort of dame in a Spanish mantilla, who had been employed by the Franceschine nuns below, came to us, but was totally incapable of comprehending that we could not wait for her ten days. What was to become of us in the mean time was no affair of hers; the only important fact was that the place suited her, and she would be glad to take it in ten days. A certain Giacinta was secured to come in by the day for the cooking and other heavier work. She was a stout, smiling, willing girl, faithful according to her lights, but easy-going and shiftless in her methods. She had a most

extraordinary equanimity of temper; with her everything went always well. The question of wages gave her no great concern; no rivalry upset her; no extra demand, no tugging of heavy supplies up the steep from the market, ever appeared to her inconvenient or inopportune. Then we got for a nurse-maid a thin, very blonde, and German-looking girl from the province of Mantua, inclined to be cross-grained and moody, but much more efficient. Upon her trunk was neatly lettered, by some friend, probably a clerk, "*La gentilissima Signorina Melania So-and-So.*" Melania's pay was ten francs a month with board, and Giacinta's was twenty francs without. These were the Italian prices; there was nothing exceptional about them; strange as it may seem, they were even liberal. We knew of well-to-do families where there was more work — heavy washing and the like — and the pay was less. The ladies of Verona complain of their servants, like their sex the world over, so that it appears paragons are not produced even under these primeval rates. The custom was, if either side were dissatisfied, to give eight days' notice; or this might be commuted, on the employer's side, into eight days' pay.

Keeping house again in a new language was a considerable part of the opening trials; and, as usual, it was not even a language, but a dialect, and even two dialects, one of each province represented. We got sausage sometimes for salad, and cheese for ice. Once Melania quarreled violently in the kitchen, and came to us and gave in her resignation. We were serenely unconscious of what she said, and she, nonplused by such a situation, seeing day after day that we had no idea she was going, felt obliged, in sheer despair, to remain.

We were rather far from the most advantageous marketing; that is, the central market in the Piazza delle Erbe, where the quaint mediæval surroundings

seemed all arranged for grand opera rather than business. But nothing in Verona was dear compared to our late experiences. From a few items judge of all; *ex pede Herculem*. Eggs were now fifteen sous, or cents, a dozen, milk was but four sous a litre, and the best *filet* of beef but three francs a kilo — two and one fifth pounds — as against five francs in France. The meat, which had been a constant problem in France, was here always tender and good. How forbear grateful recollections of the thick, juicy mutton-chops at less than half the price at Nice, even if they could have been had at Nice at all! This again may be matter of only individual experience, but I have never seen anywhere else such delicious mutton. The sheep were an equal delight to the eye, feeding in pastoral groups on the wide stretch of greensward that continued the glacis of the fortifications all around the city. A “fixed-price” system was agreeably applied more or less, here, even in the market; that is to say, upon a pile of fine tomatoes there would be affixed a small placard with the words “two sous a kilo,” the same upon potatoes, and so on.

I have not yet stated the rent of the palazzina; it was thirty francs a month. What with the expense of moving and all, it could not be counted at that figure the first year; but after the first year, why, it practically amounted to an abolition of rent. With a house and two servants for sixty francs a month, was not the problem of living solved? Was not this a more artistic and rational kind of Thoreauism? It seemed the very last word of cheapness. And a house in what surroundings! You could go down to Verona and get books. Besides the excellent public library, there was another and a full reading-room at a pleasant sort of club, a literary society founded as early as 1808. One was isolated from nothing important, either ancient or modern, in this fine city of between sixty

and seventy thousand people. In the first enthusiasm of realizing all this, and when our preliminary difficulties were somewhat settled, it seemed reasonable to exclaim: “Oh, let us stay here forever! Let us thoroughly master the Italian tongue, go back to America when need be, but roam no more, and call this our home.” There was a grand apartment, with frescoes in the style of the old masters, down in a wing of the Giusti palace, for about 1200 francs a year, if you wanted it. For what would be a very modest scale of expense in America one could here keep horses and live like a sort of Sardanapalus. It was the good commercial plan of making the most of one’s fortune by reducing his divisor, if he cannot increase his dividend. Nothing is more strictly philosophical than to bring the cost of the necessities of life as low as possible, since it is from its superfluities that the principal pleasure is derived.

It is true that the full enjoyment of the Giusti garden was not included in the price named. On the contrary, we were asked a sum equal to just twice and a half our house-rent. We arranged a sort of *modus vivendi* for a great reduction upon this demand; but this question was never entirely settled, and was open to future adjustment, if we had stayed. Our doors eastward gave upon a fine portico with light stone columns, and for the keystones of the arches grotesque heads which laughed down upon us. They had seen worse cares and trials than ours, in the three hundred years or so they had been keeping up their gayety there. They had seen notably the doings of that young nobleman who, fleeing from the machinations of Eugène Beauharnais, Napoleon’s viceroy in Italy, had concealed himself a long time in the cavernous cisterns under our terrace, and only got his food when it was let down to him through the ancient well-curb communicating with it. The portico gave upon the upper

walk of the garden, planted mainly in the naturalistic type, in contrast with the geometries of Le Nôtre below. What charming promenades we have had amid the laurels, the graceful acacias, and the *sempre-verde* of many patterns of this our principal retreat! How merrily has the baby D—— run round the catalpa-tree just before our door, to stir his blood in the frosty autumn mornings! How warily has he shunned the hedge of May roses that guarded the edge of the precipice! And how truly — then coming to his first accents of speech in the foreign tongue — has he summed up all the winsome prospect in his “Guarda che bella!”

I cannot say just how old our palazzina was, but I have had one of those little marriage-books such as are still in fashion in Italy, which was printed to celebrate the marriage of a Count Giusti in the year 1620, and this gave a little account of it that was naturally quite interesting to us. It was in the form of a dialogue between a Stranger, Forestiero, and a Citizen, Cittadino, who had undertaken to show him the property of a Cavalier esteemed the glory of the nobility and the pattern of every grace and virtue. After having visited in detail the palace and the main part of the garden, they arrive at the upper level.

“*Forestiero*. Is it not drawing near our time to return?”

“*Cittadino*. First let us look upon the delights of the palazzina. . . . Here flourishes a second garden. . . . We see figs of such mien and flavor that one would rather take them for the ambrosia of the gods than for mere mortal fruits. Here are not wanting the fragrant salvia, the cooling mint, the valued rosemary, as well also as the *cinara*, either neglected of the ancients or unknown of them. . . . And now we are to enjoy this grand new prospect from the palazzina within.

“*Forestiero*. Fine chambers are these, truly; wondrously provided with seemly

ornamentation and comfort. But what well is this I remark here on the interior terrace? How can water be raised to such a height?

“*Cittadino*. The entire surface of this terrace is vaulted beneath, to hold a great supply of rain-water, which can be distributed at will among the fountains below. They disdain to receive water, so fair are they, from any other source than heaven direct.

“*Forestiero*. This height is certainly nothing else than Mount Pindar itself. Here laurel abounds on every side, and the Muses disport with Apollo. The flowers parallel the stars in heaven, except that they have the advantage in being of a thousand colors, while the stars are of but one. . . . Oh, happy he that, far from every carking care, might breathe this air, and, beneath this time-honored shade, go on quietly weaving verse in which the apt rhymes and noble thought would be worthy of the scene all around!”

Why then did we not stay? Why are we not still in the Palazzina Giusti? I fear I shall give but insufficient reasons. The novelty wears off after a while; there are moods in which you would look little more at the rich Byzantine-Gothic churches San Zeno or Santa Anastasia than at a backwoods meeting-house. We were high and secure above the outer world, but the deserted streets by which we had to descend through a rather poor quarter were often unpleasantly neglected and malodorous. The municipality would send and clean them at times, but did not seem to be able to keep it up. If one should persist in an out-and-out New England squeamishness, of course he could not travel in Europe at all; but still, even so, he may draw the line somewhere.

Then I shall have to cite climate again, — endless gossip *de la pluie et du beau temps*, perhaps you will say. At first it was hot, hot, suffocating, unendurable. We were even alarmed by the

uncompromising fierceness of the heat, and went away and passed most of the month of August at Bosco Chiesanuova, a mountain village devoid of most conveniences, but amusing in spite of itself. The mellow autumn came on, lovely as everywhere. We walked our garden paths now with pleasure, and promised ourselves ample atonement. In the property of the Franceschine, every formal little fruit tree seemed of pure gold; the thin vines on the trellises were of gold; and it was astonishing what good subjects for a painter were lost when the nuns, in their white bonnets and gray-blue gowns, moved about amid this yellow tracery. At that season, too, we began our excursions. Another reason why the first year could not have been very cheap is that we were forever excursing. Venice, of course; then Mantua, the city of "the lean apothecary;" Palladio's Vicenza, where also, I should think, one might live charmingly, on the lines here indicated; the brilliant old battlefields of Rivoli and Arcole, and the sad modern one of Custozza; and Lake Garda, with a taste of an Austrian town over the border at Riva. It is no very long railway ride southward to Parma or northward to Innspruck and into Germany, all of which, again, should be added to the advantages of Verona.

Our fires were lighted in October, and were burning wood plentifully by the end of the month. Mists now began to rise from the plain and constantly veil the distance; an occasional London fog hid the garden, so that we could not see five feet from our windows. On Thanksgiving Day there was a light fall of snow, and the next day an old-fashioned snowstorm. If of an evening we ventured down to the theatre or the cafés, how bitterly piercing was the wind on our late return homeward! The bersaglieri at the tower near our gate used to challenge us. "Who goes there?" they would cry, and "Friends!" we

would respond in true penny-dreadful-novel style. It surely was not reasonable of them to think we could capture their town, with its garrison of six thousand men; they must have done it only to relieve the monotony of guard duty.

The middle of December a hard winter set in, — a winter of the Russian or Canadian sort, such as, we were told, they had not had in forty years. Our water-pipes froze up, and remained so. The snow lay like caps and mantles of ermine on the old statuary; it lay deep on the steps of the Roman arena, and on the roofs and barges along the river, and in continuous ridges along the horse-car tracks, giving the town a crude, shrunken appearance. The Palazzina Giusti, which had first been untenable on account of heat, now became untenable on account of cold. When we left it, that same terrace which had once been almost an inferno of heat was hidden under Siberian mounds of snow broken only by the paths shoveled through them for the removal of the furniture.

The fact is that the longing for Nice had much to do with this impatience of hardships which otherwise should have had nothing very formidable about them for Americans. We returned to Nice proper, this time. As all the earlier journeys had pointed towards it, so all the later ones pointed back to it. It was just on the eve of Christmas that we reached it, a day of warm sunshine and unclouded blue. The feeling of content and comfort it was, after the recent inclemencies, to go about without a muffling greatcoat, dry-shod, to breathe again the fragrance and see the oranges and roses in the gardens, was a sensation not soon to be forgotten. Indeed, I must count that violent contrast, that miracle, as one of the memorable things in my life. Whenever I think of it, it is a grateful memory which justly overcomes that of a hundred inconveniences

at Nice. For inconveniences there are: if one should consider only its merits, he might rise to the warmest enthusiasm; but if he should consider only its defects, he could find it as insufferable as many other places less favored by nature. These defects, however, tend steadily to disappear. Every year, there is progress towards better hygienic conditions and other improvements. Nice is even much nearer the outer world than it used to be. The North German Lloyd has all at once put on good and quick steamers to Genoa, and now to run over direct from New York to any part of the Riviera is as simple and agreeable a matter as possible.

I do not quite know whether these added facilities ought to be taken most as a temptation to go, or to remain yet longer since it has become so easy to go. We have lived in three different houses at Nice since the last change, and have finally arrived at one in a measure palatial, with some corresponding change in the scale of expense. But the transatlantic reader, at least, will hardly take

the word "expense" with more than an amused smile, I fancy, as applied to the greater part of the list I have mentioned, however it may be in the future. Rents have been twice advanced, and tariff legislation — notably the economic battle with Italy — has raised the cost of provisions, so that some of the prices I have given are already passing from date. Further experience did not depart greatly from the lines indicated. The chief defect of the experiment has already been hinted at. Your cheap habitation, — and I fear the same thing must be true everywhere, — no matter how artistic and original it may be in itself, will, except by some great piece of good fortune, throw you into too close proximity with people paying the same cheap rents, and they will have totally different views of living, which may go far to spoil your own. The trial is well worth making, but nobody can expect to fly in the face of political economy, and escape the necessity of murmuring at times that "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

William Henry Bishop.

MISSISSIPPI AND THE NEGRO QUESTION.

THE negro problem is no longer strictly a party question. Candid Republicans at the North admit that domination by the ignorant blacks of the Gulf States is something to be dreaded. The suppression of the negro vote, wherever such a step is necessary to secure control of the government by the whites, is winked at, if not applauded. There is no longer a doubt that the Fifteenth Amendment is disregarded in practice where it is not nullified on the face of the state law. There is grave doubt if the burst of philanthropy which produced the last amendment did not overleap itself, and consign the negro to an

illegal inequality where he might have suffered legal disfranchisement. The Southern States have been feeling their way toward a solution of the problem under the forms and outward seeming of law. The time when force or organized manipulation of ballots may be called into requisition to keep the power in the hands of Caucasians seems about to give place to an epoch of statutory prohibition or control. The demand for national guardianship of elections has come from an appreciation of the fact that negro citizens are not allowed to vote; but it is difficult to see how any force bill could prevent the false opera-

tion of certain laws that appear to have been drawn up with exceeding candor and indiscriminate fairness. An indication of this quasi-legal method of solving the question of negro suffrage is given by the Constitution of Mississippi adopted in 1890. Of course this may be but the act of a single State, and not indicative of a Southern tendency to escape from the devilish control of ignorance on the one side, or the deep blue sea of national legislation on the other. If it be an unrelated act, however, it is an interesting one, and brings up several very puzzling questions in law and politics.

Fortunately, the task which the convention set itself has been clearly put before us, and comparatively little is left for vague implication or shadowy inference. The president of the convention, on taking the chair, gave a short address to its members. He referred to various duties resting upon the convention, but the one upon which he dwelt almost to the exclusion of all others was the duty of settling the political relationship between the white and the black citizens of the State. The following words are perhaps the most salient and suggestive:—

"This ballot system must be so arranged as to effect one object, permit me to say; for we find the two races now together, the rule of one of which has always meant economic and moral ruin; we find another race whose rule has always meant prosperity and happiness to all races.

"What does the instinct of self-preservation compel us to do? We have been twenty-five long years endeavoring to have strictly homologous political relations between these races. We have failed."

He called upon the convention to determine upon some rule which would work for the full benefit of all. Now, the basic idea of this unimpassioned address is that there is a racial difference; that political brotherhood seems an im-

possibility between members of these two races. The convention, therefore, is called upon to devise some method whereby one race may rule. The speaker did not say plainly that the task was to find a way of bestowing political authority permanently upon a minority of the people, but there is no other fair interpretation of his words.

As soon as the convention was fully organized and had fairly begun its work, the judiciary committee was requested to report upon the "effect of the act of Congress readmitting Mississippi into the Union, limiting the right of the State of Mississippi to impose certain restrictions upon the right of franchise, and otherwise prohibiting the States from changing the Constitution of the State of Mississippi adopted in 1869." The committee reported that in its opinion the State of Mississippi was "re-invested with all the sovereign powers possessed by any and all the other States." The reasoning of the report may be summarized as follows: (1.) The Constitution originally left to the State the authority to determine qualifications for suffrage. (2.) The Fourteenth Amendment recognizes the same right. (3.) The Fifteenth Amendment simply forbids discrimination on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." (4.) However one may interpret the rebellion and the acts of reconstruction, when once Mississippi was reestablished in full fellowship in the Union she was on an equality with other States, and at full liberty to alter her Constitution as she might deem best.

Acting in accord with the report of this committee, the convention adopted as a portion of the new Constitution a clause materially altering the basis of suffrage as established by the Constitution of 1869. Such an act is in direct conflict with the act of Congress in 1870 reconstituting Mississippi in her constitutional relations. This statute, which readmitted the State to repre-

sentation in Congress, established as a "fundamental condition" that her Constitution should never be amended so as to deprive any citizen, or class of citizens, of the right to vote who had such right under the Constitution then recognized, unless such deprivation be because of crime. In the Constitution of 1890 we find the provision that every elector must be able to read any section of the Constitution of the State, or he must be able to understand the same when read to him, or give a reasonable interpretation thereof. In a State where the percentage of illiteracy is as high as it is in Mississippi, this clause places a great limitation upon suffrage, and is a material variation from the Constitution recognized by the act of 1870.

We may, therefore, stop to consider: (1.) Is the statute reestablishing Mississippi in her full federal and legal relations still in force, and are its conditions binding upon her? (2.) Is there any portion of the national Constitution which would invalidate this suffrage clause in the Mississippi Constitution?

(1.) The Supreme Court has decided that, from a legal point of view, the rebellious States were not out of the Union. The rebellion was an insurrection. The citizens of the Southern States were citizens of the United States, and were forcibly held to their allegiance. The States, after the war, must needs be held by the strong arm of the central government, and all the acts of reconstruction may be explained as the establishment of a republican form of government. If Mississippi, then, was not legally out of the Union, the act admitting her to her full federal relations was not an act passed by Congress under the clause of the Constitution which says, "New States may be admitted by Congress into this Union." It was a portion of its work of repressing rebellion and establishing loyal and republican governments. It was an act directed against a State already in the

Union. There seems now no good reason to doubt that Congress had the power to demand any condition precedent to the recognition that a Southern State was at peace with a legitimate government. To deny this is simply to deny that Congress had authority to carry on the war. But the act of February, 1870, includes a condition subsequent, a condition which is intended to be perpetually binding on the State. If this act is still in force, Mississippi is bound by limitations that are not in effect against the majority of her sister States, and we have a Union of unequal members. Such subsequent conditions are sometimes, without the least consideration, swept aside as illegal and void. It is not my intention to maintain that they are valid; but it is worth our while to note the first manifest instance of disregard of these reconstruction limitations on the part of a State. It is also worth while to notice that for years Congress has acted upon the supposition that it has a right, upon admitting a State, to establish conditions subsequent as well as precedent. In other words, Congress seems to have adopted the theory that our Union is not necessarily one of equal members; and it has acted upon the hypothesis that, as the agent of the great sovereignty, the people of the United States, it has a right to establish a new State as may be deemed best. Congressional suppositions, theories, and hypotheses with no great difficulty pass into legalized construction of authority.

The Supreme Court, in a series of cases of comparatively recent date, has adopted the doctrine, seemingly, that conditions cannot be superimposed upon a State which would deprive it of the freedom of action possessed by other States. For a time the Ordinance of 1787 was held to be irrevocable in the portions intended to be permanent, unless revoked by common consent of the State and the United States. But now the reverse seems to be the settled decision of the

court. If, therefore, such a fundamental compact as the Ordinance is to be disregarded, there can be little doubt that such a proclamation as that contained in the act reconstructing Mississippi would be of no effect. In fact, the problem becomes, on examination, a fairly simple one. Mississippi was in the Union; can Congress, by an act that is in no sense a compact, quietly declare that the State shall not alter her Constitution in a particular manner? If so, we no longer have the semblance of state rights, but a mere consolidated government. It must be remembered that the act in question simply stated that Mississippi was then (1870) entitled to representation in Congress, on the fundamental condition that she should not in the future change the Constitution in the way indicated. This condition is a mere threat, and in no sense a compact; its legality must be determined in the light of the legislative competence of Congress.

(2.) Is there any portion of the national Constitution which would render illegal this suffrage clause in the Mississippi Constitution? The Fifteenth Amendment forbids discrimination only on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. There is no indication on the face of the Mississippi law that it is intended to work such discrimination. If we are justified, however, in reading this law in the light of the words of the president of the convention, there was an intention to make race discrimination; for in that speech there is no mention of the evils that result from the suffrage in the hands of ignorant whites. The complaint is racial incompatibility. It is trivial to attempt to base a legal interpretation upon such words; but it may be interesting, as showing how easily a clause of the Constitution which seems to make a breach depend on the intention of the lawmakers may be avoided.

Let us consider, in the next place, whether the United States may interfere,

under the Fifteenth Amendment, in case this law, impartial on its face, is partially administered. That it may, and probably will, be put into operation so as to preclude the negro from voting, while his equally ignorant white neighbor is allowed the privilege, appears from the fact that the inability to read does not constitute an absolute basis of exclusion; for the inspectors may allow a person to vote who can understand or give a reasonable interpretation of a section of the Constitution when read to him. It is apparent that an inspector may very easily reject as unreasonable an interpretation from a colored man, and accept one no whit better from a white man. Such discrimination in practice would be very hard to discover. Yet that the United States government would have the legal right to prevent such virtual disfranchisement on account of race and color may be inferred, perhaps, from the decisions of the United States courts in the interpretation of the clause of the Fourteenth Amendment which forbids any State from denying to any person the equal protection of the laws. The court has in more than one instance given relief where a law, valid on its face, has been so administered as to deprive certain persons of equal protection of the laws.

The judiciary committee, in making the report above referred to, spent little time in consideration of the question whether the Fourteenth Amendment precluded the convention from altering the basis of suffrage. It was rightly argued that the amendment was built upon the supposition that each State had the right to determine who should be entitled to the privilege. The committee declares that the clause of the amendment which relates to the franchise was inserted to give the State the choice of retaining the colored race as part of the electoral body with full representation, or its exclusion with diminished representation. The conclusion of the committee, though not clearly expressed, seems to be that

any law which does not directly disfranchise the negroes, or perhaps exclude any class from the suffrage, would not be contrary to the Fourteenth Amendment, no matter how many persons were actually deprived of the right to vote. In other words, the amendment is reduced to its lowest terms, and interpreted as simply an effort to compel, indirectly, the Southern States to grant suffrage to the negroes. There is even some indication that the committee thought that the alternative clause of the Fourteenth Amendment was made inoperative by the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, and that now any restriction may be placed upon the franchise, provided it is not a discrimination on account of race or color. Such an interpretation will bear investigation; for if the judiciary committee did not mean to give such a judgment, there are many people who apparently do. On the other hand, the daily press occasionally seems even to argue that, while the last amendment covers directly the ground which the suffrage clause of the Fourteenth covers indirectly or in alternative, still a Southern State which has denied or abridged the suffrage on account of race or color may be punished by a reduction of its representative population. The truth is that it is the duty of Congress to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, and it has not the right to recognize a breach by enforcing the alternative mentioned in the Fourteenth. If the suffrage clause of the latter is still in force, it has to do with cases where the denial or abridgment of the right to vote is for some other cause than race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

We come fairly to the question, therefore, whether or not this clause in the last Mississippi Constitution gives legal authority for Congress to interfere under the Fourteenth Amendment. And first we may inquire, Is the establishment of an educational qualification a denial or abridgment of the right to

vote, and does a State, by adopting such a basis for suffrage, subject itself to a loss of representation? Judge Cooley, than whom there can be no higher authority save the Supreme Court itself, seems to hold to the opinion that a reasonable educational qualification would not be a denial of the right to vote. Other authorities might be cited.

I desire to give a short historical statement, without a long argument, to prove that the history, as I read it, must be accepted as the final basis for construing the Fourteenth Amendment. It is certainly much to be doubted whether the Supreme Court would construe as an abridgment or denial of the suffrage an act which makes the right to vote dependent on ability to read. That tribunal has handled all the nationalizing legislation of the reconstruction period in a gingerly manner, and has persistently refused to be infected with the popular enthusiasm for centralization and vigorous law which was a natural consequent of the suppression of the rebellion. A bare majority of the court in the Slaughter-House cases put meaning upon the words "privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States" which would have surprised many of the Republican members of the Congress which was responsible for the expression. The conservative tendencies of the court may even more palpably restrain it when it comes to interpret the clause the meaning of which we are here discussing. This, at least, seems certain, that no more vigor will be read into the words than what is necessary and inevitable.

Before entering upon an examination of the intention of the framers of the amendment as evinced by their words, it may be said that such testimony is not conclusive. In the first place, the Constitution needs careful construction, and must, so far as possible, be judged as a whole. Moreover, what the framers of the Constitution may have intended

to say is of no great consequence if they actually said something else. And again, statements made in Congress when an amendment is proposed can form at the best but a small fraction of what was said concerning its adoption, and can give but comparatively slight evidence of the intention of its framers. For the members of Congress are not the actual makers or the lawgivers of a constitutional amendment, but the legislatures of the States, possibly even all the people who elect these legislatures, are the real constituting authority; and were one to base his interpretation simply on the intentions of framers extraneously expressed, he would have an interminable task to discover them. The original Constitution was not made the fundamental law of the land by the Philadelphia convention, but by the people who ratified it. And yet, if phrases are ambiguous, it is quite allowable to endeavor to discover their meaning from words used in debate. The statements of James Wilson or Alexander Hamilton are not decisive, but they are illuminating. The debates of the Philadelphia convention are constantly examined in search of aids to interpretation. The statements of Thaddeus Stevens, William Pitt Fessenden, Benjamin Wade, or Jacob M. Howard may not be read with the same reverence as are the words of the "fathers," but these men played a great part in forming the Fourteenth Amendment. Beyond doubt, the Republican party throughout the country was actuated by much the same motives and moved by much the same arguments as were its leaders in Congress.

We of course remember that by the Constitution three fifths of all the slaves were included in the representative population of a State. A serious party and political problem faced the Republicans at the end of the war. If the Constitution remained unchanged, all the blacks would be counted. This would increase the representation of the Southern States,

to the manifest detriment of the Republican party, and unjustly, it was claimed, inasmuch as the negroes, though now free, were not given the right to vote. The purpose of this suffrage clause of the Fourteenth Amendment was, in the beginning at least, to deprive the South of this advantage. Many did not believe the South would actually give the negro the right to vote; but if it were not granted, the Democracy must not reap the political advantage of emancipation. As time went on in the discussion of the amendment, enthusiasm in the cause of freedom brought quite a number of the Congressmen under the spell of philanthropy and brotherly love. There was a serious desire to get the ballot for the freedman, and there was much declamation to prove his worth. It is difficult to tell how far this feeling, which ultimately produced the Fifteenth Amendment, had developed by the time the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted in Congress. It is plain, however, that the whole contest awakened a wide sympathy, if not sentimentality, and that the feeling was not all directed to the freedmen, but compassed the unenfranchised North and South. We find statements about the "natural right" to vote. Advocates of woman's suffrage seemed to be winning converts.

The form in which the Fourteenth Amendment first passed the House was not that in which it was finally adopted. The crucial portion of the first form reads as follows: "*Provided*, That whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons therein of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation." A careful reading of this clause will bring out the full meaning of it. It compelled the Southern States either to give at once full suffrage to *all* the negroes, or to lose representatives. But some other ground for disfranchisement than one based on race or color might be dis-

covered. This, it was apparent, was a grave objection. The Southern States might easily by law prevent the negroes from voting, and yet be entitled to their full representation on the ground that the discrimination was not made because of race or color. It was admitted by Mr. Stevens and Mr. Conkling in debate that this amendment did not prevent the establishment of any qualification whatever, provided it was impartial in its terms and actions. Mr. Stevens said, in response to a question, that a property qualification would not make a State liable to the penalty of the amendment, even though the result would be the practical disfranchisement of all the blacks. Now this was strongly objected to by many Republicans, who maintained that the Southern States could easily avoid the law. "A State," said Mr. Farnsworth, "may enact that a man shall not exercise the elective franchise except he can read and write, making that law apply equally to the whites and blacks; and then may also enact that a black man shall not learn to read and write, . . . and thus prevent his qualifying to exercise the elective franchise according to state law. . . . It seems to me, therefore, necessary that we should, by some provision in this amendment, settle this beyond a peradventure, so that none of these shifts or devices may defeat the purpose of the enactment." Mr. Farnsworth voted for a substitute for the original article which made representation depend on the number of voters, and not on population. Twenty-five Republicans out of a total Republican vote of 129 supported this substitute. In addition to such remarks as these, special reference may be made to the speeches of Mr. Baker, Mr. Jenckes, Mr. Shellabarger, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Pike, and Mr. Ward. Many demanded an amendment that would exclude the negroes from the basis of representation, if for any reason whatsoever they were not permitted to vote.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Broomall, in the debate on the amendment in its first form, introduced an amendment of his own, the important clause in which is almost identical with the one in the Fourteenth Amendment as it now stands. Mr. Broomall was a Republican, and, his own amendment being rejected, voted for the amendment as presented by the committee. Advocating his own amendment, however, he used these words: "If Massachusetts should declare by law that she will not let her citizens who cannot read and write vote, and if by that there is the one hundredth part of her male population denied the elective franchise, why, Massachusetts must submit to have that proportion of her population excluded from her basis of representation."

The amendment in the form introduced by the joint committee on reconstruction (as quoted before) was passed by the House, but was rejected by the Senate. It is not perfectly evident why the Senate rejected it. A careful examination of the speeches of those Republicans who spoke in opposition to it fails to bring out any very clear line of reasoning or objection. Some believed that the amendment did not go far enough, and countenanced discrimination which in no way should be recognized by a national Congress. Many were in favor of going further, and establishing suffrage inviolably in the negro. It would appear as if the Republicans feared that the sentiment of the country was not yet in favor of complete and immediate negro suffrage. This action, then, ought not to carry undue weight; but I pass on to a consideration of the amendment in the shape in which, with a few immaterial changes, it became a part of the Constitution. (Introduced into the House April 30, 1866.)

Mr. Farnsworth, whose words are quoted above, supported the second section of the article on the ground that the objections to the first form were not applicable to this; in other words, that

the Southern States could not reduce their voting population for any reason, and still be entitled to full representation in Congress. The most complete testimony as to the meaning of this section of the amendment is found in the debates of the Senate. Because of the illness of Mr. Fessenden, who was chairman of the committee of fifteen, Jacob M. Howard, a Senator from Michigan, introduced the resolutions, and explained with some care the meaning of their various provisions. He seemingly interprets "privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States" much more liberally than did the Supreme Court in the Slaughter-House cases. He declares that those words include the restrictions in the first eight amendments. It may be argued that if the Supreme Court did not consider itself bound by the statements of the committee in one case, it would not in another. It may, however, be said that there is some ambiguity in the first clause, and that there was in the Senate itself some confusion and misunderstanding concerning the general phrases there used. But no one can find, I believe, any difference of opinion as to the meaning of the second clause. The true basis of representation was acknowledged to be persons, and not simply voters; but this principle was varied by the alternative clause, which it was thought would have the effect of compelling the Southern States either to grant manhood suffrage or to lose proportionately. Yet it is perfectly apparent that to avoid the appearance of rank partiality, and to win Northern voters by fairness and justice, the amendment was made general in its terms, including North as well as South, and directed against any kind of denial or abridgment. Mr. Howard discussed this subject somewhat thoroughly. He referred to the fact that the South had gained practically by emancipation. Two fifths of its blacks were no longer cut off from representation, and yet in reality

none were allowed to vote. He continued as follows: "The committee thought this should no longer be permitted, and they thought it wiser to adopt a general principle applicable to all the States alike, namely, that where a State excludes any part of its male citizens from the elective franchise, it shall lose representation in proportion to the number so excluded; and the clause applies not to color or to race at all, but simply to the fact of the individual exclusion. . . . It will be observed, however, that this amendment does not apply exclusively to the insurgent States nor to the slaveholding States, but to all States without distinction. It says to all the States, 'If you restrict suffrage among your people, whether that people be white or black or mixed, your representation in Congress shall be reduced in proportion to that restriction.' It holds out the same penalty to Massachusetts as to South Carolina, the same to Michigan as to Texas." Now it is very difficult, in the light of such statements, to understand how the Supreme Court can ever interpret this portion of the Fourteenth Amendment as applicable to the black man alone, or as intended to accomplish only one purpose, the enfranchisement of the blacks, especially when we remember that the Senate had just rejected a proposed article of amendment which was directed only to the securing of negro suffrage by this indirect method of threatened reduction of representation. It may be a good rule to look at the remedy sought, and not to the interpretation of legislators; but, in order to discover the end sought, the history of these bills in Congress must needs be carefully studied.

Mr. Howard gave even a more explicit interpretation of the clause we are examining. Mr. Clark asked him the following question: "If the Senator will pardon me for a moment, I wish to inquire whether the committee's attention was called to the fact that if any State

excluded any person, say, as Massachusetts does, for want of intelligence, this provision cuts down the representation of the State." Mr. Howard answered:

"Certainly it does, no matter what may be the occasion of the restriction. . . .

No matter what may be the ground of exclusion, whether a want of education, a want of property, a want of color, or a want of anything else, it is sufficient that the person is excluded from the category of voters, and the State loses representation in consequence." Further

along in his argument, in answer to another question, Mr. Howard made a response precisely to the same effect.

This interpretation of the work of the committee was not denied by any one of its members who listened to the argument. Mr. Wade objected to the amendment on the ground that if a State established an educational qualification for suffrage it would lose its full representation. "I believe the Constitution of that State [Massachusetts] restricts the right of suffrage to persons

who can read the Constitution of the United States and write their names. I am not prepared to say that is not a wise restriction. At all events, a State

has the right to try that experiment; but, under the report of the committee, she must lose, in the proportion that she has such persons among her inhabitants, her representation in Congress." Mr.

Henderson, referring to the amendment in the form in which it had been rejected by the Senate, said: "The States, under the former proposition, might have

excluded the negro under an educational test, and yet retained their power in Congress. Under this, they cannot. For

all practical purposes, under the former proposition, loss of representation followed the disfranchisement of the negro

only; under this, it follows the disfranchisement of white and black, unless excluded on account of 'rebellion or other

crime.' The former might have had the effect to keep the negro uneducated, in

order that he might be permanently excluded under that pretension."

Such statements as these are nearly absolute proof that Congress intended to apply the penalty of loss of representation if the number of voters was cut down by means of an educational qualification. A denial of such conclusions as are given in the above extracts does not appear in any of the speeches of the session; at least a very careful search has disclosed none.

Possibly, the most curious part of the whole wearisome discussion over the Fourteenth Amendment is that its framers apparently never considered fairly how the clause for the reduction of representation was to be enforced. We know, in these latter days, that avoidance of the obnoxious amendment has presented no insurmountable obstacles to the South. How can it be determined what proportion of the population is excluded from voting by any clause denying or abridging the suffrage? Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the Fourteenth Amendment is aimed against such discrimination as that outlined in the new Mississippi Constitution, how can it be determined how many have been denied the privilege of voting? In order to be entitled to the suffrage, a person must be able either to read the Constitution, or to give it reasonable interpretation when read to him. Of course this alternative will allow the judge of elections to admit to suffrage those of his own party, and to exclude others on the ground that their interpretation of the Constitution is unreasonable. Aside from this, however, the practical difficulties are immense; for it will be hard to determine how many are prevented from voting because of this limitation, and how many do not vote for any other reason. The denial in its present shape cannot be said to apply to any except those who actually go to the polls and are there refused the right to deposit a ballot. When we

come, therefore, to the practical application of this clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, and remember the labor and travail with which it was brought forth, we are reminded of the mountians in labor and their ridiculous offspring.

Had the alternative clause been omitted in the Mississippi Constitution, and the suffrage been confined to those who could read the Constitution, possibly the tables of illiteracy in the federal census might lawfully be taken as the basis of exclusion. The influence of Mississippi in national politics would be sadly curtailed if such a rule were applied. The census of 1880 gives the aggregate population of the State as 1,131,597. Of persons ten years of age and upwards there are enumerated 753,693, and of these 41.9 per cent cannot read. There are no tables showing the number of men over twenty-one years of age who cannot read; but of the colored men who have reached their majority 76 per cent cannot write, and of the white men 11.5 per cent cannot write. If we should count all who cannot write as also unable to read, we should find that 46 per cent of the male citizens over twenty-one years of age were included in the list. This would mean that the representation of Mississippi might be cut down nearly 50 per cent. Of course it is not fair to count all as unable to read who cannot write; yet few, perhaps, who have not mastered the penman's art can read the Constitution, if they are expected to read it intelligibly. In another column of the census reports, we find that of persons enumerated over ten years of age 7.6 per cent can read who cannot write. It might be just, therefore, to decide that not far from 40 per cent of all males over twenty-one years of age cannot read the Constitution. The recent registration in the State shows a greater practical disfranchisement than that indicated by the figures here given. Only about 30 per

cent of the male citizens over twenty-one years of age have registered under the new law.

This whole discussion may seem theoretical and profitless, for we recur to the question, What can be done about it when there is no legal evidence as to how many are actually disfranchised, inasmuch as the new Constitution allows to vote those who can understand the Constitution or explain it? The provision is certainly a shrewd one.

It has been sometimes said that the Southern States could not thus cut down their voting population, because the negroes would vote down any proposition so to amend the Constitution. But the Mississippi convention avoided even that difficulty by refusing to refer the new Constitution to the people for their ratification. It was decided that reference was "unnecessary and inexpedient." This is, of course, a step backward in our constitutional history. From the adoption of the Constitutions in revolutionary times to the present, the tendency has been toward recognizing the necessity of popular ratification. An elaborate discussion of this subject is here unnecessary. It is interesting to notice that since the beginning of the century almost the only Constitutions that have not been submitted are those of some of the Southern States before or after the rebellion. No Northern State has established or altered a Constitution without popular ratification since 1818. Does this point to a realization of democracy at the North which has not been reached in the South?

If the Fourteenth Amendment is to be construed as Senator Howard explained it, Congress is called upon to ascertain the number of persons who are not allowed to vote in Mississippi, and to reduce the representation of the State proportionally. It is evident that there are serious difficulties in the way, but it is a serious matter to have the national Constitution silently nullified.

Andrew C. McLaughlin.

THE CLOSE OF VON HOLST'S WORK.

IN the preface which Dr. von Holst wrote in English for his great work, he ventured to say that, as to his American predecessors, he had one great advantage over all of them in that he was a foreigner. "I of course," he said, "do not deny that there is a certain something in the character of every nation which a foreigner will never be able to completely understand, because it cannot be grasped by the judgment; it can only be felt; and in order to feel it one's flesh and blood must be filled with the national sentiment. But however often my shot may have missed the mark in consequence of this lack of the national sentiment, though it might greatly impair the value of the work for other foreigners, it cannot possibly be fatal to it with regard to American readers, for they have the necessary corrective in their American feeling. On the other hand, it is much easier for a foreigner to guard his judgment from being betrayed by his feeling. He has only to ward off his prejudices. This, though no easy work, can be done to a high degree; while it is impossible to strip one's self of one's national sentiment, because this is a constitutive part of the individuality."

The careful reader of this work will be in no doubt whatever that the author has done his best to rid himself of any preconceived prejudices that would preclude impartiality; but he is not so likely to agree that want of national sentiment is an advantage in the preparation of the work. The national sentiment that the author has specially in mind is doubtless what, in another place, he has described as the worship of the Constitution, which, during his abode in America for some five years, he seems to have discovered was common among all classes of the community; among statesmen as

well as the most ignorant and illiterate. He finds the evidences of this everywhere, and especially in the pages of the debates of Congress, where, up to the year 1861, "there were but few laws of a general character proposed which, while under discussion, were not attacked as unconstitutional by the minority. The arguments are scarcely ever confined to the worth or worthlessness of the law itself. The opposition, in an extraordinarily large number of instances, starts out with the question of constitutionality. The expediency or in expediency of the law is a secondary question, and is touched upon only as a confirmation of that first decisive objection." If Dr. von Holst had been American born, and if American institutions had been with him "bred in the bone" as they are with the American people, it is not likely that this particular criticism would have found expression in his book in exactly this form. An American understands that the Constitution was formed not alone for a union of the States, but as a precise measure of the power that should pertain to the nation, and as a final test of encroachment by any department of the government, and especially by the legislative department, upon the powers of the several States or upon the rights of the people. And with him it would be instinctive that the highest possible test of the expediency of any proposed law must necessarily be the conformity of that law to the Constitution. While, therefore, he might be satisfied, as this author is, that the constitutional question is raised in many cases as a mere make-weight to an argument upon other grounds, he would nevertheless understand that when raised in good faith and on plausible grounds it must always be the question of primary importance, since any enactment, however useful or

important it might seem to the law-making department, must still, if lacking in constitutional authority, fall lifeless from the approving pen of the President, so that the humblest citizen may disregard it with impunity.

The learned author begins his history with the first steps taken by the American colonies for joint action in protecting themselves against the abuse of English authority over them; but he deals very briefly with colonial action, and passes somewhat lightly over the establishment of the Articles of Confederation and the formation and adoption of the Constitution. Two chapters are found sufficient to bring us to the organization of federal government under Washington, and a single volume to trace the operations of that government to the era of nullification and the practical acceptance by political parties of the maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils of office." As one reads the work, he cannot fail to be impressed that it is more of a political than of a constitutional history; and indeed the translator has interpolated in the title the word "Political," which the author had not made use of, and has thereby made it express more nearly the real scope and purpose of the work. It is with elections, the doings of Congresses and Presidents, and the movements of political leaders that the author deals, rather than with the quiet and undemonstrative action of the judicial department, which, in testing political action by the Constitution as it has frequently been called upon to do, has in many cases affected the constitutional history of the country far more than have some great debates in Congress, or even popular changes in opinion which may have overturned one party and brought another into power. The most interesting parts of his history, in many cases, bear but indirectly upon constitu-

tional questions; and though we seldom feel that they are wanting in fairness or impartiality, we nevertheless find ourselves questioning constantly whether they do not give to political action undue relative importance when compared with judicial. There can be no correct appreciation of the Constitution unless it is clearly understood not only that the judicial department is independent of both the political departments, but also that, in respect to the constitutional questions properly brought before it, the decisions it makes are law for all. We may think sometimes that they misinterpret constitutional provisions, but we cannot dispute their authority.

The present volume ¹ covers the exciting period when preparations were being made for the great struggle which would determine whether slavery should rule the Union, or should remain the same local institution which the Constitution had found it. The South had obtained a law for the return of its fugitive slaves, but it had proved of little value. Texas had been annexed to extend the area and increase the importance and power of the peculiar institution, but, to the great surprise of those who for years had labored unscrupulously to accomplish that measure, it was proving likely to strengthen the free rather than the slave States, and its authors were now looking about for the means of defeating this unexpected result. Further annexation of slave territory was sought for; and when this proved impracticable, the attempt was made by force to introduce slavery into portions of the newly acquired territory which had already been taken possession of, under the laws of Congress, by free settlers. Civil war in Kansas, and the exciting proceedings in Congress from 1854 to 1856 growing out of the attempt to make slavery national instead of local, the election of

¹ *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States.* By Dr. H. VON HOLST, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Trans-

lated from the German by JOHN J. LALOR. Volume V. 1854-1856. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

Buchanan by votes mainly from one section of the Union, followed by threats of dissolution of the Union if the efforts of the slaveholders to control it should be thwarted, are graphically described, and the narrative will be read even at this day with keen interest. We see plainly in these pages that the people of the Union are being gradually brought face to face, arrayed in antagonistic political parties upon a geographical line; and the feelings excited are so intense, and the impossibility of discovering any method of settling the great issue which divides them so as to satisfy both parties without overriding the Constitution is so manifest, that civil war as the only alternative to a peaceful dissolution of the Union looms up with fearful distinctness.

It is perfectly natural that a foreigner, who sees in our federal government the representative of all authority in respect to the laws of nations and in dealing with foreign governments, should feel that it must be also the possessor and exponent of all political power within the territory over which it has been made the ruler, and that it must necessarily possess or be the final exponent of complete sovereignty. "Sovereignty," says Dr. von Holst, "is a unit." Assuming, as he does, that this unit is to be separated from all other sovereignties by territorial lines, and by those exclusively, he naturally assumes that the united people which has created a government over all the States must necessarily be sovereign over all in the sense of his definition; and to discover how it became sovereign he looks back to the proceedings which antedated the formation of the Constitution, and, by a sort of fiction to which the facts must be made to conform, he finds that the Congress of delegates which declared the independence of the States necessarily took to itself thereby the sovereignty which previously had been in the British government. It was the sovereign people of the

United States, therefore, which formed and adopted the Articles of Confederation; and the declaration therein that each State retained its sovereignty was baseless in fact and a blunder of the statesmen who formed them, because sovereignty was never in the States, and accordingly could not be reserved. So also the Constitution of the United States, although by the use of the most careful terms it had proceeded to assign to the federal government the powers which the United States as a sovereignty should possess, reserving others to the States, was itself adopted as a charter of government for a sovereignty which, inasmuch as sovereignty must be a unit, would necessarily be itself the embodiment of all authority whatever. Had Dr. von Holst followed carefully the decisions of the federal Supreme Court, which, as already stated, on all questions which come properly before it are final and authoritative, and are to be respected and obeyed by all citizens and all departments of government, either state or national, or had he not been so strongly impressed with the belief in the demagoguery of the discussions in Congress upon constitutional questions, he could hardly have been brought so readily to the discovery of a sovereignty of the sort he has in mind in a federal government, or in the united people which created it; since neither the government nor the people in their aggregate capacity ever at any time possessed, within the limits of one of the States, the power to pass a law to regulate any one of the domestic relations, or to lay out a common highway, or even to punish a common disturber of the peace.

Said Daniel Webster in one of his great speeches, "That the States are sovereign in many respects nobody doubts;" and the several departments of the federal government, from the time of Washington to our own time, have had no difficulty in accepting the postulate that the sovereignty of the Union, though

complete and a unit within its proper limits, has bounds besides those which are territorial, — bounds clearly discoverable in the Constitution itself, where they are carefully prescribed when the powers of national government are enumerated.

"Verily," says the author in closing this volume, "signs and wonders would have to be seen if this Union [the Union under the Constitution of 1789] was to outlast another presidential election." The signs and wonders were not to appear, but the Union was to outlast many a presidential election; and

radical as were the changes that were made during the period of reconstruction, the Constitution of 1789 was still to remain the charter of our government. Changes which might or might not be radical were anticipated when the Constitution itself was made, and were provided for; and however great or important any of them may prove to be, they work no revolution; they do not overturn the work of the fathers; but in contemplation of true constitutional law, they only, in view of such changed conditions as may call for them, tend to perfect it.

ANALYSES OF NATURE.

WHEN Wordsworth said "the world is too much with us," his narrow use of the word "world" added force to his lament. The world of those who coined the word was the cosmos of the Greeks; the world of Wordsworth's poem was the madding crowd of men, with its dust and smoke of fashion, greed, and crime. It is to the credit of this generation that Wordsworth's world is willing to forget itself in odd hours, and to go out into the wider and cleaner world, not only to gaze upon its beauties and marvels, but to try to find below and behind them the law of their being. Essayists and poets without number have analyzed man — in other words, talked about themselves — since the world began; but the analyst of to-day finds as many readers when he writes of birds, butterflies, and flowers as when he discusses marriage or poor relations.

The man who analyzes man, whether in verse or prose, must, in order to hold his audience, not only know his subject through and through to its very core

and be in sympathy with its motive, but he must have a command of language sufficient to convey his ideas directly and pleasingly. The same ought to be true of men who analyze nature.

It cannot be said that the four writers whose nature-studies are offered to readers this autumn are at all equally matched, either in their knowledge of the world of birds and flowers and their sympathy with its motive, or in their ability to write intelligible and agreeable English. The author of *Field-Farings*¹ is one who "loves to dock the minor parts o' speech." She tells of the "winds o' March" and the "moon o' May." She revels in quaint, stilted, and incomprehensible language. Her cloudy skies are all "apall with dun mist;" her swales are "all atangle with long briers;" and her birds are "aperch" upon "Sir Walnut," "Master Hickory," or "Mistress Tulip-tree," the "Madonna of the forest." If one can harden himself to constant intercourse with fairies, "tragedy queens," "woodland senators,"

¹ *Field-Farings*. A Vagrant Chronicle of Earth and Sky. By MARTHA McCULLOCH

WILLIAMS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

"belated dryads," ice-queens shedding "silvern tears," and with "sylvan Cinderellas," and at the same time train his senses to endure unexpected contact with "grieving graveyard cedars' ghostly cones," "dead summer's winding sheet," and a "sun-bright, gray-green ghost," he may enjoy many hours of wandering in the oak woods and beside the cool creeks of Kentucky. The land of the gum-tree and the coon is one well worth appreciative treatment. Something in Field-Farings makes the reader believe that its author is appreciative, and that she knows more of nature than her hysterical hobnobbing with spooks suggests at first sight.

If Miss Williams gushes too much, Dr. Abbott, in his *Recent Rambles*,¹ moans too much. A true interpreter of nature should not be dyspeptic, lazy, superstitious, or aimless. Dr. Abbott says, "Whether ignoble or not, I always yield to the temptations of aimlessness;" and this book, the least attractive of his writings, bears the imprint of this sentiment in most of its chapters. Because a bay-breasted warbler flew in at his window one evening, he thinks there is a bond between him and its species. He says: "Of its import I know nothing. None the less does it bind me, and I have an inkling now of the mystery of superstition." A number of bats, driven from their shelter in a hollow tree to hover by day outside their home, oppress him so that he writes: "It was a thoroughly weird, unearthly, and disturbing sight that gave a sombre tint to the remaining hours of the day; . . . and unto this day I never see a bat but I recall that host of fluttering imps that, by their mysterious antics, closed in sadness a merry May-day out of town." He not only pleads guilty to laziness, but seems to glory in it, while apparently expecting his readers to enjoy his sitting by

the hour on an uncomfortable stone and musing about almost nothing in a moody and disconnected way. His theories that idleness is what the human race pines for, and that by sitting still and allowing one's brains to sizzle by the hour together in what he calls unconscious cerebration one can grow wiser and happier, are sufficiently disproved in his own books, and even by this one. Chapters in which he tells of going somewhere and seeing something are entertaining, and occasionally really worth reading; but those in which his boat merely drifts, or his legs refuse to perform their proper duties, are dull and indigestible. The half-tone reproductions of photographs with which the book is well dotted are much more pleasing than the text. The frontispiece shows Dr. Abbott himself "in touch with Nature," seated upon a log by a charming reach of water which is framed in soft foliage and dappled with lily-pads.

Mr. Bradford Torrey neither gushes nor moans. When he treads the Foot-Path Way,² he is a frank, sensible man who sees what is around him, loves that which is beautiful whether in man or nature, and knows how to chat both cheerily and wisely of the ways of the wood and of the world. It would surprise his friends as much to find him communing with "gray-green ghosts" as to have him record coarse sayings, or confess to brusque treatment of a fellow-man. Moreover, no one can read his chapters on humming-birds, the Melrose robin-roost, and the Passing of the Birds without feeling confident of his scientific accuracy and keenness. Idleness and aimlessness are qualities which have no part in a mountain-climber's make-up, yet no one can understand Nature or hope to be "in touch" with her who has less of the spirit of the mountaineer than has Mr. Torrey. His *Five Days*

¹ *Recent Rambles; or, In Touch with Nature.* By CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1892.

² *The Foot-Path Way.* By BRADFORD TORREY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

on Mount Mansfield carry one into pure air and prompt pure thought. As he truly says, "it does a man good to look afar off." A long brisk walk on a mountain side is far more likely to make new thoughts surge through the brain than moping in the woods is to encourage unconscious cerebration which is worth anything. Dyer's Hollow, as Mr. Torrey names his chapter on Long Nook in the Truro sand-hills, is one of his pleasantest papers, as our readers already know. It has about it a flavor of rosemary and thyme, and the charm of a pressed rose which keeps its fragrance through the years. Something of the same quality of pressed sweetness pervades much of his writings, and makes the reader feel that another year they will be just as cosy companions as they are now.

While Bradford Torrey has the knack of gathering into his pages song, sunshine, and the sweet air of sea or mountain, he does it grip-sack in hand and with Boston time ticking in his pocket. The woods are his friends, but he is not wholly theirs. Again, while he has a keen and quick insight into Nature, and writes many a pleasant line about her secrets, the reader always feels that it is Mr. Torrey who is talking, and not Nature herself. With Thoreau it is different. The more one reads his pages, the more fixed becomes the impression that the Thoreau who speaks is not a Harvard Bachelor of Arts, a classmate of jurist and surgeon, preacher and teacher, but a being of the forest; made of finer stuff than common men; seeing things material and spiritual, not through a glass darkly, but through clear air; moved by higher and nobler impulses than others; and doing only enough of this world's labor to keep his account with mankind honestly balanced.

Autumn,¹ the latest of Thoreau's jour-

nals, and the best of Mr. Blake's selections, contains these words: "I seem to be more constantly merged in Nature, my intellectual life is more obedient to Nature than formerly, but perchance less obedient to spirit;" and on another day: "It chanced that I heard just then the tolling of a distant funeral bell. Its serious sound was more in harmony with that scenery than any ordinary bustle would have been. It suggested that man must die to his present life before he can appreciate his opportunities and the beauty of the abode that is appointed him."

Most of our naturalist poets and essayists go to Nature on their holidays only, feeling a kind of premeditated thrill through their weariness of limb and brain. Thoreau says: "You would fain perceive something, you must approach the object totally unprejudiced." "To conceive of it with a total apprehension, I must for the thousandth time approach it as something totally strange." Merging himself in Nature, and going to her day after day, always with his eyes and heart wide open, Thoreau accumulated an immense fund of fact. He might have jotted these things down dryly, he might have gushed, he might have written pages where lines were enough, he might have been merely a pleasant essayist. As a matter of fact, he thought as a philosopher about things which he saw as a scientist, and of which he wrote as a poet. While the journal form is angular and interrupted, though suggestive of the man who writes, the journal substance, well sifted as this is, comes freer from dross than almost any other product of an author. It is only one step removed from the living thought as the man met it in his mind. Thoreau's journal is made up of two elements, his records of facts and his speculations. Mr. Blake says frankly in his preface that he cares more to make clear the character and genius of his friend than to reprint his scientific observations. Both elements are, however, so richly

¹ *Autumn*. From the Journal of HENRY D. THOREAU. Edited by H. G. O. BLAKE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

represented here that those who read Thoreau mainly for his nature-sketching will find enough to meet their expectations in this book. Those who seek fresh expressions of Thoreau's philosophy will also be satisfied.

He says: "If you are intemperate, if you toil to raise an unnecessary amount, even the large crop of wheat becomes as a small crop of chaff." "I see that they (my neighbors) look with compassion on me; that they think it is a mean and unfortunate destiny which makes me walk in these fields and woods so much, and sail on this river alone. But so long as I find here the only real Elysium, I cannot hesitate in my choice. My work is writing, and I do not hesitate, though no subject is too trivial for me, tried by the ordinary standards." "It is a bright, clear, warm November day. I feel blessed. I love my life. I warm towards all Nature." "Mortal, human creatures must take a little respite in this fall of the year. Their spirits do flag a little. There is a little questioning of destiny, and thinking to go like

cowards to where the weary shall be at rest. But not so with the skunk cabbage. Its withered leaves fall, and are transfixed by a rising bud. Winter and death are ignored. The circle of life is complete. Are these false prophets? Is it a lie or a vain boast underneath the skunk-cabbage bud pushing it upwards and lifting the dead leaves with it?"

These extracts, taken from days wide apart, show clearly enough what guided Thoreau. He did what not one Christian in a million does, — took no thought for the morrow, but labored from day to day to meet his simplest needs. All the strength which was not needed to raise his crops, gather his firewood from the river's drift, cook his food, and make his clothes was given to his patient, loving study of the beautiful world which is not too much, but too little with us. His verdict upon his own life was that he loved it, and that too in spite of his neighbors' contemptuous pity, the public's inability to read his books, and his own uncertainty as to anything ever coming of his intellectual labor.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry. Seventeenth Century Lyrics, edited by George Saintsbury. The Pocket Library of English Literature. (Macmillan.) We can hardly see how this selection of lyrics from England's lyric century could be bettered. If there are omissions to be regretted, the limits set by the size of the volume must be remembered, and there is surely nothing included that could well be spared. The editor has wisely rejected no superlatively good poem because it was too familiar, nor admitted those of less account simply that they might give an air of novelty to his selection. He has drawn from the works of some three-score poets, and he can rightly claim that his selection is richer and more varied than any previous one on a similar scale and

plan. To turn to this book from our workaday world is to find rest and refreshment, not only from the exquisite music of the verse, but from the spirit of youth and springtime, of buoyant hope and gay courage, — in short, of that joy in living which the later poets of our race seem to have wellnigh lost. — *City Festivals*, by Will Carleton. (Harpers.) A poet who boasts his millions of readers and dedicates his book to God and others may be pardoned for reciting his poetic creed by way of preface, and the reader, after thoughtfully studying it, wonders why more do not take to poetry, — the recipe is so simple. — *Poems*, by Edith Willis Linn. (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.) There are two poems in this little book, *Husband of Wife*

and Wife of Husband, which, though not very finished in form, are noticeable for their insight, and are of a kind likely to be remembered by the careless reader. For the most part, the verses are simple, unaffected, and fluent. — *Songs of a Day and Songs of the Soil*, by Frank L. Stanton. (John B. Alden, New York.) A collection of newspaper-printed poems, introduced generously by Joel Chandler Harris. They are marked by affectionate sentiment, sometimes by a fervid but not unseemly passion, by religious feeling, and in general by a warmth which is under the restraint of a simple diction. — *The Wings of Icarus*, by Susan Marr Spalding. (Roberts.) A hundred pages of verse, largely in the sonnet form, characterized by a fine perception of the harmonies of life. Delicate understanding of common things and a power to detect subtle grace give the writer's voice a penetrating sweetness. Such little poems as *Dear Hands*, *Byways*, *Fate*, *A Battle-Ground*, and others that might be named reflect states and not merely moods of mind, thus giving the book a value more than individual, since the verse becomes the poetic expression of many. — *Flower o' the Vine*, by William Sharp; with Introduction by Thomas Janvier. (C. L. Webster & Co.) Mr. Janvier has written a delightful introduction, with its sincere spirit and its prettily affected manner. In spite of his deprecatory words, the reader will not go amiss who reads it before he settles himself to the enjoyment of Mr. Sharp's poetry; for while the latter may stand on its own high merit, it is helped by the personality of the poet. Sincerity of poetic feeling, in spite of much commerce with poets, living and dead, spontaneity, freedom, grace, — these are marks of this new poet. — *The Queen's Quire*, being a Book of Songs, Sonnets and Ballads, written by Elisabeth Dupuy. (St. Louis News Co.) A little book of less than fifty pages, written apparently after a full course of Rossetti. There is occasionally a felicitous phrase, but the poet always seems to be somebody else. — *The Song of America and Columbus*; or, *The Story of the New World*. A Greeting to Columbus and Columbia, and Descriptive Narrative of the Voyages and Career of Columbus and the Precursors of his Great Discovery, with the Sequel as seen in the United States. By Kinahan

Cornwallis. (The Daily Investigator, New York.) It's all in rhyme, and there's more to come. The style of the work tempts us to the use of the apostrophe. When we have read the book through, we are ready to burst forth in the same spirit and sing, O Kinahan Cornwallis, not even the great Corliss ever got up so much steam as you on the Columbian theme! — Messrs. Scribner's Sons have brought out in their beautiful Cameo Edition Dr. J. G. Holland's two long poems, *Kathrina* and *Bitter Sweet*. — *The Merrimack River*, *Hellenics and Other Poems*, by Benjamin W. Ball; edited, with an Introduction, by Frederick F. Ayer. (Putnam's.) Mr. Ball is a thinker, a scholar, a brooder over life, and he is a man of poetic mind. Thus his poems are to a large extent notes on life, reflections of study and thought, and sometimes contain penetrating expressions full of meaning; the form is often fine, and the reader gets the impression of a wealth of poetic resources.

Travel and Chorography. From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea: the Narrative of a Journey in 1890 and 1891, across Siberia, Mongolia, the Gobi Desert, and North China. By Julius M. Price. (Imported by Scribners.) Mr. Price made a ten-months' journey from London to Shanghai, in the service of the Illustrated London News; but he took a most unfamiliar route, going by sea along the north coast of Russia and Siberia to the port of Karoul at the mouth of the Yenisei, thence up the river to Irkutsk, then through Mongolia and the Gobi Desert to Peking, and from there to Shanghai. It was a most untraveled route for the tourist, and Mr. Price sent back a large collection of pictures with his journal. The book is thus profusely illustrated, and the narrative itself is a good newspaper report of the progress. Beyond this statement we should hardly care to go, for if Mr. Price had undertaken to write an account of his journey over well-trodden ways, we doubt if he would have said anything worth much attention. — *Folly and Fresh Air*, by Edw. Philpotts. (Harpers.) A humorous description of a trout-fishing excursion to Devonshire, written somewhat in the manner of Mr. Burnand of *Happy-Thought Hall*. The author, who is, we are sure, an Englishman, has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a real feeling and

love for nature. The book is very well written, and will be a pleasant companion for the lovers of "out of doors" in these United States. — *Russian Traits and Terrors*, by E. B. Lanin, with an Ode by A. C. Swinburne. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) A collection from the *Fortnightly Review*, in which Lying, Fatalism, Sloth, Dishonesty, Sexual Morality, Prisons, Jews, Finance, and the Census are discussed. The arraignment of a nation in this fashion is so uniformly, monotonously severe that the reader almost necessarily puts himself into an antagonistic frame of mind. — *Abroad and at Home, Practical Hints for Tourists*, by Morris Phillips. (Brentano, New York.) Mr. Phillips gives in a brisk manner, and in a friendly rather than guidebook fashion, information about hotels, cabs, railways, restaurants, and other necessities for travelers in London, Paris, and winter resorts in the United States. He aims to make the inexperienced traveler a little more at home than he can be by the study of the ordinary guidebook. Interspersed are slight sketches, like *An Hour with Spurgeon*, *A Visit to Bleak House*, *The Rt. Rev. the Moderator*, *James McGregor*, *D. D.* — *Chicago, the Marvelous City of the West: a History, an Encyclopædia, and a Guide*. Written and compiled by John J. Flinn. (The Standard Guide Co., Chicago.) A flexibly bound book of more than six hundred and fifty pages, devoted to the glorification of Chicago and the Enlightenment of the Stranger. A brief section treats of the city historically; then follows, by topical and alphabetical arrangement, a survey of the city. The third section, entitled *The Encyclopædia*, is on the plan of the various city dictionaries, and is followed by a chapter on the *World's Fair*, and finally by *The Guide*, which is a systematic inventory of the city, requiring thirty-one days for its execution. The *Keeley Gold Cure* figures very conspicuously, but perhaps the most delightful piece of brag is the list of *Tributary Cities and Towns*, beginning with Cincinnati and Cleveland, and not overlooking St. Louis. The large number of illustrations and the full map render still more complete this exultant and extremely interesting advertisement of the business of a great city. — *Annuaire des Îles Saint-Pierre et Miquelon pour l'Année 1891*. (Imprimerie du Gouvernement, Saint-

Pierre.) This year-book, besides giving the official directory, contains a long preface setting forth the geographical position, the geological formation, the natural productions, the fisheries, the commerce, meteorology, and finally an historical sketch. — *The Barren Ground of Northern Canada*, by Warburton Pike. (Macmillan.) A hunter's record of experiences in the vast untrodden region where the caribou is found in innumerable herds, and the musk-ox still lifts his shaggy front. Mr. Pike made two journeys from Lake Athabasca, in the second pushing far to the north, bringing to light a chain of lakes, and coming very close to starvation. He is a rough-and-ready writer, with a manner which is dogged almost to moroseness; but evidently he understates the hardships he encountered, as if he had a slight contempt for his reader.

Philosophy and Science. In the series of *Modern Philosophers*, edited by E. Hershey Sneath (Holt), a recent volume is *The Philosophy of Spinoza*, by G. S. Fullerton. The plan of the series is held to, of taking certain continuous writings of the philosopher which hold the main content of his system, and giving these with notes and such introductory matter as is required to set forth the personal history of the philosopher, and to indicate the place of his system in modern philosophy. — In the *Evolution series* (Appleton), two new numbers are, *Form and Color in Nature*, by William Potts, and *Optics as Related to Evolution*, by L. A. W. Alleman. These numbers are separate lectures delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, and the discussion which followed the delivery is also given in a condensed form. The speakers are all apparently believers in the absolutely mechanical structure of the universe. — *The Oak*, a *Popular Introduction to Forest-Botany*, by H. Marshall Ward, is one of the volumes in Lubbock's *Modern Science series*. (Appleton.) It treats, in untechnical language so far as possible, of the acorn and its germination, the seedling and young plant, the tree in its root-system and its shoot-system, its fruit and seed, and then discourses of oak timber, of the cultivation of the oak, and of its relationships. The book is abundantly illustrated, and has a special interest for foresters. — *Materialism and Modern Philosophy of the Nervous System*, by William H. Thomson. (Putnams.) A lively

and interesting consideration of the problem of the brain and the fact of intermittent consciousness. — *First Steps in Philosophy, Physical and Ethical*, by W. M. Salter. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Salter aims to clear thought of obscurity and assumption, whether in the realm of the outer world or in the domain of human consciousness. Thus he seeks to set forth the true relation to thought of matter and duty. — *The Grammar of Science*, by Karl Pearson. (Walter Scott, London; Scribners, New York.) The author's apprehension of science as the interpretation of the universe renders his book, in his conception, an inquiry into the fundamental processes by which life in all its forms is classified. He is a most resolute agnostic, and the determination with which he will have nothing to do with any but sense impressions and the world constructed out of them is present from first to last. He handles biological and physical facts with great freedom as illustrations of his inquiry into the fundamental concepts of modern science, and the reader cannot complain of looseness of statement or reasoning. — *Mineral Resources of the United States, 1889, 1890*, by David T. Day, is a volume of the reports of the United States Geological Survey. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) It is arranged topically, and under topics by States, and a full index makes the work very available from every point of view. — *A Guide to Electric Lighting, for the Use of Householders and Amateurs*, by S. R. Bottone. (Macmillan.) A liberally illustrated small volume, in which the various batteries, dynamos, lamps, accumulators, leads, switches, holders, fuses, ammeters, voltmeters, motors, are described and characterized, and the application of electric lighting with its cost is considered. A householder needs to be a somewhat proficient amateur to make much use of the book. — *Matter, Ether, and Motion, the Factors and Relations of Physical Science*, by A. E. Dolbear. (Lee & Shepard.) A notable attempt at simplifying the complexities of physical science, and setting forth the essential unity which underlies the diverse manifestations of the material world. The author undertakes, as he says, to present in a systematic way the mechanical principles that underlie the phenomena in each of the different departments of the

science, in a readable form and in an untechnical manner. The reader must not suppose that Mr. Dolbear is merely a colorless medium for the transmission of accepted views. He is an independent thinker, with acute powers.

Hygiene and Domestic Economy. First Aid in Illness and Injury, comprised in a Series of Chapters on the Human Machine, its Structure, its Implements of Repair, and the Accidents and Emergencies to which it is Liable, by James E. Pilcher. (Scribners.) The notion of mechanism is sustained throughout, and the author manages by this means to relieve his work of too technical a character, and to convey to the lay reader a somewhat more vivid conception of the parts of the human body and their functions than an ordinary physiological treatise would suggest. The main object is to furnish a handbook for soldiers, hunters, travelers, and others likely to be remote from surgeons, physicians, and hospitals; but the book is so clear, so well illustrated, and so comprehensive that it might well serve for family use, especially in the country. — *Earth-Burial and Cremation: the History of Earth-Burial with its Attendant Evils, and the Advantages Offered by Cremation*. By Augustus G. Cobb. (Putnams.) Mr. Cobb points out the causes of the substitution of earth-burial for cremation in the early Christian centuries, though his discourse on that point is somewhat rambling and inconsequential. He is more at home when he comes to treat of the scientific aspects of the question, and presents his case strongly; but his book is not a dispassionate examination of the subject; it is the plea of an attorney. — *Temperament, Disease, and Health*, by French Ensor Chadwick. (Putnams.) A small book, in which the author, maintaining first that there is associated with temperament a specific rate of change, and secondly that the failure to keep up that rate is the primal cause of organic disease, enlarges upon the bacterial theory of disease, and then makes the practical application that one should attend to his skin. Whether or no one accepts the author's somewhat comprehensive theory of disease, one is ready to admit that his prescriptions for prevention are efficacious, though they may not be exclusively so. — *The Problem of Domestic Service*, by Mrs. C. H. Stone. (Nelson

Printing Co., St. Louis.) A sensible little pamphlet, in which the writer makes practical suggestions, all looking toward the training of girls in service. She has no pet scheme to urge, but seeks, by going to the root of difficulties, and taking into account the facts of human nature, to point the way to needed reform. — *The Technique of Rest*, by Anna C. Brackett (Harpers), is the outgrowth of an article bearing the same title, which appeared in Harper's Magazine for June, 1891, and which the author called "an attempt to help some of the women who are tired." The result is an admirable little book, full of wise counsel based on the idea that "rest is only harmony between the inside and the outside conditions of life," between the divine freedom within us and the hard necessity which surrounds us.

Linguistics. Max Müller and the Science of Language, a Criticism by William Dwight Whitney. (Appleton.) Professor Whitney takes up the latest revised edition of Müller's book and criticises it in detail, returning to the strictures he has previously made, and bringing into one vigorous arraignment his charges against the author's scholarship. He denies that the work is a scientific one, and asserts that it should rather be called "Facts and Fancies in Regarding to Language and Other Related Subjects." — *English Words, an Elementary Study of Derivations*, by C. F. Johnson. (Harpers.) Those who, forty years or so ago, were delighted with Trench's Study of Words and his other books of the same sort were not so well off as are the readers of this day who pick up Professor Johnson's book; for the latter are not worried by too much moralizing, and they get the benefit of the numerous researches in the subject which have followed Archbishop Trench's early popularization of an infant science. The book is less adapted to textbook use than it is to the edification of the general reader. — *The English Language and English Grammar: an Historical Study of the Sources, Development, and Analogues of the Language and of the Principles governing its Usages*; illustrated by Copious Examples from Writers of all Periods. By Samuel Ramsay. (Putnams.) Mr. Ramsay has written a very interesting book, presenting in the first half a readable, not too learned, yet close account of the sources of

English word-making, the alphabet, Grimm's Law, pronunciation, and spelling, and in the latter a systematic statement of English grammar as based upon usage. The work is especially valuable because of its abundant reference to the best English; for the author does not determine his principle and then look about for examples to prove it, but deduces his principles from the most authoritative usage.

Economics and Sociology. The Farmers' Tariff Manual, by Daniel Strange. (Putnams.) The seventy-third number in the Questions of the Day series. The author passes in review the various commodities affected by protection, and decides that in no case is the result of common benefit. He then turns to the farmer, and seeks to demonstrate that, as there is no protection for exports, he gains nothing in what he sells, and loses on all that he buys. — *Taxation and Work, a Series of Treatises on the Tariff and the Currency*, by Edward Atkinson. (Putnams.) Mr. Atkinson is unfailingly lively and hopeful. His studies, which range over a wide field, are presented in a direct, personal manner which attracts the reader, and the situation is rendered more interesting by the answers which Mr. Atkinson elicited from various public men to the question "What is the principle of protection?" — *Annals of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, 1795-1892*. (Press of Rockwell & Churchill, Boston.) An octavo volume of over six hundred pages, in which the proceedings of the association through its long and serviceable career are succinctly recorded, and the lives of the men who have made it what it is, the stronghold of New England workmen, are narrated, some at length, but most in single paragraphs. There is a sturdiness about this labor institution that at once impresses one, for its foundations are laid in work, and not in windy agitation. — *Property, its Origin and Development*, by Ch. Letourneau. The Contemporary Science series. (Imported by Scribners.) The author styles himself an "evolutionary sociologist." His book is a statement of the facts revealed by archaeology and history as to the ways in which property has been held and transmitted up to the present time. Incidentally, considerable light is thrown on the position of women in different countries and times. As was to be expected, the trea-

tise ends with a consideration of the social problem relating to property in our own days ; and in this part, though the author endeavors to avoid all personal theories and views, it is evident that he considers the accumulation of property in few hands the most threatening of the tendencies of the present time, and has grave fears that our civilization will end as all preceding ones have ended, because of the striking inequalities in the social position of people. His remedy for the present troubles lies in heavier taxes on inheritances. He does not consider a method of preventing the accumulation of great properties by a sliding scale of taxation according to income, though he refers to such a plan. The book is a very readable presentation of the views held at this time by scientific sociologists in regard to the relation of capital to labor, a subject which the author shows to be as old as history.

History and Biography. Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of Washington, edited by C. W. Bowen. (Appleton.) This ponderous volume is the most elaborate record of any given to our recent commemorations. In the account of the ceremonials of 1789 and 1889, the contrast is not unfavorable to the earlier one. There was more parade, larger numbers, and a more lavish expenditure of money in the later one, but the result hardly exceeded the impressive dignity of the original celebration. The wealth of the book is in the photo-reproductions of portraits of the Washington period ; and in this respect it easily takes the leading place as a portrait gallery of the first days of the republic. The pictures are grouped on the ample page, but the insets are scattered somewhat arbitrarily through the volume, and a few of the portraits, capitably executed, are inserted in the text. The portion of the volume likely to be most resorted to is the elaborate and long final chapter, in which the editor has used the notes accumulated in his search for pictures of the prominent men and women of that time. The task involved long-continued and perplexing investigations and correspondence, and Mr. Bowen was properly not content with using anything but an original for his reproductions, if access to such was possible. In hunting down the artists of anonymous or doubtful pictures, he has been abundantly successful. Wash-

ington and Franklin take the first places in the number of portraits. There has been a good deal done before for those of Washington, and the additional detail about them here is not very great ; but of those of Franklin there has never been so large a gathering before. There are a good many persons who find delight in the study of these old portraits, and Mr. Bowen has given them admirable help. — The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Louis XVIII., by Imbert de Saint-Amand ; translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) All the brightness and gayety in the life of the French court during the first years of the Restoration centred about the young wife of the Duke of Berry, so entirely happy in the present, so confidently hopeful as to the future. M. de Saint-Amand sketches these years in his usual picturesque, readable fashion, if a little after the manner of a court-newspaper, but the main interest of his work will be found in the vivid account of the cruel tragedy with which they ended, and of the public unrest which followed, culminating in the excitement and almost frantic joy which attended the birth of the child of miracle, Henri Dieudonné. This story, which for several reasons is well worth the telling, closes here with the death of Louis XVIII., but future volumes will continue the tale. Owing to haste or carelessness on the part of either author or translator, very obvious blunders are occasionally evident throughout the book, as, for instance, when the future Queen of the French, miscalled Queen of France, is declared to be a sister of Marie Antoinette, and when, by some inexplicable confusion of words, the same lady and her sister, the Queen of Sardinia, are, so to speak, rolled into one. — The Two Republics of Rome and the United States of America, by Alonzo T. Jones. (Review and Herald Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich.) A volume of nearly nine hundred pages, in which the author, reviewing the history of Rome and the transition from a civil to an ecclesiastical government, as also the rise of Protestantism, aims to show that the system imbedded in our civil polity is diametrically opposed to that of Rome. The whole weight of this ponderous book appears to be lent to the abolition of Sunday laws. It looks as if the mountain were called in to crack a nut. — The New Empire, Reflec-

tions upon its Origin and Constitution, and its Relation to the Great Republic, by O. A. Howland. (Baker & Taylor Co., New York.) A thoughtful and interesting study, by a writer of eirenic temper, of the development of Canada as a part of the British Empire, its present tendencies, and the possible relations it may hold with the United States. He is at once opposed to Imperial Federation as it is commonly preached, and to organic union with the United States. — Diary of George Mifflin Dallas, while United States Minister to Russia, 1837 to 1839, and to England, 1856 to 1861; edited by Susan Dallas. (Lippincott.) Mr. Dallas was a dignified, urbane gentleman who represented our government acceptably at two courts. He kept a full diary, in which he recorded not only those incidents which pertained to his official relations, but a great deal of current history. If there were no newspapers of the period covered by his diary, the book would be more useful. As it is, a good deal of the matter is somewhat superfluous, and the reader will not often stumble upon very acute reflections; but the fullness of the record makes the work a fairly readable survey of the social and political life of two countries for two short periods. Mr. Dallas's personality is not very vivid in this diary. — Spurgeon our Ally, by Justin D. Fulton. (H. J. Smith & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Fulton, who always has his sleeves rolled up, recognizes in Mr. Spurgeon a congenial spirit, and he has written a fighting book, not only to demonstrate that Spurgeon was at one with him in his hostility to the Roman Church, but to break the force of his supposed indulgence in lax views on the communion question, and to use him as a club with which to knock down his adversaries.

Theology, Ethics, and Ecclesiology. The Christian Literature Company of New York deserves well of the Church and of all students for its enterprise in bringing within reach the writings of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers. The fourth volume of the series contains the Select Works and Letters of St. Athanasius in an octavo volume of six hundred pages. The admirable prolegomena furnished by Principal Archibald Robertson, learned in form and appearance, not only put the reader in possession of the essential historical facts, but provide a lucid clue to the understanding

of the situation. The text itself is put into intelligible though not always luminous English, as witness such a sentence as this: "For evil does not come from good, nor is it in, or the result of, good, since in that case it would not be good, being mixed in its nature or a cause of evil," where by substituting the word "good" for the latter "it" the meaning is at once cleared. The whole subject of the Arian controversy is so vital that the opportunity which is here offered for an historical study ought to be valued highly by theological and historical students. Much is involved beyond a dialectic. — Indications of the Second Book of Moses, called Exodus, by Edward B. Latch. (Lippincott.) As in previous books by Mr. Latch, there is an attempt at discovering a cryptic sense of Scripture, by which the Hebraic annals are made to involve a prophetic history of the world. — The Evolution of Christianity, by Lyman Abbott. (Houghton.) From the point of view which one takes, the earth is now a solid, now a gas; and so in a survey of Christianity, to one the most apparent element is its positiveness, to another its mobility. Where shall one put the emphasis? Was the faith delivered once for all to the saints, or was it once delivered to them to be expanded, to grow, to enlarge them and be enlarged by them? Dr. Abbott is one of those who are most impressed by the everlasting dynamics in Christianity, and, dwelling upon that, he may appear to some to ignore the everlasting statics. Happy he whose poise of thought is not thereby transmuted into immobility. — God's Image in Man, by Henry Wood. (Lee & Shepard.) Mr. Wood, accepting the fundamental truth that man was made in the image of God, proceeds in a series of thoughtful chapters to consider the being of God as disclosed through nature, law, the Scriptures, the Christ, the consciousness of man himself, and everywhere finds it possible to translate the idea of fatherhood into these various terms. He aims to get at the reality of this relation, and he succeeds certainly in clearing away much of the scholastic and traditional incumbrance. His insight is often keen and illuminating, and though his thought is not always pitched at the same high key, his writing is sure to interest the growing number of persons who, at one with historic belief, are dissatisfied with much of the theo-

logical reasoning which undertakes to substantiate this belief.

Fiction. Roweny in Boston, and Mrs. Keats Bradford, by Maria Louise Pool. (Harpers.) These two books form really the first and second volumes of a novel which centres about the experience of a young New England girl with a genius for painting, who goes to Boston in a self-reliant spirit, makes so strong a beginning in her art as to be sent by her teacher to Paris, marries there a cultivated Bostonian, finds life with him intolerable because of the subordination of her real vocation, returns to Boston and her home, and finally, on the last page of the second volume, enjoys a reconciliation with her long-suffering husband. The merit of the work lies chiefly in the close portraiture of New England country life, and in the humorous delineation of character. Miss Pool finds it difficult, we should say, to restrain her tendency to caricature, but the pictures both of Mrs. Tuttle and of Sarah Kimball, as well as of some minor characters, are exceptionally faithful. So also is the character of Miss Phillips, with her successive fads amusingly sketched. It is when Miss Pool resorts to the conventionalities of the fashionable novel that she fails, as in the dealings between Mrs. Bradford and Mr. Soule. But the two books are worth reading for the many touches of nature. With more constructive skill the author may well produce a sustained piece of fiction. — In their series of translations from Balzac, Messrs. Roberts Brothers have published *Pierrette*, including also the *Vicar of Tours*. Both stories are in the section *Scenes from Provincial Life*. Twenty-two volumes, counting the *Life*, have now appeared. — There have been those who tested new acquaintances by their appreciation of Jane Austen's works, and there are some who, in a lesser degree, are influenced by expressions of opinion in regard to the novels of the Baroness Tautphœus, who has been personally almost as little known to the literary world of her time as Miss Austen was to hers, and whose list of works is even shorter. Of her four novels, *Cyrilla* achieved but a moderate success, and *At Odds* was, comparatively speaking, a failure, but *The Initials*, first published in 1850, and *Quits*, seven years later, have a perennial freshness and a never-failing charm. Their American admirers have long regretted

that no good edition of these books could be easily found here, and so the altogether attractive reprint of *The Initials* issued by Messrs. Putnam's Sons will be as welcome to them as to a new generation of readers. — *Sybil Knox, or Home Again*, by Edward E. Hale. (Cassell.) One gets a good many things in this lively story. He gets the story itself, with all its involutions and clever dovetailing of remote incidents; he gets the adventures of an expatriated American woman returning to her homestead and finding a new life among American women; he gets a narrative of rascality among railway managers; and off and on he gets bits of shrewd wisdom about life in America under American conditions. — *When a Man's Single*, by J. M. Barrie. (The Waverly Co., New York.) The adventures of a young Scotsman who has a turn for journalism, and makes his career first in the provinces, then in London. There is a teasing quality in the tale, as if Mr. Barrie were half afraid of disclosing too much. The story is slight; the entertainment is in the glimpses of journalistic experience. — *A Maiden of Mars*, by General F. M. Clarke. (C. H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) When novelists, by one device or another, betake themselves to the favorite hunting-ground of some minds, they seem somehow to take leave of human interests. These manufactured folk are a dull lot. — A reissue of Herman Melville's works has been begun, and *Typee* and *Omoo* have appeared. (United States Book Co.) Mr. Arthur Stedman writes a biographical and bibliographical introduction to *Typee*, in which he sets forth Melville's personality in a clear and discriminating manner; telling the little that is to be told frankly and unaffectedly. It is difficult to believe that *Typee* will not enjoy a new life and captivate another generation. Indeed, it is so pagan in its way that we fancy it may find readers who will like it especially for this element. Moreover, it holds in solution a South Sea life never again to be seen. Melville saw it as Powers saw the Greek Slave. Out of New England came the missionary and the artist, and the latter was moved to a certain abandon in his art because of his instinctive antagonism to the former. — A recent volume in the reissue of William Black's novels (Harpers) is one containing the two

tales of *The Maid of Killeena* and *The Marriage of Moira Fergus*. — *The Wide, Wide World*, by Elizabeth Wetherell. (Lippincott.) A new edition of this time-honored piece of American fiction is issued, with a large number of illustrations by Frederick Dielman. The story, aside from its strong flavor of evangelic teaching, has many intimate pictures of New England country life; and though these have a somewhat glazed surface, they do hold characteristics of a life which is already becoming obsolete. There is, moreover, a certain gentle breeding about the story which has made it acceptable to many, and Miss Warner wrote the book out of a genuine conviction, so that its piety has salt. — *Ruth Marsh, a Story of the Aroostook*, by F. Bean. (United States Book Co.) A short novel of rustic scenes, the situations and characters exaggerated, and a strong effort made by the author to be effective at every step. — *Manitou Island*, by M. G. McClelland. (Holt.) This is a novel of "reconstructed" Southern life. Were it not for the needlessly disagreeable plot, and the tiresome tangle of relationships involved by it, we should recommend the volume unreservedly. As it is, in spite of these defects we are glad to recognize it as a well-written and interesting story, which strikes a certain note of sombre reality that sets it apart from the rank and file of current fiction. — *The Downfall* (Cassell), translated from *La Débâcle* of *Émile Zola*, offers no new phase of this writer's mighty talent. It is probably too late for that. The novel, which of course commemorates the sickening decline and fall of the Second Empire, ranks with neither the best nor the worst of its predecessors. It is wholly decent, — at least in translation, — and it abounds in savage details. These often defeat the author's purpose in producing them, but occasionally aggregate in a powerful mass of impression, as when he describes the battle of Sedan. Another characteristic of this realistic romanticist, by the way, shows itself in the fact that the battle brings the reader to far the highest pitch of interest, although a long inclined plane has to be descended before the last page is numbered. — Recent paper-covered novels are: *Verbenä Camellia Stephanotis*, and *Other Stories*, by Walter Besant (Harpers); *Cynthia Wakeham's Money*, by Anna Katha-

rine Green (Putnams); *A Transplanted Rose*, by Mrs. John Sherwood (Harpers); *A Man's Conscience*, by Avery Macalpine (Harpers); *Sarchedon*, by G. J. Whyte-Melville (Rand, McNally & Co.).

Literature and Criticism. The predilection of Johnson, Boswell, and Lamb has been justified in the brilliant success of Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Literary Landmarks of London*. (Harpers.) The book has become a standard work, as we had the pleasure of prophesying it might (in 1885, the year of original publication), and it has now passed into an eighth edition, with portraits added for the first time. Nothing has been too heavy or too light for Mr. Hutton's patient investigation, from early insurance surveys to a manual by the younger Dickens; and this edition of the *Literary Landmarks* has, so far as possible, been brought along to the last chronological milestone. — A well edited and fairly well chosen selection from Lamb's *Letters* (McClurg) and a collection of the *Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins* (Harpers) will let the comparatively-minded see how much better Lamb did the epistolary act than Dickens. — *Old Shrines and Ivy*, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) The first division of this book, *Shrines of History*, contains various English and Scotch travel-sketches, similar in style and tone to those which have gained such wide and favorable acceptance in the author's earlier volumes, *Shakespeare's Country* and *Gray Days and Gold*. The more noteworthy papers of the second part, *Shrines of Literature*, are the interesting and valuable introductions which Mr. Winter wrote for the stage-versions of certain of Shakespeare's plays, edited and privately printed by Augustin Daly. The *Forest of Arden* is especially to be commended to those literalists who search in France for that Warwickshire woodland known to the poet from his childhood, and which, transfigured by his imagination, served as the enchanted scene of the most English of pastoral comedies, to be for all time the delight of readers of our race, and the despair of foreigners. — Messrs. Lippincott have brought out in five handsome volumes what may be called the *Works of Lord Chesterfield*; for they have not only reprinted Lord Mahon's edition of the *Letters* published in 1845, but also the supplementary volume

issued in 1853, containing parliamentary speeches, miscellaneous addresses, essays from various periodicals, poems, etc. The omitted passages from certain letters first printed in this volume are in this edition inserted in the letters to which they belong. As this the standard edition of Chesterfield's writings has for some years been a rather scarce work, the lovers of eighteenth-century literature, a not inconsiderable body of readers, will welcome this admirable reprint of Lord Mahon's volumes.

Books for Young People. Little-Folk Lyrics, by Frank Dempster Sherman. (Houghton.) A little volume of playful verse, in which the writer almost unconsciously, one may say, for the most part dramatizes as an imaginative and fanciful child. He is not quite so original in this as Mr. Stevenson in his inimitable *A Child's Garden of Verse*, but he is by no means without his own special skill and charm. The verses are such as a happy, healthy-minded child will enjoy in companionship with an older friend, and the older reader will find a common ground on which they may meet. There is a genuine touch of poetry in the book, and now and then, as in *The Archer*, a strong conceit. — *The Clocks of Rondaine, and Other Stories*, by Frank R. Stockton. (Scribners.) A baker's half-dozen of stories which have the grave manner of this story-teller who has cultivated the art of seriousness until he has almost imposed on himself. We should like to watch some unsuspecting reader, unused to Mr. Stockton, at the moment when the author's drollery began to dawn upon him. — *Flying Hill Farm*, by Sophie Swett. (Harpers.) A lively book, detailing with humorous minuteness the fortunes of various young people. Some of the situations seem a little strained, in the writer's anxiety to make her story interesting, but there is a healthy tone throughout, and a keen sense of the amusing. Boys and girls alike will get a deal of honest entertainment out of it. — *Young Lucretia, and Other Stories*, by Mary E. Wilkins. (Harpers.) Miss Wilkins does not dub these "stories for children," and we suspect mature readers will get the greatest pleasure out of them. Nevertheless they will go straight to the heart — all of her stories take that road — of the young because of the inimitable skill with which in many of them she sets forth the fleeting

sorrows and joys of her little people. It is noticeable that most of the stories turn upon some childish trouble, keeping in tune thus with her stories for the old, but there is more sunshine in these tales. The humor is delightful. — *Kent Hampden*, by Rebecca Harding Davis. (Scribners.) A skillful story of adventure some seventy years ago, the scenes of which are laid in and about Wheeling. A clever use is made of Henry Clay, but the hero of the book is a boy. We have really nothing to urge against a boy who saves his father's reputation, except our old-fashioned dislike to putting boys on monuments. — It is perhaps hardly fair to include here *East and West, a Story of New-Born Ohio*, by Edward E. Hale (Cassell), but the story is so sure to interest young readers that we name it with books for them. It narrates the experience of two young Salem people who separately and in different ways found themselves in the northwest territory during the first occupation of it. The bright picture of Salem life with which it opens is succeeded by spirited sketches of frontier experience and Indian fighting. — *An Affair of Honor*, by Alice Weber. (Lippincott.) A novel for young people. The author has undertaken to make as complex a tale, with the elements of character, mystery, sentiment, and humor, as if she were appealing to mature readers, while the heroine is a mere child. A good deal of painstaking has gone into the work, but we question if it was quite worth while. — *Uncle Bill's Children*, by Helen Milman. (Lippincott.) The story of the experience of a young man who carried off his sister's children to the seashore to relieve his sister. There is a good deal of honest fun in the description of the plague they were to him, and mixed with the fun considerable childish piety of the kind which in books affects the uncle seriously. One has no objection to other uncles reading the book, but finds his refuge when he thinks of other children reading it in the thought that flesh-and-blood youngsters will be likely to skip the religious innuendoes of Master Jack. The book is of English origin. — *Bimbi, Stories for Children*, by Louisa de la Ramé; illustrated by E. H. Garrett. (Lippincott.) This volume by Ouida is so free from the qualities which possess her books for mature readers that one likes to believe he

has stumbled here upon the real person, and that the Ouida of fame is a made-up character. There is, it is true, a sort of musk about these stories, even, but there is also a genuine sympathy with young life. The Nürnberg Stove and Moufflon will not readily be forgotten by young readers.

Humor and Fun. A Letter of Introduction, Farce, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) In the pretty little Black and White series. Mr. Howells's yearly contribution to the gayety of the nation is this time built, as his light fabrics are, upon a very light foundation, but it enables him to work airily the familiar incident of the Englishman learning the American tongue. — The Dragon of Wantley, his Rise and his Downfall, a Romance, by Owen Wister; illustrations by John Stewardson. (Lippincott.) There is a hint in the dedication that a more subtle significance attaches to this book than is apprehensible by the uninitiated reader; but how much soever laughter it may hold for Mr. Wister's playmates, the general public will get its full share of entertainment. It is a bur-

lesque and grotesque piece of nonsense, told with spirit and fun and in good taste. It is mere fooling, and does not have the biting and lasting element of satire; perhaps for that reason we must amuse ourselves with it now, and leave our descendants to their own sources of mirth. The pictures are as spirited and telling as the story. We are not sure but they deserve even higher praise. — The Bull Calf, and Other Tales, by A. B. Frost. (Scribners.) An oblong book, containing a series of jocular pictures with slight legends beneath. The process used occasionally leaves one in doubt what the lines of a figure mean, but the humor is generally forcible enough to knock the idea into the head without a previous surgical operation. — A Book of Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals, by J. G. Francis. (The Century Co.) A merry book, in which every quality of the cat save its grace is amusingly travestied, and the domestic animal, with a few of its friends and relatives, is made to masquerade in human scenes. There is genuine fun in the book, and not a little wit.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Renan.

COLERIDGE once mistook for a philosopher a silent, thoughtful-looking man who eventually revealed himself as a Norfolk farmer by exclaiming, on the appearance of dumplings at dinner, "Them's the fellows for me!" Renan, on the other hand, would have been taken for a man without two ideas in his head beyond eating and drinking. The foreigner in Paris, drawn by admiration for his talents to the stuffy little room at the Collège de France assigned to the Hebrew lectures, was stupefied at finding a burly man with flabby face, reminding one of Luther, and very pronounced double chin, all the more marked because close-shaven; an exterior, in short, far from bespeaking the refined writer, the acute thinker, the greatest stylist of his age. Discoursing, moreover, in the easiest conversational tone, he would loll back in his chair, or sprawl his arms on the table, as, with shoulders up to his ears, he stooped to read a Hebrew text. A sec-

ond glance, it is true, showed the silkiness of his long brown hair, and the shapeliness of hands which he used very effectively for emphasis. His forehead, too, was fairly high, though not broad; his eye, deep-set behind bushy brow and lash, was full of animation; and his voice was mellow. At home or in society his attitude was far from imposing. He would either lean forward, his hands resting on his knees, or would throw himself back in his chair, his hands crossed on his breast. In either case his eyes were half closed, yet no man was a better listener. To see him in the streets — but of late years he walked only too little for his health, and he avoided omnibuses through aversion to the scramble for a seat — you were reminded of Dr. Johnson sailing down Fleet Street. In a Protestant country, he might have passed for a country parson of limited means and equally limited intellect. In France, he resembled a retired tradesman vege-

tating on a small competency. Had he donned cabman's uniform, he would have passed muster as an average specimen of the Jehu; and there are said, indeed, to be unfrocked priests in the fraternity. He was in reality a typical Breton priest minus the robe. His paternal ancestors were Breton fishermen, — all, he says, as poor as Job, — and Renan had inherited their physique, his good points doubtless being due to his mother, who came of a good middle-class Bordeaux family. Strange that such a mind, with its delicacy, acuteness, and many-sidedness, should have had so uncouth an embodiment. And Bonnat, at the last Paris Salon, even exaggerated this coarseness. Not only was there the ungraceful leaning-forward posture, but the very nails were jagged and uncleared. Renan looked, too, nearer eighty than seventy, and I heard the figure compared to an old man in a workhouse, sitting on a bench in the sun. The broadcloth dress had a shine suggestive of threadbareness. Now it was all very well for Cromwell to insist that Lely should insert all his warts and blotches, but there seemed no reason why Bonnat should give the impression of senility and slovenliness. An artist should not flatter, but he need not allow his sitter an unpleasing pose or exaggerate uncomeliness. But the mischief is now irreparable. Renan has passed away, leaving the world less interesting by his absence, and those who want to know his outward presentment must go to Bonnat's portrait.

Who will be — It is popularly supposed that
Poet Laureate? it belongs to the Queen to decide
the question of the successorship
to Tennyson's vacant chair, but that does not prevent us all from giving her advice, and continuing to give it after she has made her choice. It is a comment on the rise of public opinion into the place of sovereignty that we are just as ready to have a plebiscite in America on the laureateship in England as we are to instruct publishers of magazines whom to appoint in the place of dead editors. If any body of voters should be respected, the Contributors' Club has the first place.

It seems to me that there are only two English poets whose achievement entitles them to consideration, — Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris. The latter, however, has turned anarchist, and is out of the

question. Mr. Swinburne is a lyrical poet of the first order; no poet since Shelley has wakened such subtle and various music; and though he once said something about a poet laureate being a humming-bird on a queen's wrist, and in his early youth was too fond of unconventional themes, he is Tennyson's natural successor, if genius counts for anything. The duties of the laureateship are not onerous; at least Tennyson has not set a high standard in his purely official poems. They have been very ordinary, with a few exceptions. The Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, the dedication of the Idyls to the Prince Consort, and one or two other pieces in this kind are poems which Tennyson would doubtless have written even if he had not been court-singer. They sprung from exceptional and splendid moods; the occasion was merely a coincidence. One of our newspapers has said that if we had in this country such a post as the laureateship, there would be at the present time no one worthy to fill it. There are at least half a dozen men in America who write better *occasional* verse than Tennyson has produced. For example, Tennyson never wrote a strictly perfunctory poem of so high an order as the little elegy on his death which the Rev. Henry van Dyke printed in the New York Tribune the other day. Compare any passage of the Ode Sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition, in 1864, with this noble stanza: —

" Silence here — for love is silent, gazing on the lessening sail;
Silence here — for grief is voiceless when the mighty poets fail;
Silence here — but far above us many voices crying,
Hail!"

But to return to the English minstrels. There is no lack of aspirants for the official wreath. Among the rest are Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Alfred Austin, and Sir Edwin Arnold. Mr. Lewis Morris is the author of several long and tiresome narrative poems. If one had to choose between reading his Epic of Hades and going there, one would prefer to go there. Mr. Alfred Austin is a well-meaning and amiable gentleman who composes harmless verses, addressed chiefly to ladies of quality, — Lines to Lady Pimple, on hearing of the Death of her Ladyship's Pug at Pimple Place, Pimple Park, Cholmondesley, Surrey. Sir Edwin Arnold has written several admirable things, among

which I should not include his lively ballad of Mrs. Potiphar. I should say that none of these three gentlemen (who are understood to be very hopeful in the matter) runs the slightest chance of cooling his forehead with the laurel that came to Tennyson

"from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base."

If the laureateship is not given to Mr. Swinburne, so much the worse for the laureateship.

I have not mentioned Mr. Robert Buchanan, for nobody has thought of him in this connection excepting Mr. Robert Buchanan himself. *He* has thought of him. His prospects, however, are much less bright than those of several gentlemen who have not thrust themselves forward in the matter, — Sir Theodore Martin and Mr. William Watson, for instance, the latter a young English poet of whom the world is to hear more hereafter.

Food in Literature. — "Algernon," said Mrs. Cælebs (*née* Lucilla Stanley of Stanley Hall) to her eldest son, at home from Cambridge on the long vacation, "I should be very pleased to have your conversation less devoted to eating and drinking. The sustenance of our system is a necessary consequence of our mortal nature, but it is hardly the topic to engross our immortal nature. And moreover, my son, it is not quite befitting the elevated tone which a man of education and refinement should strive to cultivate to give his entire thought to the pampering of these vile bodies of ours."

Perhaps the good lady was right. It is an open question whether the interests of a true gastronomy are advanced by much talk about eating at the time of eating. There are certain dishes of which the praise is best muted by expressive silence.

Hood in his matchless Ode to Rae Wilson says : —

"T is not so plain as the old hill of Howth
A man may have his belly full of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth."

But is it not true that all real readers are pleased with a good description of eatables? If not, why is the description so common in authorship? I put this point to a friend, the other day, and his reply was, "You won't meet with a first-class novel, certainly not a first-class novelist, without finding gustatory enjoyment making part of the work."

This set me to thinking over the matter. I began, of course, with Scott. Waverley gave me the dinner at Tully Veolan, where the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine figures, the grand banquet of Fergus MacIvor, and Waverley's supper in the cave of Donald Bean Lean. Guy Mannering followed with the hearty feasting at Charlie's-Hope farm, Counsellor Pleydell's "High Jinks," and the famous supper at Colonel Mannering's, ere which the learned advocate "gave his poor thoughts to the housekeeper" in regard to the wild ducks; and, more famous still, Dominie Sampson's experience of the cookery of Meg Merrilies in the ruins of Derneleugh. For *The Antiquary*, it is enough to mention Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck; for *The Legend of Montrose*, Dugald Dalgetty, Rittmeister, who regards "provant" as of the *principia* of the military art. Then, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, one has but to name Caleb Balderstone to bring up the Barmecidal banquets he prepares, and the actual wedding feast of which so large a part goes to Wolf's Crag through his agency.

En passant, the word "Barmecidal" suggests at once the unrivaled fictions of the Arabian Nights in which is displayed all the wealth of Oriental cookery. Who has not dreamt of "lamb and pistachio nuts," and "cream tarts with pepper"?

To return to Sir Walter. The Monastery is redolent of good cheer, and The Abbot is not destitute of it, as witness the tavern meal of Roland Avenel and Adam Woodcock, at which the ballad of the latter was so unceremoniously interrupted. We cannot name *Ivanhoe* without recalling the hearty appetite of Athelstane, and the jovial supper of Richard and Friar Tuck. Nor can we forget, in *The Pirate*, the feasting of Magnus Troil, and the fasting of Triptolemus Yellowley as the foil to it. Peveril of the Peak introduces us to Chiffinch and his matchless supper to which Julian is beguiled. The *Fortunes of Nigel* contains Glenvarloch's experience at the ordinary, and the stately meal given by George Heriot. St. Ronan's Well turns partly upon the cookery of Meg Dods, and Redgauntlet contains at least four special mentions of meals with the materials thereof.

I omit the other novels of the series designedly, for the purpose of setting the reader of these lines to fill the void, and thus become better acquainted with fictions

which "no gentleman's *memory*" any more than his library "should be without."

To go back of Sir Walter to "those brave men who lived before Agamemnon," it is only needful to mention Daniel Defoe and John Bunyan. Robinson Crusoe may have had special reasons for describing his meals, and how he caught, killed, and cooked the same; but unquestionably no small part of the interest with which one reads the story of shipwreck turns upon the delight of men in peril of starvation coming upon a supply of food. The Pilgrim's Progress may seem very far away from such mundane ideas, but no matter what the allegory may aim at, there is the *menu* of the dinner in the House Beautiful, in proof of my position.

One may object to the mention of Fielding and Smollett, as being confessedly coarse and sensual, but no one can challenge Joseph Addison and Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. I would call Samuel Johnson into court, but I do not remember anything in *Rasselas* to sustain me; in fact, do not remember any other part of that little volume. Dr. Jonathan Swift has not left us in doubt as to what was eaten at the courts of Brobdingnag and Lilliput, nor of the gustatory experiences of Lemuel Gulliver, Mariner. These writers may be challenged on the plea of prescription, as belonging to an age before literature had reached its present stage of delicacy, or fiction attained the place of a recognized department.

I request the court to save the point of my demurrer to this ruling, and will call the next witness. *Place aux dames!* Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë. Can we forget "the nice bowl of gruel" which Emma's father proposes, the little suppers of Cranford, the frank bits of youthful *gourmandise* which appear in the juvenile tales of Parent's Assistant and Frank, the indubitable enjoyment by Jane Eyre and Lucy Snow of feminine cates? There is hardly a more æsthetic story in the English language than Miss Sheppard's Charles Auchester. The very day I write these lines, one said to me, "Don't you remember the strawberries and white bread of Seraphael?" which I did, of course.

Next to ladies come peers. My Lord Lytton and the Earl of Beaconsfield will testify on their honor as noblemen. It is some time since I read Pelham and Paul Clifford, but I have a distinct recollection

of passages of dietetic interest in both of these. As for Disraeli, who can forget the many bits in Vivian Grey, the epicureanism of Coningsby, Sybil, and Tancred?

Let us pass to commoners, — Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Charles Lever, Charles and Henry Kingsley, and Thomas Hughes. Does the opposite counsel wish to cross-examine any of these gentlemen? I rather think not. Shall we take general literature? Perhaps John Wilson may be ruled out on the ground that the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* are professedly and extravagantly convivial. But there are plenty of passages of description in the best of Christopher North's essays, and there are bits of the *Noctes* which no one with a decent digestion can read after ten o'clock at night without an immediate and wild desire for a raid upon the domestic pantry.

I reserve my best witness for the last. Is not Charles Lamb a classic, and is not his *Essay on Roast Pig* known to and loved by every student of English literature?

It is objected that these are Britons, — beef-eating, beer-drinking islanders. Let us cross the Atlantic, by all means, even at the risk of that state of mind when the mention of food becomes a torture worse than any known to the circles of Dante. The name of Washington Irving comes at once to the thought. Then follows James Fenimore Cooper, whose pen could make a ship sail and could detail a dinner with equal felicity. A more refined and delicate artist in words than Nathaniel Hawthorne it is hard to find, and what could be more charming than the touches scattered through the *Twice-Told Tales* and in *The House of the Seven Gables*? As this is the Atlantic Monthly, it would be presuming to appeal to *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, but it is enough to cite two of his *obiter dicta*, "Cream is thicker than water" and "Large heart never loved little cream pitcher," and to call up the unrivaled description of the Sprowles' party in *Elsie Venner*, to satisfy any unprejudiced mind where he stands.

Of course it is not contended that there is no good writing in which mention of eating and drinking is wanting. The third book of Euclid has no distinct reference to gastronomy, and the same may be said of *Fearne on Contingent Remainders*.

But the poets have not been neglectful of the topic. Begin with the oldest. Homer, even in Mr. Pope's mistranslation of him, has almost as much feasting as fighting. Likewise, Anacreon, Vergil, Horace, as even Macaulay's fourth-form schoolboy knows, compel the reader to look out in the dictionary the meaning of *deipnon*, *oinos*, and *epulæ*. To come down to modern times, Chaucer and the Ballads are frankly full of the joys of the table, and even a bishop sang of "jolly good ale and old." Shakespeare and the Elizabethans need not be more than alluded to; but to come down to the sad and serious days of the Commonwealth, is there not in Milton's *L'Allegro* fond mention of

"country messes,

Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,"

and does not Eve provide an elegant five-o'clock tea for Raphael when that angel "drops in" upon Adam?

I have trifled with the patience of the court too long. As was said on another occasion by a forbearing chief justice, "Mr. Contributor, there are some things this court may be presumed to know." I have only to cite the poetically ever-living laureate. He who wrote of Will Waterproof and Arthur's Round Table, of Audley Court and the Princess, is a good witness at the point where I rest my case.

Beauty for Ashes. — A year ago, more or less, I poured into the ears of my fellow Contributors a sorrowful tale, which, by way of an affected cheerfulness, I called *Playing Second Fiddle*. I had found myself overshadowed, locally at least, by the popularity of a favorite dog. I hope the ground and object of my complaint were not misunderstood: as if one could be jealous of a setter, or as if the least amiable of "literary men" would not rather play second fiddle to a dog than to any brother Contributor! What I cannot away with is the second fiddle itself. Mine is a proud spirit, I apprehend, though I have had much to break it. If humiliation be the road to humility, as the moralists affirm, I can only conclude that it must be a long, long road, ending only amid the shadows of that far-off country which in my boyhood I used to hear spoken of, euphemistically, as "the other side of Jordan."

This time, however, I have another story to tell. I am to speak, not of mortifica-

tion, but of something very, very different. And I speak of it triumphantly, though not without a proper measure of embarrassment. It is not easy for a modest man to sound a trumpet before him; but with wind enough it can be done, as many of us have before now demonstrated. Glory is not a thing to be despised or hidden under a bushel. One may say so much without meaning to go the full length of M. Renan and Mr. Matthew Arnold. Probably glory is *not* "the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity." Charity and meekness are better; but if the graces hang beyond a man's reach, while glory drops into his lap, he may safely accept the windfall as a providential consolation. And if his glory be not, as Mr. Arnold says in his earnest way, "a most serious thing," he can at all events *take* it seriously by making the most of it. So I mean to do, by my reader's leave.

In the course of an aimless ramble, a few weeks ago, I wandered into an orchard; a pleasant spot, not too well kept, and (what is a great virtue in orchards, — one not half enough attended to, I think, in modern plantations) conveniently sequestered. A flock of sparrows was its primary attraction at that moment; but finding myself there, and remembering the wise old proverb, "When the fruit is on the ground tie up thy shoe," I turned aside to lay in a few apples. If one is to borrow favors of this kind, it is worth while to take the best, and I was looking about, accordingly, for the ripest and fairest, when the farmer, whom I had seen on previous occasions, but had never spoken with, appeared suddenly from behind the wall. I said good-afternoon with perfect composure (I *think* I did), and he greeted me with corresponding politeness. Then I explained my ornithological errand, and in a respectful, business-like tone remarked that his apples seemed to be hardly ripe as yet. "Oh, these are the best ones," he said, turning to a tree in one corner; and, in spite of my protestations, he insisted upon clambering into it and handing me down some of the choicest of the fruit. The good man was not heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head. Such pious sophistication would have been beyond his thought, even if my innocent proceedings had in the least angered him. Rather, as I imagined, he

had taken literally King Solomon's mystical phrase, and was seeking to "comfort me with apples." It was a mistaken kindness. I am something of a connoisseur in such matters, and the windfalls that I had selected were in a much fitter state for immediate consumption than anything to be found on the branches. But there was no declining hospitalities so generously proffered, and my side-pockets were presently in a state of repletion such as, in some quarters and at certain hours of the day, might have put me in danger of the police. Meanwhile, the farmer and I were fast becoming mutually acquainted. He had often seen me going by, he said. At first he had wondered who I could be, but somebody had told him that I was a naturalist. His boy knew considerable about birds, and had stuffed some. If I would come into the house, he would show them to me. I went in, of course, although my bulging pockets almost compelled me to squeeze through the door sidewise, and with a good conscience I praised the boy's work; for the hawks and owls were set up in a really creditable style.

All this has nothing to do with glory, the reader will say. True; but I am coming to that. In the midst of our conversation the orchard owner remarked: "I'll tell you what I heard What's-his-name down there say. He was talking about you. 'I don't know who he is,' said he; 'but whoever he is, he's got plenty of money.'" I thought of my neighbors slaving day and night to get rich, or rather to get the name of being rich, and I felt a thrill of triumph. Here was I, happy man, wearing the halo of wealth for the very reason that I had given over the chase after it, and turned myself loose in the fields, like a horse with his day's work done. It was a result I had never dreamed of; a renown equally welcome and unexpected. "Plenty of money!"—a sweet morsel, that, to roll under one's tongue. Of a truth, as was long ago said, "praise is comely," and M. Renan, after all, spoke well within bounds: Glory (if the gracious compositor will allow me that capital letter) is one of the most substantial of verities.

Rare as this morsel was, it was hardly digested before I received another. I was on my way to the railway train, and, with my blue bag in hand, I should have said

that I looked quite professional. At a casual glance, I might even have been taken for an editor. But as I stepped nimbly along—for I have one gait for the street and another for the old road—I met a provision-dealer's wagon. On the seat were a man and a boy. The former said something that I did not catch; but the boy's answer was pitched in a higher key. "Oh, he does n't do *anything*," I heard him say. "He just goes walking round studying birds and things. He knows every bird there is!" Here it was again,—true glory! I trust I did not betray any unseemly agitation as I passed on down the hill.

Beyond dispute, it does give a man *éclat* to be—or to seem to be—unemployed while other people are busy. The difference is a distinction; and distinction is glory. Sometimes I have thought it one great motive for being a naturalist that it furnishes so admirable an excuse for unlimited idleness. Sauntering and sitting on fences are part of the trade, so to speak. But of course it is not every passer-by who can be trusted to frame hypotheses so flattering as the two of which I have been modestly boasting. Another man took me, not for a millionaire, but for an artist. He was in a trotting-gig, and stopped his horse to speak to me. "Are you a painter?" he asked. I answered him to the contrary. "Ah!" said he; "excuse me, please. I had seen you looking at the scenery a good deal, and thought you must be some kind of an artist." He went on to explain that he had a "critter" of which he was very fond, and wanted to get some one to "paint its picture." The "critter" was a horse, it turned out; a wonderful trotter, who had made a mile in I don't remember how much under two minutes,—or perhaps it was under three, for this was before the advent of the "bicycle sulky," and for a man of unlimited means I am rather indifferently informed as to matters of the turf. Whatever its "record," the creature was no doubt worthy of a good portrait. I apologized for being unable to paint it, and the man drove on. That was not so very glorious, I must admit. To be mistaken for a painter! But two out of three is a pretty good average, and I shall continue to cultivate distinction in the only way that seems open to me,—by wandering in back roads and through woods and fields, star-

ing at a bird, plucking a flower, and behaving in general as if this were not a workaday world, but a kind of idle man's paradise.

A Question
of Common
Sense.

— What will be done unto such of us as dare question the common sense of the Board of Lady

Managers of the Columbian Exposition in asking their state sub-committees to do certain things?

As is well known, committees have been appointed by the state officials in each city, town, and no doubt village, whose duty it is to send to headquarters, with all possible accuracy and dispatch, a great mass of specified detail, the same to be "inserted in a catalogue of the organizations conducted by women for the promotion of charitable, philanthropic, intellectual, sanitary, hygienic, industrial, or social and reform movements." This gigantic encyclopædia, the circular takes needless pains to state, will be "the most complete record of woman's work ever given to the public. . . . No band of women is too large or too small to find a place in this historic record." In proof of this, circulars are sent to every club or association of women that the local committee can hear of, from Daughters of the Revolution down to anti-slang circles of schoolgirls; these circulars containing twelve questions, with blanks for their answers. These answers, or reports, are to be engraved upon the archives of the nineteenth century, at an expenditure of labor and money which, as a whole, is a tremendous outlay, — "a big boo for such a little colt."

Ours is a city of some importance. Of making many books there has never been anything like an end here, and the book-making is still going on. I doubt if our largest library would hold the books that have been written in the last forty years by women alone; nevertheless, our committee is requested to make out a full list of all the books, etc., that have been written by women, and a list of the women

who have ever written books. Copies of these books are to be sent, so far as possible, to the exhibition. Why not photographs of the writers? Already I see that long train of freight cars dragging its load — much of it rubbish — to Chicago, a trailer attached for the classified statistics of our women's clubs and organizations generally. What a grand bonfire Chicago ought to have, to be sure!

Now of what earthly good is such a piece of work when it is done? What is the sense of it all? Why not catalogue the women who wear bangs, the women who discard corsets, the women who have read Robert Elsmere, the women who have pronounced views on the chaperon question, and their views? I for one should really like to know how many women there are in this land, past thirty, who have never had an offer of marriage, and their explanation of the fact. That would be a great deal more interesting and profitable to coming generations, the diggers in future mountains of statistics, than the record that Debby Smith is the president of our E. P. Roe Club, and that the aim of our Monogram Society is the marking of wearing apparel in the needlework of its members. What a stratum this old earth is likely to have æons from now, — a consolidated crust of the archives of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries!

Perhaps our lady managers, who are so zealous for the preservation of every book that has been written by a woman, do not know that two copies of every copyrighted book are entered at the Congressional Library in Washington. Surely one full set of the mass ought to be enough for the country. Great is the difference between books and literature; something this proposed exhibition of everything the women of the country have done in the way of book-making will illustrate. Are these lady managers, like reproving mothers, going to point to the result of it all and say, "Now see what you have done?"

